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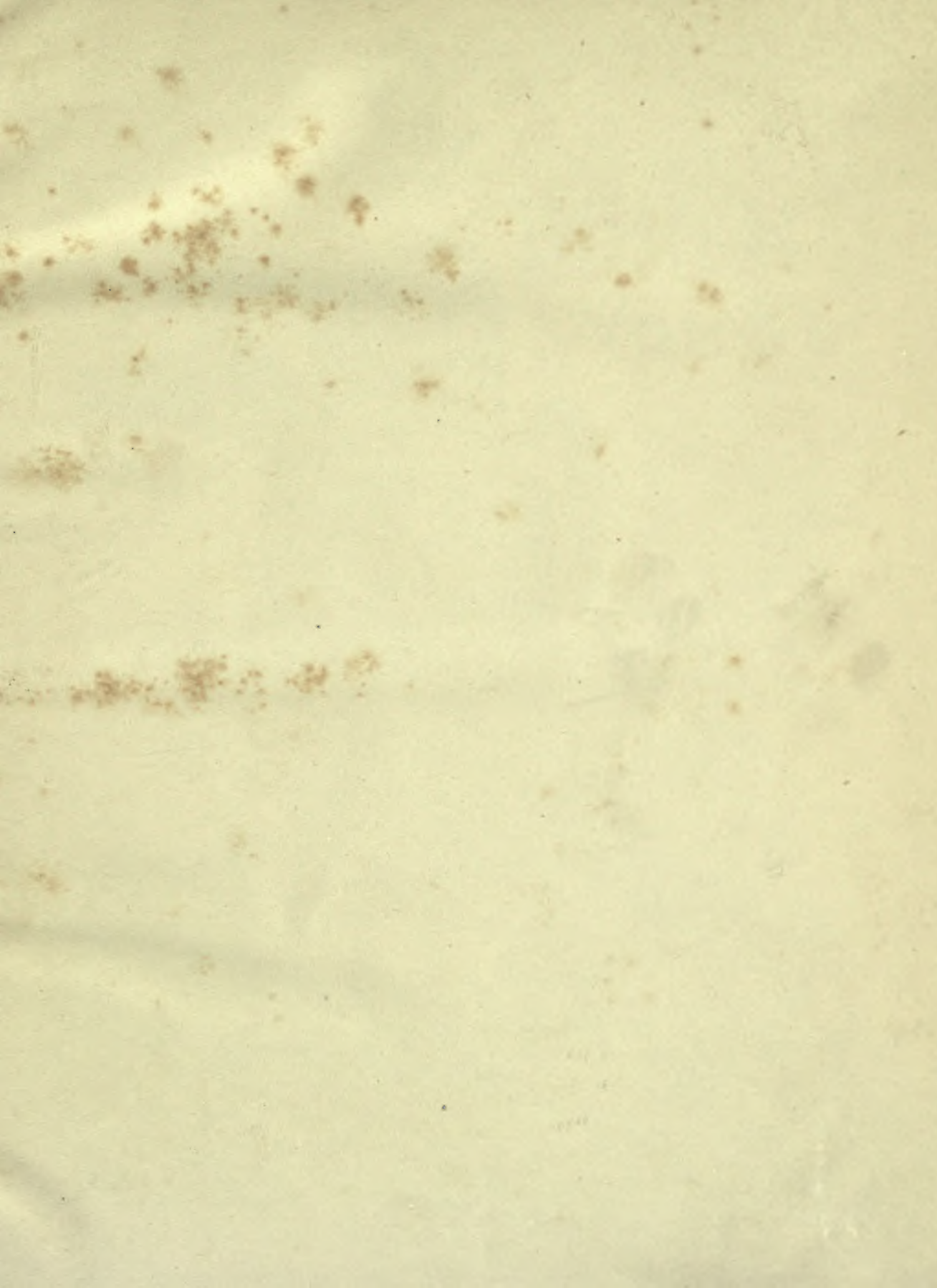
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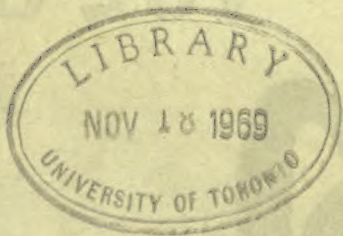
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LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1883.



AP
101
P8
1883



"A-H-O-O-Y!!!" sounded a mighty but mellow voice, over a broad reach of billowy brine, as divinely hyacinthine-hued as the wave-sweeps on a canvas of MR. BRETT'S, and leaping as merrily as WORDSWORTH'S daffodils in the welcome sunshine of a genuine British June.

MR. PUNCH was paddling in his own improved "Boyton" about the stretches of the Silver Streak. TOBY, in a reduced copy of his Master's wave-proof, was dutifully dittoing in the rear.

"Methinks 'I hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn,'" said the sea-disporting Sage, pausing in mid-stroke.

But it was the voice of NEPTUNE himself, summoning the All-Accomplished One to a friendly conference, and MR. PUNCH was soon in the presence of the Trident-bearer and his Court, at a sort of nautical "At Home."

"Well, *you're* an odd-looking fish!" said the Sea-God, genially. "Hardly knew you at first in that get-up."

"There are odder in your own deeps, if SCHILLER'S Diver reported correctly," responded the Sage, with a pleasant wink.

"SCHILLER," said NEPTUNE, "got decidedly out of *his* depth in the poem you refer to. Don't you think it would be more practical to make the best use of my abounding and palpable wealth, than to brood over my hidden and quite conjectural horrors?"

"Just what we're trying to do," returned the Sage, promptly. "You've heard, of course, of our Great International Fisheries Exhibition, of the Piscicultural Conferences, of the combination thereof of the science of learned Professors and the sense of Royal Princes?"

"Rather!" said NEPTUNE. "But the brine seems to have parched your eloquent lips. What do you say to a liquor up?"

"Do you see any Blue—in my button-hole?" queried the Sage, significantly.

NEPTUNE nodded to a juvenile Triton, a sort of briny "Buttons," who, turning suddenly tail upwards, like a duck, dived and brought up—a bottle!

"Message from the sea," suggested AMPHITRITE, archly. THETIS, with her own shell-pink fingers filled a conch-shell with the sparkling contents, and commended the sea-chalice to PUNCH'S willing lips.

"Sure, nothing on earth half so sweet is,
So hard for mere mortal to beat is,
As a beaker of wine
From the depths of the brine,
And the hand—may I kiss it?—of THETIS!"

improvised the Sweet Singer of Fleet Street, taking the Nymph's consent—quite justifiably—for granted.

"See you have been reading HUXLEY'S Address," said MR. PUNCH, presently.

"Yes," said NEPTUNE. "He's an A.B. among land-lubbers, if you like. But *what* lubbers you most of you are! I envy CERES. You *do* make better use of her land than of my water. And yet, as the Professor proves, the yield of a well-farmed sea-acre is much larger, and *might* be indefinitely greater than that of the finest and fattest of land-acres. How is it?"

"There are queerer fish on land than in sea," said MR. PUNCH, reflectively. "A piscatorial guide to humanity would be a curious volume. The Monopolist Land-shark is greedier than the 'Tiger of the Sea,' and the flat fish of ocean's depths are not comparable—in stupidity—with the 'flats' who allow Monopoly to feed and batten on them. Your eels are

not such wrigglers as are Vested Interests when the hand of Honesty closes on them; and your oyster is about as easy a creature to stir into self-defensive activity as the ordinary British Citizen, who sits still for the gluttons of Trade to gobble him up."

"Think of my inexhaustible herring shoals and my 'cod mountains,' one hundred and twenty million fish to the square mile!" said NEPTUNE. "Can't you teach men to make a little better use of the Harvest of the Sea?"

"It is my business and pleasure to teach *everything*," replied the Sage. "And I teach, as THOMAS of Chelsea wrote history, by flashes of lightning; only *mine* is the harmless, lambent, summer lightning of unvenomed humour."

"How nice!" sighed AMPHITRITE.

"Tremendous creature, your Master!" whispered THETIS to TOBY, of whom the silver-footed Nymph was making a prodigious pet.

TOBY wagged his tail and winked significantly.

"His bark is on the sea," said the old Sea-God, with the shame-faced smile of the unpractised punster.

"Bit behind the age—in the matter of jokes, eh?" suggested the Sage, cheerily.

"Why, ye-es," admitted the Trident-wielder. "Fact is—don't let AMPHITRITE hear!—we're a bit dull since the days of THETIS's great son and those delightful Greeks. Electric Cables and ugly Iron-clads 'molest our ancient solitary reign,' and make things precious slow and stupid into the bargain. I like BRITANNIA, there's a dash of the sea-nymph about her. I like Fishermen, they're not quite Cockneyfied into commonplace. I like *you*; you've the depth of my seas and the sparkle of my billows. That's why I hailed you with such energy."

"Couldn't have done anything better or more opportune," responded the Sparkler. "I have here what instructs and illumines the World of Men, and will keep you and your Court amused for six months to come."

"You don't say so!" cried NEPTUNE.

"How awfully nice of you!" murmured AMPHITRITE.

"I could kiss him!" whispered THETIS in the archly-cooked ear of TOBIAS.

The younger Tritons, like veritable sea-urchins, turned brine-splashing "catherine-wheels" of riotous rapture which caused AMPHITRITE to call them sharply to order.

"I'll tell the world, FATHER NEP, what you wisely say about their folly, in the matter of Fish and Fisheries," said MR. PUNCH. "In return, this will tell you what *I* say upon that and every other subject."

And the joy-disseminating Sage presented to the delighted Sea-God his

Eighty-Fourth Volume!



215



AQUARIUM.

1. C. C. C.	11. C. C. C.
2. A. A. A.	12. C. C. C.
3. B. B. B.	13. C. C. C.
4. C. C. C.	14. C. C. C.
5. D. D. D.	15. C. C. C.
6. E. E. E.	16. C. C. C.
7. F. F. F.	17. C. C. C.
8. G. G. G.	18. C. C. C.
9. H. H. H.	19. C. C. C.
10. I. I. I.	20. C. C. C.
21. C. C. C.	31. C. C. C.
22. C. C. C.	32. C. C. C.
23. C. C. C.	33. C. C. C.
24. C. C. C.	34. C. C. C.
25. C. C. C.	35. C. C. C.
26. C. C. C.	36. C. C. C.
27. C. C. C.	37. C. C. C.
28. C. C. C.	38. C. C. C.
29. C. C. C.	39. C. C. C.
30. C. C. C.	40. C. C. C.

FISHES.

1. C. C. C.	11. C. C. C.
2. A. A. A.	12. C. C. C.
3. B. B. B.	13. C. C. C.
4. C. C. C.	14. C. C. C.
5. D. D. D.	15. C. C. C.
6. E. E. E.	16. C. C. C.
7. F. F. F.	17. C. C. C.
8. G. G. G.	18. C. C. C.
9. H. H. H.	19. C. C. C.
10. I. I. I.	20. C. C. C.
21. C. C. C.	31. C. C. C.
22. C. C. C.	32. C. C. C.
23. C. C. C.	33. C. C. C.
24. C. C. C.	34. C. C. C.
25. C. C. C.	35. C. C. C.
26. C. C. C.	36. C. C. C.
27. C. C. C.	37. C. C. C.
28. C. C. C.	38. C. C. C.
29. C. C. C.	39. C. C. C.
30. C. C. C.	40. C. C. C.

Skates invented by the Dutch
—XVIIth Century.

JANUARY xxxi Days.

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

Parliament opens. Her Majesty's Workbook.

MOORE MODERNISED.

SONG FOR A THIN-THATCHED DANDY.

AIR—"One Bumper at parting."



ONE more try at
parting! Not
many
Looks circle my
head, I regret;
But a few, the most
hardy of any,
Are left on the
crown of it yet.
'Tis a ticklish task
to divide them,
In well-balanced
head-central
fringe;
These patches cost
labour to hide
them,

Give vanity many a twinge.
But come—every sprouting I treasure—
Thine aid, O Macassar! I beg;
Though I own—who can face it with
pleasure?—
I'm getting as bald as an egg!

As older we grow, how unpleasant
To pause and reflect, with distaste
That the few scattered spikes seen at present,
Must merge in wide calvity's waste!
But Time, a most pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and mows off one's
crop.
Ah! never does Time travel faster
Than when one desires him to stop.
No, Age cannot trip to Youth's measure,
With paunch and a spindle-shanked leg,
And I own—though it is not with pleasure—
I'm getting as bald as an egg!

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

SPRING, Summer, Autumn, Winter;
Watery spirit to icy splinter.
Winter, Autumn, Summer, Spring;
Dust and gust that choke and sting.
Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer;
Sunless, funless, rummer, glummer.
Summer, Winter, Spring, Autumn;
Wet alike, St. Swithin's brought 'em
Underneath his watery spell,
One from t'other none can tell.

UNCLE BULGER'S MORAL TALES.

NO. I.—BILLY AND THE BEE.

"ALWAYS be kind to bees, my son," said BILLY'S Papa. Ever study them as patterns of industry, energy, and thrift. Now BILLY minded what was told him, so as he sauntered along to school, he bore the paternal exhortation in mind. He saw a great blooming busy Bee, which hummed, buzzed, made a prodigious fuss, and advertised to all men what an exemplary and industrious Bee it was. BILLY pursued it eagerly. It flew into Squire TOPHAMPER'S garden, and BILLY followed. He could not find the Exemplary One for a long while; at last he thought he heard a faint drunken buzz. He looked down, and, in a luscious and over-ripe peach that had fallen down, he saw the pattern insect absolutely wallowing. BILLY was grieved, for he felt that, if this fact were known, the Bee was disgraced for life. He gently shook the Bee out of the peach into his handkerchief, cleansed its legs and its wings by dipping it in the running stream, and allowed it to crawl over his coat in the sunshine to get dry. It could not walk, so BILLY kindly carried it to the hive. Within

a few yards of the hive the Bee suddenly recovered, began to buzz furiously, stung his little benefactor in the eye, and sailed



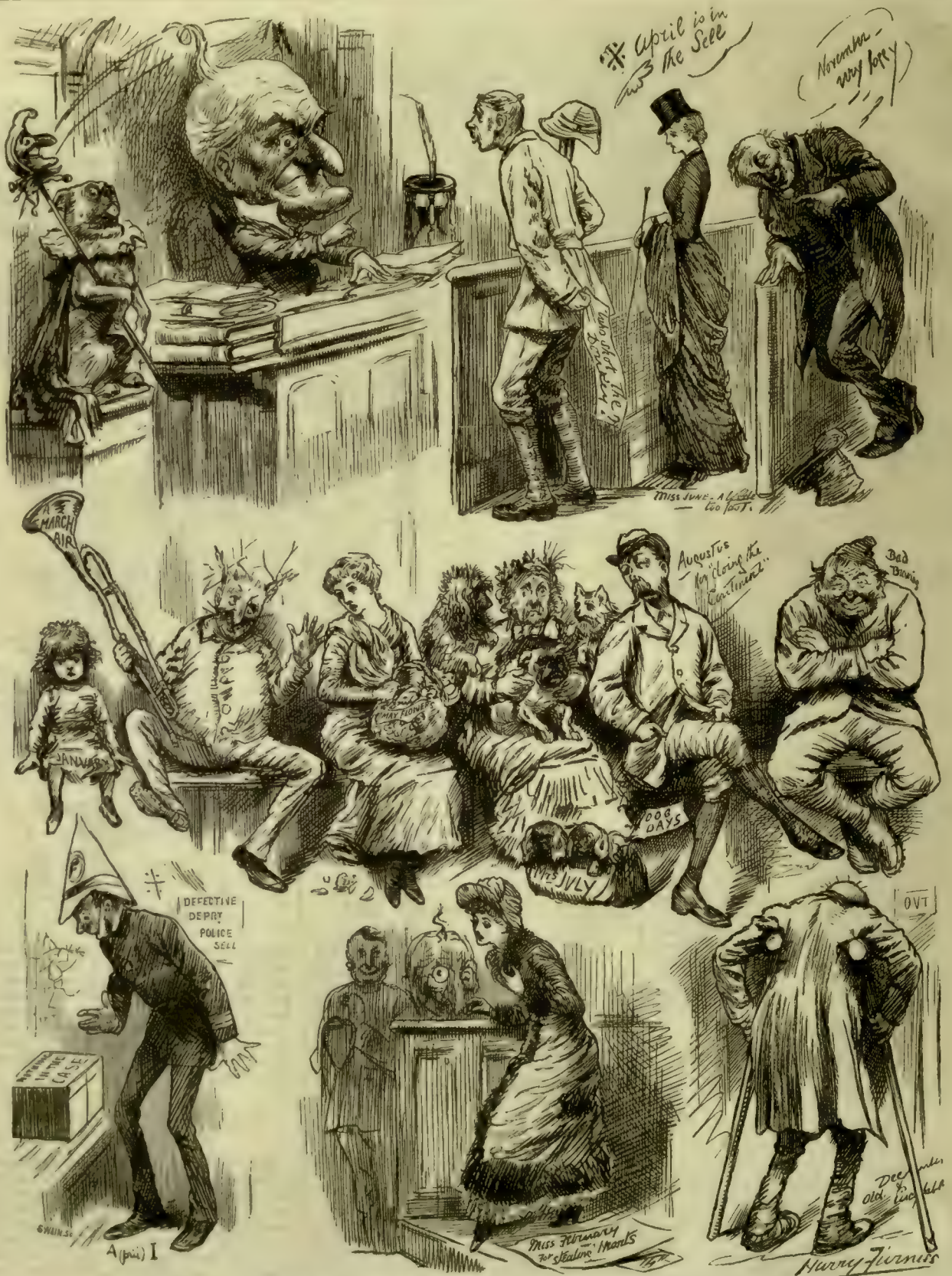
proudly home, as if it were the most praiseworthy and well-conducted member of all Beedom. BILLY could not see for a week, and was severely punished for playing truant. When he grew up to be a clever man, he read a paper at the Royal Institution, which made a great sensation. It was called "Entomological Humbugs, with some Remarks on Dr. WATTS."

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

Household Ginger Beer.

EMPTY the kitchen spice-box, two pounds of washing-soda, a pint of petroleum, and all the wine left in the dining-room decanters, over night, into the cistern, and stir freely in the dark with a mop from the staircase window. When the water comes in in the morning, the whole household will be supplied from every tap for four-and-twenty hours with capital ginger beer.

BATTERIE DE CUISINE.—Shelling peas.



THE TRIAL OF THE MONTHS.

Magistrate Punch, as Father Time, pronounces sentence:—

"THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER, APRIL, JUNE, AND NOVEMBER; FEBRUARY HAS TWENTY-EIGHT ALONE; ALL THE REST HAVE THIRTY-ONE!"



FORM.

First Masher. "LET'S STOP AND LOOK AT PUNCH AND JUDY, OLD CHAFFIE! I'VE HEARD IT'S AS GOOD AS A PLAY!"
 Second Masher. "I DESBAY IT IS, MY BRAVE BOY. BUT WE AIN'T DRESSED, YOU KNOW!"

A NOCTURNE.

TOES all a-freeze,
 Nose a tomato;
 Breathing a wheeze,
 Speaking *staccato*;
 Smoking a sham,
 Odourless,—cruel,
 Sniff Alkaram,
 Gobble down gruel,
 Read! Deuce a bit,
 Optics both bleary;
 Characters flit,
 Lines all look smeary.
 Talk? M's all B's,
 Most idiotic!
 Earthquaky sneeze,
 Room gone chaotic!
 Glass! *That* damp guy.
 Type of humanity?
 Self-respect fly!
 Hook it, oh, Vanity!
 With a catarrh,
 What were Apollo?
 MALLOCK won't jar,
 Life is all hollow.
Couleur-de-rose
 Views of the universe,
 Sage,—with red nose—
 Holds fit for puny verse.
Whush! What imports
 Life or its issues?
 All snuffs and snorts
 Coughs and ah-tiss-hoos!
 OMAR KHAYYAM
 Knew life all dolour,
 A sh—sh—sham,
 Ah—rash—hoo! Oh, lor!
 Nitre!—strong dose,
 "Sweet spirit" cure me!



IRRESISTIBLE.

Irish Beggar-Woman (to Dignitary of the Church). "BUY A BOX O' LUCIFERS, YER RIV'ERENCE?
 OCH, SHURE, WID SUCH ILIGANT CALVES, YE CAN'T HAVE A HARDER HEART!"

Head, eyes, and nose!
 Slumber insure me!
 Plunge into bed,
 Tuck bed-clothes tighter,
 Oh! my poor head.
 Good night! good nitre!

MASTER TOMMY'S
RECEIPTS.*The Fair Weather Barometer.*

THIS is a pleasing and simple experiment. The mercury is removed, and divided in equal portions between the cat, the parrot next door, and the interior of grandpapa's forty-guinea repeater. This may cause some local disturbance, but the barometer, relieved of undue pressure, and set at "very dry," may be relied on to indicate, without further attention, permanent fair weather.

INQUIRY FOR EVOLUTIONISTS.—Can the long-living belief in the virtue of the divining-rod be regarded as the survival of the fit test?

THE BEST TOAST TO PROPOSE.—To gentlemen who have not already drunk more than is good for them—an anchovy toast.



ARIES.

- 1 Th St. David
- 2 W. West d.
- 3 H. Marion
- 4 S. 4 S. in Lent
- 5 M. 4 S. in Lent
- 6 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 7 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 8 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 9 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 10 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 11 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 12 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 13 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 14 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 15 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 16 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 17 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 18 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 19 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 20 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 21 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 22 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 23 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 24 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 25 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 26 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 27 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 28 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 29 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 30 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent
- 31 W. De. M. 4 S. in Lent

TAURUS.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 S. Low Sun. | 11 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 21 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |
| 2 W. C. 4 S. in Lent | 12 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 22 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |
| 3 W. C. 4 S. in Lent | 13 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 23 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |
| 4 W. C. 4 S. in Lent | 14 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 24 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |
| 5 W. C. 4 S. in Lent | 15 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 25 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |
| 6 W. C. 4 S. in Lent | 16 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 26 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |
| 7 W. C. 4 S. in Lent | 17 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 27 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |
| 8 W. C. 4 S. in Lent | 18 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 28 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |
| 9 W. C. 4 S. in Lent | 19 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 29 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |
| 10 W. C. 4 S. in Lent | 20 W. P. 4 S. in Lent | 30 S. R. 4 S. in Lent |

Wind Instruments occur to the Scotch—date unknown.

MARCH xxxi Days.

APRIL xxx Days.

"All Fools' Day."

A RUN WITH THE BARKSHIRE.—By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Horse was brought Round.



Got quickly into the Saddle.



Gave it its Head.



Took a five-barred Gate.



Caught up the Hounds.



Found Reynard at Home.



Hounds thrown out.



Ran into him in the Open.



Drew Rein.



Got the Brush.



A Smart Run.



A Fresh Horse.



THE BRITISH DRAMA, 1883.

TOUT. "ERE Y'ARE, GENTS! BILL O' THE PLAY AN' DIXH'NARY IN SIX LANGUAGES!"

SHAKESPEARE
MACBETH
 MACBETH NONS' TANGARR
 PARIS
 MACDUFF HERR PIFFPAFF
 BERLIN
 BANOUO SIC' MERIGRIN
 ROME
 LADY MACBETH SEN' SMIZZA
 MADRID
 HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE
 THEATRE OF THE CITY OF LONDON
 ON THE 11TH OF DECEMBER 1883
 BY THE
 MR EPAMITONDAS TWANG
 NEW YORK
 FIRST APPEARANCE
 SHAKESPEARE

SONG OF THE HIGHER
SENTIMENTS.

I LIVE a mild domestic life,
 Devoted dearly to my Wife,
 So much so, that from her extends
 My fond affection to her friends;
 And first of all—no Spooney raw—
 Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

My Pet's old Parent's rather stout;
 I just might clasp her waist about:
 Some three yards round, and not
 much more.
 I've thoughts of widening my
 front-door.
 I shouldn't mind the expense one
 straw.
 Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

At times I may myself forget,
 Which, if she thinks, she tells my
 Pet;
 But when I don't do all I should,
 Her telling tends to make me good;
 I'm pleased to have her find the
 flaw.
 Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

The servants that upon her wait
 A pleasure have which must be
 great.
 And yet can we get none to stay.
 I grieve so when she goes away!
 Tears from my eyes her turned
 heels draw.
 Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

A sweet old soul, how pleased I
 feel
 To see her at the social meal



A LITTLE MISTAKE.

New Beauty (just out, and fresh from Clapham). "AND ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE
 BLUE RIBBON ARMY?"
 Chastly Old Gentleman. "NO, I HAVEN'T THAT HONOUR!"
 N. B. "THEN, WHAT'S THAT BIG BLUE RIBBON YOU'VE GOT ON?"
 C. O. G. "WELL, IT'S CALLED THE RIBBON OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER!"

Of dinner sit, her mouth a chink
 Ne'er opened save to meat—and
 drink!

And I'll ne'er grudge (I am so free)
 Her gin and brandy in her tea.
 I hold her in such filial awe;
 Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

The Self-Protecting Poultry.

WHEN on a visit to a country-house where the occasional loss of a hen by theft at night has been referred to, you can easily undertake to safeguard the rest. On being commissioned to do so, send, but without mentioning the fact, to Limehouse for a gallon of luminous paint. Then take your opportunity, and with a large white-wash brush go over the whole brood, being careful to give the cocks a double coat. The poultry will now not only be visible in the dark, but restless and wide awake all night. In the morning, at breakfast, you can boast that you have rendered them self-protecting.

NECK OR NOTHING.—A fellow was caught stealing cravats. When collared, he excused himself on the ground that he was "only taking stock."

EDUCATION IN CUNNING.—At the School of Art and Design. Open to ladies. It will give a girl a few "wrinkles" long before they're required.

LIVING UP TO A TEAPOT.

(A Tale of Lonely Life.)

WISHING not to appear eccentric, but to follow the fashion, I resolved to live up to a Teapot. Therefore, my own little tin-plated one, price sixpence, having sprung a leak, I bought me another, a blue-and-white-Japanese Teapot at a grocer's shop in the Strand—cost five shillings.

I had previously lived on a scale of living up to a sixpenny Teapot only—on oatmeal-porridge for breakfast principally, and sometimes bread-and-butter. A legacy from a lamented distant relation enabled me to live up to a superior Teapot—a crown Teapot.

So I not only began to breakfast on eggs, but added bloaters likewise to my morning meal, kippered herrings also, and smoked salmon, salt haddock, sardines, ham and tongue, brawn, potted meats, and rashers of bacon; besides a considerable variety of other little tiny kickshaws and toys. I did, I flattered myself, live up to my Teapot in some measure.

But very soon the Teapot I had been living up to as well as ever I was able by the gratification of my appetite with all manner of good things, came to grief in the kitchen. My maid-of-all-work broke off the tip of its spout. The jagged edges of the fracture caused the tea to dribble on to my tablecloth, and then that Teapot was to be lived up to no more. Never trust a Teapot to which you intend living up, to the care of Servants.

She to whom I had unwisely confided my Teapot supplied me, pending doubt as to procuring another, with a temporary substitute in her own. This was a moderately-sized, globular, glazed black Teapot of earthenware.

There was no painting upon it at all, but the Teapot itself, I discovered, drew admirably. When I say "drew," I mean that it extracted the soluble constituents of my tea so effectually as to make my tea twice as strong again as it used to be made in the Teapot I had chosen to live up to.

I will not, therefore, now purchase a new expensive Teapot for my servant to break, but shall stick to this old one—cost eighteen pence—a Teapot which she will probably take good care of, and which in future will be decidedly the Teapot to live up to for my money.

THE GARDEN-PARTY OF THE FUTURE.

SCENE—A Lawn illuminated by the Electric Light.

Young Lady (to Scientific Old Gent). Ah, Mr. McFUNGUS, we may now indeed say, with TENNYSON, that "the black bat Night hath flown."

Scientific Old Gent. Ya—as. Your only "nocturnal bat" now is not the Tennysonian, but a tennis bat. Fact is, Science will compel the Poets to lay in an entirely new stock of images.

Fred. Poor Diana! Awfully out of it. Can't fancy Endymion being kissed on the Q.T. by a Brush-Light, can you, though? Modern Science doesn't lend itself to Poetry.

Long-Haired One (languidly). Bah! Uttawly Philistian ideah, that. Art can absorb and transmute into Beauty, everything—even Science. See germ of quite too lovely new Mythos even in your seemingly absurd suggestion. Electric Light—poetically personified—brilliant new Avatar of the Ineffable Firstborn of created things, Primeval Lux,—subtler Cynthia, more terrible Artemis, more perilous Lamia, whose glance is fascination, whose kiss is DEATH!!! Supreme! (Aside.) Must suggest subject to POSTLETHWAITE.

Sweet Gusher, in Terra-Cotta twists (effusively). Science sublimated into quintessential Sweetness! Dull Prose-poetised into super-nal Light. Oh, how quite too utterly Too!

Old Buffer (yawning) to other Old Buffer. Sleepy? Eh, my boy?

Old Buffer Number Two (gaping). Ye-e-s. Turning night into day in this fashion doesn't suit me.

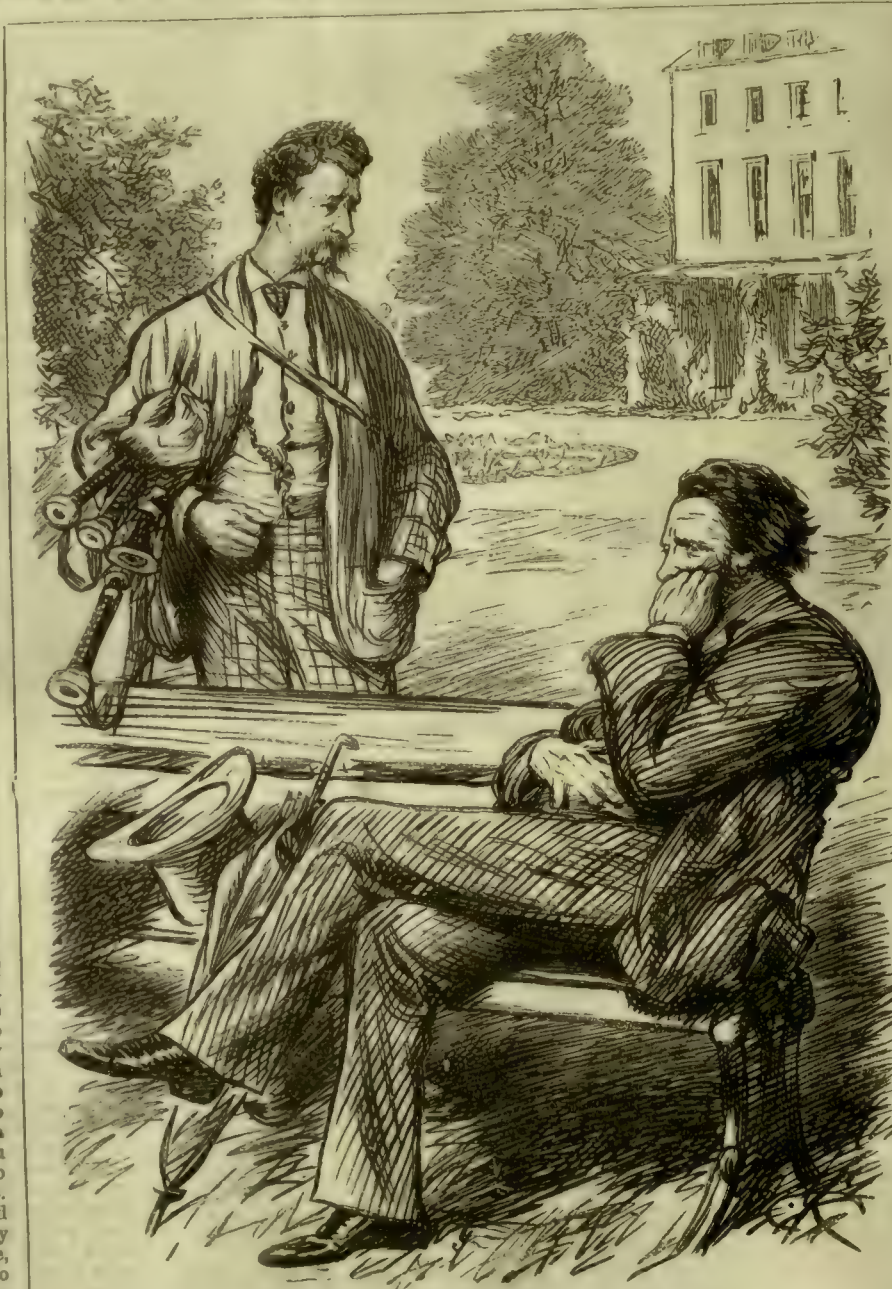
Young Lady (to Mamma, who has been nodding in a corner). What, asleep, Mamma?

Mamma (starting erect). Not at all, my dear—not at all. Only this light is just a little strong, you know.

Edwin (to ANGELINA, suggestively). It has one drawback, dear. So few snug shadows, you know!

Angelina (softly). Ah, yes, dear. Moonlight has its advantages, after all.

[They retire to play Diana and Endymion—old style—in the Conservatory.]

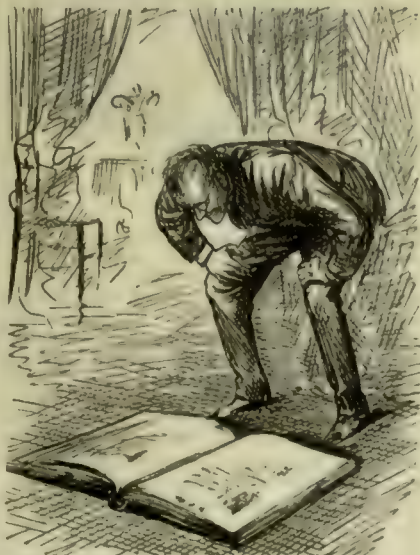
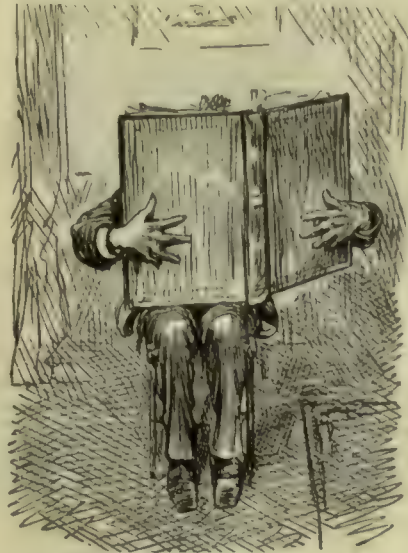


"THE MAN THAT HATH NOT MUSIC," &c.

Brown (musical) writes his Highland friend, M'Clanky, to stay a few days with him. But M'Clanky was musical too!

M'Clanky (the next morning). "WILL I GIVE YOU A CHUNE?"

Brown (he had wondered what was in that Green Boy). "OH—EH? THANKS, VERY MUCH!" (Puts on invalid expression.) "BUT MY DOCTOR TELLS ME I MUST ON NO ACCOUNT INDULGE MY PASSION FOR MUSIC FOR SOME TIME!"



THE "ÉDITION DE LUXE."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ALMANACK.]



GEMINI.

1. The 1st of June
2. The 2nd of June
3. The 3rd of June
4. The 4th of June
5. The 5th of June
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28. The 28th of June
29. The 29th of June
30. The 30th of June
31. The 31st of June

CANCER.

1. The 1st of July
2. The 2nd of July
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4. The 4th of July
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28. The 28th of July
29. The 29th of July
30. The 30th of July
31. The 31st of July

Perambulators and Police
come in together.

MAY xxxi Days.

JUNE xxx Days.

London Season in Full
Swing.

MOORE MODERNISED.

SONG FOR A DWELLER IN A QUIET STREET.

AIR—"Sail on, Sail on!"



SCALE on, scale on,
oh! tuneless
strummer,
Rum-tum-ti-
tidy-iddy-
tum!

You've thumped
and twangled
all the summer,
You tootle still
now winter's
come.

The notes you
thrum out seem
to say,

"Though out of time and tune we be,
Less flat we are, less false than they
Whose clang shall rack thy wife and thee."

Scale on, scale on—through endless time—
Through morn, noon, evening—stop no
more!

To slaughter you were scarce a crime,
Oh plaguy and persistent bore!
Were there indeed some quiet street
Where ne'er piano maddened men,
Where never "Scales" this ear should greet,
Then might I rest,—but not till then.

APRIL 1.—A juvenile Naturalist discovers
a Cuckoo's nest in a quickset hedge, the nest
containing six eggs, and the hen Cuckoo
sitting on them. Tells a playmate to go
and see.

NEW READING.

(By a Poor Clerk.)

It is bad to be seedy and cold,
It is bad to be short in your screw,
It is bad to be off with the old top-coat,
Before you are on with the new.

UNCLE BULGER'S MORAL TALES

No. II.—GERTIE AND THE GOAT.

GERTIE was at school at Miss PRIMROD'S at Brighton, and GERTIE'S Papa was one of the most influential members of the Goat Society. Though she was too big to ride in a goat-chaise, she had a kindly feeling towards all goat-kind. Her favourite of the whole tribe, however, was a great, fierce, tawny, crumpled-horn, green-eyed, shaggy-coated monster, whose name was Ramjoggle. Every morning when the young ladies walked along the Marine Parade two and two, did she secrete in her muff, a crisp lettuce, a cold tea-cake, or a stale sponge-cake. And every morning might Ramjoggle be seen wagging his wicked old head, and hanging its disreputable old tongue out of his mouth in anticipation of the banquet. This always caused a pause in the procession, and annoyed Miss PRIMROD very much. She had commanded that such conduct should not be repeated, but the child was such an enthusiastic goatophile that she declined to obey. As a last resource, GERTIE was compelled to walk in charge of Miss PRIMROD herself, who took very good care that no contraband goatessue refreshment was provided. The first morning of

the new arrangement Ramjoggle shook his head furiously and could not make it out, the second he raised a plaintive bleat, that brought tears into GERTIE'S eyes, the third he had evidently found out all about it, and breaking away from his driver, smashing



his chaise all to pieces against a post, he went for Miss PRIMROD pretty straight. The whole procession was thrown into confusion. The goat, however, singled out Miss PRIMROD for special vengeance. He chased the poor lady, and she only escaped by popping through the turnstile of the Aquarium. Miss PRIMROD was very angry, and in the afternoon GERTIE was severely punished. Eventually she wrote to her Papa; he came down and was very indignant, removed her from the school, and bought the goat. Ramjoggle is now in clover, he has a beautiful silver collar, and fares sumptuously; he never forgets the kindness of his young mistress, nor what she suffered on his account, and if he could only have half an hour's straight butting at Miss PRIMROD, he would probably die happy.



YEAR.



LEO.

* VIRGO. *

1 W. Thomas D.	18 S. 9 of 71	21 H. 11 of 71
2 B. Nio	19 G. 10 of 71	22 W. 12 of 71
3 S. 11 of 71	20 L. 11 of 71	23 W. 13 of 71
4 S. 12 of 71	21 W. 12 of 71	24 W. 14 of 71
5 S. 13 of 71	22 W. 13 of 71	25 W. 15 of 71
6 S. 14 of 71	23 W. 14 of 71	26 W. 16 of 71
7 S. 15 of 71	24 W. 15 of 71	27 W. 17 of 71
8 S. 16 of 71	25 W. 16 of 71	28 W. 18 of 71
9 S. 17 of 71	26 W. 17 of 71	29 W. 19 of 71
10 S. 18 of 71	27 W. 18 of 71	30 W. 20 of 71
11 S. 19 of 71	28 W. 19 of 71	31 W. 21 of 71
12 S. 20 of 71	29 W. 20 of 71	
13 S. 21 of 71	30 W. 21 of 71	
14 S. 22 of 71	31 W. 22 of 71	
15 S. 23 of 71		
16 S. 24 of 71		
17 S. 25 of 71		

Newtonian Origin of
Cricket.

JULY xxxi Days.

AUGUST xxxi Days.

Virgo Neptune's
Innings.

MOORE MODERNISED.

SONG OF THE PAUNCHY TENNIS-PLAYER.

AIR—"The Time I've Lost in Wooing."



THE time
I've lost in
"screwing,"
In watching
and pursuing
The ball that flies,
On fall or rise,
Has been my trade's
undoing.
Though Business
hath besought
me,
I've shirked the
truths she taught
me,

I left my books
To partner SNOOKS,
And ruin's what he's brought me.

By Tennis still enchanted,
Of late I've puffed and panted,
I once was light,
And slim and slight,
Ere Anti-fat I wanted.
But now young Beauties shun me,
For stoutness grows upon me;
When asked to play,
They turn away,
Old BLOBS can now outrun me!

And is my good time going?
And is my figure growing
So huge in size
That sparkling eyes
Brim o'er to see me "blowing?"

Yes—vain alas! th' endeavour,
To charm with back-play clever,
Love nevermore—
Save in the score—
Shall bless me—never! never!

UNCLE BULGER'S MORAL TALES.

No. III.—GEORGE AND THE GOOSE.

THE Geese on Dumbledore Common have always been noted for their size and savageness, but they knew GEORGE very well. He was one day walking home with one of his schoolfellows, and they were talking about the approaching holidays. "Isn't it jolly!" said GEORGE. "On Michaelmas Day, Papa is going to let us have for dinner one of the very largest gee—" He had not time to finish his sentence. He saw his companion fall head-first into a furze-bush. He had a vision of a long neck and a terrific beak; he heard a hiss like a serpent and a steam-engine combined, and he ran for his life. The faster he ran, the faster the Goose ran. The Indignant Bird was close upon him, hissing like an angry tea-kettle, or the Bishop of Bullock-Smithy at a Gaiety burlesque. He ran in at the garden-gate, but was too frightened to shut it. The hall-door was open, he sprang up the steps, and the Goose flew up after him. GEORGE was nearly giving up all hope. Suddenly, a thought struck him. He knew there was a *Pâté-des-fines-gras* for luncheon. To dart into the dining-room, to seize it from the table, and to confront the pursuing Goose with the *Pâté* was the work of a second. The effect was marvellous! The Goose shut its mouth, hung its head, and then suddenly

bolted. It rolled over and over down the steps, it flew over the garden-railings, and went screaming across the Common. When



GEORGE now takes his walks abroad, the Dumbledore Geese all turn their heads the other way, and pretend they do not see him.

MARRIAGE AT MATURITY.

SHE is just fifty-four, I'm eleven years more,
And a fellow at my time of life
Ought at once to decide that the knot shall
be tied.

Or against ever taking a wife.

To the Parson we go, and a white satin bow
At his breast every man will display,
And the ladies all wear orange-bloom in their
hair;

While the street-children holloa "Hooray!"
Then, in Fashion's full fig., O, the Brides-
maids—my wig!

None much past Life's average span;
And the old buck so gay, who's to give her
away.

And that still older buck, my best man!



TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

Host (famous for his Celler). "GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! DON'T DRINK THAT CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S FOR THE CHILDREN!"

THE END OF AN EPICURE.

I, WHEN a schoolboy, used to stuff
Myself with cakes, buns, pies,
and tarts;
Of which I never got enough:
So loving are our youthful
hearts!

The lumps of goodness lush with
jam,

The creams confectioners expose,
The custards, oft I longed to cram,
As many as I liked, of those!

Cheap were at present such a treat;
Mystomach now has lost its tone:
As much as I can do to eat
Some of a broiled and devilled
bone.

More than on Sweets I once laid
out

I now on Physic spend, for ills;
Dyspepsia, bile, bronchitis, gout:
Indulge in drugs, and draughts,
and pills.

FOLK-LORE.—"Tinker, tailor,
soldier, sailor, apothecary, plough-
boy, thief." (Classification in
a category traditional amongst
schoolboys of the old school.) Why
Apothecary (respectable medical
practitioner) on a plane with
Thief? Perhaps, because he lives
by pillage.

DONKEY RACES A. 1.—Assoot.

RUSTIC WIT.

Farmer Hodge (beaming). Guess, GILES, your SUEY soon 'll be a
bride.

Farmer Giles (darkly). If BILL don't blow his brains out fore the
bridal.

Farmer Hodge (astonished). He! Whoy?

Farmer Giles (chuckling). He's always at eour SUEY's side,
Which shows his tendencies are Suey-side-all!

ANECDOTE OF THE COURT OF CHARLES THE SECOND.—Mr.
SAMUEL PEPYS was mighty proud of his Wig. The King one day
remarked that there were wigs and wigs. At the Duke of YORK's
invitation, His MAJESTY explained that he meant periwigs and earwigs.
Everybody present, Mr. PEPYS inclusive, tried as hard as they could to
laugh as loud as they were able at the merry Monarch's joke.



THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

A SKETCH AT ALDERSGATE STREET STATION.

A MOSAIC ARABESQUE.

(From "The Loves of the Levies.")

MISS RACHEL, come out of the
roses;

And sit in the summerhouse, do.
Don't shrink from the suit of your
MOSES.

Which he'd make as a suitor to
you.

I'm already worth some little
money;

And grandfather NATHAN is old;
He's got shares, he's got shekels,
my honey:

He's got talents of silver and
gold.

There's bills, too, my dear, I'm
discounting

At fifty and sixty per cent.,
And a pack of post-obits, amount-
ing

To ten times as much as I lent.

So RACHEL, come out of the roses;

And sit in the summerhouse,
pray,

At your feet to accept from your
MOSES

The addresses he's dying to pay!

FISHY BUT FACT.—The Court of
Aldermen and the Common Council
may not be commonly aware of
the circumstance that Whitebait
are in season to be had at, having
been caught off, Cowes. Whitebait
and Isle of Wight bait.



THE IMPENDING CHINAMAN.

Policeman (who had been whistling down this Area all the Morning). "ULLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING 'ERE? IS THE COOK IN?"
 Chinaman (blandly). "MR. AM COOKEY!" ["You might have knocked him down with a Pinard's Feather!" he said.

DON'T DEW IT!

"BRUSHING with hasty steps the dew away,"

Sings GRAY of his poetic early riser.
Cui bono? Litter of the languid lay,
 Far better to lie still and let it lie,
 Sir.

Why, Sir,
 I know it, I have tried it, it's a sell.
 Dew is the greatest do; your cold
 foot squashes
 Through acres of chill drops, which
 wet it well

(Unless you wear goloshes.)
 Fact is the bard's conventional ecstasies.

When realised, mean ague and rheumatics.

Rise in *due* time, but don't let bardlings bubble you
 To spell it D-E-W!

SCANDINAVIA AND COCKNEYDOM.
 —A Viking was a Norseman. He was a Norse Marine. Thor is the name of the Scandinavian Mars, or God of War; and he carried a 'ammer with which he gave it his enemies 'ot. In a good old-fashioned English winter, when a thaw occurred, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors used to say that Thor was a-knockin' up Jack Frost.

HEAT AND COLD. —The Glacial Period returns during the Dog-days, and is manifested in the prevalence of iced-cup and iced-cream formations.



RESPECTFUL.

Sir Gorgias's Footman. "WHERE HAVE YOU DROPPED FOUR PEOPLE, MR. PLUNKETT?" The Duke of Sillon's Footman. "OH, I SHOT MY RUBBISH AT PRINCE'S GATE. WHERE HAVE YOU SHOT YOURS?"

A POET'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"HOLMES'S Siren Fog-Signals are already introduced by the Trinity House to upwards of seventy of their Stations."

The sea that our island environs
 Becoming infested with Sirens?

O wonderful news,
 That must comfort the Muse,
 And inspire modern Shelleys and
 Byrons!

Eh? What? Only Fog-Signals?
 HOLMES'S?

They don't carry harps and gold
 combs?

There now, that is hard—
 I'm pursued the poor bard
 Whencever he rambles or roams is!

I pictured myself as Ulysses;
 I dreamed of those musical Muses
 At Ramsgate or Dover,
 And I as their lover,
 Seduced by their songs, curls, and
 kisses.

But shrieking Fog-Signals? — Dis-
 gusting!

Instead of my ears to them trusting,
 I, swiftly levitating,
 That wax will be wanting
 To keep my poor ear-drums from
 busting!

A DISTINGUISHED Novelist observes that he would like to hold an official position in a Cathedral, as he would then never be at a loss for a Chapter; and as for scribbling-paper, there would always be a Quire ready at hand.



Early Banking—Settling Day.

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

LIBRA.		SCORPIO.	
15	B. Sed. a 70	12	Gen. Lee d.
16	S. 15. a. 11	13	For. Ins. ex.
17	S. 16. 16m.	14	S. 21. a. 11
18	W. Count. d.	15	W. Virg. B.
19	S. 16. a. 11	16	W. H. Bouleau
20	B. Quency	17	W. H. Paul. B.
21	R. Deind	18	W. H. Paul. B.
22	W. Hines d.	19	W. H. Paul. B.
23	T. al. Kolar	20	W. H. Paul. B.
24	Holy Cross	21	W. H. Paul. B.
25	H. Bayly	22	W. H. Paul. B.
26	S. 17. a. 11	23	W. H. Paul. B.
27	Lombert	24	W. H. Paul. B.
28	W. H. Paul. B.	25	W. H. Paul. B.
29	W. H. Paul. B.	26	W. H. Paul. B.
30	W. H. Paul. B.	27	W. H. Paul. B.
31	W. H. Paul. B.	28	W. H. Paul. B.
		29	W. H. Paul. B.
		30	W. H. Paul. B.
		31	W. H. Paul. B.

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

Long Vacation ends. Mistress of Arts.

CAMOMILE TEA.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a cot by the Irish Sea,
A decoction I knew of which you may know
By the name of Camomile Tea;
A stuff which was brewed with no other end

Than to plague and be drunk by me.

I was a child, a mere bit of a child,
When I lived in that cot by the sea;
But I hated with hate which was more than hate
That horrible Camomile Tea,
A hate which was visible, I have no doubt,
To the eyes of my—Aunt MAGEE.

And this is the reason, I happen to know,
Why she always was down on me.
Whenever I had the least malady, filling
A tumbler with Camomile Tea,
And drenching me three times a day with the same—

The horriest bore that could be,—
And shutting me up in my bedroom for hours,
With a tract and more Camomile Tea.

The slaves, not half so weary at work,
Went whispering, pitying me.
And what was the reason, I'm blown if I know
Why they left me with Aunt MAGEE,

A wretched young shaver, by day and by night,
Swilling and swilling her Camomile Tea.

But my hate it was stronger by far than the hate

Of a Templar for neat *eau-de-vie*,
Of a Jew for a piggy-wig-gee;
And neither my Aunt, who strove early and late,

Nor her myrmidon old Doctor B.,
Was ever so clever as me to inspire
With a liking for Camomile Tea.

Even now, strange it seems, I have hideous dreams

Of that horrible Camomile Tea;
Of its taste when I think I still shudder and shrink

At that nauseous Camomile Tea;
And I muse in amazement at that old woman's craze.

On the loathing, the loathing I felt in those days,
When I lived in that cot by the sea,
In that cot with my Aunt MAGEE.

CON. FOR DR. CARPENTER.

WHY is a Young Lady who is very much
opposed to tight-lacing, like a seller of pens,
ink, and paper?

Because she is a Stay-shunner, to be sure!

He could talk about nothing but Hives, if
you please,
And of Honey, discouraging me on it,
Till I said to myself, "On the subject of Bees
He has surely a 'Bee in his bonnet.'"

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

Impromptu Juvenile Party.

A CHILDREN'S gathering during the holidays having been objected to on the score of expense, a capital substitute may be furnished in the height of the season by the following simple method. A "crush" being given, the performer, who has borrowed a large pair of tailors' shears for the occasion, stands in a convenient position at the foot of the stairs, and cleverly removes at one snip the tails at the waist from the coat of each male visitor as he is about to mount. When some hundred guests, thus prepared, gradually discover in the blaze of the drawing-room that they have all come in jackets, the host has good-humouredly to confess that, though he did not intend to do so, he has given a most effective *impromptu juvenile party*.

HE would read her SHAKESPEARE, and p'raps that was hard,
For she always declared that she hated the Bard;
But she had her revenge, for one night after supper,
She gave him three hours of her favourite TUPPER.

A TRUE SPIRIT MEDIUM.—A Publican who deals in Spirits which are what he calls them.

A FALSE QUANTITY IN MECHANICS.—The Horse-Power of a Donkey Engine.



PROGNOSTICATION.

WHEN MRS. TUBBLES AWOK (SHE SLEEPS VERY SOUNDLY), THE MORNING AFTER THAT FARMERS' DINNER, SHE FOUND JOHN BY HER SIDE WITH HIS BOOTS ON AND THE UMBRELLA OPEN! HIS EXPLANATION WAS THAT, BESIDES BEING VERY TIRED, HE PERHAPS "FANSH'D THERE WASH 'SHTORM COMIN' ON!"

TOBACCO!

(A Rhapsodist's Rhymes.)

THRICE-blessed weed! Soother of weary
brains
Beneath the Councillor's wig, the Soldier's
shako,
Purger of sorrows, anodyne of pains.
Tobacco!

The Ancestral Ape smoked not; in that at
least
Man has ascended from the primal Jacko.
Without thee he'd sink back toward the
beast,
Tobacco!

The young world knew thee not. What
misery
May we to that extremely luckless lack owe?
For apples Adam had not pined had he
Tobacco!

The early kings and conquerors—CYRUS, CÆSAR,
The swart Hun, ARITLA, Norwegian HACO,
Were destitute of passion's best appeaser,
Tobacco!

The votaries at Eleusis held divine
The God Wine-giver, hailed him "O Iaccho!"
But they knew not the sweeter mysteries—thine
Tobacco!

But, Heaven be magnified, thou now art known
From China to Peru, from Kent to Cracow,
And there is hope where'er thy cloud is blown,
Tobacco!

We to thy soft, benignant, opiate spell
Rapture in rest, ease when on trouble's rack, owe.
There are not rhymes enough thy charms to tell,
Tobacco!

SITTING UP TO SEE THE COMET.

- 12:30 P.M.—Ah! All in bed at last! Now, this is jolly.
Philistines think the *servant's* zeal all folly.
1 P.M.—Stir up the fire. Ah! *Hope* that isn't fog.
No! *How* it startled me. I'll mix some grog.
1:30 P.M.—Capital article this one of PROCTER'S.
Late hours are bad for me?—oh! hang the Doctors!
2 P.M.—When at its peri-wink—no—helion.—Thinking,
Does make one drowsy, feel like forty-winking.
3 P.M.—How solemnly it strikes! A sort of chilly,
Grim, ghostly creep—oh! hang it, this is silly.
3:30 P.M.—Br-r-r! How they anore, the whole domestic quorum.
Gr-r-r! Think I'll venture on just *one* more forum.
4 P.M.—Only annurrer hour. For all the chaff of 'em,
To-morrow mor'n'g I sh-sh 'ave the laugh of 'em.
4:30 P.M.—Mush shoon be here. Jesh keep tha' fire alive.
Ish that hish tail? No,—wait till—hic!—pass-five.
8 P.M.—*Il-a-a-r-r*! Fire's gone out and—hillo!—*what's that?* Eight!
Confound it all! I've been asleep. *Too late!!!*

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

To Cure a Smoky Chimney.

GET out on to the roof of the house with a good-sized feather
bolster and eighteenpennyworth of putty. Insert the bolster longways
into the chimney, taking care to plaster it all round tightly with
the putty. Now sit on it. The chimney will no longer smoke.

SHE sang, and she said, "Papa, what are you at,
That you do not applaud when I touch the B-flat?"
The Father replied, 'mid the singing and riot,
"Instead of B-flat, dear, pray try to be quiet."

ORTHOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.—A foxhunter, one wet day, sent to
a circulating library, and ordered *Kensilworth*, under the impression
that it was a sporting novel.



SIR GORGIUS MIDAS'S PIC-NIC.

THE HOSPITABLE SIR GORGIUS THINKS THAT "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN" OUGHT NEVER TO WAIT UPON THEMSELVES OR EACH OTHER.

SMOKERS AND WORKERS.

His pickaxe whilst a Navy drives,
I marvel at the sight;
How all the while he still contrives
To keep his pipe a-light.

My own, when I both smoke and
read,
Recumbent as I fume,
Keeps going out, which makes me
need
Its light oft-times relume.

He has a gift which, all I can,
I try, but fail, to gain;
Then whilst I watch that Working
Man,
Ah, how can I be vain?

JANUARY 8.—Plough Monday.
—LORD MAYOR goes in state to
Guildhall, presides there at Court
of Wardmote, and receives from
the several wards returns of elec-
tions to Common Council made on
St. Thomas's Day. To Guildhall
on Plough Monday? Yes; and
not, as a simpleton might suggest,
to the Corn Exchange, Mark Lane,
or the Royal Exchange, Cornhill.

"I win at races money without
end.

I've the straight tip, that all
men will allow, Sirs."
Said I, "Then p'raps you can ex-
plain, my friend,
Why 'tis you wear such shabby
coats and trousers!"

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

To make an Uncle come down handsomely.

IF the Uncle is from the Country, and has stayed in the house a whole fortnight without proposing to tip the performer half-a-sovereign, this is easily managed. The Uncle's spectacle-case having been carelessly tossed on to the ledge of the drawing-room cornice, he is persuaded to mount to the top of a tall pair of steps to recover them. The performer now cuts the rope. The Uncle instantly comes down hand-
somely.

STOCK EXCHANGE.

Illustrated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



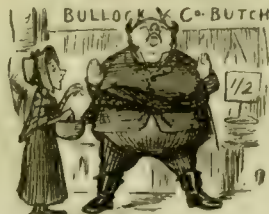
Carrying Over.



Waiting for the Rise.



Market Falling.



Market Firm.

POINTS OF POCKET ECONOMY.

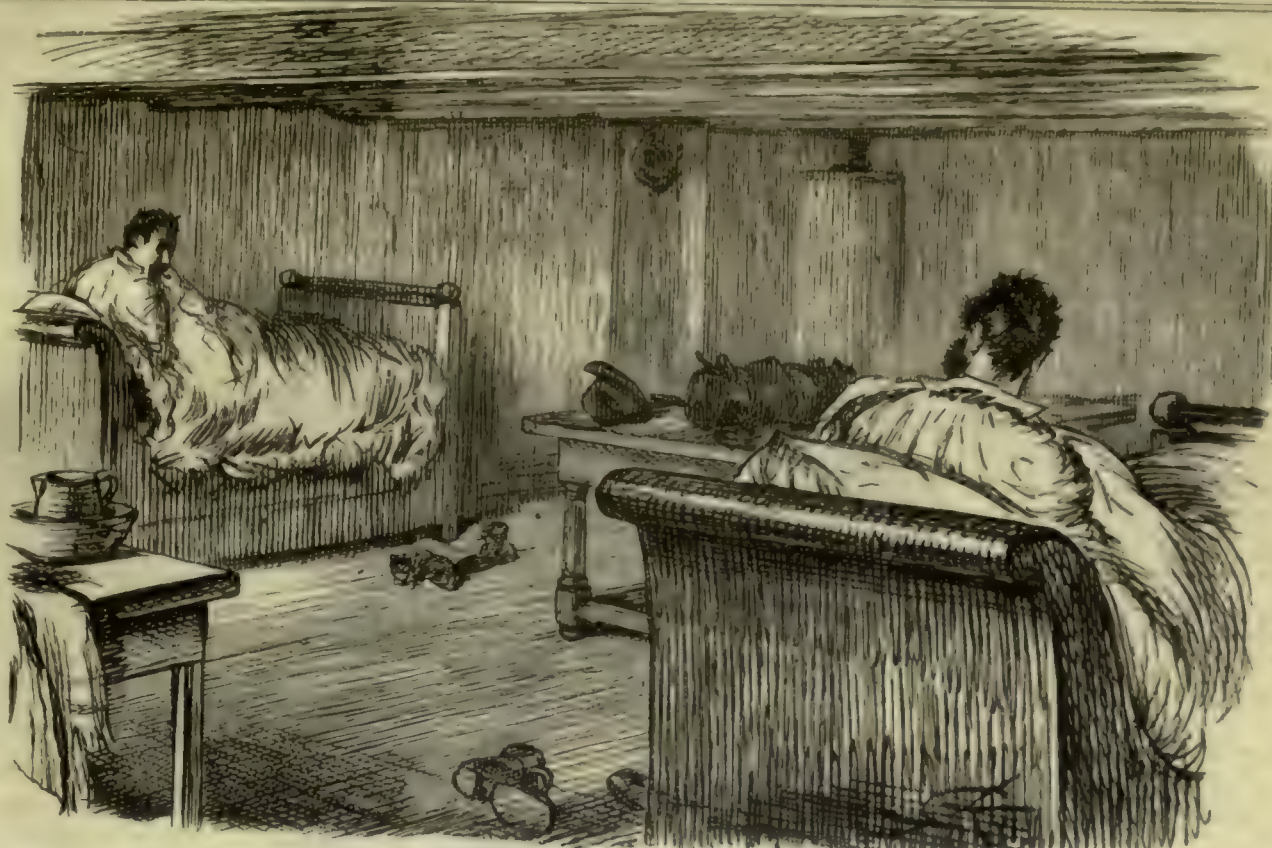
NEVER carry abroad with you more money than you need to. Carry what you must, not in a purse, but loose in your pocket, which will then be the less liable to be picked of it all in a lump. See, however, that your pocket has no hole in it.

Don't be mean. Provide for the occasional exigence of unavoidable or at least, expedient tips and gratuities. Two half-sovereigns are better than a sovereign, half-crowns than crowns, florins than half-crowns, shillings than florins, sixpences than shillings; and, besides sixpences, you should always be sufficiently well provided with threepenny and fourpenny bits, pence, and half-pence. Porters and others whom it may be necessary to remunerate for small services, or to bribe, can seldom or never give change.

If ever you happen to have any considerable sum about you, never pull out any more of it at a time than you can help, in the presence of company. Your associates, seeing you produce a large handful of money, may want to borrow some of it.

MYTHOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

—The Titans were Giants who warred against Jupiter. Bacchanals—tight 'uns of another description.



"ASTONISHING THE NATIVES."

First Alpine Tourist. "I SAY, WILL, ARE YOU ASLEEP?" *Second Tourist.* "ASLEEP? NO, I SHOULD THINK NOT! HANG IT, HOW THEY BITE!"
First Tourist. "TRY MY DODGE. LIGHT YOUR PIPE, AND BLOW A CLOUD UNDER THE CLOTHES! THEY LET GO DIRECTLY. THERE'S A LOT PERCHED ON THE FOOT-BAR OF MY BED NOW—COUGHING LIKE MAD!"



A STRAIGHT TIP.

Spinster (Visitor). "DEAR OLD FELLOW! WHY, MORGAN, HE'S FRIENDS' ALREADY!" (*Pause*) "HE QUITE LOVES ME!"
Morgan. "LOR' BLESS YER 'ART, MISS, 'E KNOWS THE RIGHT SORT, 'E DOES! IF 'E C'D SPEAK, 'E'D BE AFTER SAYING, 'REMEMBER ME AN' JIM'—(THAT'S ME, MISS)—'WHEN YER GOES AWAY.' 'E'S ARTFUL, 'E IS—'FERY!"

BATTLE BRAVURA.

Go where the Bayonets are
battling;
Go where Glory calls.
Go where the rifles "rat-
tling"
Co-operate with the Gatling,
Hailstorms of sharp-shot
scattering;
And the Shrapnel, squad-
rons shattering;
And their banners tearing
and tattering;
And the big guns booming
and battering;
And the bombs blowing
down the walls!

**SINGULARITIES OF THE
HEAVENS.**—The Great
Bear is provided with
Pointers, but, as distinct
from the rest of the con-
stellation, has no Setters.
The principal Setters in the
sky are the Sun and Moon.
The Dog-star is no Setter
in the canine sense of the
word.

MATRIMONY AND MEANS.

MARRIAGES rise with fall
of bread
Among the working-
classes;
That's right, boys; always
look ahead
Before 'you take your
lasses.

JOTTING FOR JUNE.—
Periwinkles are now in
bloom; but those peri-
winkles are not zoophytes,
—and you may gather
them, but don't you eat any.



MARGATE.

Chatty Visitor. "I LIKE THE PLACE. I ALWAYS COME HERE. 'WORST OF IT IS, 'TS A LITTLE TOO DRESSY!"

THE THOROUGH GOOD TEMPLAR.

(Who abstains from all Sti-
mulants whatever.)

SOME gives their minds to
ginger beer,
And some to soda-water;
On tea and coffee some get
quer:
But I shuns that self-
slaughter.
Your brains with Zoedone
may whirl;
I'll be no awful warning:
I regler takes my Temper-
ance Purl,
At six o'clock in the
morning.

THE POETRY OF PLANTS.
—*Ophelia*, to CHANCEL-
LOR of the EXCHEQUER.
"There's yew for you—
that means your Finance.
You may call it *Taxus*."

TO A LADY WITH A LITTLE MOUTH.

THEY say your mouth is
like to Cupid's bow;
I think it more resembles
Cupid's dart:
It is a (n)arrow opening,
and I know
It makes an arrow open-
ing in my heart!

SEASONABLE CHARITY.
—In a severely hot Mid-
summer:—Ice-Kitchens in
Leicester Square.

FREEDOM OF THE CITY.
—A knife and fork for you
always at the Mansion
House.

THE NEOGAMS—A WARNING.

NEWLY married,
Railway carried;
Sighing.
At the Station
Osculation;
Crying.



Smiling, parting;
Hands at starting
Gripping.
Cozy quarters,
Guards and Porters
Tipping.
On the journey
Glances yearny,
Mooning.
Closely sitting,
As is fitting,
Spooning.

Destination;
Forced cessation.
Pity!
Porters poking
Fun, and joking,
Witty.
On arriving,
Carriage driving;
Kissing.
Lovely scenery,
Lakes and greenery,
Missing.



Hotel, table
d'hôte a rabble.
Shun it!
Private cover
Sooner over—
Done it.

Champagne drinking;
Waiter winking.
Curious!
People smiling;
Very riling;
Furious.



After dining,
Arms entwining,
Walking,
Sipping honey—
What's there funny?—
Talking.
So time passes;
Grinning asses
Guess 'em
Newly married,
Sorely harried—
Bless 'em!

SQUIB MOTTO.

For Mr. Fawcett. — Post-Office
fairy! Nay, these boons of thine
Are better far than fairy's golden
gift. Free largesse may corrupt;
'tis more benign To smooth for
Poverty the road to Thrift.

NEW READING,

(By a Member of the "Psychical" Society.)
I HOLD it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I shudder most,
Better be frightened by a ghost,
Than never see a ghost at all.



BACKING THE FIELD.

CLASSIC DERIVATION.—Jackson
is certainly a Greek name, origin-
ally. Ajax; then the Son of Ajax,
or Ajax' son. Then, in England,
'Arry Jackson, A. Jackson. Q.E.D.



Gunpowder accidentally discovered by the Chinese.

NOVEMBER xxx Days.

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

Mistletoe Instituted by the Druids.

DYNAMO-ELECTRIC DANGERS.



I'm a keen amateur Electrician ;
I like to give people a start ;
So went to the new Exhibition
Of Electrical Science and Art.
British, Gallic, Italian, Germanic,
Yankee notions, moreover, and means

For all sorts of arrangements galvanic,
And of dynamo-electric machines.

Now it can't be too often repeated,
That if people don't take proper care,
Circuit wires, apt at times to get heated,
Wax red-hot now and then—so beware !
Where the lights to which gas are as rushlights
Were by night turning darkness to day—
Siemens, Edison, Jablochoff, Brush Lights—
I wandered, exploring my way.

Apparatus, a little short-sighted,
As I stooped on, betwixt wire and wire,
In connection my watch-chain, ignited,
In a wink set my waistcoat on fire.
Then the stem of a lamp, which, to work it,
Had a wire laid below to the fore,
I grasped, and completed the circuit,
Intervening, in person, through floor.

Dash my buttons, just didn't I holla !
That is, try all I could to cry out ;
But a feeble moan only would follow
My fruitless endeavours to shout.
And my muscles were paralysed nearly,
All throughout me ; my heart was oppressed,
And my lungs acted on so severely,
I had scarce any breath in my chest.

My face was convulsed and distorted,
And contracted so hard was my hand,
That a friend, to my help who resorted,
Couldn't loosen it off the lamp-stand.
But to strike him a happy thought chancing,
He lifted my legs from the ground,
And broke circuit, whence sparks of flame glancing,
Burnt my hand whilst its gripe was unbound.

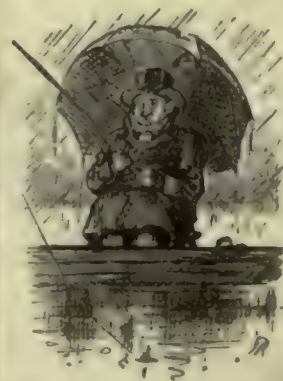
I had had a charge sent right slap through me
That ten lamps was then serving to light ;
And the current that very nigh slew me
Being stopped, put out eight of them quite.
'Mid electrical works ye who wander
Mind you how their machinery behaves,
And my pitiful story well ponder,
That you mayn't be shocked into your graves.

FROM OUR MANIACAL METEOROLOGIST.

WHY is a Storm-signaller like an asker of riddles ?
Because he's a Cone-and-drummer !

A REAL GHOST STORY. — Say you've seen one.

A PUNT POEM.



I'm a Fisherman bold,
And I don't mind the cold,
Nor care about getting wet
through ;
I don't mind the rain,
Or rheumatical pain,
Or even the tic-douloureux !

I'm a Fisherman damp,
Though I suffer from cramp,

Let weather be foul or be fine,
From morning till night
Will I wait for a bite,
And never see cause to repine :

I'm a Fisherman glad,
And I never am sad ;
I care not to shoot or to hunt ;
I would be quite content
If my whole life were spent
From morning to night in a Punt !

I'm a Fisherman brave,
And I carol a stave
In praise of the rod and the line !
From the bank, or a boat,
Will I gaze on my float—
What life is so happy as mine !

MR BIBBLE HUNTS the STAG

ON
EXMOOR

NOISES AFAR
OFF — THE
CHASE HAS
BEGUN

WAITS 2½
HOURS FOR A
WARRANTABLE
STAG TO
BREAK

MR B. WILL
FOLLOW THAT
KNOWING-LOOKING
OLD GENTLEMAN

OUT ON TO THE WILD MOOR

BUT THE STUPID OLD
G. DOES NOT TAKE
THAT BIT OF NICE GREEN TURF — MR B. WILL

THE
NICE
GREEN
TURF?

CROSSES A COOMBE

WONDERS IF
IT WOULD BE
UN SPORTSMANLIKE
TO
GET OFF

MR B
GIVES UP THE
CHASE

WISHES
HE'D SEEN
THE STAG.
BUT, HAVING
GOT THROUGH
WITHOUT ANY
HURT,
ABANDONS

EVERY BODY

KNOCKED ABOUT
FOR A COUPLE
OF HOURS

HAVING LOST SIGHT
OF THE STAG
ABANDONS HIMSELF TO PLEASING MEDITATIONS

HORSE SHIES — DOES SEE
THE STAG
BROW, BAY, TRAY,
YALL

MR BIBBLE AT BAY

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE — & DEATH
OF THE STAG





MEMS. OF A DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR.

(Extracted from his Diaries.)

Christmas, 1849.—A most important year. Early in the Spring made my first appearance as *Richard the Third*. Told by the local reporter of the *Mudstone Mercury* that it reminded him of the elder KEAN. No doubt it did. Bully supported by the other Amateurs taking part in the Dashover Hall Amateur Theatricals.

Midsummer, 1852.—Have certainly matured my style since I made my first appearance as *Richard the Third*. Then decidedly crude, although told, by persons who certainly ought to have known, that I was far better than the elder KEAN. Have added to my repertoire, *Hamlet*, *Claude Melnotte*, *Othello*, *Belphegor*, *Dazzle*, and *Macbeth*. Have seen MACREADY, CHARLES MATHEWS, PHELPS, WEBSTER, G. V. BROOKE in these parts—well, I don't want to be hard upon them, but they certainly don't play them quite in my manner!

Christmas, 1854.—Have recently turned my attention a good deal to Low Comedy. Played in some garrison theatricals, *Tony Lumpkin*, and *Box in Box and Cox*. Local reporter of the *Cabbageville Courier* insists that "BUCKSTONE is not a bit like me!" Well, although I say it who shouldn't, but frankly—he isn't!

Midsummer, 1856.—Got back to the "legitimate" again. Played *Wolsey*, in selection from *Henry the Eighth* at Mrs. TREVOR TAUNTON's Theatricals, at 142, St. Augustine Villas, Kensington New Town. Stage rather small, as Mrs. T. T.'s back drawing-room is only nine feet by twelve. However, was magnificent. At least, so said an Oxford Undergraduate who insisted that I was better than CHARLES KEAN. Well, well, CHARLEY is not bad.

Christmas, 1860.—Still hard at work at my acting. I really do believe I have played everything in my time. I have got sixteen large scrap-books full of favourable provincial notices. Rather annoying I cannot obtain recognition at the hands of the London Press. However, to quote a well-known line, "A time will come!" Have recently added *Ruy Blas* to my repertoire. My creation is considered by the best judges to be infinitely grander than FECHTER'S. But then allowances ought to be made for FECHTER'S shortcomings. It must be remembered that he is a foreigner!

Midsummer, 1865.—Still delighting the provinces. The *Gushington Gazette* insists that my reading of *Lord Dundreary* is infinitely preferable to SOTHERN'S. Well, I daresay to some people it is, although

it is only fair to SOTHERN to say, that he is a very promising Comedian who one day will turn out an Actor!

Christmas, 1868.—Taken recently to Irish character. Have played with "startling success" (I quote from the intelligent columns of the *Cobey Hatch and Hamwell Sentinel*) *Sham*, *Myles na Coppaleen*, and other parts of a similar nature. I am told that DION BOUCCICAULT came to see me one evening. They say that I made him cry!

Midsummer, 1872.—During the last six months have been appearing in a round of CHARLEY MATHEWS's characters. Everybody delighted. Representative of *Humborough Herald* told me at supper that my reading was "replete with humour, pathos, sentiment, fun, and deep and almost painful feeling." Representative of *Humborough Herald* is a most sensible person, and I set an especial value upon his opinion. Of course I have an awful respect for CHARLEY MATHEWS, but his reading is not always mine!

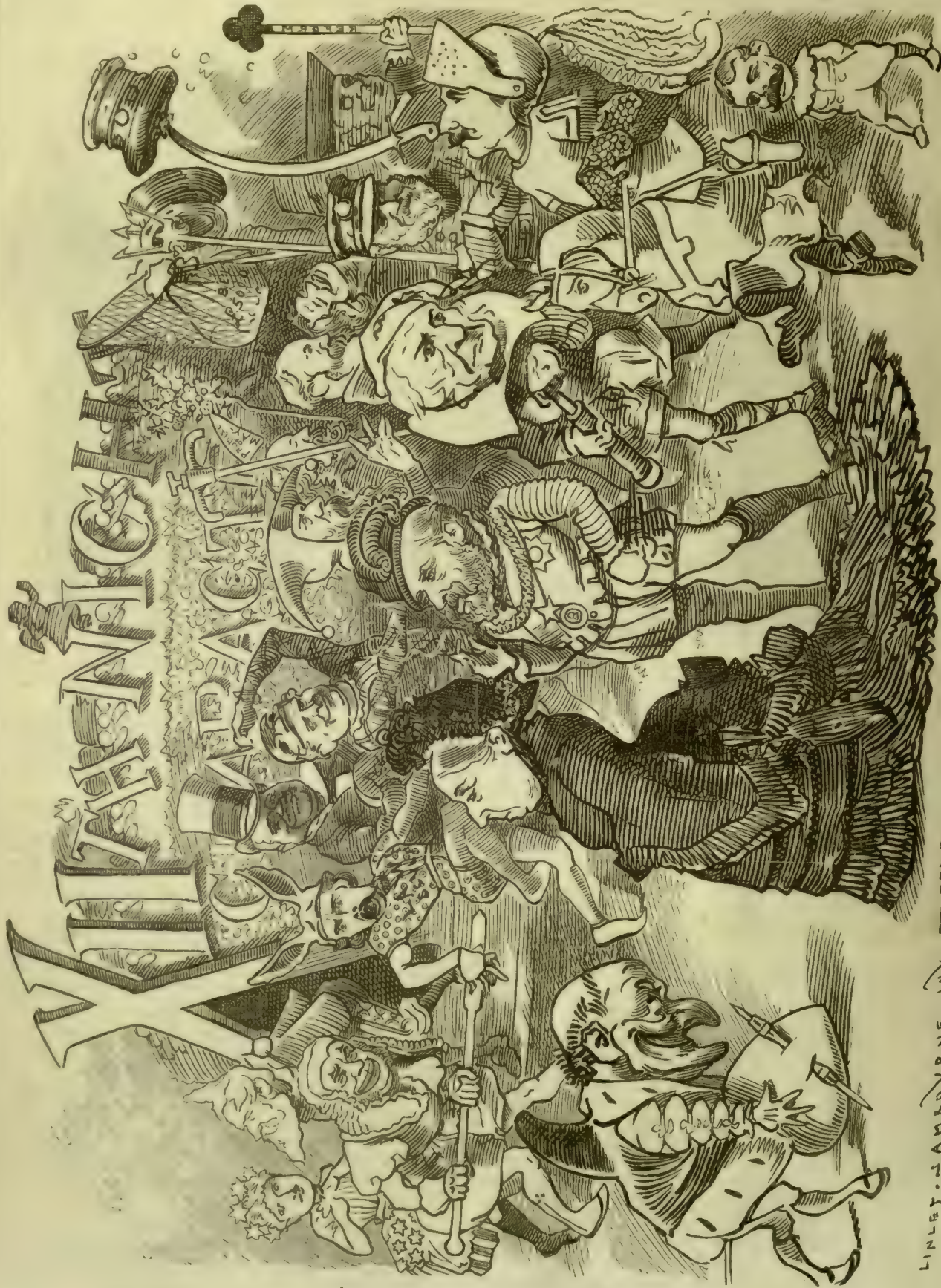
Christmas, 1880.—Still playing. Really may call myself "the Grand Old Man of the Amateur Stage." More than thirty years ago since I first made my appearance, with something actually approaching nervousness, as *Richard the Third*. But even in those days it was universally conceded that I was immeasurably greater than the elder KEAN. Well, well, perhaps I was, perhaps I was. My favourite characters at the present moment are *Romeo*, *Bob Brierly*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, and *Manfred*. They say I could not be better in any of them! Well, well, perhaps not, perhaps not! I only want one thing to complete my satisfaction—a notice in a London paper.

Christmas, 1882.—At last! The other evening, when I was playing at Lady LOAFER'S, I saw SEATER of the *Proscenium* taking notes. There is sure to be a notice! And here it is! Silly I did not see the *Proscenium* before. Let us read:—"Mr. —, as —, has yet to learn how to act. He is the worst amateur that we have ever seen." !!!!!

Diary breaks off abruptly.

"Sweetness and—White."

THE *Daily News* says—"With all these blue, yellow, and scarlet ribbons for temperance in drink, will no one start a white ribbon for temperance in costume?" We find that since these lines have been published there is not half a yard of white ribbon to be bought in London, and the dyers have been busier than ever.



LINLEY. JAMBOURNE. INV. - ET. DEL. P.

Queen of Hearts, Her M-J-SRV; King of Arts, Mr. P-NCH; Prince Charming, Prince of W-I-S; The Warrior Bold, Lord W-LS-L-Y; Will Watch, Mr. GL-DST-NZ; Hop-o'-my-Thumb, Lord R-ND-LPH CH-BCH-LL. Other Characters by Sir CH-BL-S D-LKE, Mr. CH-MB-EL-N, Mr. T-NN-S-N, King C-T-W-YO, Mrs. L-NOTEX, &c., &c.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL DIRT.

A STORY TOLD TO THE MARINES.

(ABOUT THE YEAR 3000 A.D.)

THERE stood a City in the Western Isle,
 (This is a tale of Eighteen Eighty-Three, Sirs.)
 A City basking broad in Fortune's smile,
 With wealth like CÆSUS, power as wide as CÆSAR'S:
 A City populous, where forum, mart,
 And fane all flowered in tower and florid pinnacle;
 Where common souls talked gushingly of Art,
 Where taste was fine, and even Faith was finical,
 A Sybaritic City, whose *élite*
 The crumpled rose-leaf held abomination;
 A City of two gods, the "Light" and "Sweet,"
 And one great rite, the "Tub," which meant Salvation.
 "An enviable City!" Ah! rush not
 Precipitately to a rash conclusion.
 That City had one Malebolge-blot,
 One foul fatality there wrought confusion,
 An Incubus inchoate, palsyng, there held away,
 Whose mind—they called it so!—was crass, chaotic;
 With this result: that City proud and gay
 Was half the year submerged 'neath mud Nilotic;
 Nilotic! Nay, much nastier; for the slime
 'Midst which their civic Dragon ramped and straddled,
 Outstank, outstuck the stuff where in earth's prime
 Its saurian prototypes wallowed or paddled.
 It clasped that City like a clammy shroud,
 It lay, a common curse, on road and pavement,
 Stirred by the trappings of the stumbling crowd,
 But slab, adhesive, unrelieved by lavement;
 As though some mud-volcano had spumed forth
 Its spreading spout of foulness o'er it wholly.
 Whelming it East, and West, and South, and North,
 In one vast muck-pall black and melancholy.
 The citizens went forth, with smoke-red eyes,
 And through the stodgy slime-slough feebly floundered,
 And now they slipped o'er sheets of fetid size,
 And now in gulfs of mire they splashed or foundered.
 It stuck, oh, how it stuck! to heels and soles,
 It splashed and sputtered over coats and trousers;
 It lay in pools, and dark insidious holes,
 Fit wallowing-pits for Circe's wretched carousers.
 It stank, oh, how it stank! scarce Tophet's reek
 Were more unsavoury unto dainty nostrils.
 Rain fell anew, and then it ran to seek
 Confluent floods in wheel-whirled, wind-betost rills.
 Or slab or sloppy, it was simply Muck,
 Miry, malodorous, unmitigated,
 In which, o'er that strange City, splashed or stuck
 The matutinal cit or clerk belated.
 They bore it, ah! they bore it. It was strange!
 A mystic spell was on them, that seemed certain.
 They had had vision of Elysian change,
 Loss of mire-sheet and lifting of fog-curtain,
 Vain, vain! That Incubus huge, formless, void,
 As the Miltonic Death held empire steady.
 Squeezees abounded, and the unemployed
 In hosts to handle them stood ever ready.
 Taxation's yoke was heavy on that land,
 Laws had they, and life's servitors, the Sciences.
 Alert and eager ever stood at hand
 To champion Cleanliness with 'cute appliances,
 And yet—Oh! ultra-classic tragic doom
 That might have moved Eumenides to pity—
 Nought, down from Science to the simple broom,
 Availed to lift the curse from that great City.
 Stately and spacious, but slime-fouled, it spread,
 Mighty, yet a morass of slush and puddle;
 Unswept, unsaraped, unpurged, uncomfortable,
 A helpless, hopeless prey to Mud and Muddle.
 So that for all its splendour and its fame,
 Its miles of streets, its piles of bullion ruddy,
 It passed, and earned a pitiable name
 In History's page as—"Babylon the Muddy!"

[Whereupon, adds the Scholiast, the Audience of the Myth-Singer dispersed, some with looks of compassion, but the most with smiles of derisive incredulity.]

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has a great difficulty in finding a pen to suit her. She thinks she will try some of the new Cocoa Nibs, that she sees so extensively advertised.



FUTILITY OF Q. E. D.

Mamma (who has been vainly struggling to help Tommy with his Euclid). "WHAT RUBBISH IT IS, TO BE SURE! ALL THIS BOTHER TO PROVE THAT A B C IS EQUAL TO C B D! AS IF ANYBODY IN THEIR SENSES WOULD EVER SAY IT WASN'T!"

TRIAL BY JUDGE.

(Second and Concluding Portion.)

On the Court reassembling after the Holidays, Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME, who presided on the Bench, supported by quite a bevy of Duchesses, proceeded to sum up in the great case of *Strap v. Rules*, which, it will be remembered, turns upon the question whether the Plaintiff, a professed cook, was libelled by the Defendant for insisting that he, the Plaintiff, could not make his own pastry.

Before the formal commencement of the hearing, Mr. BIBSTER, Q.C., asked his Lordship whether he thought he would be very long in concluding his address to the Jury. The trial had now lasted about six months, and as he (Mr. BIBSTER), with the greatest possible respect to his Lordship, thought that he (the Judge) might cut it short.

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME was pained at the suggestion. If Mr. BIBSTER, who was certainly one of the brightest ornaments at the Bar—(Applause, in which Mr. SLAVEY joined heartily.) His Lordship was greatly surprised at this demonstration; did not Mr. SLAVEY (who was a stuff-gownman certainly, but yet a member of the Bar) know that the Court was not a theatre?

Mr. BIBSTER rose to explain. His friend and Junior in this case, Mr. SLAVEY, had been of the greatest possible service to him in this action, and he seized the opportunity of personally thanking him for his exertions. (Renewed applause, which was immediately suppressed.)

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME, who regarded Mr. BIBSTER as one of the brightest ornaments of the British Bar, was delighted to find that he (Mr. BIBSTER) had a feeling heart even for an inferior.

Mr. BIBSTER had nothing further to add, except that he trusted that his Lordship would make his concluding remarks as brief as possible. His Lordship would notice that, for a reason it was unnecessary to mention, his learned friend, Mr. BUSTLE, Q.C., had already left the Court. He trusted, earnestly trusted, with the utmost respect to the Judge, that his Lordship would not so prolong his remarks that other counsel might be forced, reluctantly forced, to follow the example which had been set so excusably by his learned friend, Mr. BUSTLE, Q.C.

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME was most anxious to render himself agreeable to all persons of distinction. He trusted that he had been amusing and instructive

to the Ladies of Title who had done him the great honour of sharing the Bench with him?

A Duchess was here understood to murmur that his Lordship had carried personal courtesy to its utmost limit.

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME was believed to return his heartfelt thanks, but as the remarks of his Lordship, although offered with gratified gesticulation, were uttered *sotto voce*, their exact meaning did not reach the box reserved for the reporters of the Public Press.

Mr. BIBSTER, with the greatest possible respect, would be glad to learn whether his Lordship thought that he would be able to offer his concluding observations by Easter?

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME had no doubt that he would finish his remarks at that very sitting. (*Applause, which was with difficulty suppressed.*) He was pained, deeply pained, at that demonstration. It must be remembered that it was his duty to address the Jury on many points of interest. He might here mention that he trusted that the twelve Gentlemen who had so patiently followed this case in this Court, had enjoyed themselves at a recent ceremonial.

The Foreman of the Jury, on behalf of his colleagues, acknowledged gratefully the courtesy extended to them by his Lordship in obtaining for them tickets of admission. He wished to add that the summing-up of his Lordship so far had been quite up to the mark.

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME was much gratified at this observation. As to the tickets, it would be obvious to the Gentlemen of the Jury that his position in Society enabled him to exert some influence in obtaining favours of a pleasing character.

Mr. BIBSTER, with the greatest deference to his Lordship, would suggest that, after all this interesting but desultory conversation, a fitting opportunity might now be offering itself for an adjournment for luncheon.

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME, after consultation with those associated with him on the Bench, ventured, with their Graces' permission, to differ with Mr. BIBSTER. He would now continue his observations on the case. (*Applause, which was immediately suppressed.*) It would be remembered that he had already expended some time in explaining the French of some of the *maynoos* that had been put in. And here he might remark that it was to be hoped that, if any of the Gentlemen of the Jury had dined out during the trial, they would preserve their *maynoos*, as, considering the deeply interesting character of the proceedings which had been honoured by the attention of so many persons of distinction, those cards would be of great historical value. (*Laughter.*) He would now turn his attention to the evidence of the experts. It would be remembered that the Defendant had called several professed cooks, who, on account of their great ability in the culinary calling, had been awarded the title of *Cordons Bleus*. These *Cordons Bleus* had declared that the dishes said to have been made by the Plaintiff could not possibly have emanated from his hands. Now he (his Lordship) regarded this testimony with much suspicion. It was no doubt true that they had devoted their lives to the pursuit of cookery, but for all that he regarded their testimony with the gravest suspicion. In this case many persons of the highest distinction and the noblest birth had been present in the kitchen while the Plaintiff was actually employed in putting artistic merit, in the shape of sauce and other ingredients, into the various dishes that had occupied their attention for so long a time. He had no doubt that Her MAJESTY and the Princess BEATRICE were perfectly competent to give an opinion upon a *plat*. He might whisper, with the greatest possible respect to the Throne, that he had been in a position to learn ocularly that the QUEEN herself occasionally condescends to visit the palatial *kitchens*, to stir the Christmas pudding! (*Enthusiastic applause.*) Under these circumstances, he could but come to one conclusion—that however competent *Cordons Bleus* might be to make a *maynoo*, their evidence could be of no sort of value when weighed in the scales with the evidence of the general Public. (*Renewed enthusiastic applause.*) Why, it was quite possible that a *Cordon Bleu* might be called *SNOOKS*! As a peroration, he would only quote the opinion of the greatest literary man of the present day, who had written—"Physicians can tell best the merits of other physicians, and scientific men can best judge of scientific matters; but the public, if fairly educated, are seldom wrong in their verdicts." So with the intimation that he (the learned Judge) intended, for the future, to listen only to the voice of the Public when he felt out of sorts and required a doctor's prescription, he dismissed them to consider their decision.

Almost immediately the Jury found for the Plaintiff, and the distinguished audience dispersed, after exchanging congratulations with the utmost cordiality.

PISCICULTURAL PROGRESS.

WE recently read that the Union Steamship Company were sending out from Southampton, by their steamer *African*, to the Government of Natal, "a further supply of trout ova." So the Government of Natal would receive a regular ovation.

DRURY LANE AND ELSEWHERE.

Sinned-badly, and my Pretty Jane—Eyre. The Imperial and Gaiety.

WHAT has become of our Pantomimists? Wherever they may be, they do not come to the front at Drury Lane. Even Mr. and Mrs. D'AUBAN do more in the speaking and singing than in the genuine pantomimic line, and young LAURI is rather a clever acrobat than a pantomimist. Mr. HARRY PAYNE is the last of the Pantomimists, and so very much the last, that, even when four Scenes had been omitted on Boxing Night, he did not make his appearance as Clown until a quarter past eleven.



Arthur Roberts. Retired from Music-Hall, and he's "Never done anything Since." But he will.

We sincerely sympathised with Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS on that terrible first night, when the Pit was angry, the Gallery tired, and nothing would go right on the stage. No doubt by this time everything works smoothly, and the Pantomime, including the "comic business"—as if the first were the "serious business" of the evening until the Clown comes on and says, in effect, "Now we'll play the fool!"—is probably all over at a reasonable hour.

But to what was this first night's failure attributable? It began well enough—indeed, brilliantly; but it went, as far as acting and singing were concerned, from indifferent to bad, and from bad to worst, until the climax came in an utterly idiotic scene, where comic music-hall talent, represented by ARTHUR ROBERTS, JAMES FAWN, HERBERT CAMPBELL, NELLIE POWER, VESTA TILLEY, associated with one ordinarily good comedian, HARRY NICHOLLS, appeared to be doing anything that came into their heads at the moment, without rhyme or reason, until it resembled rather the impromptu



Katti Lanner's Little Kittens.

charade got up at Christmas-time by a party of young children, one of whom starts up, and putting a pocket-handkerchief over his head, says, "Look here! Let's play at being a Judge!" and the others echo, "Oh, let's!" than any pantomimic or burlesque scene performed by well-known professionals.

The loudly expressed disapprobation warned the music-hall Favourites, that, off their own peculiar platform, it was dangerous to presume on their exceptional popularity. We are quite certain that could we have the PAYNE Family back again in such a Pantomime as was *The Forty Thieves*, or if the VOKES Family could be once more what they were in *Aladdin*, the vast London Public, which dearly loves this form of harmless Christmas entertainment, would throng to Old Drury in their tens of thousands, and the Manager would reap a far greater harvest with far less outlay, than he will even now, with the one scene of gorgeous spectacle which leavened the almost intolerable amount of stupidity exhibited on the Boxing Night performance of *Sindbad*.

What became of the story after the first Scene we haven't the slightest idea. We saw the *Old Man of the Sea*, who, however, did not get on *Sindbad's* shoulders, as he might have done had his representative been a boy "got up" as an old man; and then, after



Lauri in his game of Four-feet.

an interval, we saw the Gigantic *Roc*, with a deal of fumbling, fly off with *Sindbad*, who then and there disappeared from the story, as we next recognised him dressed up as *Britannia*, singing a patriotic song, and subsequently in the wig and gown of a barrister, doing nothing particular in an Egyptian police-court. Occasionally we heard a line or two, and occasionally somebody mentioned the name

us in asking Mr. HARRIS to give us another time more of the genuine old Pantomime and less of the modern Music-Hall.

My *Pretty Jane—Eyre*, at the Globe, is not a pleasant piece. It is confusing to those who have not read the novel from which it is avowedly taken, and to those who have, the "confusion becomes worse confounded," as Mr. Rochester would no doubt say, did he not generally use an even stronger expletive in conveying his meaning. Following the directions of Mrs. GLASSE, Mr. WILLS has "first caught his *Eyre*" in the person of Mrs. BERNARD BEERE, who is no more like the plain, undersized little creature in the novel than Juno of Olympus is like the female Midget lately exhibiting at the Westminster Aquarium. Mr. CHARLES KELLY, on the other hand, no doubt has the personal peculiarity inseparable from Mr. Rochester, still on this occasion his face is not sufficient in itself to constitute his fortune. Of the other characters little need be said. Miss CARLOTTA LECLERC, as *Lady Ingram*, obtains a good deal of fun out of an eccentric bonnet; and Mr. A. M. DENISON, as *Lord Desmond*, gives quite a Christmassy flavour to the production by treating his part *à la mode de pantalon*. Mr. H. E. RUSSELL, as the Rev. Mr. Prior, looks and acts like a Wesleyan Archbishop gone wrong.

For the rest, the piece leaves an impression on the mind of aimless exits and entrances, feeble dialogues, old—very old—Joe Millers, diluted sermons, and stale sentimentalities. But there is one startling exception to all these amiable little weaknesses. At the end of the Second Act the scream and appearance of Miss D'ALMAIRE as Rochester's maniac wife, are simply terrifying. The effect of the fearful peal of laughter, with the subsequent awful apparition, upon the house is electrifying. So powerful is the sensation produced, that when the cry is repeated in Act III. *pur et simple*, the Curtain falls amidst thunders of surprised applause.

With the exception of the scream just mentioned, there is absolutely nothing remarkable in the new play. Consequently, Mr. WILLS might choose, as an appropriate second title to his drama (as there is already a play bearing the same first name in existence) the well-worn line—*For et praterea nihil!* Or why not have big heads, and play it as a Pantomime?

Imperial.—The special attraction here is the Ballet of Equestriennes.

Gaiety.—Several capital songs. The story of *Valentine and Oron* somewhat muddled. Dresses charming. Dance by Miss ELLEN FARREN and CATHERINE VAUGHAN delightful. Mr. E. TERRY and his mother, the bear, funny.

CHARITY BALLS AND CONCERTS.

FROM a letter addressed by the Local Government Board to the City of London Union, it appears that "at some of the Metropolitan pauper infirmaries and asylums for the sick it is the practice at certain seasons of the year to permit entertainments to which the friends of the officers are invited, and at which music and dancing are allowed." This practice is discommended by the L. G. B., as likely to produce a "prejudicial effect" on the sick poor. Possibly so, if the Matron, Master, and Beadle, with their guests, are accustomed to dance over the patients' heads or elsewhere near enough to disturb them.

But the newspaper paragraph above quoted bears the heading of "Music and Dancing in Workhouses." Now, to these relaxations in those institutions at certain seasons of the year there can be not the least grave objection. For instance, at the present festive season might not even paupers be permitted to enjoy the festivities of music and dancing if they have the heart to? The idea of a Workhouse Ball at least once a year—a Workhouse Annual Ball—might even seem to any benevolent Board of Guardians a happy thought. Sets of Workhouse Quadrilles and Workhouse Waltzes might be composed expressly for such entertainments, and the dance-music might include a *Menuet de la Maison d'Industrie*. It might do the hearts of some of the parishioners good to attend, and see the more youthful of the gallant inmates of a Workhouse salute their partners in a country-dance under the mistletoe-bough, at a *bond fide* Charity Ball.



Manager Harris driven wild by the "Waits" between the Acts. A Christmas Subject.

the Author may have been called in to suggest the wit and humour suitable for pantomime, which the unassisted music-hall intellect evidently cannot invent for itself.

Much better another time to engage Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, who is really funny, alone, as one of a regular pantomimic troupe. The music lacked spirit, specially the performance of "*God Save the Queen*" in the Overture. Former Conductors, like Mr. LEVEY or Mr. KARL MEYER, have turned round, faced the audience, and led the National Anthem with a Jullien-like enthusiasm that carried the audience a quarter through the Pantomime; but this "go" was lacking on Boxing-Night. Again, whenever there is a "stick" on the stage—and how many "regular sticks" there were!—a sharp Conductor should be ready to fill up the *hiatus*, and drown delay with a storm of wind, and sink disapprobation by a display of brass; but, unfortunately, when there was a hitch in the scenery or in the action, there was a corresponding stoppage in the Orchestra, which made the deficiency all the more noticeable.

And now for the brilliant side of the Show. The Grand Scene of the Procession of the Kings of England, which royal personages, to judge from their masks, were all of them closely allied to the ancient Hebrew race, and the review of the little soldiers, played by children, and therefore all infantry, is one of the most complete spectacular effects ever seen at Old Drury. It is magnificent—*c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le pantomime*—it is sufficient of itself, however, to draw all London, and delight all the children.

The prettiest and at the same time funniest thing, specially for children, and children are the *raison d'être* of all our pantomimes—is the dance of KATTI LANNER's pupils, carrying their dolls, which they alternately fondle and smack.

Young LAURI's four-footed feat of going round the house is the acrobatic hit of the piece. The transformation scene, by H. EMDEN, is very effective, and, if less splendid than heretofore, it has the advantage of depending less on mere mechanism.

As is usual in Pantomimes, all sorts of advertisements are introduced on the stage; but it was a curious kind of compliment—whether suggested as "business" by Author, Manager, or Actor—to the Proprietors of the journal with the Largest Circulation in the World, for ARTHUR

The real Old Man of the Sea; or, Sindbad overweighted by the Music-Hall Singer.

ROBERTS to haul up the *Daily Telegraph* for a very small sail! What did Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD mean? It doesn't, on the face of it, seem very complimentary, does it?

As a Giant and four scenes were deliberately omitted on the first night, and, as we couldn't stay for Mr. HARRY PAYNE's Harlequinade, we may fairly say that we have not as yet seen the Pantomime as a whole. After a second visit we hope to be able to give a far more favourable report of the Drury Lane Annual than we could conscientiously do, judging from what we saw of it on Boxing Night. Still, whatever may be the present result, we are sure that all, speaking for the children, for themselves, and for the Art associated with the Christmas traditions of Old Drury Lane, will join



Mr. Harry Jackson snuffing himself out as Napoleon. Exit.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.—A PROUD MOMENT.

UP A FAMILY TREE!

MR. G. A. HAIG, of Pen Ithon, Radnorshire, has been supplying the papers with some strikingly interesting facts relating to the pedigree of Lord WOLSELEY; but, as he only connects the illustrious soldier directly with WILLIAM the Conqueror, CHARLES the Bold, CHARLEMAGNE, Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, and a few dozen other distinguished historical personages, it must be obvious that his account is as sadly garbled as it is meagre and incomplete. Turning, however, to *Burke's Stranded Gentry*, Chap. XXIX., p. 371, Section 5, we find a good deal more to the purpose, in the graphic account there given of how the first notable WOLSELEY, a twenty-fifth cousin in the third degree to the present Baron, saw the Ark off, and was curiously enough never heard of again. But so remarkable, even in those remote times, seems to have been the recuperative powers possessed by the family, that a WOLSELEY is referred to by profane historians as having appeared suddenly among the plagues of Egypt. And this is probably the same LINSEY WOLSELEY, who, according to the Chairman of the Arundel Society, is known to have beaten CONFUCIUS at Backgammon, settled in the Isle of Wight, and, after looking on at the Battle of Blenheim, founded the fifth Merovingian Dynasty in conjunction with an Irish gentleman of distinction, whose name has, by some mischance, not been handed down to posterity. Indeed, the hereditary record of the family at this stirring period of its history is most interesting, and no apology is needed for quoting it bodily as it stands in STANGER's excellently compiled quarto edition of MILLER's *Genealogia Jocosæ*, which furnishes the following significant table:—

TIMOUR the Tartar (forty-first Baronet)

CHARLES the Bold	OLIVER CROMWELL = MARGARET of Wapping	HENRY THE NINTH
	Mr. O'BRIEN (Waterford Branch)	
	Madame TUSSAUD = PHILIP of Sweden	
NAPOLION	Admiral HOWE	Mr. D'OYLY CARTE
	HELIODORUS = JANE EYRE	

The Deputy Chairman of the North-Eastern Railway Company,

from whom, by different branch lines, ARABI PACHA and the present Baron WOLSELEY are both respectively descended.

From the above it will be seen at a glance how profoundly interesting and historically important is the nature of the information collected by Mr. G. A. HAIG—information which these few additional but most material facts, it is to be hoped, will not only amplify but elucidate. Mr. G. A. HAIG deserves the appreciative thanks of all reasonable men. We hope to hear from him on this subject again.

THE NEW PASSENGER.

Guard Punch, loquitor:—

COME, up with you, youngster! The box-seat at night
Seems a little exposed for so youthful a traveller;
However, your Jehu will see you all right.
Whither bound? That's a *crux* of which *he'll* be unraveller.
Old Edax is certain to tool you right through,
He'll not spill the coach, boy, nor leave you the lurch in;
But, as for the weather that's waiting for you,
Who knows, my poor urchin?

Most probably mixed. That old gentleman there,
Like a ghost through the darkness phantasmally hooking it,
Would tell you *his* stage had its shifts, foul and fair.
Could he take a fresh seat, he'd scarce hurry at booking it.
But *you*, boy! to youth on a box-seat there's bliss;
Tchick! Rootletetoot! Tally ho! and all that is
A rapture whose capture what youngster would miss?
'Tis Age says "*Jam satis*."

Up! Edax won't wait, and his tits won't stand still.
You've a long spin before you,—I hope you'll enjoy yourself.
The world sees your start with a world of good will,
With wonder, hope, fear, as to how you'll employ yourself.
Bon voyage! be sure, is the general wish.
Edax gathers the ribbons, and calls to his cattle,—
One mellow "root-tootle," one dexterous "swish,"
And we're off with a rattle!

SONG OF THE ANTI-TRAMSTERS.—"We never use a Big, Big T!"



THE NEW PASSENGER.

OUR AGREEABLE BIRTHDAY-BOOK SERIES.—No. 1. SHAKSPEARE.

[Method of using this :—The Motto to face page with dates where your Friends will inscribe their names. The Motto not to be shown till the signature is complete.]

JANUARY 1.
How now, you wanton calf!

JANUARY 2.
I have great comfort from
this fellow: methinks he hath
no drowning mark upon him;
his complexion is perfect gal-
lows.

JANUARY 7.
A very dishonest
paltry boy.

JANUARY 8.
Wife, thou art a fool!

JANUARY 13.
This man has marr'd
his fortune.

JANUARY 14.
Thou hast never in thy
life
Show'd thy dear mother
any courtesy.

JANUARY 19.
A woman im-
pudent and
mannish
grown.

JANUARY 20.
You blocks,
you stones,
you worse
than sense-
less things!
O you hard
hearts!

JANUARY 25.
My wife, Sir, whom I detest
before Heaven and your honour.

JANUARY 26.
Thou shouldst be whipp'd with
wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

JANUARY 3.
We are merely cheat-
ed of our lives by
drunkards.

JANUARY 4.
I do despise a liar as
I do despise one
that is false.

JAN. 9.
O you beast!
O, faithless
coward!
O, dishonest
wretch!



JAN. 10.
That such a
crafty devil
as his mo-
ther
Should yield
the world
this ass!

JANUARY 15.
O, most false
love!

JANUARY 16.
'Tis infer'd to
us
His days are
foul, and his
drinks dan-
gerous.

JANUARY 21.
I hate ingratu-
tude more in a
man
Than lying vain-
ness, babbling
drunkenness.

JANUARY 22.
Take the fool
away!

JANUARY 27.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

JANUARY 28.

Her life was beastly, and devoid of
pity,
And, being so, shall have like want
of pity.

JANUARY 29.
A fool in good clothes.

JANUARY 5.
Not a more cowardly rogue in
all Bohemia.

JANUARY 6.
Ha! a fat woman!

JANUARY 11.
This ancient ruf-
fian, Sir, whose
life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey
beard.

JANUARY 12.
I swore as many
oaths as I spake
words.

JANUARY 17.
I'm worse than mad.

JANUARY 18.
A drayman, a porter,
a very camel.

JANUARY 23.
So young and so
untender!

JANUARY 24.
O, then, by day
Where wilt thou
find a cavern
dark enough
To mask thy
monstrous vis-
age?

JANUARY 30.
I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die;
the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

JANUARY 31.
I am a very foolish fond
old man.

MIDWINTER ANNUALS.

"CHARITABLE Appeals," so-called—really, appeals to charity—in seasonable dearth of news, serve to fill space in the morning papers. Among them may have been noticed an "Appeal" on behalf of the "North Pole Mission District Sunday School." A very useful charity, perhaps; but has missionary enterprise, then, succeeded in making the discoveries in the polar regions which may be conceived to constitute a reason for the existence of a Mission and a Sunday School operating in a sphere of usefulness corresponding to the Arctic Circle? Of course, if the northern ice-fields are not too far North to afford Missionaries a field, there may be some people sufficiently blest with money, and not too far North themselves to subscribe some of it to North Pole Missions.

DIES NON.

In an occasional leader, the other day, a morning contemporary made the passing observation that:—

"The Puritans, who first imported into the weekly anniversary of the Resurrection, the austerity and gloom of the Pharisaic Sabbath, did their best at one time to suppress the annual commemoration of the Nativity."

A substantially just remark, no doubt; but how can Sunday or any other day be made out a "weekly anniversary?" The journal in which Sunday is so denominated is evidently one whose staff has been selected entirely without heed to the principle of the illiberal intimation that "No Irish need Apply."

A GLAD NEW YEAR!

(By Our Own Dyspeptic.)

"A GLAD New Year!" a hundred bards are shrieking,
But since I feel intolerably queer,

While doors and windows are
insanely creaking
In the East wind, is this a
Glad New Year?

A Glad New Year! I grow
still more dyspeptic,
The doctor's presence seems
extremely near;
'Tis only in a trance that's
cataleptic
That I can summon up a
Glad New Year.

A Glad New Year! I'm very,
very bilious;
Blue pill is imminent. Ex-
cuse a tear.
Is life worth living? MAL-
LOCK, supercilious,
Would answer No, and scorn
a Glad New Year!

A Glad New Year! Ah, no!
a time of sadness
Looms o'er me, for the doctor
says, "No beer."
Fain would I get up surrep-
titious gladness,
But he denies me any Glad
New Year.

A Glad New Year! Those
words of mock'ry find me
With rates and taxes sadly
in arrear;
I can't be cheerful, but pray
do not mind me,
And welcome, if you can—a
Glad New Year!

WHEN Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM
heard that her daughter re-
sembled Lady JANE GREY,
she immediately searched a
modern Peerage for the pedi-
gree of that Lady.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 117.



THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D., LORD
BISHOP OF TRURO.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP. HE SAID "*NOLO EPISCOPARI*;" BUT THEY NAMED
THE PIECE IN WHICH HE WAS TO TAKE A PRINCIPAL PART, AND IT
WAS—"TO OBLIGE BENSON."

A DISHCLAIMER!

MR. PUNCH, SUR,
I REKWEISTS as you will
kindly inform the Publick as
I am not the "ROBERT" so
unkindly eluded to in your
last Number of all, page 310,
as having become "Defunkt",
and walked off with every-
think I could lay my too ands
on, but on the contrary that I
am as much alive as ever I
was, and has as fine a nappy-
tight as ever I had, and as to
walking off with everything
as I could lay my ands on, tho'
Goodness nose it wouldn't be
much, and arldy worth the
trubble, I trusts as my Cha-
racter not only from my last
plaice but from every plaice
as I have had and kep 'till
kyind fortune offered me a
betterer, is suffisht to pre-
serve me from any such rib-
bled slander.

I am, Sur,
Yours respectfully,
YOUR OWN "ROBERT."

HARD LINES.—The lines that
would have to be described
in schools if the plan proposed
at the late Head Masters'
Conference were adopted, of
teaching "exactly what places
a straight line drawn be-
tween London and Exeter, or
London and Carlisle would
pass through." Very hard
lines indeed for the schoolboys
required to draw them.

If the Proprietor of the
Holborn Restaurant were to
start for the Derby, why is it
more than probable that he
would win it?

Why? Because he always
gets so much a-head.

NOTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(By a Gentleman on the look-out for something to turn up.)

JANUARY.—Twelfth Day on the 6th. Why not apply to leading Stationers to be made "Designer-in-chief for Twelfth Night characters"? 9th, Fire Insurance expires. Surely, ought to be able to secure office of "Inspector-General of Arson," to some of the Companies? 13th, Cambridge Lent Term begins. Post of "Backer of Bills (for a consideration in ready money down) to impudicious Cantabs" should be lucrative. Failing all these schemes, write to my Mother for an advance.

February.—1st, Pheasant and Partridge Shooting ends. Idea for a Company (of which I am to be Managing Director), "The Country Squires' Game Protection Society." If the Squires don't bite, try the other interest with "The Association for the Encouragement of Poaching in all its Branches." If the above doesn't turn up trumps, apply to my Father for a remittance.

March.—21st, Hilary Law Sittings commence. Why not ask the LORD CHANCELLOR to make me "Repairer in Ordinary to the Wool-sack"? Duties: See that somebody keeps it nice and tidy, and receive myself five hundred a-year for the trouble. Surely, there are lots of snug little posts of this sort flying about. If this idea fails, apply to my Sister for a little money to go on with.

April.—5th, Dividends due at Bank. Organise a "Personally-conducted tour to Italy and back for £5." Distribute Coupons franking my party (per long sea-route) as far as Boulogne, and see them comfortably on board. Devote some of the remainder of the proceeds of my enterprise to a ticket taking me safely out of

reach of my constituents—on their return to look after me! Should this capital notion come to nothing lucrative, apply to my Brother for a small loan, to be returned at two days' date, bearing sixty per cent. interest.

May.—9th, Half-Quarter Day. This suggests an eight-aquatic. Get up a Champion Contest for International Crews from all parts of the world. Magnificent Cup (supplied by advertising jeweller) to be given to the Eight that wins the race (an annual one) sixteen times in succession. Until the Contest is decided, keep the Cup (valued at one thousand guineas) myself. For fear of accidents, deposit it (on loan) with Mr. ATTENBOROUGH. 13th, Whit Sunday. On the Monday apply to Mr. GLADSTONE, or Mr. SPURGEON, or Lord SHAFTESBURY, or Lord Chief Justice COLERIDGE, for funds with which to start a comic paper. If none of these celebrities quite "see their way" to adopting my idea, utilise my introduction to them by obtaining orders for a wine merchant on commission. If these capital notions come to nought, write an earnest letter to my Aunt, begging her to save me from starvation.

June.—18th, Battle of Waterloo. Something to be done in the Military Line. Why not start a "Staff College for Officers of Volunteers"? Easily obtain applicants by designing a smart uniform for the students—gold epaulettes, scarlet tunics, and plumed cocked hats. Students to be allowed to wear their uniforms at Fancy Balls. In event of failure, write a letter to my Uncle, threatening to commit suicide on his doorstep, when he will have all the pain and discomfort of an inquest on his premises, unless he immediately forwards to me a letter, post paid, containing a Five Pound Note.

July.—13th, The Berlin Treaty signed, 1878. Write to BISMARCK, offering services as a spy. If accepted, obtain employment at the



"PERDU."

Visitor. "OH, HO! HERE YOU ARE! FOUND YOU OUT! WHAT A SNUG LITTLE DEN!"

Recluse (chuckling). "YES, HERE I AM, WITH MY PICTURES AND MY BOOKS; AND HERE I CAN SIT AND READ ALL DAY LONG, AND NOBODY A BIT THE WISER!"

Foreign Office at tenpence an hour, and supply His Highness with copies of any secret despatch that may be given to me to be copied. Should my proposal be "declined with thanks," take a top-floor in St. James's Street, and start a new institution to be called "The Senior Whites and Boodles Club." Collect Entrance Fees and First Years' Subscriptions, and wind up the affair as speedily as possible. If I find these ideas a blank, write to my Cousins a circular letter commencing, "You are the only person in the world from whom I would ask a favour," soliciting pecuniary contributions.

August.—11th, *Dog Days end.* Get up a Canine Show, not under the patronage of the Kennel Club. This should obtain the hearty support of hundreds of unsuccessful dog-breeders. Sell all the exhibits to fanciers living abroad, and depart with the proceeds to South America. 24th, *St. Bartholomew.* Suggests a hospital. Obtain admission to one of these institutions, and, after I have been there a fortnight, threaten the resident staff with exposure unless I am fed with all the game presented to the patients by illustrious sportsmen. If neither of these plans yield anything, write to the richest Mr. SMITH I can find, claiming relationship with him through a recently deceased nobleman.

September.—9th, *Sebastopol taken, 1855.* Appeal to the public to provide funds for a good dinner to be given to Crimean heroes. When I have collected the contributions, dine with myself, having failed to discover the warriors in question. Anything that may be over, devote to a "benevolent object," remembering that "charity begins at home." If I again find my ideas unproductive, write to my dearest friend asking for my passage-money to Australia—and promising on my arrival at that distant colony to stay there.

October.—10th, *Oxford Michaelmas Term begins.* Go shares with the President of any South American Republic to establish a new

University to be called by the same title as the Dark Blue School of Learning. Then sell Degrees freely to anyone who will purchase them. "M.D.'s" and "D.D.'s" should find a good market amongst the ambitious but unlearned. If my coffers are still unfilled, write to the best-known philanthropist I can remember, asking for a donation, and promising to spend half of his contribution in advertising his bounty.

November.—9th, *Lord Mayor's Day.* Make a grand effort to obtain something from the City. Offer to teach Aldermen when and how to use the aspirate, in return for election to the post of Remembrancer. If I promise to regard the post as ornamental rather than useful, I should have no difficulty in securing their suffrages. 26th, *Prince Teck born.* "Teck" suggests "tick." Start a Co-operative Store on the credit system. Send circulars to the inmates of Colney Hatch and Hanwell—from whom I may expect cordial support. If I fail once more, write a letter (as a very last resource) to the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society.

December.—21st, *Shortest Day.* Devote it to making up my gains for the past year. No doubt I shall find plenty of time for this probably purely honorary occupation. Lastly, to show that my hopeful impudence has no bounds, enclose in a letter a contribution to *Mr. Punch*—for his waste-paper basket—and ask to be paid for it!

SHELTER FOR THE STEED.

ACCORDING to *Galignani*, one Herr THEODOR BUELMANN, has invented an umbrella for carriage-horses, called the *Pferde-parapluie*. This *parapluie* also serves as a parasol, so as to protect the horse from the sun, as well as to shield him from the showers, and render him comfortable under the rein.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW PRIMATE.

W. E. G. Should have liked CHURCH or LIDDOX. But what's the use of thinking of it? BENSON safe, and respectable.

Any Bishop. BENSON? Really, I think there has been a slight want of discrimination.

Several Deans. Shows poverty of invention always to select Primate from the Episcopal Bench.

The High Church School. Now we shall have the Church "as by LAUD established."

The Low Church Party. We feel RYLED.

The Broad Church Dillo. Wonder if he's ever read TYNDALL or HUXLEY?

Spurgeon. Ah, well, what's the odds so long as they're happy?

Dean of St. Paul's. If those newspapers hadn't said I had been appointed, I do believe I should have been offered it.

Old Wellington Boys. Won't the Curates catch it now? Oh, no!

FOG ON THE BRAIN.

Fogs, that have lately smirched the sky,

And turned, oftentimes, our day to night,

Ye London Fogs, inform us why

You're yellow, some, and others white.

The Fogs are deaf, the Fogs are dumb,

But each Professor, prompt, replies,

"Foga, white, of Nature simply come;

But London smoke Fog yellow dyes."

What makes the Fog, then, white one day,

But turns it yellow on the next,

Smoke equal, either? Sages say,

And clear the mind by Fog perplex.

THE CIVIC FESTIVE SEASON.—Dinner at the Mansion House:—A substantial repast of real turtle-soup, fish, flesh, fowl, and innumerable other delicacies, besides the good old English Christmas fare, roast-beef and plum-pudding.

FINANCIAL REFORM.—Begins at home with every financier not a fool.

ROBERT'S CHRISTMAS STORY, WHICH IS A FACT.

THIS being rather a slack time with Gents of my perlessun, I was a-setting alone in our cosy little dining-room afore the fire, a-reading of your emusing Publycashion, when a Gentleman rushes in and he says to me, says he, "Waiter, can I make you my friend?" "Why, suttently, Sir," says I, a-glancing naterally at his weskit pocket, but he didn't seem to understand the delicate elusion. "Well, then," says he, "wat's the best thing for a bad cold—starving or feeding?" I naterally, without the slitest hesitashun, says "Feeding." "What food?" says he. "Why," says I, "a good bason of hot thick Turtel soup and half a pint of punch." "Then, bring it," says he, and I brort it. "What's to foller?" says he. "Leave that to me, Sir," says I. "So I will," says he.

So I gos and gives the orders, I then cums back, and, while he ate his boiling hot soup, took the opportunity of having a good look at him. He was a fine tall handsome fellow about 35 years old, quite the gentleman in every way, with the whitest hands as I ever seed on a man's arms, but with such a fearful cold on him as beat all I ever heard. Lawks how he did sneeze and corf and blow, and then blow and corf and sneeze! It was summatt a'most awful to witness and lissen to.

Presently, wile I was handing him his *cullette o tomart*, he says, "What's your name?" "ROBERT, Sir," says I. Then says he, "ROBERT, can I have a bed here?" "Certainly," says I; "about as cosy a one as in all London!" "Then let me have the best you've got," says he; "and make a roaring fire in the room, and take off the sheets and put on 2 extra blankits." "All right, Sir, says I," and I orders it.

I then gave him a salmy of woodcock, which he said was the best he had ever tasted, and which he finished off to the werry last, together with a pint of our dry monopoly. I followed this up with a lovely cut of mutton, and that again with a Fezzant and a pint of our werry finest Burgundy, and he didn't leave much of either. I then gave him a nice little plum pudding about the size of a cannon ball, with brandy sauce, and a pint of our '31 port with his cheese.

By this time such a change had cum over my poor patient as one could ardy credit if you didn't see it. His sneezin and his corfin and his blowing was amost stopt, and his cheeks was as rosy red as a peech, and his eyes was as bright as dimens, and he larft as he eat, and he larft as he drunk, and aoshally made me take a glass of wine with him! Dreely he had finished his dinner, without waiting another minnit, I sees him up to bed, when, first telling me to call him periously at 8, he littorally tears his close off, and then jumps in between the blankits and is fast asleep, as I could werry distintly hear, afore I could have said Tom Robinson, if I had wanted to say it, which of course I didn't. I tucked him up comfortable, took his candle away for fear of accidenece, and so left him.

The nex mornin, at 8 o'clock punkshal, I knocks at his door, but gitting no anser, I gently opens it, when as the Poet says, "Oh ye Gods and little Fishes, what a site met my view!" for there was nobody there! To rush down stares was the work of only a few minutes, though I has a great dislike to hurried stares, but nobody could give me any noose of my runaway with the bad cold. Of course when I began to think, when it was two late as usual, nothink is easier than for a reel Gentleman to walk out of his hotel of a mornin without paying his Bill. If anybody seed him would they like to stop him and say, hi! where are you a-going to? Of course not, speeshally if the said Gentleman stands 6 feet 1 in his 2 stockings.

Need I say as how as the Guv'nor was that angry that he used langwidge to me that in his carmer moments I dessay he repented on, tho' somehow he has forgotten to menshun it. Well, as may be supposed, what with the 'noyance of being swindled, let alone losing my own little fee, and the chaff and sarkasm of my fellow men, that day was the longest to me, altho one of the werry shortest to all other people, that I efer spent.

But what says our great Philosefer, "When things are got to there wust they're allus sure to get mended." And so it was with me, for the following morning I received a letter to this remarkable effec:—

"MY GOOD DEAR ROBERTO,

—, Herts.

"YOUR wise counsel and your judicious and fatherly treatment of me yesterday, enabled me to keep the most important engagement of my life with the most perfect satisfaction to all concerned. I awoke thoroughly well and in excellent spirits just in time to catch my train, but much regret that in my necessary haste I forgot to pay my little bill. I enclose a £10 note with which please settle it, and accept the balance as a small recompense for a most important service.

Yours most truly,

"C—B—M—."

Something in the ring of the tone of the letter awoke my suspensions, and looking in a certain collum of the *Times* for 2 or 3 days suckessively I ewentually read the following enouncement:—

"On the — inst. at —, Hertfordshire, by the Right Rev. the

Bishop of BULLOCK SMITHY, assisted by the Reverend J. CHAD-BAND, M.A., and the Reverend E. STIGGINS, A.M.; C—B—M—, Esq., younger son of A—B—M—, Esq., of — Hall, — shire, to — only daughter of Sir GORGIUS MIDAS, Knight, of — Place, Herts."

Of course my natteral dellicassay suggests the consealing of the reel names, but in every other respect I can say with the sillybrated Prestodigyertatos, "There is no decephun!"

ROBERT.

P.S.—Should any one of your many hundreds of thowsens of readers be a sufferer from the same calamitty as Mr. C. B. M., Esq. was a-sufferin from, weather in the same hintristing condishuns or not don't matter, and will communkate with me at the old edress, Fleet Street, I shall be happy to treat him on the same liberal terrums, which he will find nicer, effectiver, cumfarter, and cheaper in the long run than taking all the nasty Doctor's stuff in Herpothecarry's Hall.

R.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL BOGIE;

OR, WHAT IT MAY SOON COME TO.

SCENE—An Enterprising Publisher's Sanctum. Enter a Spirited Literary Executor.

Enterprising Publisher (with caution). Ha! Good morning, Mr. SPLASHUM. Well, since I wrote to you yesterday, I've been thinking the matter well over, and I want you to understand, before we go further into it, that though your late distinguished Uncle was unquestionably a striking and notable public figure,—that alone, in these days, is not enough to warrant us in antioipating a marked success. To put a plain business-like question in plain business-like language,—Are you sure that your materials, valuable and interesting as they doubtless are, are also sufficiently spicy to tickle the market?

Spirited Literary Executor (with confidence). There is not a reputation in London, my dear Sir, that is not more or less smirched—badly smirched; while several—believe me, I am not putting it too strongly—are fairly blasted out of Court. It will be one of the most taking and widely-read biographical high-class memoirs ever put out.

Enterprising Publisher. Well, you give an encouraging account of it, certainly; and, if it's all you say, it's just the sort of thing I should like to get hold of. Could you give us a specimen now? How, for instance, does the Pendulum Controversy come out? There ought to be some rare pickings on that?

Spirited Literary Executor (with enthusiasm). There are! Shall I read you a page or two? I have the MS. with me. [Produces it.

Enterprising Publisher (much interested). Do. I am all attention. [And is, while Spirited Literary Executor gives several racy extracts from a journal which, after detailing how a well-known Cabinet Minister, now living, was met on one occasion being carried on a stretcher by four policemen to Bow Street, relates the manner in which a very exalted foreign Personage was found picking pockets in the hat-and-cloak-room at a memorable Admiralty Reception.

Spirited Literary Executor (continuing and finishing a neat and naive narrative, compromising the honour of several illustrious and noble families). "And, with the Aquarium ticket in her pocket, the Duchess was found under his table; and though the Cabinet entirely condoned the matter, B— told me that the Duke would be satisfied with nothing short of a run down to Windsor with the whole particulars, and was only pacified, on getting J—'s place and £1500 hush-money, from X— into the bargain."

Enterprising Publisher (with enthusiasm). Capital! Just the style! "Pointed, pithy, and pungent." But you'll do better to drop initials. They're weak. (Warning.) Stick in names, my boy. The Public like 'em. So do I.

Spirited Literary Executor. Quite so: and you shall have them. A propos, when this is placed,—I've got something better to follow! Something much better.

Enterprising Publisher (quite carried away). Gad, Sir! bring it to me when this is floated, and whatever it is, hang me! if we won't have it out, and, if need be, face a thundering good action for libel, and get heavily cast together!

[But, fortunately for the dignity of letters, and the sacredness of private social life, to the satisfaction of all right-minded people, they wait a bit first—and think it over.

A SERIOUS SELL.—Title of a new book lately published:—*Amusement and Instruction on a New Plan. Happy Sunday Afternoons.* A promising announcement. But O, it doesn't imply either the approaching repeal of Sunday Closing Legislation, or the prospect of an Act for the Opening of Museums and Art-Exhibitions on Sundays!



A TRAITOR.

Fare (noticing the decoration). "OH! SO YOU BELONG TO THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY!"

Cabby. "YES, SIR, I WEAR THE RIBBON. IT INDICES GEN'LEMEN TO TEMP' ME WITH A DRINK, WHICH I GENERALLY ACCEPT, SIR!"

THE MODERN KING PEST.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

How I got there I cannot precisely tell. But it was a singular scene, and strange was the companionship into which I had fallen; fallen unawares, and, as yet, it appeared unheard and unnoticed.

A convivial gathering it seemed. Convivial! So is HOLBEIN's grim masquerade of *Mors* called a *Dance*. Yet merry enough the oddly assorted convives appeared, merry with sardonic mirth and metallic cachinnation. They sat, or rather sprawled, around what seemed a trestled-board. The place reeked with a miasmatic mist, through which their grotesque forms gleamed fitfully, shiftingly, indefinitely. And what *was* that odour, that sense-searching and stomach-stirring odour, so peculiar and yet so indescribable? Why was it vaguely associated in my mind with mire-clogged streets and many baskets, with sudden whiffs over shabby hedges in inchoate suburbs, with staggering notice-boards, and shouting cart-tenders, with six in the morning in City squares, with new bricks and cracked stucco, with a mysterious mixture of crude spick-and-spanness and incipient decay? Why?

"Civilisation!" cried one of the guests, catching up the last word of his neighbour's speech, "Ha! ha! ha! Civilisation is your only joke! 'Tis a dull world, but he who can mouth *that* word without laughter, might defy MOMUS' self to move his leathern midriff."

The laugh of this gentleman was like the "clucking" of a half-dry pump-sucker. His face was hard, saffron-hued, and of a singular metallic sheen, as of an embodiment of jaundice cast in bronze. Whether he looked more cruel or more comic it were hard to say. A personage with the facial hardness of an antique knocker, and the set grin of a mediæval gargoyle is likely to wear an expression too equivocal for summary analysis.

"Ah, Mam, old man," hissed his *vis-à-vis*, in a curiously stealthy and snaky tone which made me creep. "Civilisation is a blundering general, a sort of sham Cæsar, thrasonic enough in all conscience, who'd fight a locust-swarm with Armstrongs. Fancy planting a battery of field-guns against a phalanx of ghosts! Fancy barring mere solidities like doors and windows against *me*! He! he! he!"

The laugh of this creature was like the jerky hissing of steam from an escape-valve. I preferred that of the previous speaker. Facially he was as phantasmal as the other was stolid,—grey, agape, aghast, with shadowy hands which writhed hither and thither like the arms of an octopus, but soundlessly and as it seemed aimlessly.

"Typhy, Typhy," creaked his next-door neighbour, harshly, "you are getting an intolerable egotist. You've been so much talked about by our loquacious minatory modern Angura, that you begin to think you are everybody and everywhere. Where and what would you be without our honoured President?"

Here, as with one accord, they all turned toward a figure at the head of the board, with a sort of co-operative chuckle of inarticulate gratulation, and, lifting high their goblets, olinked, and drank in his honour and to his health. Though I noticed that at the word "health" a singular spasm, whether of mockery or of pain I could not tell, seemed to writhe their vaporous forms and wrinkle their weird faces.

This figure was cloaked and masked like a transpontine villain, so that I could not distinguish his features. Partly he was, that his garments could not disguise; complacent too, that his attitude abundantly indicated. A huge diamond ring flamed on his fat hand. Like the odour, that ring and that hand seemed strangely familiar to me. And, when he spoke, that oily, throaty, thrasonic voice awoke strangely mingled memories of swaggering wealth and creeping squalor, of wind-shaken chimneys and rain-pierced roofs, of sweating walls and sodden pathways, of swampy exhalations and of sepulchral smells. Why?

"Gentlemen all, I thank you," said he, nodding right and left, with what seemed a specially marked salutation to the saffron-faced gentleman at his right hand. "In fact, I don't know what you *would* do without me. My good friend Mam, and I are a sort of conjoint special providence for you, Typhy, for you, Rheumy,—don't quarrel, you are both excellent fellows, I'm sure,—and for all you other honourable members of the great Pest family. Bless you, but for me and a friend or two of mine, you might have been improved off the face of the civilised earth ere now."

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" chuckled, croaked, creaked, hissed, gasped, gurgled, groaned and gibbered the ghastly guests in ghostly chorus.

"Thanks once more," continued the Masked One. "And now, as we are all thoroughly primed for it, I'll call upon Mam, for a song."

Nothing loth, the Saffron-visaged One arose, and, in a voice as metallic as the chinking of coins in a miser's wallet, quavered forth the following ditty:—

"Oho! and oho! for a good 'Free Shoot,'

The home of disease's germs!

The deadly comports that force to fruit

The Tree of Death. To our League rich 'loot';

Fair food for our friends the worms!

Oho! for the damp and the broken drain,

The floors that are laid on slush;

The rotten roof that lets in the rain.

The untrapped pipe and the muck-choked main;

The gases that reek and rush!

And hurrah! for the man who the forces of Health

Can baffle, break, bewilder;

For the friend of Disease and of plague-spreading stealth,

Our Chief, the —"

But here I could not refrain from a cry of horror. It was echoed by a louder one from the gathering of ghostly guests; and with a sort of strange soft shock, as of cloud-masses crashing together, the whole grim pageantry disappeared, and I found myself in a damp, dirty suburban waste, gazing across a low level swamp of "Land to be Let for Building Purposes" into an evil-smelling hollow, hard by which stood a staggering board bearing the familiar legend:—"Rubbish may be shot here."

"Hillo, old fellow, how are you?" sounded a voice in MY EAR.

Horror! It was *the* voice—the same fat, complacent voice; and its owner, the paunchy, pompous, long-pursed personage with the swaggering air, the diamond ring, and the rakish hat, was none other than my old acquaintance,

JUGSON, THE JERRY-BUILDER!!!

SHAKSPEARIAN MESSAGE FROM MR. D'OYLY CARTE TO HIS PIT DOORKEEPER.—"When the *Queen* comes, call me!"



A MARRIED "MASHER."

Indignant Wife. "AND PRAY, ALGERNON, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY COMING HOME AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?"

Festive Husband. "EVERY OTHER P-P-PLACE WAS SHUT, MY LOVE!"

FAREWELL TO THE "FESTIVE SEASON."

MERRY Christmas is over, and so's New Year's Day;
And one more "festive season" has faded away;
Burnt are holly and mistletoe, stopped is the swill,
And the gorge, and the press-gush 'bout peace and good-will.

Come, take we the physic we most of us need,
Brave boys, after surfeits when surfeits succeed;
The doses and pills which repletion demands
To lighten our brains and to steady our hands.

We pause after turkey, plum-pudding, roast beef,
Mince-pie, and the rest, with a sense of relief.
Something rather too much of too many good things!
It is well for us Old Father Christmas hath wings.

Farewell Father Christmas, and Christmas Appeals
On behalf of the Poor that need clothing and meals;
Appeals once a year that at Christmas 'abound;
But the Poor we have still with us all the year round.

To Christmas farewell with a light heart we say,
When we've paid all the bills we were then bound to pay;
With a still lighter heart if our bills came to nought,
And we paid o'er the counter for all that we bought.

That Christmas is gone glad is many a one,
Whose means being slender, whom divers cads dun;
Christmas-boxes on various pretences beseech:
British "fellahs" accustomed to beg for *backsheesh*.

Go, Christmas! 'tis well thou but com'st once a year;
For thou com'st, whenever thou dost come, severe.
For the greenest of Yules brings diseases and ills,
And demands for donations *plus* payment of bills.

Where is the Difference?

THE *Daily Telegraph* thinks the conversion into a dry goods store of Booth's Theatre in New York, originally erected as a permanent home for the "Legitimate Drama," is a "*Curious Theatrical Metamorphosis*." We cannot see it, for the reason that dry goods and legitimate drama are almost synonymous terms.

NEW NOTICE BY MR. FARINI AT THE AQUARIUM.—"KRAO," the "strange hairy little creature," will receive company. N.B.—Entrance without knocking. Ask for the Hairy Belle.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY COTTON-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

WELL, I think that upon the hole I have seen perhaps more magnificent sites, and more egstrownerly sites, than most people, be they Princes or Dooks or even Aldermen, cos why? Why becoss the lookers on sees more of the site, as the other lookers on sees more of the game, than the swells in the one case or the players in the other. But on Fursday last I suttlenly seed the sweetest and the prettiest and the most intrestingest site as ever I seed since I fust opened my eyes. The LORD MARE and the LADY MARESS, bless their kind loving arts! giving up for wunco, without a sy or a tear, the company of the hiest and the mityest of the land, asked about a thousand of the loveliest children as ever was borne to dress themselves up in the most butiful and tastifulest cios as money or good taste could buy or could borrow, and to come and dance at the Manshun House before them and their elustreous friends!

Ah! that was a site! Why I was in that wirl of egsitement that I arldy knowed what I was about at fust, and aeshally kept a helping myself to claret cup and common things of that sort and drinkin good elths with the dear Children. There was one brite little Chap in partiokler who was dressed like a Baker, all in white with cherry ribbons, like a Baker I spose on his birth-day or his weddin-day, who made quite frends with me, and aeshally asked me what they calls I think a Commun-drum! A Gent had drunk some wine out of a glass and then left it, so the little chap says to me, says he, "Why ought that glass of wine to be ashamed of itself? Give it up?" "Yes," "Coz it's half drunk," says he, and away he runs.

Well, I larfed to that extent that I spilt three or four glasses of Negus afore I could get my and steady.

Then there was two lovely little deers drest just like fairys with wands in their little ands, and I really shouldn't have been at all surprized if they conjured us all into meer angels or animals or sumthing of that dredful sort, they did look so real like. Then there was princesses and shepherdesses with their crooks, and little Red Riding Hoods, and Robbing Hoods and Archers, I means Jockeys, and Agiptians with their pretty little faces half covered up with muzzling, and then there was some nice little girls a imitatatin their elders by dressing theirselves up like the other sects, and there was some werry short Highlanders, and all kinds of Forreners and other strange people.

But lor how kind it was of the LORD MARE to ask about a duzzen of the werry poorest children to come and mix with the rest, just for wunco in their poor lives, such as a poor little fishing-boy, and a butcher-boy with his tray, and a poor little labourer in a smook frock, and one or two common sailor boys and pilot's boys in sow-westers and grate sea-boots, and really after a little while they seemed just as much at home as the rest. Ah, what stories these poor little chaps will have to tell when they go back to their poor umble homes!

In the midst of all the fun who should wark in, quite carm and cool, but Mr. CHANG, the Chinese Giant and his little midge of a son. Well, they two contrasts caused such a excitement that all us Waiters couldn't wait no longer, but rushed out with one accordeon into the Lobby and had as good a look as the rest.

Soon after this, all the little deers was ordered to set down on the floor all round in a cerole to hear the sillybrated Conjuror a talking in several places at once and a teaching his little boy "How duth the little bizzzy B," and they made about the biggest as well as the loveliest Bookay as ever I seed. And, bless their dear little arts, how they did larf—aye, and so did sum of the big ones too, when they thort as nobody wasn't a looking.



"I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE!"

Why, even the LORD MARE larked to that extent at *Mr. Punch*, that the tears a most run down his rite honnerable cheeks. Ah, that's one of the wunders of the world, that is; igh and low, rich and poor, learned like ourselves, or hignorant like the lower orders, all enjoys their *Punch*, tho I must say as his morality is that questionable that I should not hold his *Mirror* up to Nature for my own family cercle.

There was one thing as was forgotten to be purwided amid all the other luxuries and dellycasies of a waried Menu. There was no Ginger Beer, and I had to enounce the sad fact to a Page of the time of BILLYSERIOUS, I think he was, to a Marqueeze of the time of LOUVEY CATTORZE and to two Normandy Pheasants, and grately disappointed they all seemed, specially the Page.

By way of contrast, the Son of a Common Counselman, I should think about 13 years old, found fault with the Champagne and asked for a dryer brand! Ah, he's his Father's own son, he is, and will make a blooming Common Counselman one of these days a few years hence, when the Corporation, so to speak, has got a little enlarged. The prettyest dance of the evening was the Highland

Skottish, danced to the tune of "*The Camels are coming*," the same tune I spose as they played in Egyp.

And my final remark at the close is, strange to say, in regard to the close, for I never should have thort it possibel, if I hadn't seen it with my own too eyes, that such butiful dresses as was worn then could all have been made out of Cotton, no, not if Alderman COTTON, who I saw a-marching about looking like a Prince or a Duke, had himself a-superintended all the Dress Makers.

One delekasy woulder bin in keepin with the okayashun. I mean a Cottonum cheese on table. But praps it is still "in keepin"—for the nex entertainment, as I didnt see nothin of it myself. ROBERT.

POOR Mr. BELT, in spite of the verdict in his favour, has been so overcome that it is probable he will give up the ghost.

THE REAL COVENT GARDEN PANTOMIME.—The game of *Spill and Pelt* performed daily in Mud-Salad Market.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES AND DIFFERENT SIGHTS.



Great Attraction for the Holidays!!

RECIPE, or, in this instance, ALF.-THOMPSON-and-'alf-ROBERT-REECE-ipe, for making a "Grand Spectacular Extravaganza":—Take a familiar Fairy Legend. Cut off its head, dock its tail, and carefully dislocate all its articulations, till its story is as incoherent as FOOTE's and as null as the Needy Knife-grinder's. Distribute its *disjecta membra* over four mortal hours of jumbled spectacle, ballet, nigger nonsense, step-dancing, circus tricks, sensational effects, and acrobatic evolutions. Mix and season throughout with Music-Hall spice of the strongest savour.

Serve up hastily and half-cooked in crude indigestible gobbets.

The above we deduced from witnessing the first night's representation of *The Yellow Dwarf*, at Her Majesty's.

As to Queen *Kokottina*, she was all the Great VANCE painted her, and must have been a Vision of Delight,

indeed, to innocent children and their careful Mammias.

None but himself could be his parallel,—unless one can conceive a Cockney Caliban playing the part of a Whitechapel Pentheseilea.

"Why was I born so beautiful?
And why was I born so young?"

queries the Inimitable. Why, indeed? Or with such a modest front? or with such a mellifluous voice? or with such piquantly peacocky jerkiness of song, or with such ravishing facility of gesture and wink? Or, for the matter of that, *why at all*—save, perhaps, to accentuate the victory of the Music-Hall over the Theatre, and charm our ladies, and enchant our little ones with the blatancies and brutalities heretofore unfairly reserved for the enjoyment of counter-jumpers and shop-girls, of howling cads and callow boys-about-town?

Yet, in this prodigious, ill-made Burlesque-pudding, there were plenty of plums, to be extracted by any critical Jack Horner who could keep his stall and his temper for four hours at a stretch. The spectacular part of the business was capital, when it would work,—which, as a rule, on the first night, it wouldn't. The Ballet of Fans was very pretty. Another dance, the quaint and comical "Dolls' Quadrille," was simply delicious. The Lowther-Arcade-like get-up of the dolls—Mlle. Rosa and the three (by no means sham) Abrahams—their stiff wooden poses, their jerky movements, their wide vacuous stares, their mechanical bounds, and helpless final flops, when their works ran down, were worthy of Alice's own Wonderland. This was, indeed, pantomimic—fun of the best, brightest, and most blameless sort.

The Baby Elephants, Jenny and Jock, did some wonderful things with barrels and bottles and bells, but took rather a long time about it. The "Veil of Vapour, or Steam Curtain" wouldn't rise for a long time; and, when it did, presented the "startling and novel effect" of a locomotive jerkily blowing off in a drawing-room, with the view, apparently, of covering—only it didn't—the retreat of a couple of burglars who were running away with the chimney-piece.

After this the Deluge. Everything stuck or went wrong. "The Underground Line to the Golden Mines"—a picture of something between a runaway engine and the City Dragon turned fire-swallower—palled upon the audience after half-an-hour's undisturbed inspection, and as the orchestra couldn't make up its mind as to how many tunes it should play at once, the Gallery relieved it of further responsibility by singing "*We won't go Home till Morning*"—which indeed we didn't.



Sweetness and Light at Drury Lane.

There is plenty of ill-digested "stuff" and of real cleverness and prettiness in the piece; and when it works smoothly, is a little less long, and, it may be added, a little less broad, it may probably go well enough. But the Countess D'AULNOY, interpreted by Mr. ALFRED VANCE in petticoats, a few clever acrobats and dancers, and a number of voiceless sticks, could never be "nice" in any sense, though it went as smoothly as AENEAS's aerial flight, and as pat as PERROLD's feathery footfall. We're afraid Pandora's Box has been opened too soon.

The second spectacle is Drury Lane, of which we hear better accounts. The Kings of England scene is still the attraction. One good novelty here is the trick-book of the Pantomime with coloured plates. Off one of these coloured plates the Giant (who was out out on the first night) is eating. The fact of his having been eliminated proves that the monster must have been "cut out for a Giant." The notion of this picture-book, as well as of the Drury Lane Annual—a highly-coloured Christmas Number of nothing—is due, we believe, to the energetic Mr. AUGUSTUS MOORE—AUGUSTUS THE SECOND at this establishment, where the other AUGUSTUS (Mr. HARRIS) is the Caesar—who, a year ago, undertook the duties of Acting Manager, in which was included the post of Literary Adviser, originally held, in the Chattertonian days, by CHARLES LAMB KENNY. The Sub-Augustus is Drury Lane Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and represents the Grand Young Man.

By the way, *à propos* of CHARLES LAMB KENNY, a performance will be given by Mr. J. L. TOOLE, Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, and others, on the 25th inst., for the benefit of Mrs. KENNY, when her daughter Rosa will, we believe, appear as *Maria* in the *School for Scandal*.

CHARLES KENNY helped to confer many benefits upon others in his time, and very few on himself. He was always to everybody "CHARLES—his friend," but never "CHARLES his own friend," and continual ill-health necessitated a falling-off in work and in pay. We are all sorry to hear that a Benefit is necessary, but we are all glad to give a helping hand. Would that KENNY's old friend, ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, were still with us to play *Falstaff*! Alas! "we could have better spared a better man!"—but there were very few better or truer than the inventor of the celebrated *Mrs. Brown at the Play*.

At the Opéra Comique, in Mr. SAVILE CLARKE's *Adamless Eden*, the Postman's Ballet is well worth seeing. The knocking is well in



The Postman's Knock Ballet; or, Seasonable Raps.

time, and goes rap-idly. If it didn't, we should be bound to have a rap at it.

A children's Pantomime for children, at the Avenue, aven' you seen it? Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN—it was St. John's Avenue, a few weeks ago—is, we suppose, taking a holiday. Where are the *Man-teaux Noirs*? *Rip Van Winkle* has it all his own way now at the Comedy—or rather, Miss VIOLET CAMERON has it all hers with that charming Letter-Song in the last Act, which goes like Winkle, and will always be a favourite in her Rip-ertoire. After this—"My native Land"—no, I mean Oyster—"Good night!"

The Meteoring of the Waters.

"Let the Law say that all Water Companies must charge by meter, when required, and we shall hear no more of the 'water question.'"—Mr. JOHN MORLEY, in his *Letter to the Times*.

THANKS, lucid MORLEY, for a word in season!

The case, in *nuce*, cannot be completer.

The Companies will charge *sans rhyme* or reason, Until they are compelled to charge by Meter.

REPORTS OF OUR OWN CITY COMMISSIONER.

No. III.—LIVERY COMPANIES.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I HAVE kept to the last certainly the most important Reform that I have to recommend, and in this case at any rate resolutely shutting my mind's-eye to the glorious scenes I have witnessed in their more than Princely Halls, and steadfastly refusing to remember the sumptuous repasts of which I have of late so freely partaken, and passing with a deep sigh of regret from the pleasant recollection of such brands and special *cuvées* of exquisite wines as memory would fain linger over, I sternly pass on to the painful subject of what I shall designate "Peculiar Trusts."



I refer to the notes of my examination of the Master before mentioned, and what do I find? A small estate was left to his Company some three hundred years ago, in trust, the income from which, then about £20 a year, was ordered to be distributed as follows:—£5 each to three different Charities, and the remainder to the Company for their trouble. Years roll on, and the little Estate now produces about £2,000 per annum, and the Company continue to pay the same original amount of £15 to the three Charities, and keep the rest, that is, about £1,985, for themselves; all, as the Master said, in strict accordance with the literal words of the Will of the Pious Founder!

Mr. Punch, Sir. No recollections of unnumbered kindnesses received from Masters and Wardens, no thought of what I risk in giving utterance to my honest feelings, no cowardly fear of perpetual banishment from their Halls of dazzling light, shall prevent me from expressing, in language as unmeasured as the hospitality of which I have so often partaken, and the philanthropy of which I have so often heard, the poignant regret I feel that anyone of these noble Institutions should so far forget the solemn obligations imposed upon all Trustees, particularly upon Trustees for the Poor and the Sick and the Ignorant, as to act in the way described, and then condescend to defend such conduct by such flimsy and discreditable arguments.

I find, on referring to my Notes, that when the Master of the Bellows Menders' Company attempted to justify what had been done, by a reference to the Will of the Pious Founder, that, acting on that natural impulse that fills a generous spirit at any miserable attempt to impose upon his common sense, I exclaimed, "Pious Fiddlestick!" a strange combination you will say, Sir, that nothing but towering indignation could justify, and which, upon calm reflection, might be substituted by "Mellifluous Cant."

However that may be, in this case at any rate I can have no hesitation in recommending instant compliance with the evident intentions of the generous Testator, and a restitution of the unhallowed spoil of the last six years.

But, Sir, after holding up this and similar cases (few, I believe, in number) to your wrathful indignation, there my anger ceases, and I can allow my thoughts again to revert calmly and philosophically to those two great attributes by which these Institutions have been so nobly distinguished during the last half-century, and which may fairly be designated as the Guild Virtues of Philanthropy and Hospitality; and, in the genial spirit therein engendered, I conclude my difficult task by enumerating the Reforms that my stern sense of duty, uninfluenced, I trust, by thankfulness for the past or by gratitude for favours to come, compels me to submit to your wise consideration:—

First—The Members of the Courts of the various Guilds must be more intimately connected with the Trades they were originally founded to govern, and must dedicate themselves earnestly to the re-establishing of the good old English principle that a Manufacturer's word is his bond. They must become the terror of evil-doers, and we should not then have reels of silk falsely marked as containing 50 yards, really containing only 25, or other "little articles" warranted to measure 100 yards, actually measuring from 20 to 30 per cent. less, according to the Market for which they are intended, and there would then also be such an entire abolition of Devil's Dust as would restore the old character to English Cottons, even to the farthest confines of China or Peru.

Secondly—Sham Apprenticeships must be exchanged for real Travelling Scholarships, for the acquirement of technical knowledge in manufacture and design. The first three voluntary Missionaries in this delicate and difficult task I have already indicated.

Thirdly—The powers of the Livery must be extended to the election of the Court, the auditing of the accounts, and the ordering of the dinners, so that the knowledge of this important art and mystery may be preserved intact.

Fourth and lastly—All Trusts, whether peculiar or otherwise, must be rigorously carried out in accordance with the will of the

testator, but modified in accordance with the requirements of justice and common sense. While therefore, in the case above alluded to, justice would require a new scheme of distribution, in the case of the £20,000 left to the Jolly Butchers "to enjoy themselves," common sense would naturally say, continue so to do.

These necessary reforms being accomplished, there will be nothing left that the ribald jester, or that terrible nuisance, the logical reformer, can reasonably complain of; and from a careful and liberal calculation I have made, I find, to my extreme satisfaction, that these various matters can all be thoroughly accomplished out of the wasted portion of the enormous sum now expended on Management, namely £297,218 6s. 8d., leaving intact the noble sum of £337,801 13s. 4d. to be still dedicated to that grandest of all Civic virtues—Hospitality.

YOUR OWN CITY COMMISSIONER.

Temple, December, 1882.

HOW TO AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

No doubt, encouraged by "the great success" which has attended the production of the "seasonable Christmas pieces" this year at the leading London Theatres, the following *scenario* of "an annual for 1883-4" has already been prepared by a "practised hand," and forwarded to the proper quarters.

TITLE—*Ali Baba, or Gulliver, or Blue Beard*. This is really immaterial, as the story is of the slightest materials, and can be easily adapted to suit the exigencies of the Scene-painter, the Ballet-master, and the Stage-manager. But say *Blue-Beard*, as it looks well in the bills, and has not been done for a long time.

SCENE 1.—Front grooves. Demon house of the Giant *Advertiser*. Good opportunity for introducing cases of champagne, boxes of cough-lozenges, and tailors' vans. *Serio-comic Lady* with the song, "There isn't much to look at when I've got 'em on."

SCENE 2.—Glade in the Realm of Eternal Rose-buds. Tinsel and colour laid on by "the talented assistants" of anybody. Dance of the Brougham Brigade with seal-skin jackets. Final tableau of bouquets left at the stage-door, and real gold and jewelled bracelets.

SCENE 3.—*Blue Beard's* kitchen. Introduction of characters of the story. *Blue Beard*, by DOLLY TINKLER of the Marquee Music-Hall, the *Young Nabob*, by the Great WHEELE, *The Squire*, by the Great HULLABALOO, the Performing Donkey, by TOMMY TUMBLER, Junr., &c. Songs introduced—"So did you," "I've been up to my Larks ever since," "The County-Court Family," "Oh, Mummy, dear, my Father's run in," and twenty-seven breakdowns.

SCENE 4.—Anywhere. Topical songs by the Great Ones. TOMMY TUMBLER, Junr. climbs up the chandelier, and makes faces at the children. The *Young Nabob* has never heard of Stationers' Hall—*Blue Beard* conveys him thither.

SCENE 5.—Exterior of Stationers' Hall where SHAKESPEARE'S Plays, had they been written nowadays, would have been registered. Distant view of St. Paul's Cathedral. Grand procession of all the characters in the Swan of Avon's masterpieces. Correct costumes. An incident thrown in here and there. Eight hundred supers employed. Magnificent appointments. Most instructive to the little ones. The whole concluding with a grand review of all the London and Provincial Box-keepers (represented by children) under the command of the Lessees, who will announce the amount of the receipts of the Theatre per night, give some notion of the items in his butcher's book, and afford other interesting details of domestic expenditure to satisfy the curiosity of a sympathising Public. This should be the scene of the whole show.

SCENES 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11.—The place is immaterial. The selection can be safely left to the Scene-painters. However, it might help the story a little to work in a Panorama of the Overland Route to India; but this is not absolutely necessary. Interlude of performing camels, lasting two hours and a half. More comic songs for the Great Ones, "Have you seen my reach-me-downs so golo-shous and gummy?" "This is the Way to the Gaiety Bar!" and the great patriotic ditty, "Ere's 'Ooray for 'er Majesty the Queen!"

SCENE 12.—Transformation. Interlude of the New Year bringing in Disease, Death, and Bankruptcy (this to please and instruct the little ones), clearing off to show the Bright Birthplace of the Electric Light (opportunity for good-paying Advertisement), with Ladies of the Ballet, in Anti-Lord-Chamberlain costumes, lolling about in all directions. Red, blue, and green fire, closed in by

SHORT COMIC SCENE, consisting of seven-eighths Bounding Brothers of Bohemia to one-eighth Christmas Clown.

N.B.—The Pantomime of which the above is a *scenario*, will be held together by about fifty lines of doggerel, which, however, need not be used unless desired.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM tells us she has just been to see her Uncle's new house. She says the hall, which is beautifully painted in Fiasco, has a most composing effect.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Tommy (criticising the menu of the coming Feast). "VERY GOOD! TRAY BONG! AND LOOK HERE, OLD MAN! MIND YOU PUT PLENTY OF RUM INTO THE BABA—DOLLY AND MOLLY LIKE IT, YOU KNOW—AND SO DO I!"

Monsieur Cordonbleu (retained for the occasion). "CERTAINEMENT, MON P'TIT AMI! BUT ARE YOU AND CES DEMOISELLES GOING TO DINE VIZ DE COMPAGNIE?"

Tommy. "OH NONG! BUT JUST AIN'T WE GOING TO SIT ON THE STAIRS OUTSIDE, THAT 'S ALL!"

GAMBETTA AND CHANZY—STATESMAN AND SOLDIER.

Too Soon! So pride will plead, so love will say,
When towering crests stoop midmost of the fray,
When great swords shiver ere the close of day.

Too Soon! Scarce breathed in an unfinished fight,
Dead wielders of an unexhausted might,
Who at full noontide find unbidden night.

Trees smitten in full leaf by storm's red beam,
Flood-breasting swimmers sunken in mid-stream,
Stars quenched before their time. 'Tis so we dream.

How may we know, or with what measure mark
The perfect compass of the soul's frail bark
That fleets o'er life's bright gleam from dark to dark?

Yet fallen strength and frustrate purpose move
Regret; 'tis scarce for mortals to reprove
Mortal misjudgment born of pride and love.

GAMBETTA—CHANZY! The Republic's yoke
Of sudden grief must sympathy provoke.
The Brain, the Sword, both snatched as at one stroke!

What labour yet, what benison or bane
For France lay hidden in that strenuous brain,
Now still, for ever hidden must remain.

Had his wild strength crested its highest wave?
Would it have worked to shatter or to save?
There comes no answer from GAMBETTA's grave.

He had the power to stir a nation's heart,
In hopeless strife to play a Titan part,
And he died young, leaving no clear-lined chart

To guide his Country on her doubtful way
O'er a dark course, whence one keen lurid ray
Dies out with him. What further may one say?

At least in grief the France he loved may sit,
Folding her lowered Flag, as is most fit,
Across his breast who ne'er despaired of it.

At least a sister nation soft may tread
In silent sympathy, with grief-bowed head,
Where a great People mourn its great Sons dead.

HYSTERICAL RELIGION.

THIS new, and not altogether healthy, mania of the day, appears to be starting badly with the new year. The "Converted Clown," who was known by the somewhat effeminate name of EUGENIE, and who left the depths of Blue Ruin to scale the heights of Blue Ribbonism, has fallen once more irretrievably. He has misappropriated money, which ought never to have been entrusted to him, has been found helplessly drunk when his presence was wanted at a charitable meeting, and has attempted suicide.

General BOOTH has been sued for Parochial Rates for the Converted Grecian Theatre. "Things isn't as they used to was" in the good old days of the CONQUEST. But those were historical, not hysterical times.

ONE OF IRVING'S TALES.—When Mr. PHELPS, the Tragedian, was very thirsty, so Mr. IRVING recently informed a Temperance Society, he used to bite his tongue. Mr. IRVING got this anecdote, he says, from Mr. PHELPS himself, who certainly was one of the driest Actors ever seen: and we suspect that the "good old man" must have had his tongue in his cheek when he said he bit it.



THE REPUBLIC IS—PEACE.

THE PANTOMIME OF THE FUTURE.—A WARNING.



TO PANTOMIME IN 1883.

AIR—Refrain of "Caroline! Caroline!" from the Music-Hall Repertoire, of course.

PANTOMIME! PANTOMIME! THOUGH YOU 'VE FATS THE TRIMMEST,
 PANTOMIME! PANTOMIME! YET YOUR FUN'S THE DIMMEST.
 OVERDONE WITH SLANG AND CHAFF,
 NOTHING TO MAKE THE CHILDREN LAUGH,
 WHERE'S YOUR CLEVER, FUNNY PANTOMIMIST!

[Chorus taken up heartily by old and young Children.]

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S PROPERTY ACT.

(From Two Points of View.)

FIRST POINT OF VIEW.—HOW IT IS EXPECTED TO WORK.

SCENE—ANGELINA'S Boudoir. EDWIN and his Wife discovered.

Edwin. And so, love, you quite understand the new measure?

Angelina. Entirely, darling. But you may as well run over the chief provisions.

Edwin. You have a perfect right to deal with all your real and personal property.

Angelina. As if I were a *feme sole*—which, in effect, I am?

Edwin. Quite so. You take the rents and profits of all real property, and dispose of personalty absolutely.

Angelina. And I think, dear, that it is unnecessary to get your consent to any of my investments? That I can keep a separate banking-account, and so forth?

Edwin. Exactly. In the eyes of the law we are two persons.

Angelina. So I imagined. And I rather fancy, darling, that any moneys you receive from me you must account for? Am I not right, sweetest?

Edwin. Unquestionably.

Angelina. Correct me if I am wrong—but, my own, I always have my remedy at Civil Law?

Edwin. Certainly.

Angelina. Even when we are sharing the same dear home I can conduct a suit against you?

Edwin. Yes, darling—but you would not?

Angelina. Well, love, business is business. And, *à propos*, what did you do with the five pounds I gave you (and which came to me as next of kin to my uncle) to convey to my dressmaker?

Edwin (confused). Well, dear, as my tailor was rather pressing, I thought you would not mind my paying him before—

Angelina (severely). What! You have misappropriated my money?

Edwin (nervously). I do not like this tone, ANGELINA! And, to mark my displeasure, I shall go to Brighton by myself for a fortnight.

Angelina. A step I was about to suggest, EDWIN, as you know I cannot take criminal proceedings against you while we are living together!

[Exit EDWIN, tremblingly, to consult his Solicitor.]

SECOND POINT OF VIEW.—HOW IT IS SURE TO WORK.

SCENE—EDWIN'S Study. ANGELINA and her Husband discovered.

Angelina. And so, love, you quite understand the new measure?

Edwin. Yes, darling. It's all right. Now we can do anything we like.

Angelina. Oh, how delightful! And no more stupid restrictions. I shan't be obliged to go before a musty old Judge when you want to get rid of any of our money?

Edwin. Oh, dear, no, angel. That sort of thing is quite out of date. The law regards us, in later days, as two distinct persons. You can do just what you like with your own money.

Angelina. That is just what you like, darling, for my money is yours. Oh, I am so pleased! And you will promise never to bother me any more about business? You will do just what you want with all the rents and profits and things?

Edwin (laughing). Well, it's rather a heavy responsibility. You know the law gives you a remedy. Wives can proceed against their husbands.

Angelina (ironically). Oh, can they?

Edwin. Yes; not only in civil suits, but even in criminal actions.

Angelina (indignantly). The Law allow a wife to send her husband to prison! The Law should be ashamed of itself!

Edwin. But, then, husbands in like manner can incarcerate their wives!

Angelina (agitated). But you wouldn't, dear! You wouldn't be so cruel!

Edwin. Well, business is business! There—don't cry. I was only joking. And that reminds me that the remaining thousand, which you took as next-of-kin to your Aunt, had better be invested. I think I shall put it into Turkish Sixties.

Angelina (nervously). But haven't you lost rather a lot, dear, before, by putting things into Turkish Sixties?

Edwin (angrily). I do not like this tone, ANGELINA! What! you interfere with my disposition of your money!

Angelina (piteously). Oh, no, darling!

Edwin (severely). Well, I shall mark my displeasure by going to Paris by myself for a month!

Angelina (crying). Oh, EDWIN! (Wiping her eyes.) Well, perhaps it will do you good, darling—it will do you good! And I would suffer anything for your sake! But, to show you are not angry with me, do, do—(sobs)—put the money into Turk—(sob)—Turkish—(sob)—Six—ix—ties. (Sob.)

[Exit EDWIN triumphantly, to direct his Stockbroker.]

"SEASONABLE WEATHER."

CALL this seasonable weather?
 Pooh! Where are your frost
 and snow?
 Fogs and fever come together,
 And the winds decline to blow.
 There's a pastime known as
 skating,
 'Twas in days of ice and frost;
 Now the bard is safe in stating,
 'Tis an art that's nearly lost.

There's a mist upon the river,
 Swollen with incessant rain,
 And the black drops glide and
 quiver
 Down the greasy window-pane.
 Doctors rave of sanitation,
 But the puzzled patient
 "squirms"
 At the thought of ventilation,
 Since it lets in typhoid germs.

You've no need your throat to
 muffle,
 At all overcoats you smile;
 But, instead of sneeze and
 snuffle,
 There's a surplusage of bile.
 You may be a cheerful fellow,
 But you turn a perfect *Scrooge*
 When the universe looks yellow,
 And you feel a bad gamboge.

NEW EDITION OF "SELF-HELP,"
 STRONGLY BOUND.

WE read in the daily papers—

"A 'lady-help,' named FRASER,
 describing herself as respectably con-
 nected in Belfast, was yesterday sen-
 tenced to four months' hard labour
 for a robbery committed at the
 Brighton Convalescent Home."

Is this lady a member of the
 Help Myself Society? Or can
 she be the "Little Help" which
 is proverbially worth a deal of
 pity?

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 118.



FRANCIS KNOLLYS, ESQ., C.B.

"FRANCIS!"

"ANON, ANON, SIR!"

Henry the Fourth, Part I., Act ii, Sc. 4.

THE GOOD FAIRY COMPE-
TITION.

WHAT the City Corporation
 resolutely refused to do with re-
 gard to Billingsgate Market, and
 the Duke of MUDFORD showed
 few signs of doing with regard to
 Covent Garden (or Mud-Salad)
 Market, is being done without
 their aid, and probably in spite
 of their counter-influence, by the
 Good Fairy Competition. The
 new river-side Fish Market at
 Wapping has opened the eyes of
 the Corporation to the weakness
 of their position as Lords of the
 Kingdom of Muck; and the Parli-
 amentary Notices of a new great
 General Market at Paddington,
 and another at South Kensington,
 have possibly had something to
 do with the Duke of MUDFORD's
 offer of Covent Garden and
 neighbourhood to the Metropolitan
 Board of Works. South Ken-
 sington threatening to mix Art
 with Artichokes, and Horticul-
 ture with Summer Cabbages,
 must be as great a blow to the
 Emperor of Turnip-Tops as Fat
 HENRY's ingratitude was to Car-
 dinal WOLSEY.

NEWS FROM THE EAST.—On the
tapis. The Holy Carpet has gone
 to be mended. *Apropos* of this, a
 gentleman, who has been recently
 furnishing his rooms in Pica-
 dilly, told his upholsterer that he
 wanted his floor to be "wholly
 carpet." The rather staggered
 but obliging upholsterer sent at
 once to Egypt, but being unable
 to procure the article in question,
 he persuaded his customer to use
 Turkish rugs and matting.

"THINGS NOT GENERALLY
 KNOWN."—For further particulars
 see the next Bishop's Biography.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN CRITICISM.



The Fairy Criticism.

"*EXPERTO crede!*" ex-
 claimed the Last of the Barons,
 "*Credat Judæus, non ego!*" We
 thank thee, Judge, for teaching
 us this truly liberal theory.
 Also we are much obliged for the
 moral support given to it by
 "One of the Jury," in the *Times*.
 Why have any more Masters of
 any Arts at all? Let the Re-
 public of Art and Letters be
 indeed an all-round equality
 Republic without a President
 —and without a head! Why
 a head? Why brains? Open
 the Academy doors wide. Let
 in everybody. First come, first
 served; let everyone with a
 picture rush in with a ladder
 and hammer and cord, and
 nails, and let him hang up his
 picture where he best can, and
 let the strongest go to the wall,
 and the weakest on the floor
 and out of doors. The Aca-
 demicians may still sing—

Let LAWES and LAWUIT, Judge, BELT, Jury die,
 But give us still our old Academy!

but who will listen to them? Who will agree with them? Will
 they agree among themselves? How can men who have devoted

their lives to the study of Art, working at it from sixteen to sixty,
 be expected to speak without prejudice and evident bias on the one
 subject to which they have given their undivided attention and the
 best years of their life? Absurd! Would not the Last of the
 Barons himself, according to his own reasoning, warn anyone
 against trusting his opinion on a knotty point of Law? Of course.
 We wanted a notice of the Old Masters. Should we send a pro-
 fessed Art-Critic? Certainly not. So, as we couldn't catch the
 Last of the Barons to do it for us, and didn't know where to find
 "One of the Jury," we engaged a "Masher" who, being entirely
 ignorant of the subject, was evidently the very man to write a
critique on the Rosetti Collection and the Old Masters at Burlington
 House. Here is what he spoke of, indistinctly, afterwards, as "The
 Young Masher among the Old Mash'rs":—

Academy. Offered to toss beadle at door two bob or nothing.
 Wouldn't. Saw another boss in uniform: probably chucker-out.
 Found shilling: paid it: wish I could find another. Had written
 down, "Where Old Masters?" "Where ROSETTI?" Inquired:
 informed. Turned to the left, and made up my mind to go to
 Number Five first, and see how I liked it. Like going into a
 Turkish Bath. Just popped into Number Five—the Rosetti Room.
 Too hot. Staggered back into Old Masters Number Three.

Capital chappies, Old Masters. Take No. 201 in the books. My!
 fresh as paint. Sportsman in dark armour. Affected-looking sort of
 Johnnie. Without his armour he'd be a "Masher." Dare say he
 was in his time. Don't quite know when "his time" was; but
 some time when they wore armour. His name is the Marquis of
 SPINOLA. Sounds sporting. VAN DYCK did it. Sounds like Devil's
 Dyke at Brighton: trippers go there in a van. Evidently some
 connection. Capital chap, VAN DYCK—did a lot of 'em. All first-
 rate Johnnies. GAINSBOROUGH got his young women rather too
 made up, white and pinky. But they must have been like that, and



SUPEREROGATION.

Humanitarian. "COULDN'T YOU MANAGE TO PUT A LITTLE MORE FLESH ON YOUR POOR HORSE'S BONES! HE'S frightfully thin!"
Car-driver. "BEDAD, SURE, WHAT'S THE USE O' THAT! THE POOR BASTE CAN HARDLY CARRY WHAT HE'S GOT A'READY!"

must have liked being taken as the "Professional Beauties" of their time, or he'd never have done it—would he? Recollect some one of the name of GAINSBOROUGH on the stage. Forget where; but think she set the fashion of Gainsborough hats. I like to see the Old Masters' portraits of the ancient Mistresses. Here's 265, by Sir JOSH. REYNOLDS; and 274, by Sir JOSH. again. He didn't paint 'em half a bit more than they painted themselves. I was told to look at "The Little Archer," and thought they meant FRED, the Jockey. Disappointed. Sir JOSHUA again (269), portrait of a silly ass of a young chap who ought to have a sound kicking. But here are the little 'uns that I like—No. 281 in the books—a pair of kids, clean, fresh, healthy, and hearty, and the boy in his grandfather's coat and breeches. Now then for the Rosetti warm room.

No. 293. Sea-sickly person. I call the picture "Half Seas over! Steward!"

No. 296. How soon will DAVID's sandals come off? Poor DAVID! And what are these in gowns of red cardboard and wings of dyed feathers? Angels, indeed! Red-faced, dyspeptic-looking creatures. They couldn't fly very far. And as for colour, they're about as warm as they make 'em.

No. 299. No use looking at the Catalogue to see what this is. Evidently, it's "Taking Medicine in the Middle Ages." She is making a horrid face, and saying, "It smells nasty." Probably intended as a present to a Hospital.

No. 304. Auburn-wigged lunatic loose in an orchard. Quite too-too-too-tumble tum too!

N.B.—Nearly all the women here have got auburn wigs, apparently misfits from a theatrical perruquier, bought second-hand. And nearly all are more or less sea-sickly, "greenery-jallery" young women, natives of one of the States of Indigestion. Never saw such lackadaisical floppers as the sea-sickly women; but take the lot, they're all either unwholesome or unhealthy.

No. 313. Well, I never! "The Blessed Damsel." What does he mean? The usual unwholesome-looking young woman and ten couples, very mixed, up in the air, kissing away like anything. I don't pretend to be particularly strict myself—but—well—pass on, Gentlemen, if you please, to

Nos. 314, 315. Wigs again. And, 317—what has the poor thing taken to disagree with her so? And, 323—another female victim of biliousness turning her back on a winged Lord Mayor, or a sheriff? Don't both these Johnnies-in-Office wear red gowns? And it can't surely be an angel, as he is violently embracing a young woman. Art, indeed! Undefeated bosh! Give me Nature; and as it's dry work, give me a B.-and-S.! Look here, old Chappie, if I was the Academy Sportsmen I should charge sixpence extra for this Rosetti Exhibition, and call it the Chamber of Horrors.

Note to Editor.—Whenever you want a real straight critical tip on Music, Drama, or anything generally (bar Turf and Gaiety Burlesque), you employ your own Undefeated Masher, and he'll do it to-rights, you bet.

COMPANION TO THE WEATHER FORECASTS.

(By One who has watched the Promise and its Fulfilment.)



"Fine Summer sunshine." Get out your strongest umbrella.

"Hot and sultry." Order in your winter stock of coals at once.

"Very fine." Get into the wine-cellar to avoid the effects of the hurricane.

"Warm and dry." Don't venture half a dozen yards from home without an Ulster and a sou'-wester.

"Cold." Summer clothing may be assumed with impunity.

"Very rough and windy." Good time for smoking *al fresco*, or playing lawn-tennis, as not a breath of air need be expected.

"Hurricane." Safe of a calm passage across the Channel.

"Prolonged wet and boisterous weather." The best season for a nice trip into the country, as blue sky and gentle zephyrs may be confidently expected.

"Exceedingly changeable." Fixed weather one way or the other.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Groom (to Visitor). "PLEASE, SIR, MASTER WANTS TO KNOW WHERE YOU'D LIKE ME TO MEET YOU WITH FRESH 'OSS, SIR!"

Judkins (who wishes he were comfortably at home). "FRESH HORSE! THIS IS FRESH ENOUGH FOR ME—UGH!—DON'T WANT ANOTHER—UGH!—STAND STILL, WILL YER!"

FOOLISH FORTY.

(Written after reading Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom.")

Ho, witty sage with the bearded chin,
That never needeth the barber's shear,
Your sapient calm it were well to win,
But *my* Age of Wisdom hath yet to begin,
Though I have come to Forty Year.

Grizzled locks cover my foolish brains,
Should I sing to BONNYBELL she'd scarce hear;
But a pleasant memory yet remains
Of the moonlight's gleam on her window-panes,
Though I have come to Forty Year.

Forty goose-seasons have I seen pass,
Grizzling hair the brain *may* clear,
But I'm not so sure that a boy is an ass,
Or that one best measures the worth of a lass
When one has come to Forty Year.

And I think, do you know, did they truth declare,
The right good fellows whose beards are grey,
They'd own to a nook in each bosom, where
The memory of some maiden fair
Was fixed, though long summers have passed away.

The red red lips that of old I kissed,
The bright sweet eyes that on me once shone,
Are dumb, are sightless; but oft I list
For that gentle whisper, yet mourned and missed,
Though twenty winters have come and gone.

LILLIAN's dead, but her memory's dear
As when I loved her twenty years syne!
Were the lass alive, I should scarce sit here,
Alone and lonely at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in a bachelor's wine.

THE GHOSTS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

SINCE a certain trial has been concluded, everybody has been afraid to employ Ghosts. Hence a number of talented and meritorious gentlemen have been thrown out of employment. Among them may be mentioned the accomplished Ghost who does Mr. TONEDOWN'S portraits, the clever Ghost who does Mr. QUIST'S criticisms, the versatile Ghost who polishes up Mr. TWITTERLY'S poems, the epigrammatic Ghost who wrote all the good things in Mr. DODD-MORE'S new play, the erudite Ghost who looked after the grammar in Mr. PINCHBECK'S essays, and the musical Ghost who wrote all that is tuneful in Mr. OFFENBACH OLLER'S new opera.

The above-named Society is worthy of the warmest support from all charitable people.

Further particulars may be found in the *Ghosts' Gazette*.

It is rumoured that, if subscriptions are not forthcoming, a Ghosts' Strike may be the result. This, it need scarcely be said, would be a most serious thing for some professors in literature and art.

A WORD WITH BISMARCK.

As the Governors of Germany—doubtless without the consent of Germany—are said to be hankering after another war, we may be pardoned for offering a suggestion to the German Premier. Instead of disturbing the whole resident and non-resident industrial population of the Fatherland, and losing the productive labour of half a million of the best citizens, it might be well to drill an army of rogues and vagabonds. Germany is said to possess at least two hundred thousand beggars, who draw between seven and eight millions sterling a-year from those who work, and deducting the usual proportion of women, children, and idiots, this will leave a large and able-bodied crowd to be made useful. More generalship may be shown by fighting—if fighting is necessary—with an army like this, than in pauperising a whole kingdom by leading its picked men to glory.

"UPROUSE YE, THEN! MY MERRY, MERRY MEN!
IT IS OUR OPENING DAY."



It is a good omen that the New Courts of Justice commenced with their Hilary Sittings. Any sittings under the auspices of so genial a patron Saint as is suggested by the name of Hilarius ought to be of the most cheerful character.

From this point of view our Inimitable Artist has designed an allegorical subject which he will be happy to enlarge for fresco or tapestry, or to arrange as a painted window in the New Hall.

Vice-Chancellor BACON, evidently Piggy-Wiggy, is represented as "sitting in Bankruptcy," and getting out of the way, very

naturally, of Mr. Justice FRY, who is accompanied by Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN playing on the accordion the appropriate air from the immortal *Triumviretta Cox and Box* :—

Sleep, gentle BACON, smoke amid ;
Which, circling up, smiles on the FRY.

The imperious figure in a cocked hat represents "General Business," who is ordering the Judges about, while the Griffin from Temple Bar is offering sixpence for a seat in the Gallery to the Superintendent, who indignantly refuses the bribe as he remembers

the noble device and motto, which dates back from HOLINGSHEAD'S Chronicles (Gaiety edition) of "No Fees!" "Smoking and Dogs," not being permitted together in the building (it is as yet uncertain whether they may be permitted apart), are here depicted as having been expelled by a Policeman. The Judge who is amusing two Peeresses and a Belted Earl in his robes, is, we need hardly say, the Last of the Barons. Finally, the Judge who is directing a choir of Jurymen is Mr. Justice DAY, and they are singing an adaptation of BISHOP's well-known glee, "Uprouse ye then, my Jury, Jury men! It's my opinion! Day!"

THE PLAINT OF THE PLUMBER AND BUILDER.

"The judgment just given in the Croydon County Court, in the case of *Dec v. Dalgairns*, will, unless reversed in a Superior Court, strike terror into the hearts of plumbers, and will cause unmitigated satisfaction among the Public generally. In this case, the Plaintiff, a plumber, sued the Defendant, a civil engineer, for the sum of thirty pounds for the erection of a lavatory. The Defendant made a counter claim of one hundred and twenty pounds, on the ground that the work, being improperly done, sewer gas escaped into the house, and caused the illness of six members of the household, and the death of his son. He, therefore, claimed the doctor's bill and other expenses. The Judge struck out the Plaintiff's claim, and gave judgment for the Defendant."—*Daily Paper*.

Solo by the Plumber.

I SCAMP the joints, I scamp the drains,
I am an artful Plumber;
You'll feel my hand in winter's rains,
You'll sniff it in the summer.

I dig, I delve, I patch, I pry,
And lay the pipes so badly,
That even bland Surveyors sigh,
And tenants chatter madly.

Here the Jerry Builder breaks in with his Jeremiad:—

I build my floors on rags and bones,
Or lush organic matter;
Or where the grass in swampy zones
Grows greener and grows fatter.

My doors are sure to warp in time,
My slates let in the water;
Take equal parts of dust and alime,
And there you have my mortar.

I build my walls with many a brick
So shrewd as to astound one;
With here and there a rotten brick,
And here and there a sound one.

The Artful Plumber resumes his plaint:—

The sewer-pipe I love to lay
Connecting with the cistern;
And where 's the law that dares to say
The tenant should have his turn?

Finale by the pair:—

Why, here 's a Judge who would restrain
Our right to scatter fever!
Should this decision stand, 'tis plain
We can't scamp on for ever!

HIS LATEST.—Lord COLERIDGE complained of the draughts in his New Law Court. "*Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*," observed the Last of the Barons in his most excellent French. "But of course the Equity Draughtsmen will be delighted." Lord COLERIDGE replied that he would give it his best consideration, and was leaving the Hall rather hurriedly, when the Last One laid his hand on the Chief's arm, "I am Baron," whispered the Last One with a merry twinkle in his baronial eye, "but I am also a retainer." "You've had plenty of 'em in your time," rejoined the Chief, courteously. The Baron bowed with that grace for which he is remarkable, and continued, "I wish to ask your Lordship one question, which is, what game—" "The game of draughts," interrupted the Chief, politely, and taking advantage of the momentary astonishment of the Last One, he quitted the building.



PROVINCIAL.

Fair Customer. "HAVE YOU A SHELLEY BIRTHDAY-BOOK?"

Evangelical Stationer. "NO, MADAM. WE—A—DO NOT PATRONISE SHELLEY!"

"A DICTIONARY OF COMMON WANTS."

A BOOK is announced with the above title. We have not seen it, and have no idea where it is published, but this ignorance will no more prevent us giving specimens of its contents than it would prevent us reviewing it for a *Cocksure Journal*.

The things most commonly wanted are:—

An Income-Tax Commissioner who can believe that all men are not thieves and liars.

A Theatrical Advertisement that tells you the hour of each performance and the prices of admission.

A Barrister who can ignore his profession when dining out.

A Co-operative Store where civility is as conspicuous as cheapness.

A Thoroughfare not rendered impassable by omnibuses and tram-cars.

A Newspaper which has no pretensions to infallibility.

A Statue which speaks for itself without a superscription.

A Company that has the courage not to pay a dividend.

A Hotel that pays its servants after charging for them in the bill.

A Bath-room that can do without a plumber always in attendance.

A Cabman who believes that Charing Cross is only a mile from the Bank.

A Railway that spends its money on things more useful than architecture.

A Frenchman who will admit that civilisation may exist outside Paris.

A Scotchman who has some traces of prudence and sobriety.

An Irishman who is occasionally hurried into impulsive generosity.

A Drama that is not announced as the "talk of London," or the "great success of the season."

A Pill that will not cure all the afflictions of humanity.

An Aërated (or overrated) Water, with a German name, that is not the most agreeable drink in existence.

"THE Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers" is announced. Sounds rather like an *édition de luxe* of "The Book of Snobs."

GAIETY GOSSIP.

VALENTINE and Orson is drawing crowded houses. The history of any Gaiety Burlesque-drama—which is about as good a name for this style of entertainment as any other—is curious and unique. On



"The Moonlighters."

the first night an audience assembled which for that occasion only has ousted the regular Gaiety audience from every part of the house. This audience welcomes the popular favourites, and then sets itself deliberately to criticise the piece with severity, to call out rude things from the Gallery, to chaff from the Pit, to laugh at and not with the Actors in the Boxes, and to look glum in the Balcony.

The Critics, as they jostle one another in the lobby, say to one another, "Burlesque is dead; and now we'll go to supper." But when they sit down to write their notices, it suddenly strikes them, individually, that the last piece

they saw was just like this on its first night, and yet it ran for nearly a year, and that the piece before this they had looked upon as hopeless, and it went on and on until the tunes and sayings were in everybody's mouth, and people were known to go again and again to see it; and so, in their process of pitching-in they pause, and say, "But they will probably set all this to-rights in a night or two, and then it will be numbered amongst the great Gaiety successes."

And so it turns out. The "popular favourites" work their hardest, the Author does something, there is a re-arrangement, more "business," any amount of "gags" thrown in, and the regular audiences having returned, the exceptional first-nighters are heard of no more, their noisy protests are forgotten, and the piece goes briskly with its jokes, songs, and dances, and shouts of the heartiest laughter.

If it is not exactly the story of Valentine and Orson intelligibly told, at least, here is Miss FARREN in the brilliant "family plate," which is evidently *Valentine*—"she will be our Valentine"—and here is Mr. TERRY as a savage with a club and followed by a Bear, who, clearly, is *Orson*. Consequently, there you are, *Valentine and Orson*, and what can any one want more?

The costumes are rich and effective. The duet between NELLIE FARREN and KATE VAUGHAN, "*I won't play with you any more*," with dance to follow, is very taking. Mr. TERRY is immense in the



Orson, backed by a Bare Majority, makes himself unpopular with his Club.

statuesque combat, and gets a good deal of fun out of "chiveying his mother," while as to solos NELLIE FARREN scores with her song "*She told me to go to Jericho*," and KATE VAUGHAN with her charmingly graceful dance. Except Mr. WYATT, whose fun whether dancing, singing, or acting, is in his real earnestness, the rest of the company have either just as much as they can do, or nothing particular to do, and we are bound to say in strict justice to all concerned, that in both instances they do it beautifully.

PATERFAMILIAS'S PARADOX.

HOORAY! The Christmas tip-time's o'er at last!
The "present" now's a matter of the past!

THE MODERN GOTHs.

(An Extract from a Realistic Romance of the Immediate Future.)

"WHAT is Art, Grandpapa?"

The question was put by a little boy to a white-headed old man who, seated at a high desk, was pausing over the figures of a ledger. The room was furnished in the style of the Twentieth Century. It contained neither pictures nor piano, and was generally colourless.

"Art," echoed the veteran, "why that is a word, BOBBY, which has been obsolete for twenty years." The child stared at him. "Look at me, my lad. Am I not as commonplace and uninteresting an old fellow as ever you met?"

"Indeed you are," returned the urchin, affectionately.

"And yet at one time I was an Actor, a Musician, and a Painter. Long, long ago, before I exchanged Art for Cheesemongering!"

"But what is Art, Grandpapa?" repeated the little one.

The old man closed his ledger, threw off his long white apron, and took his grandchild upon his knee.

"You must know, BOBBY, that once upon a time there were places called Theatres, and Concert-Rooms, and Picture-Galleries."

"What strange names!"

"Yes," admitted the aged one with a sigh, "they seem strange enough now, but once they were as familiar in our mouths as household words. Hem!—SHAKESPEARE!"

"Who was SHAKESPEARE?"

The old man shook his head (he had forgotten), and continued:—"Theatres were places where you went to be amused. Clever people represented interesting stories—holding up the mirror to nature—before beautiful pictures and to the sounds of lovely music."

"Pictures! music!" repeated the child, with wondering eyes.

"I will tell you about them presently. And so all the world went to the Theatres. There was a Mr. TOOLE, and a Mr. VEZIN, and a Mr. IRVING, and a Mr. DAVID JAMES, and three Ladies who seemed to me endowed with perpetual youth, called BANCROFT, TERRY, and KENDAL. Ah! those were happy days!"

"But what have become of the Theatres? We have none now."

"Alas, no! Then the world took up Actors and Actresses, the 'Profession' (as it was called) rubbed shoulders with Dukes and Duchesses, and no ball was complete without an *Ophelia* or a *Lady Teazle* in private clothes. Then the world went farther. A New Class sprung up. Almost everybody became an Actor or an Author. The New Class seized the Stage. Old Ladies took to playing *Juliet* to the prompting of their own grandchildren, and Lord Mayors and Earls wrote the afterparts to all the Christmas Pantomimes."

"And did any one go to see the *Juliets* and the afterparts?"

"The world would go to see nothing else! So by degrees the real Actors and Authors retired, and took to mercantile pursuits, leaving the Stage to their successors. Then the world grew tired of the elderly *Juliets* and the inane Pantomimes. Something more was wanted, but could not now be found, so the Theatres were closed, and in due time forgotten."

"But didn't you say something about Concert Rooms? What were they?"

"Places where you went to hear music. But they too were seized by the New Class. Feeble young men and portly matrons monopolised the pianos. Again the world rushed to hear them, and even composed songs for them to sing. The Professionals retired in favour of their weak-voiced successors. The world grew weary of bad singing and asked for good. There was then none to be found. So the Concert Rooms shared the fate of the Theatres."

"And the Picture Galleries?"

"Were also seized by the New Class. The professional Painters, after making a last stand by supplying all the designs for the advertisement hoardings, retired into private life. The very last to yield was a Royal Academician called, I think, TRADE MARKS. The world, as usual, rushed to see the imitations which had supplanted the real, grew weary, sought in vain for better work, and the Galleries were closed like the Concert Rooms and the Theatres."

"And who were these people who seized everything?"

"Concoited idlers," returned the veteran, with honest indignation, "with more money than brains. They aired their vanity and pleaded charity. They debased the public taste, and drove the professionals from their own callings."

"And what were all these silly people called?"

"They were called Amateurs," answered the old ex-Professional, as he turned away from his grandchild, and resumed once more his duties as a Cheesemonger!

"He's a most tiresome man," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM; "he's always hunting everybody about. He seems to be of SHAKESPEARE's opinion that 'All the world's a Stag.'"

THE DRAINAGE QUESTION.—This year's Drink Bill?



BRAND-NEW EXHIBITION! THE GRAND OLD GIANT, "STILL GROWING" IN PUBLIC ESTIMATION, AND THE MITEY MIDGOT.

REAL DOMESTIC BLISS;

OR, NEW FORM OF MARRIAGE-LICENCE.

SCENE—Fashionable Jeweller's Shop in Bond Street. TIME—Early in 1883, soon after the coming into operation of the Married Woman's Property Act, passed in 1882. Enter a Married Lady. To her approaches Obsequious Tradesman.

Obsequious Tradesman. What may I have the honour of showing you, Madam?

Married Lady. I wish to see some of your best sapphire rings; also some gold bracelets set with rubies and diamonds; and—eh—you may show me some diamond tiaras.

Obsequious Tradesman (delighted, and bowing very low). With pleasure, Madam. (Returns with an assortment of the most expensive jewellery in his establishment.) This bracelet, Madam, is an exceptionally beautiful object. Observe the blending of colours produced by the alternate rubies, opals, and brilliants. [Shows it.]

Married Lady. What is the price of this?

Obsequious Tradesman. The price is two hundred and fifty guineas, Madam.

[Rubs his hands, and smiles in an oily manner, which is intended to propitiate his customers should they venture to deprecate his charges—a not uncommon event.]

Married Lady (carelessly). Then I will take the bracelet. Now show me some rings—sapphires. Mind, I don't want to go above a hundred guineas.

[At the end of her purchases has managed to lay in about £1000 worth of first-class jewellery, the real cost of which to the jeweller is probably £100 at most. Obsequious Tradesman begins to wonder who she is.]

Obsequious Tradesman (towards end of interview). To whom shall I put it down, Madam?

Married Lady. Oh, put it down to Mrs. THEODORE TOPSAWYER, 827, Park Lane.

Obsequious Tradesman (who thinks he remembers having heard something about the TOPSAWYERS, but can't exactly recollect what it is). Then a young man will call with the articles this afternoon, Madam; and no doubt Mr. THEODORE TOPSAWYER—

Married Lady. Oh, don't trouble him! He has nothing whatever to do with the business.

Obsequious Tradesman (smiling still more unctuously). Well, Madam, I suppose—ahem!—we must look to Mr. TOPSAWYER for—ahem!—for payment?

Married Lady (decidedly). Not at all. I pay for my own requirements. But perhaps you are not aware that the new Act of Parliament enables a wife to dispose of her own property without her husband's knowledge or consent?

Obsequious Tradesman (to whom the most interesting point is whether or not Mrs. TOPSAWYER has any property of her own to dispose of, but who would rather perish than ask the question). Oh, yes, Madam; but you see that as the goods can hardly be termed necessities, if Mr. TOPSAWYER should not feel disposed to pay for them, he is not obliged to do so by the law. (Brings out a copy of the Law Reports, and reads copious extracts from the judgment of the House of Lords in the case of Debenham v. Mellon.)

Married Lady (interrupting). Ah! but the law has been quite altered. (Takes out a small volume, containing the new Married Woman's Property Act, bound in Russia leather, and reads)—"A married woman shall be capable of acquiring, holding, and disposing by will or otherwise of any property as if she were unmarried. She may enter into any contracts, and sue and be sued without the participation of her husband," &c., &c. (Goes on vivaciously.) You see, Mr. TOPSAWYER's legal position is this, and it's not a satisfactory one—for Mr. TOPSAWYER. He "endowed" me, of course, at our marriage, "with all his worldly goods"; now I have not endowed him with all my worldly goods, or any of them, and this new law says I can do whatever I like with my own property. And I choose to buy these bracelets and things. So you will kindly send them to me this afternoon, and on delivery I will give you a cheque on my bankers. Does that satisfy you?

Obsequious Tradesman (overcome with conflicting emotions). Oh—entirely, Madam. (Hesitating, and trying to be polite.) Possibly, you would have no objection to our young man, when he calls with the articles, seeing Mr. TOPSAWYER, and receiving his assurance, just as a matter of form—

Married Lady (with dignity). Is not my assurance enough? Besides, you can't possibly see Mr. TOPSAWYER, as the new law gives a wife power to institute criminal proceedings against her husband, and mine is at present, I regret to say, in custody on a charge of making off with my best umbrella. Yes, very unpleasant, isn't it? Well, I must go now, as I have to be at Bow Street at twelve o'clock, when I appear against Mr. TOPSAWYER. [Is bowed out, and exits.]

[Obsequious Tradesman recovers slowly, after taking a "pick-me-up" in his private sanctum, and sends out for a copy of the Married Woman's Property Act, when he finds that a wife can only institute criminal proceedings against her husband in respect of her property WHEN SHE NO LONGER LIVES WITH HIM. Remembers also that what he had heard about Mrs. TOPSAWYER was that she had run through all her own property and most of her husband's, and then made the house unbearable to him. Obsequious Tradesman decides NOT to send the jewellery, and to have as little as possible to do with Mrs. TOPSAWYER in the future.]

COCKNEY CONUNDRUM.—Why is the maker of a Will like an adulterating Publican? Because he is a test-'ater!



LITTLE DUCKS GOING TO MARKET.

"Ornithological toilettes are the latest novelties of the Parisian winter season—dresses smothered in feathers of different kinds to suit all complexions."—Queen.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.



BEREAVEMENT.

HIS OWN PRESCRIPTION.

SCENE—The Library at Hawarden. Present—The PREMIER and Dr. PUNCH.

Dr. Punch (with the correct professional colloquialism, somewhat qualified by an almost imperceptible clin d'œil). Well, and how are we to-day?

Premier. Why, Sir, a little unaccustomed lassitude has somewhat troubled—my friends. Friends, you know, are so easily troubled. (*Aside.*) And so dreadfully troublesome!

Dr. Punch (with prompt divination). A very "useful trouble"—as the Laureate says of the rain. Your friends (like your enemies) charge you with over-taxation.

Premier (with energy). Over-taxation—?

Dr. Punch. Of your own resources—not the country's. The charge is too true; and, as Chancellor of your own spiritual Exchequer, you should practise a more rigid economy.

Premier (sagerly). Economy, Sir? Alas! that goddess, "sober, steadfast, and demure," has now but few devout worshippers. Were Mr. HUME—

Dr. Punch. Pardon me. The large general question of Economy we will, if you please, for the present banish—shall we say to Saturn?

Premier. Ah! that much misunderstood remark, with other equally misunderstood or misrepresented points of speech and policy, it was—it is—my fervent desire to explain, to justify to—Midlothian.

Dr. Punch. Humph! May I ask what is that book you were reading when I entered?

Premier. Oh, a very interesting work, kindly sent me by Professor GIULIANI, and entitled "*Dante Sprigato con Dante.*"

Dr. Punch. Precisely. And a voluminous "*GLADSTONE*" explained by GLADSTONE" would doubtless be of surpassing interest to Midlothian, and the World. A fine subject, by the way, for some of the "dormant talent" in the Conservative Party, and which, for the present, you can very well afford to leave to any budding Disraeli or callow Canning on that side.



CONSOLATION.

Premier (gravely). It had not been my intention to deal with the subject in a spirit of pleasantry or of persiflage.

Dr. Punch. "*Ca va sans dire.*" So, believe me, will your "explanation."

Premier. But my generous constituents are entitled to this courtesy at my hands.

Dr. Punch. But not at your lips—just now. 'Tis your lips which, like the pied-piper's pipes, would draw all the country, friends and

foes, after you. But, in this case, the piper is more than the piping—to Midlothian, as to all men. You gave them a rare good skirling awhile ago. Then it was *dignus vindice nodus*. Now there is no need for wasting your splendid "wind" on a prolonged pibroch or a startling slogan. Hang up the war-pipes awhile, my WILLIAM, and take a quiet pull at the pipe of peace.

Premier. Perhaps you are right. Possibly, it were better to postpone my northward pilgrimage.

Dr. Punch. And if you could take a short swallow flight southwards, so much the better. At any rate "*Spare the tree*"—and the Woodman. *Atlas* should not play the *Milo* also—especially in winter. Ten minutes' east wind may work more mischief than ten years' Eastern Question. In fine, you won't mind, will you? appearing for once, in the character of "*le Médecin malgré lui.*"

Premier. I,—ah! perhaps you will kindly explain.

Dr. Punch. Certainly. May I ask to look at your tongue? Ah! quite so! *Fons et origo mali*. You can really doctor yourself with your own latest prescription. Shall we say just a *little* dose of *Clôture*?

By a "Liberal" Waiter.

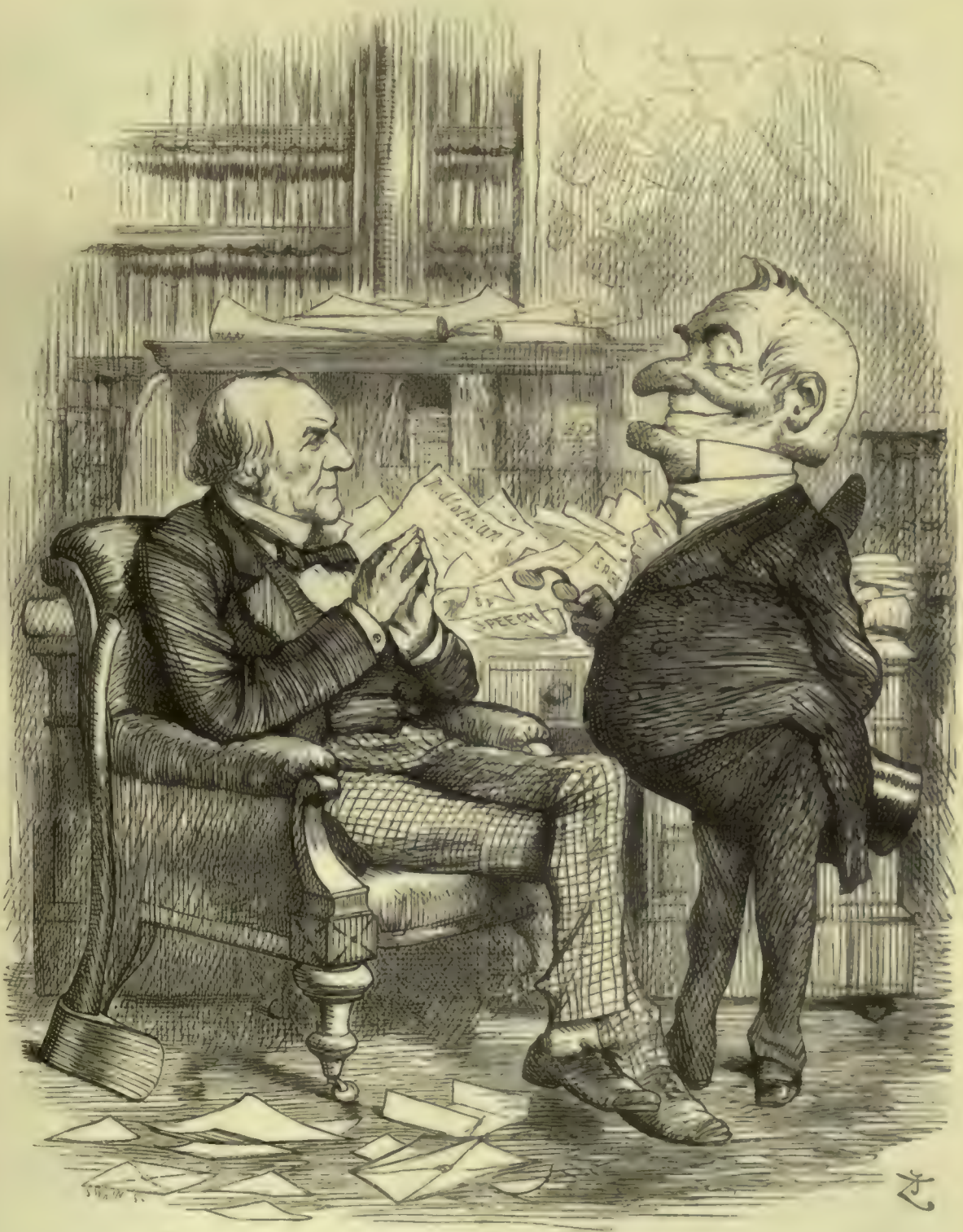
WHY will you, WILL, in winter fell and lop?

More care, beloved Woodman, prithee take.

Forget not, whilst you take your mid-day "chop,"

How much you put at stake!

MOTTO OF THE FRENCH FACTIONS.—Divide and *don't* govern.



HIS OWN PRESCRIPTION.

DR. PUNCH. "AH! IN THIS CASE WE THINK THE BEST REMEDY IS YOUR OWN. SHALL WE SAY—A SMALL DOSE OF *CLÔTURE*?"



ART INTELLIGENCE.

She (reads). "THERE ARE UPWARDS OF FIFTY ENGLISH PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS NOW IN ROME—"

He (British Philistine—served on a late celebrated Jury!). "Ah! NO WONDER WE COULDN'T GET THAT SCULLERY WHITEWASHED!"

ON THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

AFTER the complete collapse of the extremely circumstantial rumour, so persistently circulated of late, to the effect that Prince ALBERT VICTOR was about to commence his career as an Oxford undergraduate at Christ Church, under the tutelage of Dean LIDDELL, the following on *dits* that have been recently floating freely about Society, are at length being received with a little more caution.

It is understood that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has derived such remarkable benefit from his recent Mediterranean cruise, that he will after the first of April next, take permanent charge of one of the largest of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, and run backwards and forwards between Shanghai and Gravesend, carrying the mails, until further notice.

It is interesting to note that among the roll of those who have most recently been entered as students of the Royal Academy, there figures conspicuously the name of Baron HUDDLESTONE.

The Duke of CAMBRIDGE will, on the 5th of next month, take up his residence in the handsome suite of apartments that have been specially provided for him inside the crater of Vesuvius. As it is the intention of his Royal Highness to spend the early Spring in studying professionally the action of dynamite when shovelled in large quantities down the mouths of active volcanoes, much interest as to the result of the expedition has been already manifested in military circles.

Lord BRABOURNE is about to take up his quarters at the Dramatic School of Art, with a view to learning dancing and elocution in the regular curriculum afforded by the Institution. No reason has been assigned for this step, which has excited a good deal of lively comment in political circles at a certain prominent West-End Club.

THE LAY OF THE ARMED BURGLAR.

AIR—"The Muletter."

I AM a Burglar—armed of course—
Far-known, in Suburblum renowned;
I treat the Public and the Force
As targets for my "pills" all round.
For "pot" and shot all round.
When on my bold nocturnal task,
Cric, crack! my course is clear.
At sight of me with "glim" and mask,
Householders shrink with fear.
For if on me they chance to drop,
Before my game is done,
I outa with my revolver—pop!
And riddle them like fun.
Cric, crack! my course is clear,
A Burglar void of fear.

Oh yes, I am a Burglar—armed—
Not too particular to rules;
With the Law's treatment I am charmed,
The Public are such blessed fools,
Such confounded fools!
Do they attempt to change their laws,
With me to interfere?
Not they; and while they only jaws,
Cric crack! my course is clear.
As for poor Bobby, should he try
With truncheon me to stop,
"Drop that, my lad, or mind your eye!
You won't? Then take it! Pop!"
Cric crack! my course is clear,
A Burglar void of fear.

EPISCOPAL UTTERANCE.—The Ghost in Hamlet—

"Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

A concise visitation charge. Spoken like the spirit of the Bishop as well as a King.

"I REALLY was puzzled what to do for the best," said our own Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "I was quite 'on the horns of a duenna,' as the saying is."

It is stated that Lord WOLSELEY has concluded an arrangement with the proprietors of Madame TISSAUD's Exhibition to sit as motionless as he can in the place of his own effigy, now being displayed at Baker Street, until the termination of the Christmas holidays. Over-sensitiveness as to certain points about the model that represents him, and which the noble Lord regards as "a caricature that does not do him anything like full justice," is said to have led to his resolve to take the matter, at any sacrifice, into his own hands.

THE ROMANCE OF JOURNALISM.

In the foreign intelligence daily published in the newspapers, there frequently occurs a sort of paragraph which, *mutatis mutandis*, that is to say change of names merely, everybody seems to have read over and over again. This is one of them:—

"Cardinal M'CABE has telegraphed that the statement made respecting the despatches said to have passed between me and Cardinal JACOBINI, concerning diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See, is utterly destitute of foundation."

Here is a specimen of a sort of story (as young Ladies euphemistically say) which somebody is continually telling, and somebody else contradicting. The latter usually avows himself; but who is the former? If a caterer of fictitious news is kept by some of our contemporaries to fill up space, he may perhaps be describable as a penny-a-liar.

An Old Buffer on a New Bill.

ALAS! how Matrimony has miscarried!

Alas! that Law and Rads against it *thus* band!

The only proper tie for Woman, married,
Is Hymen's knot—which ties her to her husband.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

[A Mr. OLDHAM, calling himself President of the English National Revolutionary League, writes to the *St. James's Gazette* that murder is sometimes no crime, and that "Kings and priests, altars and thrones, crowns and mitres, we regard as the emblems of tyranny and force and fraud in every land and every clime; and we look forward to the time when they shall be swept away never more to torment and tyrannise over human kind."]

Ho! for the poisonous bowl,
Up with the bludgeon and dagger!
In floods of gore we shall roll,
Making old monarchies stagger.
Kings shall be all swept away,
Priests shall immediately vanish;
All who have wealth, from to-day,
Socialist leaders shall banish.

Woe to the Mitre and Crown!
We shall take stern retribution;
Altar and throne shall come down,
Smashed by the red revolution.
All institutions are bosh,
Mankind, we know, doesn't need 'em;
Here's to the men who don't wash,
Dirt is the emblem of Freedom!

Murder we hold is no crime,
We're game for assassination;
This is the teaching sublime,
Blood is the base of a nation.
So pot-house patriots scream,
Raving at families royal;
But we disdain the vile dream,
England's contented and loyal.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM'S Cousin, the Archdeacon, is very particular about his fish, so, as he was coming to dinner, that dear old lady ordered a pair of Acme Skates to be sent in. She thought it would be such a pleasant surprise for the good man. It probably was.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 119.



London Standard. Jan. 1883

DR. ANDREW CLARKE.

(At present the Premier's Body-Guard.)

THERE WAS A SHARP DOCTOR, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?
HIS SIMPLE PRESCRIPTION WAS "WITTLES AND DRINK."
"WITTLES AND DRINK—MOST IMPORTANT IS DIET—
AND MIND, GRAND OLD MAN, YOU MUST KEEP YOURSELF QUIET."

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE
AND THE GANDER.

WE all know who the LORD CHAMBERLAIN is, and the Examiner of Stage-Plays, and the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Under-Secretary of State at the Home-Office, and the Public Prosecutor, for have they not combined to carry out the orders of an Act of Parliament that for many years they have ignored. Mr. BAUM, of the Alcazar, will in all probability have to shut his doors for not obeying the 7th Section of the 6 & 7 Vict. Cap. 68, which forbids the LORD CHAMBERLAIN or the Justices to grant a licence to "any person except the actual and responsible Manager for the time being of the Theatre in respect of which the Licence shall be granted." Then why is Mrs. BERNARD BEERE managing a house licensed to Mr. F. MAITLAND of 264, Newcastle Street, Strand? and why, when the Act of Parliament demands that the name and place of abode of each Manager shall be printed on every Playbill announcing any representation at each Theatre, may we not gratify our curiosity by knowing where Miss GENEVIEVE WARD lives, and where Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON, of the *Yellow Dwarf*, resides? The "serious question of the safety of the Public" may be involved in these things, so let us have an Inspector of Playbills as well as an Examiner of Plays. Will Mr. WILLING accept the post, or Mr. SLINGSBY BETHELL?

The Harbertonian Garment.

A Threnody.

First, divided!
Then derided!!!
Fate decided!!!

A NEW TRIAL.

SCENE—A Court in the Royal Palace of Justice. Lord Chief Justice PUNCH discovered on the Bench preparing to sum up. Enter Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME.

Baron Muddlesome (bowing to the Lord Chief Justice). Before he commences his summing-up, I shall be glad of my learned Brother's permission to introduce a few of my personal friends.

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH (smiling). I can refuse you nothing, Brother; but I must remind you that the Bench has its limits.

Baron Muddlesome (hastening to explain). Yes, I know; and, therefore, I have refused tickets of admission to all my friends, except to those of the highest nobility. I have my learned Brother's permission to introduce them? (The Lord Chief Justice bows good-naturedly, and the Baron ushers in—with extreme courtesy—a number of Ladies.) And now, your Graces, as you are all seated, I will stand over here and explain.

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH (severely). Silence, Brother! You forget yourself. Remember you are in a Court of Justice!

Baron Muddlesome (deeply wounded). I beg your pardon! (Lord Chief Justice bows gravely.) But I would not have ventured to address even a Stuff-gownsmen with so much harshness.

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH (with dignity). Then, Brother, you do not know how to maintain decorum! Not a word, please, or I shall have to commit you for contempt. (The Baron looks aghast, and explains in dumb-show his sorrowful annoyance.) And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, we will get to work. You will remember that we are trying a case of "waste." The Plaintiff is owner of a fee simple subject to the life interest of a tenant for life. Defendant is that tenant for life,

and the Plaintiff says that the Defendant has committed "waste" by cutting down a large quantity of ornamental timber.

Foreman of the Jury. As the nephew of a Solicitor, m'Lord, will you allow me to express my admiration at your Lordship's—

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH (interrupting). Certainly not! And if you are the nephew of a Solicitor, Sir, I am surprised that your relative has not informed you that a high judicial dignitary does not require the praise of anyone to encourage him to perform a purely public duty! Enough, Sir! To return. Now, there is no doubt about the cutting down of the trees. That is admitted. The question is, what is "waste?" And to explain this matter several witnesses have been called. The first was Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME, who gave us his definition with much legal pomposity. (Laughter.) He said something about "waste" being voluntary or permissive, and hurting the legatee, or devisee, or somebody.

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (interposing). With all respect to my learned Brother, I merely defined "waste" as any permanent depreciation of the inheritance.

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH. What a definition! (Roars of laughter.) Perhaps, Brother, you can tell us something more about it?

Mr. Baron Muddlesome. Certainly. Except when permitted by statute, a tenant for life, will, or sufferance, a Bishop, or other ecclesiastical person, and a copyholder cannot commit any "waste."

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH. Oh! can't they?

[Shrieks of merriment.]
Mr. Baron Muddlesome (blushing). If I am to be subjected to ridicule, of course, I have done; but I think some respect is due to a head of one of the learned professions!

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH. Certainly, Brother—as much respect as you yourself would pay to a General, an Archbishop, or a Royal



"READY, AYE READY!"

Officer ("Royal Irish"). "WHY WERE YOU LATE IN BARRACKS LAST NIGHT, PRIVATE ATKINS!"

Private Atkins. "TRAIN FROM LONDON WAS VERY LATE, SIR."

Officer. "VERY GOOD. NEXT TIME THE TRAIN'S LATE, TAKE CARE Y' COME BY AN EARLIER ONE!"

Academician. I am annoyed, but not surprised at this unseemly demonstration. (*Silence immediately restored in Court.*) You were saying, Brother?

Mr. Baron Muddlesome. I was merely, as a Lawyer, giving an opinion upon a matter of purely legal technicality.

Lord Chief Justice Punch. No doubt you were—but do we want this? I would remind the Jury that we have good authority for believing that direct evidence is preferable to expert evidence in matters of fact. Well, we have a matter of fact. The Defendant, a tenant for life, cuts down some timber. Does he commit "waste?" "Yes," says Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME, and he proceeds to confuse your minds with a lot of legal technicalities. To quote from the summing-up in a recent very interesting trial, "the Public in their verdicts are generally right." And by the Public, of course, are meant the Juries who represent them. (*Cheers.*) Now, what is the common-sense view of "waste?" Why, not to receive the full value of a thing by some action on the part of the possessor. Did the Defendant "waste" the timber? It was ornamental—he preferred that it should be useful. So he sold some of it and made a ship out of some of it, and gave some of it away to a thrifty nephew, by whom it was used to the best advantage. Now, was this "waste?"

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (*excitedly*). Certainly it was, from a legal point of view.

Lord Chief Justice Punch. But we don't want to look at the matter from what you call a legal point of view. (*Thunders of applause.*) No doubt there is much in what you say, and were we discussing the affair over a bottle of port at the Bench table of Gray's, you would have a good case, but this is a Court of Justice.

Mr. Baron Muddlesome. And surely of Law,—surely of Law!

Lord Chief Justice Punch. By which, I suppose, you mean to imply that there is a distinction between Law and Justice! (*Laughter.*) I am afraid, Brother, you take a very narrow view of things when your judgment is warped by your professional partiality. Now, Gentlemen, I have little more to say. It is for you to decide whether the Defendant committed "waste." On the one hand, we hear

that he used the timber to the best advantage, and certainly did not "waste" (in the ordinary acceptance of the term) a single stick of it. On the other hand, experts—Judges and Queen's Counsel, and so forth—have been called before you who have, in spite of the direct evidence that has been adduced, sworn that there has been "waste." No doubt they are stating exactly what they believe to be the case, but I must remind you once more that the evidence of experts must be received with the gravest suspicion. Gentlemen, you will now consider your decision.

[*Exeunt the Jury to return immediately with a thoroughly common-sense verdict.*]

THE SONG OF THE SHEEP-FARMER.

AIR—"The Maid of Llangollen."

THE wet may be constant, the ewes may "run down,"
But there is some comfort 'gainst Fortune's dark frown;
The saddest of farmers I never can be,
Whilst the Earl of CARNARVON thinks kindly of me.

The Earl of CARNARVON pass scornfully by?
No! He writes to the *Standard*, and all about I!
Ah! deaf to loud ARON's sly charmings I'll be,
Whilst the Earl of CARNARVON thinks kindly of me.

At Her Majesty's, the *Yellow Dwarf* is at last assuming better proportions. Spite an inferior "book," the entertainment, by some judicious chopping and changing, has been got at length into a fairly presentable condition. Indeed, thanks to the inventive grace of Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON, to whom it owes all the "artistic merit" it possesses, the play contains perhaps as brilliant and elegant a bit of spectacular effect as is just now to be seen on any stage, either in London or out of it. If there is not much to listen to, there is certainly something that is literally well worth seeing.

THE DOCTOR'S DREAM.

I AM sitting alone, by the surgery fire, with my pipe alight, now the day is done:
The village is quiet, the wife's asleep, the child is hush'd, and the clock strikes One!
And I think to myself, as I read the news, and bless my life for the peace upstairs,
That the burden's sore for the best of men, but few can dream what a Doctor bears;
For here I sit at the close of a day, whilst others have counted their profit and gain,
And I've tried as much as a man can do, in my humble manner, to soften pain:
I've warned them all, in a learned way, of careful diet, and talked of tone,
And when I have preached of regular meals, I've scarcely had time to swallow my own.
I was waked last night in my first long sleep, when I crawled to bed from my rounds dead
beat.
"Ah, the Doctor's called!" and they turned and snored, as my trap went rattling down the
street!

I sowed my oats, pretty wild they were, in the regular manner when life was free,
For a Medical Student isn't a Saint, any more than your orthodox Pharisee!
I suppose I did what others have done, since the whirligig round of folly began,
And the ignorant pleasures I loved as a boy—I have pretty well cursed since I came to be man.
But still I recall through the mist of years and through the portals of memory steal
The kindly voice of a dear old man who talked to us lads of the men who heal,
Of the splendid mission in life for those who study the science that comes from God,
Who buckle the armour of Nature on, who bare their breasts and who kiss the rod.
So the boy disappeared in the faith of the man, and the oats were sowed but I never forgot
There were few better things in the world to do than to lose all self in the Doctor's lot.

So I left the life that had seemed so dear, to earn a crust that isn't so cheap,
And I bought a share of a practice here, to win my way, and to lose my sleep;
To be day and night at the beck and call of men who ail, and women who lie;
To know how often the rascals live, and see with sorrow the dear ones die;
To be laughed to scorn as a man who fails, when Nature pays her terrible debt;
To give a mother her first-born's smile, and leave the eyes of the husband wet;
To face and brave the gossip and stuff that travels about through a county town;
To be thrown in the way of hysterical girls, and live all terrible scandals down;
To study at night in the papers here of new disease and of human ills;
To work like a slave for a weary year, and then to be cursed when I sent my bills!

Upon my honour, we're not too hard on those who cannot afford to pay,
For nothing I've cured the widow and child: for nothing I've watched till the night turned
day;
I've earned the prayers of the poor, thank God, and I've borne the sneers of the pampered
beast,
I've heard confessions and kept them safe as a sacred trust like a righteous priest,
To do my duty I never have sworn, as others must do in this world of woe,
But I've driven away to the bed of pain, through days of rain and through nights of snow.

As here I sit and I smoke my pipe, when the day is done and the wife's asleep,
I think of that brother-in-arms who's gone, and utter—well, something loud and deep!
And I read the news and I fling it down, and I fancy I hear in the night that scream
Of a woman who's crying for vengeance! Hark! No, the house is still! It's a Doctor's
Dream!

GETTING OUT OF A SCRAPE.

MR. CHARLES READE has, in the advertising columns of several contemporaries, made the agreeable announcement that two of his "masterpieces" may be now enjoyed every evening without the painful accompaniment of the "*Tune the Old Cow died of.*" That this infliction was necessarily involved in any attempt to sit out the two masterpieces in question, was, fortunately, not widely known to all the classes of Society invited by Mr. READE's seductive advertisements to witness them. However, it is just as well to realise that the danger is past; though, apparently, it has not been disposed of without what may be regarded as a regrettable incident or two.

"This pest," says the spirited dramatist, "under which the visitors of theatres have groaned so long, has been banished, after a severe struggle, from the orchestra of the Adelphi."

It is to be presumed that the encounter here referred to, which evidently must have been of a most violent and personal character, occurred at some morning rehearsal. And it may be noted, by the way, that during the Christmas holidays this seems almost a mistake. A free fight—and there obviously must have been some very lively approach to something of the kind—between the late Conductor and his band on one side, and Messrs. CHARLES READE and J. E. MALLANDAIN, backed up by the interpreters of the new music, on the other, could scarcely have failed to have drawn large houses every evening if properly billed and prominently put forward as an attractive feature of the programme. However, if this point has been missed, there has at least been something left in the shape of a counterpoise.

"All the music of the evening," continues the Adelphi Wagner, "is selected by me, and I venture to think that visitors will find themselves consoled and cheered between the Acts—not tormented as if it were a crime to come to a Theatre."

Considering the risk that the modern Playgoer has for some time been running of getting tormented, not only between the Acts, but during the progress of the whole performance at more than one West-End Theatre that could be named, Mr. READE indeed deserves to be reckoned as a public benefactor. If all he says about it be true, and there is no ground for questioning his facts, an evening spent at the Adelphi, especially if commenced before seven in the upper boxes, must be not only a very curious, but a very delightful human experience.

FINE SUBJECT FOR THE PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.—The Sculptor's Ghost.

A SWEET SYNONYM.

THE elasticity of language has no limits in the hands of those who know how to use it, and never before has a sweeter name been found for murder and assassination than the one discovered by LOUISE MICHEL, the Republican lady who does all she can to ruin and discredit the Republic. She calls it "suppression." If any steps were taken to stop her orations at Belleville, Paris, or the Steinway Hall, London, she would probably call that particular form of suppression, murder. The longer word assassination she would doubtless apply to any official act that interfered, however slightly, with her power of talking.

MY TELESCOPE.



So, I shut it up
for ever!
And I'll lay it
wisely by,
Never, nicely fo-
cussed, never
To apply it to
my eye.
Prize, delight, as
I, that thought
it,
Find but so ful-
filled my hope.
That I wish I
ne'er had
bought it—
My too truthful
Telescope!

It was lively at all hours
To be told the time of day
By the most remote church-towers,
Prettier still to watch the play
Of their faces when my cousins
Clinging, clustered, to a rope,
Braved the waves that came in dozens—
Through my tell-tale Telescope!

Ah! the meaning winks of Science!
There was One whose eyes divine
Flashed a gay and straight defiance
Through that trembling tube, to mine!
Can it be that now we're parted?
Is it true that to *elope*
She has even schemed—false-hearted,
Hollow, as my Telescope?

Turned to search the starry pattern
Of the skies where learned Love
Showed the wedding-rings of Saturn
And the honeymoons of Jove,
Night by night the space between us
Was, while we were wont to grope
For the silver smile of Venus,
Lessened by my Telescope!

Simple!—Science is the sister
Of true Poesy, is said,
By the souls that, bold, have kissed her,
And I know that when we, wed,
Flew to spoon in Alpine passes,
Lodged where loveless lives the POPE,
There was glamour in the glasses
Of my ten-lensed Telescope!

Yet I guessed not when we petted
That young man we met abroad,
I should view him, well—*signetted*
With my own, my modest MAUD,
In the way I did, this morning,
Miles up yonder mountain-slope!—
After one such awful warning,
Who would use a Telescope?

A STERN DUTY.—The Steersman's.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be sent to the Editor.



LITERAL.

Visitor (to Disconsolate One). "REJOICED YOU, DID SHE? OH, WHAT O' THAT? 'OFTEN DO AT FIRST. TRY HER AGAIN. YOU'RE NOT PERTINACIOUS ENOUGH. YOU SHOULD HAVE PRESSED HER—"

Dejected One. "YES, BUT—CONFOUND HER!—SHE WOULDN'T LET ME COME NEAR HER!"

PLON-PLON IN CHAINS.

(Brief Extract from the coming "Mia Frigione.")

It was a vast venture to dare, but then when you have young GEORGE LACHAUD—the GEORGE LEWIS of France—and young GAUTIER, son of THÉOPHILE, and therefore necessarily a neat stylist, turning out a proclamation isn't half such a difficult thing as unpretending people think. It is a good deal easier than keeping calm at the Alma, and remaining to share the shame of Sedan. Great coup that of mine, keeping out of Sedan; the only Napoleon they can't connect with that. And then the bill-sticking business was well-imagined. First time anyone has attempted a coup d'état by bill-sticking. Afterwards, one generally does a good deal in the way of bills, and as much as one can in the endeavour to stick where one is.

But when it comes to incarceration, one hesitates. One is prudent, even though a Napoleon; and when JEROME in addition, one is additionally prudent. But LACHAUD said they wouldn't hurt me; and as a lawyer he ought to know. If the Party did want to do anything desperate, anything violent, and likely to bring a man into the ridiculous predicament of being shot, or stabbed, or anything nasty of that kind, why it would only come and liberate me when everything was successful and assured.

(Communication from DE CASSAGNAC, asking me to go to London with him in order to land together at Boulogne the day after. He will provide eagle if I provide the hat. Refuse. Am abominably sea-sick; and PAUL is such a desperately compromising fellow—might get me into a serious quarrel with the military.)

Glad it's the Conciergerie. Has a good historical sound. "NAPOLEON BONAPARTE at the Conciergerie"—why, the phrase is almost enough to land me at the Elysée. Besides, MARIE ANTOINETTE was there, and—lots of celebrated people among whom I must now take rank. I'm afraid I shouldn't have been at Madame TOSCAUD's without this. But they might have made the arrest a little more picturesque, the prosaic Republicans! Merely police-agents and a

THE HAPPY HYDROPOT!

[A Correspondent seriously suggests in the *Times* that the members of the great army of total abstainers in the kingdom shall be called for the future Hydropots. He does not see the joke, and only innocently fears they will be called Waterpots!]

WHAT shall I call thee? Think I can't!

Thou loyal one, with cheeks so pale,

Who execrates all stimulant,

And revels in old ADAM's ale!

Each neophyte the movement helps,

Abstainer or Blue Ribbonite;

And maybe, like Converted PHELPS,

You have a juicy tongue to bite!

I'll call thee then—why should I not?—

My Greek-derived—My Hydropot!

For thee no more the gay champagne

Shall sparkle round the glassy rim;

I'll broach no Burgundy again

To make thy precious vision dim:

No horrid "nips" of sherry wine

Thy ante-dinner hours employ;

On toast-and-water we will dine,

My own, my all-abstaining boy.

Thus I will call thee—who would not?—

My classical—My Hydropot!

Unrecognised the demon Thirst

Attends at supper, dinner, lunch:

Thou hast proclaimed the man accursed

Who brews the festive bowl of Punch!

The merry season passes by

Without a stave, without a toast;

You never "wet the other eye"

With any bacchanalian host.

Thy prize must be, thy precious lot,

To be proclaimed My Hydropot!

You will bewail no more, I think,

The coppers hot, the aching head;

But though you may not over-drink,

You still may over-eat instead.

There is no order in the world,

No bloated preacher ever tries

To bellow down, with flags unfurled,

Man's gluttonous propensities.

But let this never be forgot—

I've named thee now My Hydropot!

Commissary! Not even a battery of artillery! But after all, though, perhaps it was all for the best. Guns have an unaccountable way of going off unaccountably sometimes.

Two days passed in chains, and the People have not yet risen. Didn't count much on the ribald Parisians, but after all those circulars distributed in the Departments (rather dear for an economical Pretender like myself), I really expected the Province would descend to the rescue a little. Half anticipated hearing "O Richard, O mon Roi!"—only it would have been "Empereur!"—under my window, the first morning; but BASSETT the Judge was the only thing in the shape of a BLONDEL—and he doesn't sing. Nor do I—but I swear. Horrid prison-dinner from VOISIN's: the *mauviettes* weren't two days old; and as for the Chambertin, why, it wouldn't even have suited GAMBETTA.

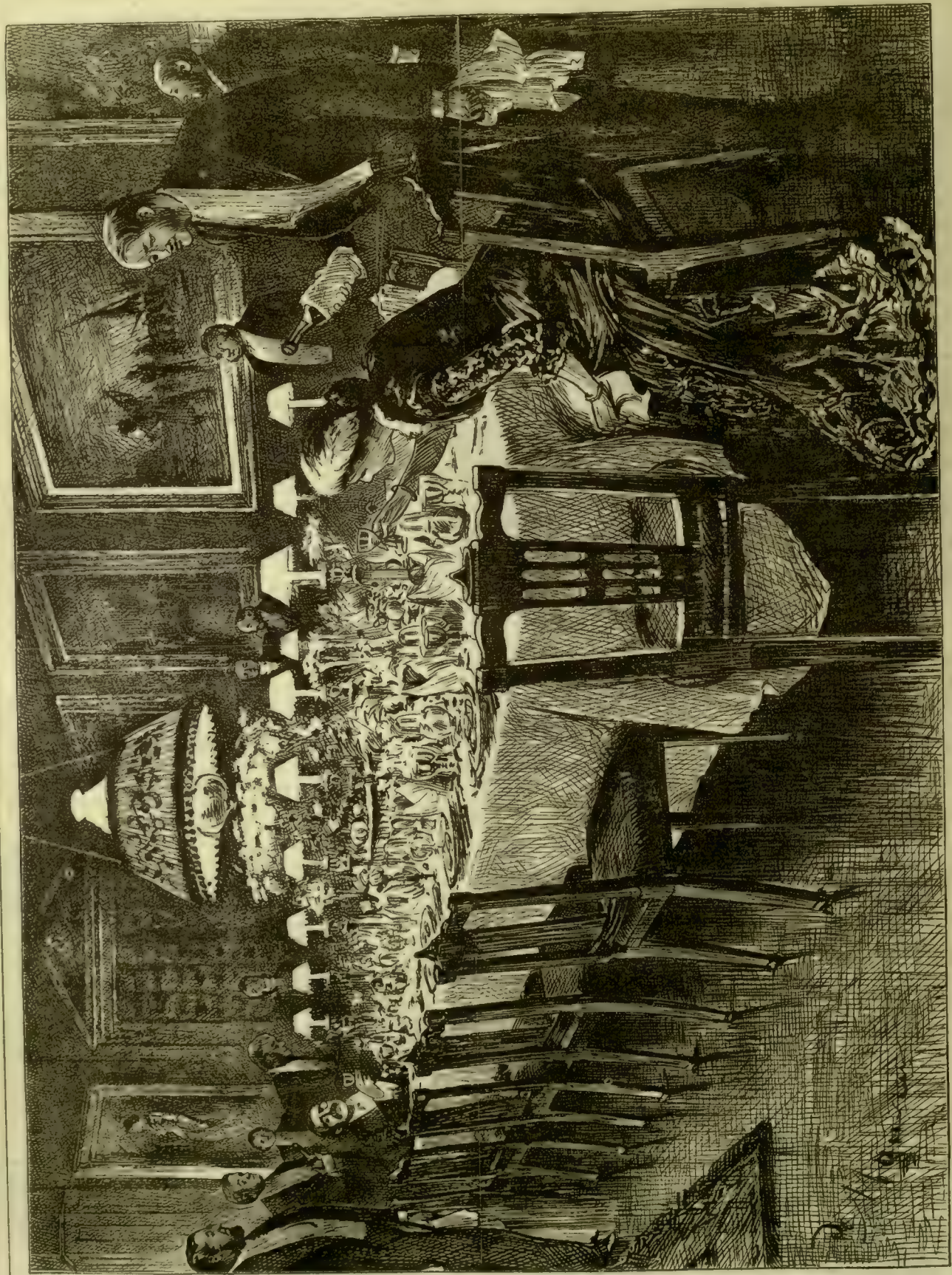
Five days here and no ovation. Change my restaurant for a change, and get a good *langue truffée* from BRÉBANT. But the captive's Château Yquem is awfully inferior for twelve francs the bottle. Have my idea the Government means to poison me.

A fortnight after incarceration, and LACHAUD every day? Have an idea the Government intends to reduce me by *ennui*. Still no demonstrations. Where's CASSAGNAC?

Three weeks of prison fare at a hundred francs a day, and I find out that CASSAGNAC is just the man who is making me more ridiculous than I can make myself; and people say I can do a good deal in that way.

After I forget how many weeks, am let out with gout and other results of high prison feeding, and the base populace has so forgotten me as to inquire audibly, "Who's that fat fellow?"

HOW TO GET OUT OF A SCRAPE.—Let your beard grow.



ANNALS OF A RETIRED SUBURB.

THE MONTGOMERY-JONESSES CELEBRATE THEIR WEDDING-DAY BY GIVING A DINNER ON AN UNUSUALLY MAGNIFICENT SCALE TO SOME OF THEIR LONDON FRIENDS. UNFORTUNATELY, AN UNEXPECTED CHANGE IN THE WEATHER DURING THE AFTERNOON HAS MADE THE ROAD UP THE HILL RATHER HEAVY, SO THAT THE LONDON FRIENDS OMIT TO TURN UP.

THE PSALM OF DEATH.

"Gentlemen, I am a soldier, and war is the soldier's element; and well I should like again to experience the elevated feeling of commanding in a pitched battle, knowing that the balls of the enemy are every instant summoning men before the judgment-seat of God."—*Marshal Von Manteuffel to the Provincial Committee of Alsace-Lorraine.*

What the heart of the young Teuton said to the old Marshal:—

TELL me not in mournful numbers
Death is shocking. Not at all!
Death clears off the scum that
cumbers

This o'er-populated ball.

Death is stirring, Death is splendid,
(Death of other men, not mine)
And its spreading is attended
By a feeling great—divine.

Art is bosh, and Science fleeting,
But purveying for the grave,
To sword-flashing and drum-
beating,
This is business brisk and brave.

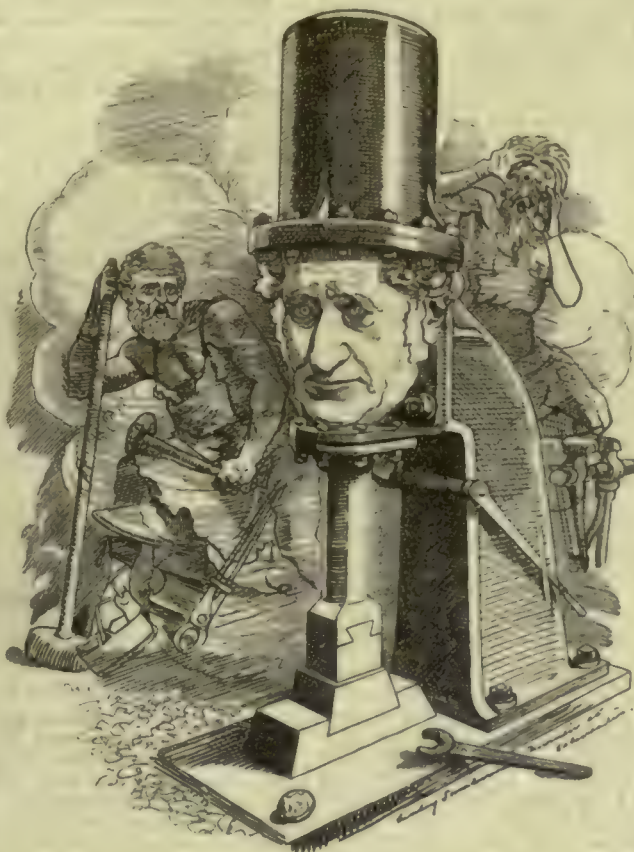
Let us urge the herd to battle;
They perhaps prefer dull life,
Driving quills, or carts, or cattle,
Knowing not the joys of strife.

Lives of conquerors all remind us
We may lead men by the nose,
And, departing, leave behind us—
Well, now, what should you
suppose?

Broken hearts and crippled bodies:
Statues, stars, great families:
Those for proletariat noddies,
For ourselves and children these.

Let us then be up and fighting
(*A la Marshal Von Manteuffel*),
Set the Mob to mutual smiting,
While we sing Death's O be
joyful!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 120.



JAMES NASMYTH.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO KNOCK METAL ON THE HEAD WITH
THE RIGHT HAMMER!

"I SAW NASMYTH stand with his hammer thus!"

King John, Act IV., Sc. ii.—(Mr. Punch's Edition.)

EPITAPH BY A FELLOW.

"The old female hippopotamus (*Adhela*), presented to the Zoological Society in 1853 by the then Viceroy of Egypt, recently died."—*Nature*.

IN URBE, in the Regent's *Rue*,
Once lived our Hippopotamus:
For thirty years she was to us
A useful Hippopotamus!
The Press and people made a fuss
About our Hippopotamus:
And crowds came up by cab and
'bus,

To see our Hippopotamus;
And paid their shillings to discuss
Our noble Hippopotamus.
Of coin she brought us overplus,
Our darling Hippopotamus.
She's gone, let's shed a tear, and
thus

Lament our Hippopotamus!
Hic jacet, 'neath a tumulus,
Adhela Hippopotamus!

OUR GLUT OF GREAT MEN.

Owing to the crowded state of Westminster Abbey, which building promises, or threatens, very shortly to become overcrowded with monuments to, and statues of, departed worthies, attention has been called to a proposal put forth by the late Dean STANLEY "to enlarge the place of national burial by the erection of a Campo Santo, or mortuary cloister, on the space now occupied by secular buildings on the south-east side of the Abbey." What other country on earth is there, besides glorious Old England, that can brag of having more great men—soldiers, statesmen, divines, philosophers, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, political economists, comic novelists, and other geniuses of every description—than, as represented in their respective images and memorial sculptures, it knows what to do with?

AN INVALID'S NOTES.

DIDN'T feel up to the mark! Didn't know exactly what was the matter with me, but had a strong disinclination to get up in the morning, and an overpowering desire to go to sleep in the afternoon. Was generally depressed, and suffered from forebodings of immediate evil which were never fulfilled. Had an idea that the world was against me in general, and that no one would mourn over my approaching death, but would dismiss the subject summarily, not to say with a light heart. Consulted my Doctor. He sounded me, and said there was a harshness of breathing, and there was something not quite right at the bottom of my left lung. I thought so. I had felt it coming on for a long time. I have always known that my life would be shortened by lung-disease, and I proceeded to relate several anecdotes of bronchial affections in our family, to which truth compels me to state my Doctor did not even pay that attention which common politeness demands. He said there was no ground for uneasiness. Of course, not for him; but if he was suffering from my complaint he wouldn't take such a cheery view of the case. He advised me to lay up for a bit, to keep warm, and avoid night-air. It is very easy to be a Doctor.

Laid up for a week, kept warm, and avoided night-air. Didn't feel any better. Grew more depressed. Found myself spending hours before the looking-glass, gazing at my tongue. Couldn't sleep except at wrong times, such as between breakfast and lunch, and was seized with a wild passion to go to bed at five in the afternoon. This insomnia leads to madness, and I told my doctor of several cases of raving insanity which adorn our family history. He has probably never had any lunatics, except himself, in his family, as he pooh-poohed the notion, and said that want of sleep arose solely from

biliousness. A coarse, common train of thought. The drop from incipient insanity, about which there is something heroic, something connected with old red-brick mansions and wainscotted parlours and clanking of chains, to biliousness, which is nothing more or less than over-eating and drinking, is as from murder to petty larceny. Probably if convicted of both I should prefer to be sentenced for the latter; but I had hugged my insanity—my picture of an overwrought brain—to my breast, and was sorry to part with him. The doctor kept on declaring that there was really nothing the matter with me, but that I was low, and required much nursing; and it's a wonder he didn't add petting. He gave me tonics, which, for complete removal of appetite, were, I should think, unequalled.

Making no progress one way or the other. Got tired of laying up and keeping warm and avoiding night air. Went out for the first time to a Theatre. Smoked cigarettes, which I am strictly forbidden to do, in draughty passages, which I am expressly ordered to avoid, and drank brandies and sodas, which I am commanded to shun like poison, between the Acts. Pouring wet night, and no cabs to be got. Walked from Theatre to Club in thin clothes and shoes. Got soaked. Drank more B. and S.'s, and smoked more cigarettes, at Club, and came home, wringing wet, in a very slow, stray hansom. Felt chilled to the bone. Did this with variations for a week, then sent for my Doctor again. He said I was a little below par, but that my lungs were all sound and well.

Laid up for a month. Put myself on a strict diet. Kept in a room with a constant temperature. Toniced myself vigorously. My appetite returned. I felt wonderfully well. Sent for my Doctor. Said there was no absolute danger, but both my lungs were congested. I felt delighted that I had really got something tangible the matter with me at last.

ROUND ABOUT THE LAW COURTS.

A PRETENCE of privacy. At the large Gothic gateway several attendants wearing a costume which might have been designed for the Postal Brigade to Madame TUSSAUD's Wax Works, bar the entrance.



"Not Admitted except on Business."

are—as a Bayswater wag would observe—"scarcely bar-gains."

You find the Central Hall deserted, so you dash up a staircase which leads to the Courts. You have been told that the Bar Corridor is to be sacred to those who have a right to wear horse-hair wigs and stuff or silk gowns. To your surprise you stumble over a most miscellaneous set of persons. Here is a loafer you last saw marching with the Guards' Band from Wellington Barracks to the St. James's Palace, there a club-window man, who has not the remotest connection with the gentlemen of the long robe, yonder a country parson, who, accompanied by his wife's father, is showing his bride all "the sights o' London." Of one thing you feel certain—that these persons are neither Witnesses nor Jurymen. As you walk rapidly along, you see a chamber labelled "Consultation Room." You peep in, and find two telegraph boys playing at pitch-and-toes. Again you advance, and on your left you notice some recesses suggestive of boxes in an old-fashioned cook-shop, which are supposed to be for the convenience of a Solicitor and his Clients. They are evidently intended for the argument of knotty cases of intricate law. On this occasion they have been put to other purposes. As you pass, you perceive that the mother of a family has secured the table of one of these recesses for the discussion of the noonday meal of a numerous offspring.

But these are details. Here are the Courts themselves. You push open a spring-door, which immediately closes behind you with a bang. There is a general and angry cry of "Hush!" A Judge is perched up on a sort of stage, which seemingly has been arranged



Theatre Royal Law Courts. First appearance of Mr. Justice Chitty in a New Character.

for amateur theatricals. He has a door on either side of him, and doors to the left and right. Before him is a mahogany desk, under which you expect him to sink and to reappear as someone else—like a forensic Mr. WOODIN. And this suggests a notion. Until things settle down a little, a great deal of the time of the Court is sure to be wasted. Might not some of that time be employed in a theatrical entertainment? Mr. JUSTICE CHITTY, for instance, would be seen to infinite advantage in *Number One Round the Corner*, were he supported by the most promising of his colleagues. To return to "the real," the narration of which may be treated for a moment in dramatic form:—

SCENE—A Court in the Royal Palace of Justice. Registrar presiding at a Shop Counter stocked with rolls of papers. Junior Bar huddled together in a corner, the seats reserved for their use having been carried triumphantly by the Public.

Counsel (rising with a brief). My Lord, I have to apply—(enormous bang)—for an injunction— [Bang, bang!]

Judge (shouting). I really cannot hear you, Mr. JENKINS. The noise is— [Bang, bang, crash!]

Counsel. I suppose I may take a rule, my Lord?

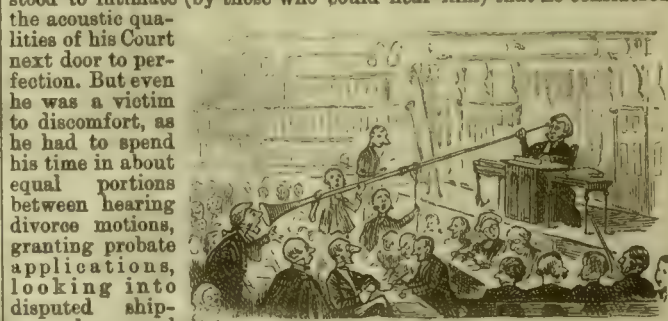
Judge. A what?

Counsel. A rule. I would observe—

[Bang, bang, crash! and murmur of conversation from without. Judge. Really, this is intolerable—(bang, crash, bang!)]—and I have got such an awful cold from the draughts, that—

[Bang, bang, crash, bang! Scene closes in upon general confusion.]

But it is only fair to say that some of the Judges were well satisfied with their new quarters. For instance, Sir JAMES HANNEH was understood to intimate (by those who could hear him) that he considered



A Call Party.

Suggested Improvement for the Bench and the Bar.

the acoustical qualities of his Court next door to perfection. But even he was a victim to discomfort, as he had to spend his time in about equal portions between hearing divorce motions, granting probate applications, looking into disputed shipwrecks, and arranging the cushioned seat of his arm-chair. However, he was patient, and assured the Bar he could hear them very well. Could they hear him? This was a great opportunity for a gentleman in a very, very new wig, who until now had had little or nothing to do with the proceedings. He jumped up, bowed to the Judge, and assured his Lordship that his Lordship's syllables were as clear as crystal. Then he smiled, and sat down rejoicing in the success of what was evidently his maiden speech. This was received most graciously by Sir JAMES, and the banging and the crashing went on as before. No doubt the Judge was contented, but to make him quite happy the assistance of an ear-trumpet and a voice-magnifier, such as those that are used during a storm at sea, seemed absolutely necessary.

In the Court of Appeal the Master of the Rolls was found consulting with his colleagues, seemingly quite unconscious of the fact that an Equity man was prosing away, pleased but unheard, amidst the reverberations of closing portals and the laughs of private conversations. Fortunately, most of the Barristers had much to say about the law before the date of the Judicature Act, which they seemed to know a great deal better than the law which has been introduced by the passing of that interesting little measure. So, if their arguments failed to reach the Bench, not much was lost, after all, to anyone. But as the decisions of such important authorities as Sir GEORGE JESSEL and Lord JUSTICES LINDLEY and BOWEN are of great value, they at least should not be lost by being imperfectly heard. So, were they arranged as glees, and sung with deep feeling by the eminent lawyers specified, they would have a fair chance of producing a profound and lasting impression.

A little Music in the Court of Appeal.
Glee—"We come to Judgment."

But now the time had arrived for a refresher. There was a rush down-stairs in search of luncheon. The successful and the briefless hurried together down dark passages and gloomy staircases, until they had sunk, seemingly, many scores of feet beneath the level of the street. Then, when they had reached the lowest level, they found themselves before a door leading to what would have been called in

years gone by, "the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat," but which, in these more modern days, would have passed for a very dark kitchen. All entered with a shudder or a sigh. The place was



Bar Refreshers.

so cold, comfortless, and dismal. And to what use was this gloomy apartment put? Was it retained for the detention of condemned assassins? No; it was merely the Refreshment Room reserved for the Bar! During the luncheon hour (to quote the Bayswater wag once again) "the calls to the Bar" were fast and furious. Those at the tables, however, were less demonstrative—preferring "shop" to eating. Of a verity may it be said, "When Silk meets Stuff, then comes the tug of bore."

THE FANCY DRESS-BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE LORD MARK and the LADY MARESS seems to be going it, they do. There ain't no fear of the grass growing under their feet, however it mite wish to do so in such a werry plezzant place as the Manshun House.

Not content with the butifol Children's fancy Calico Ball as they gave about a fortnight ago, and which as I said at the time was the loveliest and most beautifulest site as even I ever seed, they last Fursday asked about a thousand growed up folk, includin some of the most distingwished people in the whole City of London and elsewhere, with no restriksun to Calico, but with no admission unless in Fancy Costume, excoep for us Gentlemen in atendance, to come to a grown-up Ball.

Ah, that was summat like a Ball that was, and quite a study of carakter to us lookers on. You see when you asks a Gent to dress hisself up in the disguys of some great man of past times, you at once finds out who he most admires and riverences and would ha' liked to have been. For instance, if you sees a Gent who when he's at tome is only a Common Tradesman, and when he's out only a Common Councilman, dress hisself up like some great Ero of old, you knows at once as that man is not a fulfilling his proper destiny, and that he no dout wastes his life a pining and a longing to be a Nero instead of a mere tradesman or a C. C. Then again, if he gos in for looking like one of the lower orders, you at once sees as Nature intended him for sumthink of that low hignorant sort, and for a nydle hour or two he feels quite at his ease, and much more at home than when freckwentin the sosiety of the Bo Mond, such as Sherryffs and Aldermen. And to us Waiters who knows amost all on 'em werry well indeed, and had sumtimes seen 'em in their weaker moments, it was great fun to see 'em strutting about in what was littorally their borrowed plumes, and a trying to look like Statesmen or Poets or Gentlemen of other days, or great Captings, or old Foreners of Distinsun, or even as Feeleosophers. But still, for all that, it was a butifol site, plenty of colour, plenty of wariety, plenty of wittles, and plenty of light, the Electric Light, tho' I hates it with a mortal hatred perfeshionally, making everythink look brighter than ever.

One thing as struck me and all my Brotheren werry strongly, was the fact that having to support a charakter as one isn't used to, and to wear close as one isn't used to, does seem to have the most extroniary effect of making everybody dreadful thirsty. I'm sure the constant stream of eros and statesmen and solgers and noblemen, mingled with some of the rather lower orders, as kept a-coming into my refreshment room, was sumthink wonderful, and one and all, igh and low, seemed all as thirsty as soles.

The LORD MARK with that natatal desire to add dignerty to the igh office he adorns, surjested to the LADY MARESS the King and Queen of Dimonds as orakters aproprate to the ocoashun. But the LADY MARESS, as I were told by one of her own maids, she says to her loving spowse, says she, "No, my Lord, there's somethink as we prizes more than lovely Dimans, and them's loving Arts; and so we'll be drest up as the King and Queen of Arts." And so they was, and never yet since fancy Dress Balls was first inwented in Fairy Land was such a magnificent couple seen as they was on

last Fursday evening, and BROWN acashally said, and it warn't bad for BROWN, that they had made Arts trumps and held all the honours.

The sillybrated Mr. TERRY the tragedian was there, with his butifol dark brown Squaw as he saved from the tiger in Wirginia. He had bin a-playing his grate charakter of the Wild Man of the Woods, and hadn't time to exchange his costumes, so the kind LADY MARESS said, come as you are, and he come.

There was only one Sherryff, which was rayther a damper on sum of our sperits, but the principal under Sherryff, Field Marshall PONTEFAX MAXIMUS, with his flaming robes, quite restored us.

How that dreadful looking Casual managed to get in when nobody wasn't a-looking rayther shocked sum of us, till we was told as he was a sillybrated Dook in disguise, and then of course we all admired him immensely. He certainly played his part to the life and looked as tho' he had bin born in a Workhus and bread in a Casual Ward. BROWN, with his usual imperance, spread the report that one of the Sherryffs was a-coming, just for this once, as Mr. MARWOOD, under the assumed name of Mr. MARWOOD TUCK'EMUP, but of course it warn't true. One or two of the Aldermen was really got up splendid, quite like Old Masters, as sumboddy said, tho' as I didn't know him myself, I of course couldn't see the likeness. One in partieklar looked so family picture like, that even Sir F. LATTON hisself would have allowed him to have sum "Hartistic Merrit."

I'm afraid as I cannot say quite so much truthfully for all the numerous Common Counselmen, tho' some of 'em did look so grand that I really arldy knowed 'em. I think sum of 'em might have come more in real carakters. For instance, I should ha' liked to have seen the 1st Commishuner of Sewers as a reel live Scavenger of the time of EDDARD THE 3d, the founder of Butifol Billingsgate. That I should think would have been a reel picture. Then the energeetik Chairman of the New City School might have come as JOHN the Carpenter, of the Founders Company, who preceeded him and Sir JOHN MUNKTON in the same rain, and his Reverence JOSEPH HARRIS might have come as JOSEPH RENEY, "the last of the Latins."

These would have given a local flavour to the whole thing, just like the introduckahun of a little Turtill Soup at Supper.

BROWN said as one Gent was meant for WILLIAM TELL, tho' how he could tell that I'm sure I don't know, excoep that he carried a big Bow and looked werry cross cos sumbody stole his Appel. Another was OLIVER CROMWELL, tho' praps, judging from his marvellus performance at supper, OLIVER CROMWELL or OLIVER TWIST would ha' been a better name for him.

There's no accounting for taste as the Waiter said when he tasted Zeedent, you never can, but the guys as some on 'em made of theirselves was a caution. Sum of the werry thinnest legged People, with lims like Mr. INVINE, seemed to find quite a plezzure in exposing them as much as possible to public gaze, tho' certainly not to public admyraashun. Sir WAITER RALLY reminded us a good deal of the Grand Old Man, for he kept a gitting of his collar up all the evening and it did make him so wild. But lor bless all their arts it does seem rayther a funny thing for a lot of respectabel grown-up people to go and dress theirselves up in other peoples' clothes and try to look like sumbody else.

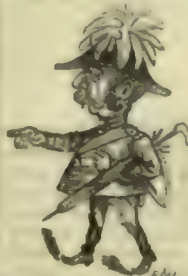
But it's all werry emusing, and sends the money a flying about, and serves for a lot of armless gossip for long ears arter its all over, and all on 'em has recovered from the intoxication of the evening and has reverted with a sy to the sober rayment and the sober enjoyments of their ordinary dumdrum life.

ROBERT.

BOBS AND BADGES.

To a correspondence on the important subject of "Medals in Evening Dress,"—a combination of the Military uniform with the Civilian costume—which some Retired Officers have been carrying on in the *Morning Post*, a veteran survivor of the Crimean War contributes the suggestion that such officers "should wear miniature medals, and those on full pay their original ones." The propounder of this happy thought signs himself "AN OLD LIGHT BOB." It seems perfectly feasible; though a miniature duplicate of a war medal might bear too much the aspect of a bogus medal; precisely as the denomination of a "Light Bob" suggests the idea of a bad shilling.

Talking of "An Old Light Bob," somebody may say, what Officer would it now be proper to call a "New Light Bob"? Of course the answer is obvious: "A Mounted Bobby."



CAUGHT NAP-ING.—PLOW has played his cards and showed his hand. It was clearly not one to "go Nap" on.



DEPRESSING!

Griggles. "HULLO, DUMPLEY! WHAT ARE YOU READING? 'CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE LANCET! PUT IT DOWN, AND COME AND HAVE A GAME OF PYRAMIDS!'"

NAPOLÉON POUR RIRE!!

La République loquitur :—

HA, ha! Imposing pose! Travesty quaint!
 PLOX-PLOX, *mon p'tit*, whatever are you after?
 Ho, ho! *La France languit!* If France feels faint,
 'Tis with the effort of spasmodic laughter.
 But come, *you* must not play heroic pranks,
 Like a tragedian with the blade and cup.
 A nuisance, worthy, not of bonds, but—spanks.
 Shut up!

Your masquing as the Corsican is queer
 As that of a political Tom Thumb.
 You are but a *NAPOLÉON pour rire*;
 What do you, PLOX-PLOX, in this galley? Come!
 Your "Manifesto" will not raise a scare;
 'Tis a mere popgun, PLOX-PLOX, not a Krupp.
 And as for that cocked hat of yours, why—there!

[Bonnetts him.]

Shut up!

SHORT COMMONS.

We have very little Common-Sense, and equally little Common Honesty, and this year will probably see the last of our Common-Lands. The few yards of unappropriated earth which have been left to us in the heart or in the outskirts of our great towns are all marked, tabulated, and deposited in the shape of railway, building, or sea-canal plans in the pigeon-holes of Parliamentary Agents. The chance of getting something for nothing—something which, belonging to everybody, is often defended by nobody—is too tempting for the Macaires, Diddlers, Turpins, and Sheppards of the architectural and engineering profession,—

"Rattle your bones over your stones,
 We've taken your Commons which nobody owns."

Tramways and railways to Hampstead Heath, railways through Wimbledon, like the sweet things through Wandsworth, railways to

THE LAY OF THE ICHTHYOPHAGIST.

[The first of a series of Meetings, which it is proposed to hold throughout the Metropolis for the purpose of calling attention to the operations of the "Billingsgate Fish Ring," took place last week in Clerkenwell.]

'Tis surely too bad there's no fish to be had,
 In bulk or in delicate slices,
 In all London town though you roam up and down,
 That's not sold at terrible prices.
 We know fish is good, 'tis most exquisite food,
 Assisting the brains of bread-winners,
 And yet it's so dear it's too painfully clear,
 The poor can't afford it at dinners.

You wish for the whole of a freshly fried sole,
 Red mullet we know is inviting,
 There's joy in crimp'd skate, as all *gourmets* can state,
 And excellent flesh on a whiting.
 We'd feel very odd if deprived of our cod,
 Spring dinners would surely be gammon
 Without the sweet fish, that is pink as the dish,
 The grand, unapproachable salmon.

I've oft in a dream seen the pleasant sea-brea'n,
 The lobster is gay in apparel,
 I honour the crab, and the prawn, and the dab,
 And oysters that come in a barrel.
 The haddock and plaice bring a smile to my face,
 And whitebait a careful cook sprinkles
 With flour; e'en the eel a fresh joy will reveal;
 And oh! I am "nuts" upon winkles!

Then "Down," let us sing, "with the Billingsgate Ring!"

That makes fish too dear to be eaten.
 Let markets abound, so one day 'twill be found
 These rascally salesmen are beaten.
 Hold meetings and spout till reform comes about,
 Keep up a ne'er-ending commotion,
 Till many cheap fish shine one day on the dish—
 The harvest that comes from the ocean!

High Beach;—these, and a hundred similar schemes, are hatching to complete the work begun years ago by the aristocratic squatter. The Lords of Bad Manners sometimes congratulate themselves that Parliament throws no obstacle in the way of public robbery, by having no Standing Orders to prevent the promoters of Private (and Confidential) Bills from compulsorily acquiring Common-Lands, which "are much cheaper than enclosed land."

We refer all persons who are interested in these questions—that is, nearly the whole population—to the Commons Preservation Society, 6, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and we ask its energetic Secretary, Mr. PERCIVAL BIRKETT, to keep his eye on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. These gentlemen have been asked to give up nine out of twenty acres of Lambeth Palace Grounds for the benefit of a poor and crowded neighbourhood, and it remains to be seen whether they will comply with this reasonable and proper request. This governing body is large and mixed, comprising two Archbishops, twenty-eight Bishops, five Cabinet Ministers, three Judges, three Deans, and twelve Laymen, but when it is a question of giving to the poor, and consequently doing what is manifestly right, even such an unwieldy Committee as this ought to be prompt and unanimous.

"The True Position of Parties."

By a Troubled Tory.

THE *Standard* and the *Quarterly* contend
 Upon this subject, but to what clear end?

My own position is a giddy-valse one,
 Vertigo seizes me, my brain's confusion.
 And I can only come to one conclusion,
 Our Party's "true position" is—a false one!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM finds the two Mewses at the back of her house in Bloomsbury a great nuisance, and how the Ancients managed to endure Nine of them she cannot imagine!

HERALDIC TITLE FOR AN EMINENT TREETOTALLER.—*Party per Pair.*



Al

as 1100c

NAPOLÉON POUR RIRE!!

FRANCE. "AH! HOW YOU ARE STUPID! VOILÀ!!" (*Bonnets him.*)



MUCH BETTER!

Dr. Dufferin (to his Egyptian Patient). "HERE, MY 'INTERESTING' CONVALESCENT, YOU WILL FIND THIS SMALL STAFF MORE SERVICEABLE TO YOU THAN THOSE OLD CRUTCHES!"

JOHN TO JOHN.

AIR—"My Old Friend John."

"Mr. JOHN RUSKIN has been again elected Blade Professor at Oxford."

'Tis forty years, our old friend JOHN,
Since your first work we read;
Foraging midst your noble tomes
What happy, happy hours have sped!
With you we've scaled the mountain side,
And pulled the purple heather;
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we first met together.
Since we as boys
First knew the joys
Of Ruskinese together.
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we first met together.

There's pleasure in remembrance, JOHN,
As eloquent, as true
Are you as in the spring of life,
When first you wrote and drew.
We miss some glowing rhetoric,
You've tightened trope's gay tether;
But fancy decks your periods still,
As when we met together.
When we, as boys,
First tried the joys
Of Ruskinese together.
Methinks you seem as golden-tongued
As when we met together.

Farewell not yet we'll bid you, JOHN;
You say your prime is o'er;
But he who *Modern Painters* penned,
Will write, and charm, much more.
Art owes you more than to the herd
Of prigs who cant and blather;
We honour you as in the days
When we first met together.
When we as boys
First tried the joys,
Of Ruskinese together.
Through many sunny years, friend JOHN,
May we yet live together!

HINTS FROM THE HINDOO.

THE "Indian Contingent" which visited England last year seem to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly, judging from the letter published in a "local journal" from one of the Officers, whose simple surprise at all that he saw is quite touching. As the Contingent considered the Crystal Palace to be "the finest building in London," and "better than Windsor Castle or Westminster Abbey," and as they remark that the Franco-German War Panorama at Sydenham, is "the finest picture in London," we are bound to conclude that somebody must have been playing practical jokes on these decidedly childlike guests from India's coral strand, when they were sojourning in our midst. Will the next batch of distinguished foreign visitors report to their "local journals" as follows?—

We Redskin braves were delighted to visit England. Were told it was the home of Freedom and Fire-Water, and we all like Fire-Water. Immediately on landing at Dover we found *such a nice Gentleman* waiting to conduct us everywhere. He asked us how much money we had about us, and said he would take care of it for us, and took us to a hotel in London, which he said was the largest in the World. But we did not think it so very large, and the rain came through the roof into the little room, and the floor on which we all slept was rather hard. The Nice Gentleman said he was the Representative of the "Universal Grand Press and Telegraphic Bureau," and we should see the QUEEN, and the PRIME MINISTER, and Newgate, and all the finest buildings in London.

One day we visited the Houses of Parliament. We wondered why there were so many people lying in little beds arranged all along the walls. The Nice Gentleman said that there had been an "all-night sitting," and Members were always ill after that. In one room which we noticed was called the "Accidents' Ward," the House of Lords was assembled. At least so the Nice Gentleman said; but we were surprised to find so many with their arms bandaged, or their legs slung by bands from the ceiling. The Nice Gentleman told us that there had been a "slight disagreement between the Two Houses,

and then there were always a few scalps taken, and other trifling injuries among their Lordships." We asked why a man with a case of instruments made one of the noblemen wince so, and we were told that it was "only the *Clôture* being applied for the first time." We had heard of the *Clôture*, but did not know it was like this. We should not like to have the *Clôture* applied to us.

After leaving the House, we were introduced to Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE, who seemed quite pleased to take us into a dirty little house, where we all had a good deal of fire-water together.

When we went down to Windsor to see the QUEEN, Her Majesty was indisposed, and could not receive us, at which we wept bitterly. However, we admired the Castle very much. The Nice Gentleman told us it had been the home of the Kings and Queens of England ever since the Flood, and we believed him, because we saw the Flood quite plainly from the top of the "Round Tower."

Another day the Nice Gentleman told us he would take us to the Maze at Hampton Court. None of us knew about Hampton Court, or what a Maze meant. We were pleased to see such a fine new building in the Strand, and to know that this was Hampton Court Palace. There were men with red and blue bags, and curious white things on their heads, which the Nice Gentleman said were called barristers' wigs; he said that the reason why the hair was white was because it was the hair of their great uncles, which these men had "raised," and were punished by being obliged to wear it always afterwards. But we should not think anything of scalping a great uncle. The Maze itself was very clever. The Nice Gentleman placed us in one corner of the building, called "the Chancery Offices," and there left us to find the way out. He said this was always what was done with visitors, and we tried it; but it took us three hours to get out, so we did not enjoy ourselves, and we were taken up several times by Policemen, who did not seem to understand the occupation we were engaged in. Still, we consider it to be Number One Maze in the World. Subsequently the Nice Gentleman telegraphed "he thought we should be amazed," and so we were. We have not seen him since—nor our money!

"LES MALADES MALGRÉ EUX."

(On the Shores of the Mediterranean.)



PRESENT—Two Political Exiles of Importance.

First Exile. Well, I little thought to meet you here. 'Tis a far cry from Midlothian to—Monaco.

Second Exile (with a sigh half sorrowful, half sybaritic). Indeed,

yes. By this time I hoped to have fared once more due North, and there to have smashed, pounded, pulverised—(Pauses.) "Ah! well—there are compensations.

[Draws a deep breath of Southern air with great gusto.

First Exile. Yes,—

"Doth not a meeting like this make amends"

for—losing the chance of carrying the fiery cross through the frosts of a Scotch winter?

Second Exile (meditatively). Ah!—

"Dark and true and tender is the North."

And but for CLARK's tyranny and the gentle urgings of—ahem! Still "the palms and temples of the South" come pleasantly after Parliament Street in mid-winter.

First Exile. The emancipated slaves of St. Stephens' seem all like the swallow to be "flying, flying South." I, CHILDERS, CHURCHILL, and now even you, the steel-nerved Titan, fire-proof, water-proof, weather-proof, and sword-proof—

Second Exile (blandly). By the way, is that Lord RANDOLPH yonder?—

First Exile (starting and upsetting his glass). By all the goats of ARISTOPHANES, I hope no—ah!— (Greatly relieved.) He does not see us—he—I—ah—

Second Exile. Poor fellow! Like ourselves, he is *malade malgré lui!* Here's his health—and yours, Sir STAFFORD! [Glug-glug-glug ad. lib.]

First Exile. Regular Lotos-land this, eh?

Second Exile. Quite so. A place where,—

"Propt on beds of amaranth and moly,"

the "dormant talent" of Neo-Conservatism might have a good time of it—till the new monthly Magazine shall summon them to the virile and vigilant labours of Ulysses.

First Exile. Humph! Perhaps the crimson amaranth beds might have less charm for them than the board of green cloth yonder.

Second Exile. Yes. "An Eden of bland repose" is not quite the ideal of the modern golden youth—political or otherwise.

First Exile (stily). Astonishing is it not when their Nestor-like seniors set them so fine an example of obedience to the "rest and be thankful" doctrine?

Second Exile. Well, we are resting now, and I at least am thankful. Although if ANDREW and my—

First Exile. Hush! Who shall decide when Doctors don't disagree? Perhaps, in the grim grind of modern political life, the *Grantully Castle* and the *Pandora*, the stimulating seas of the North and the sunny shores of the South may play as important a part as—*Fort-nighly* homilies or *Quarterly* jeremiads. Besides, here you will be able to brush up that Italian of which you "have lost the use." Ha! ha!

Second Exile (gravely). Ah! I wonder what the great Florentine would have thought of the scene over yonder?

First Exile. Well, 'tis scarcely characterised by Dantesque severity, though DANTE's illustrator—DORF—might make something of it. Astonishing sight! Shall we take a turn round the tables?

Second Exile. If you please—as spectators purely.

First Exile. Oh, of course, of course.

A PROCLAMATION.

Oh yes! oh yes! Lost, stolen, or strayed.

A Sun! Like a schoolboy the wag he played,
Or got drowned—in the rain. Anyhow, we have missed him.

For several weeks from the chilled Solar System.
No one can be sure how or when he sloped from it,
Some think he is off on the spree with the Comet,
But no one can certainly tell us at all,
What has become of our mighty red ball;
Whether a "spot"-stroke has left him in pocket,
Or whether he's just busted up like a rocket.
Anyone who will the truant restore
Unto this disconsolate planet once more,
Shall receive—well, a glad invitation to lunch
At 85, Fleet Street!!!

By Order

(Signed)

PUNCH.

"AFTER all," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "there's nothing like Sir WALTER SCOTT for novels. I think his *Tallyman* one of the best romances I ever read."



INGRATITUDE AND HYPOCRISY.

Jones (brightening up in spite of himself). "CONFOUND THE BELT CASE! ARE WE NEVER TO HAVE AN END OF IT?"

Brown (ditto). "UGH! IT'S POSITIVELY SICKENING!"

[Both read all about it, however, to the exclusion of everything else, and talk about nothing else all day.

MORE LIGHT!

SIR,—In reply to the carefully considered letter of your correspondent, "A GHOPEE IN THE DARK," dealing with the respective merits of Gas and Electricity for purposes of domestic illumination, and strongly advocating the employment of the latter wherever practicable, I can only say that my experience has led me to a very different conclusion. My country-house is a large one, and I was recently induced by a scientific friend, who is largely interested in the success of a recent patent, but whose judgment in the matter I had no reason to doubt, to give the new agent a fair trial. Contracts were speedily entered into with the Dynamo-rotating Duplex Incandescent Electric Insulator Company (POLLIKOFF System), with the result that, at a cost of £7314 16s. 5d., my premises were soon supplied with the requisite number of lights, of 190 candle-power each, the whole being fed by sixteen powerful dynamo-machines, situated in various parts of the building, and driven by a three-hundred-horse-power central-engine, attended day and night by a couple of stokers, and placed in a conspicuous position in the entrance-hall. But here our comforts may be said to have ended.

Though I have BILKER's patent Life Saving Switch attached to every burner, and a capital appliance by which the current can be diverted at a moment's notice, no less than three friends who were spending the Christmas with us, received such appalling shocks and other severe injuries, when incautiously admiring the extreme ingenuity of the apparatus as they were dressing for dinner, that I have since heard from their Solicitors that they can never recover.

Add to this, that the continuous shaking of the engine is rapidly bringing the staircase down, and that, owing to the red-heating of the wires, carefully cased by ZERINGER's process in the wood-work of the floors, we are obliged to telegraph to Bolsover for the entire fire brigade whenever we sit down more than six to dinner, and you can picture the sort of life the new agent is leading us. Only the other day my wife's uncle, a cheery and hale old country gentleman, calling to wish us the compliments of the season, sat by mistake on a small Groove battery, and went out of his mind; while at the present moment I am being charged with the maintenance of a coachman, three butlers, and a local piano-tuner, all permanently paralysed, in the General and County Incurable Asylum. Under the circumstances I have no hesitation in giving my preference to gas. I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Shockwell Hall, Hants.

W. T. SLUMBER.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, "A WAPPING RECTOR," may soon assure himself of the purity of the gas supplied to him by the Company to which he refers. Let him take five pounds of acetate of barytes, a peck of common tar-ash, three ounces of hyperphosphate of dynamite (Bolt's is the best), and mix the whole in a twenty-gallon copper over a brisk coke-fire, taking care not to stir too rapidly for fear of an explosion. When the mixture, which has a peculiarly pungent and unpleasant smell, comes to the boil, let all the furniture of the room to be tested, which has previously had the door fastened securely with cobbler's-wax, be thoroughly saturated: window-curtains, blinds, and anti-macassars being hung in dripping condition. Now let him light his gas. If in a few moments the whole of his drawing-room suite becomes a rich streaky mottled brown-black, he may rest assured that the gas is pure. This is an infallible test.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ÆSCULAPUS.

SIR,—I have the misfortune to rent a house in a suburb, the supply of gas to which is a monopoly in the hands of the South-Northern District Light and Coal Company. I have not been in residence three months, but every ceiling in my house is coal-black, while the apology for light, for which I am paying at the rate of seven shillings and ninepence per thousand cubic feet, is furnished me in the shape of a dull, yellow, flickering, mephitic vapour that I am assured by experts is slowly poisoning my entire household. No sooner do we let the Company's deadly compound loose on us through the meter than I am invariably seized with acute symptoms of apopleptic coma, terminating in a fit, that is only relieved when I am placed horizontally outside my own drawing-room balcony, and left there for hours in the dark. In this uncertain weather, such an alternative is almost intolerable, and I appeal to your powerful pen to help me.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN ELECTRIC SHAREHOLDER.

SIR,—“A SUFFERER” is quite in error in attributing the “beating sensation as of red-hot hammers on the temples” as experienced by himself and the “few friends” who dined with him on the 10th inst., to the quality of the gas.

Any scientific acquaintance could have informed him that common coal-gas in combustion, giving off freely bi-sulphuret of carbon and the volatile acids in high solution, would naturally produce the sudden copper-coloured hue he noticed in the complexion of his guests. Such a phenomenon is perfectly compatible with an illuminating medium that may be regarded, from a sanitary point of view, as quite innocuous, and to direct public attention to the fact merely shows that he is ignorant of the very first principles of sound Chemical Science. The alleged violent nightly choking of the baby on the nursery-floor I really cannot seriously discuss. The merest novice knows that hydro-carbonate of sulphur, liberated in excess, will induce all the symptoms of violent strangulation, accompanied by acute asphyxia.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE IMPLICATED COMPANY.

SIR,—If any of your readers has still a doubt as to the immense superiority of electricity over gas as a lighting and heating agent, he has only to visit my premises to satisfy himself once and for all on the subject. For years I have been trying to read by gaslight, in a deadly stupor; dull, morose, disheartened, a burthen to myself, and an intolerable cause of discomfort to my friends. Last month, however, I was persuaded to give the new light a trial. The change has been wonderful. I am now all over the place. I skip up the stairs. I play practical jokes on the tradesmen who call for orders at the adjacent houses; and I find myself sitting up the whole night in the wildest spirits, singing comic songs out of the first-floor window till the police positively interfere. Several summonses have already been taken out against me. In fact, I am an altered man. You are at liberty to make any use you like of this letter.

Yours, &c.,

AN HONEST ENTHUSIAST.

SIR,—Having used gas for many years with the result that I have for some time past been practically without lungs, I last month, at the advice of a friend, fell back upon electricity. I now have no eyes, and am confined by my Doctor to reading theatrical posters through red spectacles, and these only by moonlight. As far, therefore, as the merits of the respective illuminating media are concerned, my attitude is at present that of

A PATIENT INQUIRER.

RIFLE AND BORE.

By accounts from Vienna we learn that a certain Herr MANNLICHER has invented a new repeating-rifle which he calls a “Magazine Gun.” The repetition in that Magazine appears to be quite a terrible kind of tautology.

VINDICATING THE LAW.

THE far too numerous Licensing Authorities who are entrusted with the Government of London Amusements, are playing a not very dignified game of shuttlecock with Theatrical property. Their object



appears to be to toss official responsibility from one to the other, so that, in the event of any catastrophe, it will be difficult to hang the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the Chief of the Police, or the Chairman of the Board of Works. The Alcazar Theatre, after a fight of several weeks, has been closed by a Bow-Street Magistrate, who has been set in motion by the Home-Office. The Board of Works have deliberated, as only a Board can deliberate, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has hesitated, as only a Lord Chamberlain, without funds to prosecute, can hesitate, and the Police have politely declined to use the authority given to them by an Act of Parliament. The “disorderly house” has at last been closed, but not before a public scandal has been created; and a number of people are thrown out of employment who ought never to have been employed, and a quantity of capital is wasted that ought never to have been expended. How long are we to wait for a Licensing System that is short, sharp, and well-defined, and that is in the hands of one man who knows his own mind, respects public-requirements, and has some knowledge of Theatrical business? For the moment Justice is asleep!

BACK TO THE PLAY.

WHEN no longer you're a rover o'er those horrid Straits of Dover,
When you've settled all the business that's gone wrong while
you're away

On your wanderings Continental, when you've paid the quarter's rental,

You bethink yourself of seeing what they're doing at the Play.

The Lyceum has a *Benedick* that draws a pretty penny,

The accessories are splendid as accessories can be;

While, as *Beatrice*, Miss TERRY we call fascinating very,

And Miss MILLWARD as young *Hero* is a pleasant sight to see.

At the Haymarket a comedy shows BANCROFT as a “gommy,”

They have given one more revival of the Robertsonian plays.

Mrs. B. again is *Polly*, so hilarious and jolly,

And with DAVID JAMES and BROOKFIELD, *Casts* should run for many days.

There's CHARLES READE and HENRY PETTIT bid for cheap applause,
and get it,

For the “Gods” have loved sensation since the Drama's earliest age;

Or you visit the Princess's, where the pleased spectator blesses

JONES and HERMAN for a sound play that's a credit to the Stage.

There's a Pantomime at Drury Lane, late full of sound and fury,

And 'tis pleasant to see children think the Play so sweet a boon;

At the Standard, too, and Surrey there is Pantomimic hurry,

With the old time-honoured “wheezes” for the Clown and Pantaloon.

At the Globe we'll hope *Jane Eyre* a most decided *avis rara*,

They have given up Great ALFRED and have gone to Mister WILLS;

And since all folks knew the Poet was in ne'er a sence a “go,” it

Seems they've made a resolution just in time to change their bills.

We have *Impulse* at St. James's; where, amid the playbill names, is

That of HARE, one asks in wonder, but the piece is very fair,

While in *Comrades COGHELAN*'s utter firm repose sets in a flutter,

Many hearts within the theatre that borders on Sloane Square.

At the Gaiety each stanza of the new Extravaganza,

Wins much laughter and folks crowd in to JOHN's histrionic shop;

At the Vaudeville *The Rivals* seems the best of all revivals,

And you see in Mrs. CHIPPENDALE an able *Malaprop*.

The Criterion *Miss Betsy* well deserves the cheers she gets; I

Can advise the Op'ra Comique and the *troupe* of LILA CLAY;

So the list might be extended, but 'tis time our verse was ended,

Choose your piece and call a Hansom, and then roll off to the Play!

MEM. ON “MEMORIALS.”—They who have done anything that will perpetuate their memories don't want any; and they that have done nothing oughtn't to have any.

OUR AGREEABLE BIRTHDAY-BOOK SERIES.—No. 2. THACKERAY.

[Method of using this :—The Motto to face page with dates where your Friends will inscribe their names. The Motto not to be shown till the signature is complete.]



FEBRUARY 1.

Having a good natural genius, and a heart not unkindly, he had used these qualities in such an admirable manner as to be at twenty utterly ruined in purse and principle—

an idler, a spendthrift, and a glutton.

FEBRUARY 28.

FEBRUARY 2.

A Scotch snob—than which the world contains no more offensive creature.

FEBRUARY 27.



FEBRUARY 3.

He is wild and unsettled, and I fear he is going to the bad a little.

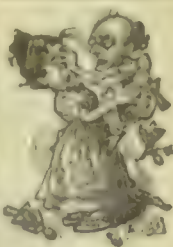
FEBRUARY 26.

FEBRUARY 4.

For this was all that was left after more than seventy years of cunning, and struggling, and drinking, and scheming, and sin and selfishness—a

whimpering old idiot put in and out of bed, and cleaned and fed like a baby.

FEBRUARY 25.



FEBRUARY 5.

About your most common piece of hypocrisy, how men will blush and bungle:—how easily, how gracefully, how consummately, women will perform it.

FEBRUARY 24.



FEBRUARY 6.

Somewhat of a prig, and not a little pompous and wearisome with his Latin quotations.

FEBRUARY 23.



FEBRUARY 7.

Dashder old fool never lived! A dashed old psalm - singing, blundering old woman.

FEBRUARY 22.



FEBRUARY 8.

That selfish humbug, that low-bred cockney dandy, that padded booby, who had neither wit, nor manners, nor heart.

FEBRUARY 21.



FEBRUARY 9.

He was a coarse man from the Stock Exchange, where they love all sorts of practical jokes.

FEBRUARY 20.

FEB. 10.
She had her faults, and many of 'em.

FEBRUARY 19.



FEBRUARY 18.

FEB. 11.

A good fellow, but a vulgar fellow; and his wife—his wife exactly suits him.



FEBRUARY 12.

What will a man not do when frantic with love? To what baseness will he not demean himself?

FEBRUARY 17.

FEBRUARY 13.

It is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient.



FEBRUARY 14.

You silly old creature; you are good-natured, but you are in your dotage.

FEBRUARY 15.

Oh, for shame! Oh, for shame! Go home, thou idle tippler!

FEBRUARY 29.

Leap Year.



FEBRUARY 16.

Her figure was rather of the fattest, and her mouth of the widest; she was freckled over like a partridge's egg, and her hair was the colour of a certain vegetable which we eat with boiled beef, to use the mildest term.



The French Claim to "Control."

FRENCH journalists and politicians express great indignation at the refusal of the British Government to re-establish the Dual Control in Egypt. In the meanwhile it seems likely to become an European question, with regard to a country existing with a Government and a Legislature at sixes-and-sevens, in a condition of continually recurring revolution, what sort of control—dual, single, or plural—it may be possible to place France under?

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY.—Can a treatise on optics be considered "light reading?"

APPROPRIATE.—It is suggested that the electric pen should be called "The pen of the ready REUTER!"

I, I, Sir!

(A New Adaptation of Very Old Doggerel.)

THERE was a Social Journalist who thought that he'd be wise, He went through his "smart article," and scratched out all his "I's." But when he saw his "I's" were out, this egotist so vain, Went straight through that "smart article," and scratched them in again.

WHEN Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM was told about the frightful increase of intemperance amongst the lower orders (no one told her anything about the upper classes), she said it reminded her of the old proverb, "Distilled waters run deep."

TWO QUEENS OF BEAUTY.—APHRODITE—ALEXANDRA.



THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

VENUS loquitur:—

As Queen to Queen—of Beauty, I am come,
Heart-Sovereign of your northern island home,
Lipped, like my Paphos, by the whitening foam.
Thanks-bearer to that gentle royal heart,
Which knows right well that Beauty's better part
Is still to deal the balm, not wing the dart.
Thanks-bearer! 'Tis an office gladly borne
By her who ruled in the earth's radiant morn,
Which she who ruleth now need scarcely scorn.
Lady, you've bettered LESBIA. All her crying
Could not again set one dead sparrow flying,
Your word shall save a myriad birds from dying.

The "Tournaments" of Doves have shamed your isle,
And isle-born Venus thanks you without guile,
Who will not crown *such* lists, with your bright smile.

Let them their Queen of Beauty rather seek
Mid such hard dames as sat, with unblanched cheek,
What time Rome's lists with guiltless blood would reek.

My favourite birds in red-flecked heaps they lay,—
Your English chivalry! Brave quarry, they,—
"Butchered to make a *British* holiday."

Not in *your* sight! The grave rebuke is just.
Let Sport—and lucre—sway them, if they must,
To wanton slaughter. Yet not long, I trust.

The Queen of Beauty's frown must thin their ranks,
 Check Sport's hard greed, and Fashion's heartless pranks;
 And Venus—and her doves—tender you thanks.

EXPULSED PRETENDERS.

The Orleans at Twickenham. Back again, but it isn't exile to us; and, at any rate, we have those restored millions in our pockets. It was rather a nuisance to give up Paris in the winter season, and not see an Opera ball, and the Princesses would have liked to have had the *primeur* of the Spring bonnets. But, after all, Twickenham in winter mud is not unutterably worse than Chantilly, and there are beginning to be really presentable bonnets even in London. Besides, as my faithful BOSCHER points out, we are far better situated here for conspiring, since they will have it that we are conspirators. No more military duties to occupy us; no more worldly duties and pleasures to divert us from politics; no more idea of duty to the Government we serve (and there are Princes who have the idea, whatever ROCHEFORT, who was once Orleanist, may say); we shall have all our time and all our money to spend in undermining the Republic. And having sent them into safety, that clever Republic can't catch the underminers.

The Legitimists at Gratz, or Frohsdorff. The idea of exiling us! Why, we have never been anything else save exiles all through our illustrious lives! But now, thanks to the aureola of martyrdom officially bestowed, there is really a chance of our going back. For the beautiful new law doesn't exile the servants—it only expels the responsible heads; and the further the responsible heads are from the centre of operations, the less likely they are to lose them, and the more likely to have them crowned. Have sent orders, in consequence, to CHARETTE. He can go a-head as soon as he likes now. We are out of danger, and the Breton loyalists can't complain that we are afraid to come amongst them. The Republic has denied us that sovereign glory; and if it would only prohibit us sending cheques and Post-Office orders to devoted but impecunious supporters in France, we might manage one of the cheapest and safest Restorations yet on record.

The Bonapartes at Montacieri. Out of prison, at any rate, and now we can employ our native Italian cunning in our native Italian clime. It was difficult to keep a *salon* about us in France, what with that horrid CASSAGNAC and VICTOR, who won't rush into the paternal arms with anything like enthusiasm. Now, we can conquer an ally—and an ally who wouldn't at all mind doing something disagreeable to France; and I begin to think that bringing a Bonaparte back would strike France as rather disagreeable. Don't seem to be rising at all to the *Légende Napoléonienne* as annotated by JEROME. So, am beginning to sound brother-in-law HUMBERT with regard to a loan and army, and if he makes it a condition that we are reconciled with CLOTILDE—well, we'll even go that far—until we can get as far as Paris.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

(More Real than Ideal.)

MY DEAR SIR,

We intend holding a Fancy Bazaar here on March 19th, for the purpose of obtaining funds towards the restoration of the church-tower. I am not aware whether you have ever visited our town, but if so, you must remember the church. It is a square building, of brick, with large and spacious galleries, and is reverently whitewashed every year—indeed, it is a perfect specimen of Georgian architecture. Now, success would be assured if you would send down a Reporter and an Artist to describe and sketch our meritorious efforts. Would that my husband's house were capable of entertaining them, but it is very small. However, I am told there is very fair accommodation for those who do not mind roughing it, at the "Railway Arms." Please say "Yes." And any subscriptions you would like to forward, will be thankfully received by

Yours sincerely,

The Vicarage, Ponty-Clunchw, LÆTITIA BEGIN.
 North Wales.



HEARD IN MID-ATLANTIC.

The Bishop (severely). "WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MY YOUNG FRIEND, IT WAS NOT CONSIDERED GOOD MANNERS FOR LITTLE BOYS TO JOIN IN THE CONVERSATION OF GROWN-UP PEOPLE, UNLESS THEY WERE INVITED TO DO SO."

Small American. "GUESS THAT WAS SEVENTY OR EIGHTY YEARS AGO. WE'VE CHANGED ALL THAT, YOU BET!"

NOT DEAD YET!

HOORAY! English cricket is still "all alive oh!" We thank you for proving that same, Captain Ivo! Played out? Many prigs to that tune, I confess, lie; But, faith, you'd convict 'em of "bangs," dashing LESLIE. Or, if you should want further proof, why I'll trouble you, A clearer to read than READ, W. W. The opposite quite will be shown, "clear as mud," If you'll study the deeds of the two brothers STUDD. And what jolly duffers the croakers will feel, When they tot up your tidy analysis, STEEL. Ah, bah! They will turn, in a very short while, coat, At sight of the right slashing scoring of TYLFCOTE, And drop the ass-hoof that old England would spurn, on PERNING the record of resolute VERNON. Not in it? Get out with your Smelfungus yarns, There's lots of sound "thrashing" yet left in our BARNES; And though he mayn't slog 'em from Cookham to Marlow, Like BONNOR or THORNTON, there's "stay" in our BARLOW; Whilst better than casual sixes or eights Are the steadily-piled threes and fours of smart BATES; And though, like his Captain, he's been a bit poorly, Australians will oft cut their "sticks" before MORLEY. Here's his jolly good health! health and luck to the lot of 'em! And as for the croakers who talked so much "rot" of 'em When down on their luck, but are now mute as fishes, The team can dispense with their doubtful good wishes. The Captain might boast, Ivo BLIGN, "I've obliged 'em To 'shut,' and, as Sairey would say, have 'surprised 'em." You have, Sir, and we to your pluck, grace, and skill owe That we o'er "the Willow" no more need sing "Willow!"

HOW TO TREAT ROUGH DIAMONDS.—Cut them!



A RISING JUNIOR.

Old Lady (at the Law Courts). "COULD YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME, SIR, TO——"

Young Briefless. "MY DEAR MADAM, I'M A PERFECT STRANGER MYSELF—DON'T THINK I'VE BEEN IN A COURT FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS!"

ART TOO MUCH AT HOME.

"If friends and visitors are not entitled to the diversion of tracing the character of their hosts in the tables and sofas they have lived up to and beyond, at least to themselves nothing can be more instructive than the sermons which discarded goods mutter from their melancholy lumber-room."—*Morning Paper.*

SCENE—Interior of Mr. and Mrs. PLANTAGENET DE SMYTHE'S palatial drawing-room in their magnificent Mansion at South Kensington. A party of Visitors have been just ushered in by a powdered footman, and are waiting the appearance of their host and hostess.

Lady de Snookyns (seating herself in an arm-chair). Quite new people these, but your father insisted that we should call upon them, my dears. Papa said that he believed Mr. DE SMYTHE had some property in our part of the country, and that it was best to conciliate all possible constituents. So, let us take stock of them before they come down. So begin, dears, at once, your tour of inspection.

Miss de Snookyns. Oh, Mamma, here is a photograph of Eton College!

Lady de Snookyns. Evidently sent a son there!

Miss Mary. And a coat-of-arms of Lincoln's-Inn.

Lady de Snookyns. Got a boy at the Bar.

Miss Blanche. And, oh, Mamma, dear, here is such a sweet picture of the late Archbishop.

Lady de Snookyns. Another son in the Church.

Miss Emily. And look, Mamma, here is a picture of a charge of cavalry.

Lady de Snookyns. A lad in the Army. Dear me! They seem to be partial to the professions! A bad sign!

Miss de Snookyns. And, Mamma, such a beautiful Japanese screen!

Lady de Snookyns. Rather new! Hem! Must have taken the house ready furnished for them!

Miss Emily. And look at this strange-shaped sofa!

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

A WORLD of wild invention suddenly
Struck from the golden galaxy of Art!
There Titan phantasy toiled at tasks to try,
A Briareus of dreams. To plumb and chart,
Those gulfs of vision grandiose and grim,
Were work beyond the timid souls who coast
Safe shores of commonplace, whom wizard WHIM,
Lured never to wild water-wastes; whose boast,
Is go-cart loyalty to the dull round
Of their pedestrian plodder, misnamed Truth,—
The meagre marionette in whom is found,
Nor manhood's fiery force nor grace of youth.
DORÉ is dead! Scarce early, for the days
Of the creator are not measured quite
By custom's clock; yet all too soon the rays
Faded from his world, where almost every light,
Save the slow-growing gleam of Beauty, shone.
Duller at least our world that his wild world is gone.

"O Freedom, what Strange Things are done
in thy Name!"

THE Needlemakers' Company have presented the freedom of their Guild to the Duke of TECK, in recognition of "the important services he rendered during the Egyptian War." Very nice of the Needlemakers, of course, but—where is the connection? It is to be hoped the Company's needles have more point than their compliments. If they had presented the Duke with a CLEOPATRA'S Needle, now, fancy might have found some meaning in the gift. As it is, it seems about as appropriate—and doubtless as welcome—as presenting a deservng postman with a packet of pins.

Cold Comfort.

WHAT! Out in the cold? Clever GOSCHEN? Not he! He's simply "dissembling his love" is J. G. But W. G., plagued 'twixt TEWFIK and DILLON, Would like something warmer than love with the chill on. He'd not kick 'em down-stairs, his dear friends, yet they doubt; Though not "out in the cold," he appears "cold without."

Lady de Snookyns. New in Oxford Street, but old in Spain! They have evidently never travelled abroad!

Miss Blanche. And oh, Mamma, isn't this sweet? Such a lovely hot-house rose!

Lady de Snookyns. In an inappropriate flower-pot! Don't know any clever people! An Artist would have pointed out the mistake! Dear me, they must be absolutely out of any sort of society! I think your father might have spared us this infliction.

Miss Emily. And here is a menu of their last dinner.

Lady de Snookyns (glancing at it). Three brown entrées one after the other! The husband (who probably has been accustomed in early life to Irish stew) evidently thinks he knows how to order a dinner, and has a weak-minded French cook! Worse and worse!

Miss de Snookyns (opening a cupboard). And, oh, Mamma, dear, what is this strange thing?

Lady de Snookyns. A scoop used for tasting cheese. (Aside.) Just like one my poor grandfather used to have in his shop! (Aloud.) Oh, my dears, my dears, we must get away as quickly as possible! The parent of either Mr. or Mrs. DE SMYTHE must have been a retail butter-man!

[General exclamation of horror and hurried preparation for departure.

Powdered Footman (throwing open doors). Mr. and Mrs. PLANTAGENET DE SMYTHE! [Cordial greetings and Curtain.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has written to her nephew at Trinity Hall to ask him to send her some of the Cambridge Tripes, which she understands is quite as good in its way as the Cambridge sausages.

NEW READING.—(By one whose hair has gone prematurely grey).—Whom the gods don't love dye young!

NEW NAME FOR A WEALTHY HUSBAND.—A cheque-mate.

HOW BULL-APIS WENT UP AGAINST TEL-EL-KEBIR.

FRAGMENTS OF AN EPIC OF MODERN EGYPT.

Communicated by the Shade of the Poet PENTAOUR, aforetime Epicist, Poet-Laureate, Lyric Chronicler, and Rhythmical War Correspondent to RAMESSES II.

KING BULL-APIS marched to the eastward, to the borders of Nilus he came; He marched with his six-foot sword-wielders, his tubes that could thunder forth flame,

With the troops of his pocket-SESOSTRIS, which same was a friendly nickname.

But ere he was come to the river, the SLY ONE of Egypt arose, From the wilds, and the slums, and the prisons he summoned BULL-APIS's foes;



They gathered as frogs in the marshes, they all at Tel-el-Kebir lay, In anticipation of looting, in prospect of increase of pay.

King BULL-APIS heard, and he armed him, like MENTU he rose in his might, He buckled his belt for the battle, he buttoned his boots for the fight, And swift from the stalls in the rearward, from the stables of BULL-APIS came, His steeds that were mighty to bear him, the stout Sixteen-Stunners their name; The Pad-hes, the Sand-hes, the Jon-hes, he gathered them all for the war, With the Azure-Shirts, sons of the sea-god, the guns, and the iron-sheathed car. But the guns of A-RA-BI by hundreds were ranged in his road, and there lay The hordes of the SLY ONE of Egypt as a bar in BULL-APIS's way. Of the tribes of the Franks none appeared, and the rest of the nations stood far; But the tag-raggy troops of the SLY ONE stood there ready ranged for the war. Was there one of the battle-ranks with him? Of the Captains and hosts was there one?

Nay, but they held far from the battle; King BULL-APIS stood there alone.

Then BULL-APIS cried to GRANDOLMAN, "Look here! Shall I, *solus*, go on? Wherein have I erred, O GRANDOLMAN? This deed at *thy* word have I done. The laws of thy mouth I transgressed not, nor went from thy counsels astray. The straight-tip from thee have I waited, I've patiently walked in thy way. And now underfoot by these Fellahs shall sturdy BULL-APIS be trod? Thy tongue, O GRANDOLMAN, can square it, or it were remarkably odd. Behold, it is thou that hast done it. I blame not thy counsels, I cry,— Give the word, and I'm game for the tussle." GRANDOLMAN he winked with his eye.

He cried, "I'm GRANDOLMAN, as ever, a peace-loving party, my son; But at present I'm right on the war-path, like RA, the Victorious One. My heart is afire à la Jin-go, I stretch forth my hands to the fray. Your warriors, BULL-APIS, are ready, I'm ditto. So go it! I say."

He spake, and his word was accomplished, BULL-APIS shot forth to the fight, And before you could say "periwinkle," he charged, and the foe was in flight, And there stood the SLY ONE of Egypt, but not very long there stood he, Beholding the rush of BULL-APIS right promptly he turned him to flee. And the King was alone. Then he halted his bravest, and cried, "That is done! It was hot while it lasted, my heroes, but this is the end of the fun."

Then the boss of that show, even TOOTH-PICK, he plucked up his courage and said,

"This is what I call real good 'biz.' For A-RA-BI, O, off with his head!" But BULL-APIS cried to him, "Steady, O, steady, my loud Chanticleer! I *must* have my trade-ways unblocked, but good Fellahs from me need not fear. King BULL-APIS fights not for booty; he means only kindness and good; And—well, you just ask my GRANDOLMAN if I have a thirsting for blood. The nations who left me to do it, now seem in no end of a state; But—I mean to clear out, I assure you,—as soon as I've set things all straight."

And now when the horsemen and footmen, the stout Sixteen-Stunners, and he, The pocket-SESOSTRIS, right hand of BULL-APIS, had come o'er the sea, They were praised e'en as MENTU the Mighty, the sword unresisted of RA, With banquet, and bunting, and buncombe, great honour, and sounding Huzza!

The nations seemed flummoxed and doubtful; they said, "'Tis BULL-APIS's style; He marches to fight with a hymn-book, he collars a land with a smile."

GRANDOLMAN, the tongue-swift protested, and PUSST, the silken-pawed, purred,

"BULL-APIS was great in the battle, but peace and plain-dealing preferred."

Swore they, "He means making things pleasant all round, now he's crumpled his foes."

And, in ideographical Coptic, the nations responded, with close Of dextral orbicular muscles, and digits pressed close to the nose.

PRIVATE BILLS AND PROJECTS.

THE Society for the Preservation of Commons and Open Spaces is doubtless awake to the fact that the Railway Bills of the imminent Session threaten to lead to the absorption of more than 420 acres of forest and common-land. In particular, the New Forest is menaced by competing lines to Bournemouth, each of which, perhaps, may, however, happily succeed in defeating the other. Epping Forest is also endangered by the projected line from Chingford to High Beach. A plague of both your lines! And surely the latter scheme should be opposed by the Corporation of London. Or is it that the proposed route is to be made to please some silly Liveryman?



A Silly Liveryman.

The suburbs of London, already spoiled by Railways, are destined, if certain Private Bills pass, to worse despoilment by Tramways. It is actually proposed to force a Tramway through Kensington! That effected, the next progressive improvement probably will be a Tramway to traverse Kensington Gardens.

"Facility of access" is a valuable consideration certainly; but what if the means of access to any given place make that place not worth going to? What will be the good of getting easily and cheaply to the New Forest and Epping Forest, if Epping Forest and the New Forest shall have been cut up and ruined? And will not increased "facilities of access" to the suburbs convert such suburbs into slums still worse than those they have been turned into as it is, and render them still less worth being resorted to for refreshment and recreation than they have now become?

Opposition to intrusive inroads and encroachments on peace and quiet, beauty and repose, is scoffed at as "sentimental." As if the promotion of sordid and barbarous joint-stock speculations were prompted by any wiser motive. As though a sentiment were something less rational than a propensity, and, in particular, Ideality were more stupid than Acquisitiveness.

Utility must always, of course, be the first consideration—for speculators who simply want to invest money to advantage. But shouldn't it be considered that the end of unlimited utilisation for the sake of profit must necessarily be that everything that is lovely and makes life worth living will, at the pace utilisation is proceeding, be ultimately used up?

Taking Another Glass.

"To see ourselves as others see us," there is nothing like looking into the criticisms of the intelligent foreigner. Such an one, Dr. J. SCHERR by name, has been criticising English literature. He tells us, amongst other remarkable things, that BYRON's *Myrrha* is "not inferior to any female character of SHAKESPEARE"! Dr. SCHERR himself is manifestly not only "not inferior," he actually rises superior to Nature's favourite child. SHAKESPEARE held the Mirror up to Nature; but Dr. SCHERR holds the *Myrrha* up to SHAKESPEARE.



AWKWARD STYLE OF COMPLIMENT.

Jones, "JUST SEEN YOUR CHILDREN, MRS. QUIVERFUL. WHAT LITTLE DARLINGS THEY ARE! QUITE A NEST OF GOLDEN EGGS!"
 [Mrs. Q. is wondering whether Jones means to insinuate that she's a Goose!]

DIARY OF THE PREMIER ABROAD.

Château Scott, Cannes, Saturday.—Here I am at last, and rather tired after journey. "Complete mental and physical repose," ANDREW CLARKE said. Well, it's a blessing to be coddled sometimes. Feel as if I should like to live here for ever. Delightful surroundings. Olive-groves, oranges, aloes, myrtles, and palms. If I felt stronger, should wire to TENNYSON that here I am among the "palms and temples of the South," but perhaps had better keep quiet. Hope I shan't be bothered by seeing people. Hope CARDWELL and CHILDERS won't call. If RANDOLPH CHURCHILL comes down here for his health, I shall have to leave for mine.

Monday.—Better already. Air like nectar. Who is it who says that "blue isles and snowy mountains wear the purple noon's transparent light"? Think it's SHELLEY. Don't approve of SHELLEY, but description not bad, except that no "snowy mountains" anywhere near Cannes.

Tuesday.—Trip to the Ile Ste. Marguerite to-day. Jolly! Had pic-nic near house where BAZAINE was confined. I cut down boughs of trees, and WOLVERTON boiled the kettle. Proprietor of land objected to cutting down trees, in French. Couldn't quite make out what he said, but gave him copy of Blue Book on Egypt and my autograph, and he went away. Glorious sunset! Read one of Lord SALISBURY's speeches before going to bed, and slept for twelve hours on end. RANDOLPH has arrived at Nice. Don't care!

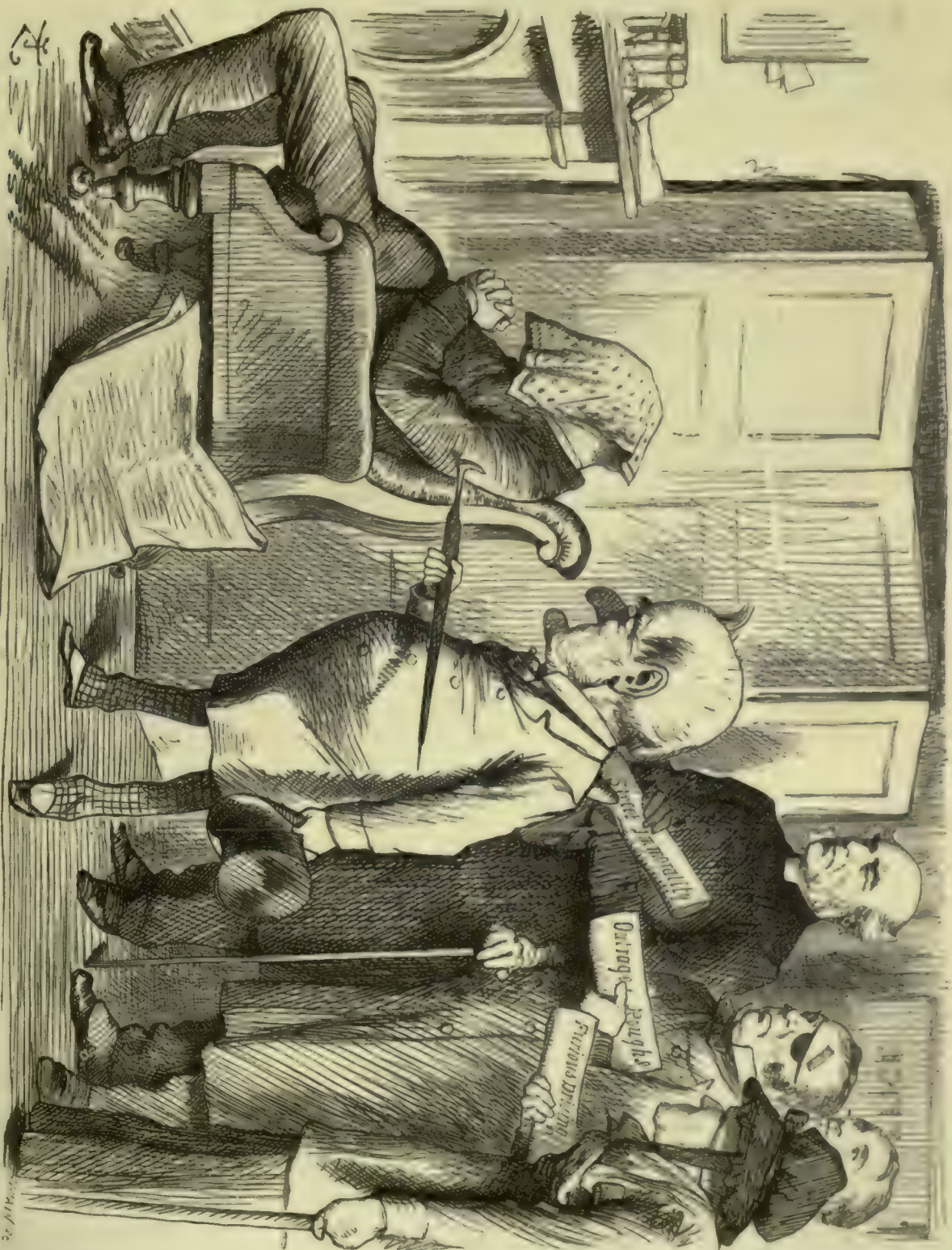
Wednesday.—Caught by family translating Irish Land Act into Greek in corner of the grounds, under an orange-bush. They threaten to telegraph for ANDREW CLARKE, and make me promise not to do it again. I do so willingly, as I don't want ANDREW CLARKE here. Feel in position of much greater freedom and less responsibility when my Doctor's five hundred miles away. Good fellow, CLARKE, but likes coddling me, and I don't like being coddled.

Thursday.—Slip out of grounds, and wire to HARTINGTON, congratulating him on his recent speech, which I managed to read under the bed-clothes, this morning! Capital speech! Also wire to CLARKE to ask him if he really meant complete repose, or only "sufficient repose." He wires back, "complete, otherwise laryngitis

epidermitis is sure to supervene." Don't want to get laryngitis epidermitis; wish Doctors wouldn't frighten one so. Don't mind seeing visitors a bit now; in fact, rather like it. Find myself wandering about grounds, repeating best parts of undelivered Midlothian speeches to the oranges, and denouncing NOATHCOTE in an undertone. CARDWELL came in and caught me just at a splendid peroration; provoking; couldn't finish it. Shall try in bed, to-night.

Friday.—Touch of the Mistral, to-day. Why "Mistral"? Look it up. CLARKE told me to "beware of the Mistral." Can't help it; must do a good ten-mile walk, and climb a mountain. Ask CHILDERS to come with me. Says he'd rather not; never climbed a hill in his life. Go up by myself, and feel like the youth in *Excelsior*. Back, and draft rough sketch of London Municipal Reform Bill. Slink out after dinner, and telegraph chief clauses to FIRTH. Crowd of French peasants at gates of villa, waiting to catch a sight of me. This devotion deserves a reward. I explain to them principal provisions of Irish Arrears Act, at which they seem surprised. Query:—Do they understand my French, I wonder?

Saturday.—Feel glorious! Never knew such health in my life! Air like champagne. Up early, and cut down all Lord WOLVERTON's favourite trees before breakfast. Then, as I can't stand being coddled any longer, effect exchange of dress with passing *ouvrier*, and go off to Esterel Mountains with axe, hunch of bread and cheese, and copy of *Homer* and new County Franchise Bill. Spend a delicious day. Come back, and find family have been scouring country for me, as there was a report I had been carried off by Irish-American Fenian corsairs! Family have really telegraphed for ANDREW CLARKE. Don't care if he comes! Hang ANDREW CLARKE! Hang the Mistral! Feel brimful of spirits. As ANDREW CLARKE is coming, shall take little trip to Genoa—why not Monaco?—and do as I like. SALISBURY is at Nice, and I am sure I can get him to join me. No doubt he knows a "system" or two. Great fun! Quite pleasant to think we can join hands about anything! How much better I am! "Join hands"—at cards! Not that cards will be quite the game. But still it is a very good joke for a convalescent! Must be off before CLARKE arrives. Catch the train, wire to SALISBURY en route to join me, and there we are! Now to furtively obtain the *Continental Bradshaw*!



OUR "VIGILANCE COMMITTEE."

M. P. "NOW, THEN, MISTER PUBLIC PROSECUTOR, WAKE UP!"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

(What they don't tell us—Educational, Literary, Domestic, &c.)

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" 310, A. MOLLINS . . . 613 "
" 419, F. RIPPLER . . . 1 "

the last-named of whom was turned out of the hall by the Examiners. As, during their supposed period of study, Mr. ROGER CRAM's Pupils enjoy unrestricted licence in the shape of billiard and card playing, together with the run of all the low and disreputable society in the neighbourhood, parents are requested to make early application as vacancies in the Establishment are rapidly filled up. All particulars can be had from the Principal, Squeezim House, Holloway Rise.

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ANTICIPATION.

Piscator (short-sighted ; he had been trolling all day for a big Pike that lay in a hole about here). "QUICK, JARVIS—THE LANDING-NET—I'VE GOT HIM!"

Jarvis. "Ah, Sir, it's ONLY AN OLD FRYIN'-PAN! BUT THAT WILL BE USEFUL, Y'KNOW, SIR, WHEN WE DO CATCH HIM!"

LAWN-TENNIS IN WINTER.

By a Wilful Larentennisonienne.



O BRING me, O bring me, my
stout mackintosh.
I care not a feather for slime
or for slush!
The sky it is leaden, the
lawn sopping wet,
And sodden the balls are,
and slack is the net!
I've done it before, and I'll
do it again,—
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in
spite of the rain!

I'll don my son'-wester,
then what do I care
If weather be foul or if
weather be fair?
I'll put on my furs, and I'll
shorten my frocks,
Wear thick woollen stock-
ings, and red knickerbocks:
I care not a pin for the storm
or the flood,—
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in
spite of the mud!

I laugh as the hailstones
come pattering down;

I'm spattered all over from sole unto crown!
In thunder and lightning I'll play all the same—
I won't be debarred from my favourite game!
Though weak-hearted lasses may quiver and quail,
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in spite of the hail!

In summer 'tis pleasant, but you ought to know
'Tis capital fun in the winter also;
When nets are all frozen, and balls can't rebound,
When chilly the air is, and snow's on the ground!
Though lazy folks shiver, and say 'tis "no go,"
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in spite of the snow!

What pleasure can equal, what exercise vies
With winter Lawn-Tennis, with snow in your eyes?
You trip and you tumble, you glance and you glide,
You totter and stumble, you slip and you slide!
With two ancient racquets strapped fast to my feet,
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in spite of the sleet!

In autumn, as well as in summer or spring,
In praise of Lawn-Tennis I heartily sing!
Though good at each season, and better each time,
I'm certain in winter the game's in its prime!
You doubt it? No matter! Whate'er may befall,
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in spite of you all!

ROUND ABOUT THE CITY COURTS.

SHARP-looking Lawyers and pigeons. On the whole, the latter stouter and sleeker than the former. Rather curious this, as when a pigeon gets into the hands of a certain kind of Solicitor, the poor bird gets effectually plucked. But these pigeons are knowing little creatures, flying about the yard of the Guildhall, and under the immediate patronage of the LORD MAYOR and the Court of Aldermen. It is strange that the City Corporation should have chosen pigeons for wards—it would have been more appropriate had they selected doves—turtle-doves. However, there are the pigeons, and they perch at the door of "the Commissioner's Court." The pigeons are left behind, and this is the interior of the hall of Justice over which that good Scotch watch-dog, Commissioner KERR, presides whenever it happens to be open. The great man is seated on a stuffed chair (East of Temple Bar, stuffing is *de rigueur*) under the City Arms. On

A HOWL FROM THE
HANSOM.

[A correspondence has been going on in a daily paper regarding the murderous rate at which hansoms are driven in London.]

HURRAH, hurrah for the Hansom Cab,
That rattles along the street!
The Growler crawls like the sluggish crab,
But we are like lightning fleet.
Unheeding the crowd we roll along,
By night as well as by day,
And women and children in the throng
Fly wildly out of our way.

But we are alert for hapless folk
Who cannot escape our wheels,
And, wot ye well, 'tis a screaming joke
When somebody 'neath us reels.
By broken bones a lesson is taught,
That people who walk should ride;
The Hansom's the Car of Juggernaut,
And Death is the fare inside!

EQUIVOCAL ADVERTISEMENT.—Ticket posted in the window of a Civic Teadealer's shop: "Choice 2s. 6d. Tea. Wonderful Value." How wonderful? For the under or over-valuation of the tea valued at two-and-sixpence? The announcement of an article on sale at a value styled "wonderful," may be meant by its vendor for a recommendation of that commodity, but would equally answer the purpose of an opposition shop-keeper to run it down.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 121.



ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD, C.B.,

Secretary to H. M.'s Office of Works.

"The Duke is very strangely gone."
Measure for Measure, Act I., Sc. v.

Fabian (Punch). Did I not say he would work it out?
Twelfth Night, Act II., Sc. v.

TOKENS UP THERE!

FIREs, Deaths, Collisions,
Floods, Explosions, Plots,
Succeed a blazing star, attend
black spots
Which speckle the Sun's disk,
in that bright place,
Like moles or patches on
Apollo's face.
Oh, ghost of PARTRIDGE, in
this earthly scene,
Sage, chaffed so sorely by St.
Patrick's Dean,
Now, if that too satiric Spirit
knows,
What says the shade of SWIFT
to facts like those?
And thou, late ZADKIEL of the
Spheres now free,
Thou, too, the still surviving
Tao-Sze,
Sing songs of triumph, and
rejoice, and cry,
"Are such coincidences all
my eye?"
Ye HUXLEYS and ye TYN-
DALLS, who deride
Wonders and signs, your heads
diminished hide;
Your stubborn necks to faith
in omens bend:
See what disasters solar spots
portend.
O'er incredulity let Facts pre-
vail,
And own the teaching of a
Comet's tail.

SEASONABLE COSTUMES.

THE most popular dresses
at recent fancy balls have
been "The Spattered Heart,"
"The Mudlark," "A Sym-
phony in Splashes," "The
Crossing-Sweeper," "The
Scavenger," and "Muddy
Gentlemen of the Nineteenth
Century."

THE SEVEN AGES OF GIRL.

CRYAGE, Rompage, Tartage,
Frillage, Flirtage, Jiltage,
and Marriage.

either side of him is a wainscoting, semi-circular in form, suggesting that behind the boards is plenty of accommodation for the brooms, brushes, and other impedimenta of the old lady who does the charring. No doubt, to remind the Commissioner that he should keep cool and not lose his temper, there is an enormous barometer, which seems to have been borrowed from a scene in the after-part of a Christmas Pantomime. The general impression on entering the Court is that everybody is talking at one and the same time. And the impression is not altogether erroneous. The Plaintiff and the Defendant, in spite of their representatives being present, are hard at work contradicting one another. Principals in other cases are loudly discussing their chances of success, while two Solicitors in strange-looking stuff-gowns are loudly contending for vocal-mastery. A half-hearted effort to preserve order is made by placing a couple of placards on the walls requesting "Plaintiffs" to keep on one side of the room, and "Defendants" on the other.

"Why are those Solicitors wearing gowns?" asks a newly-called and inexperienced Barrister, who has looked in, possibly with a view to obtaining some "soup"—a nickname for chance briefs.

"Out of respect to the Commissioner, I think, Sir," replies the cheeriest of City Policemen, protecting a barrier. "His Honour seems to like it."

The Commissioner appears to glory in the noise. He waits until he catches something with which he disagrees, and then pounces down upon the speaker like a cat upon a mouse. He reminds one of an agile performer playing upon half-a-dozen kettle-drums. Now he gives a tap to the Defendant, now to the Plaintiff's Advocate, now to the mild-looking Gentleman in a Barrister's-wig, who, seemingly, is the Court's Registrar, now to

four Witnesses who will speak together. Then he keeps quite silent until the two Advocates are once more fighting hammer and tongs, when, after a few minutes' pause, he suddenly brings the case to a hurried conclusion, by abruptly announcing his decision.



Commissioner Kerr's Court.—A Friend at a Pinch.

The noise does not cease. On the contrary, another pair of suitors are impatient to be heard, and the chatter recommences with renewed energy. Again the Commissioner deals out his knock-down blows right and left with the strictest impartiality, until once



PUNCH'S PREMIER PUZZLE.

HERE IS CANNES / FINE PLACE TO PLAY AT "CATCH-AR-CATCH-CAN."

TRY IT THEN. TURN ROUND THREE TIMES, AND CATCH THE GRAND OLD MAN!

again the time arrives for him to stop the proceedings in the usual manner. The title of the Court might be "Rough and Ready," in recognition of the hearty simplicity with which it is conducted. It is only fair to add that, in spite of the noise and confusion, the best feeling seems to prevail everywhere, so much so, that it is no unusual thing to see a Police-Janitor offering a pinch of snuff to a gown-glorified Solicitor.

Two minutes' walk, and the realm of the Commissioner is replaced by the Guildhall Police-Court. Here is a decided change. Decorum is the order of the day. The room is well-arranged. The officials



Guildhall.—Police Caught Swearing!

wear a bright and neat costume, looking as if they wished to be taken for the ideal heroes of that capital tale, *Dandy*. They are, moreover, most careful in their diction, whispering "bad language" whenever they have to make use of it in giving their evidence. In fact, it is a most painful duty to a Policeman whenever he has to swear himself before entering the witness-box. A case of assault is heard, when the greatest possible interest is taken in the condition of the prisoner, so far as his sobriety is concerned, by everyone in Court. One Witness considers he was "intoxicated," another "perfectly sober," a third "not drunk, but a little in liquor." Each of those called upon to testify seems to have a different standard of "alcoholic deportment." However, the Alderman decides against the luckless defendant, and finally addresses him very much as follows, evidently framing his style upon a hanging-Judge presiding at the Old Bailey:—

"You have been guilty of three most serious offences. You have been proved to have been drunk, to have committed an assault, and to have refused to give up a ticket." At this point the prisoner plucks up his courage. "This is a very grave matter, indeed—so grave that I must deal with it with the utmost severity. Had you struck the Plaintiff in a fatal part, you might have been

guilty of murder; had you, in a state of intoxication, burned down a house, you would have committed arson; and, by refusing to deliver up your ticket, you might have caused, by the delay arising out of your refusal, an accident entailing the loss of scores, if not hundreds of valuable lives." Here the Alderman pauses, and the prisoner turns pale with apprehension. "Under these circumstances," continues his Worship, in solemn tones, "in spite of the pain it gives me, I must deal with you with the utmost severity. The sentence of this Court is, that you shall be taken from hence to the office of the Clerk from whence you came,"—the prisoner by this time is in a fainting condition, and scarcely hears the following words—"where you shall pay sixty shillings and costs, and may—" But here the Alderman pauses abruptly, and the conclusion of the Death Doom remains unspoken. And so the matter ends.

If the Guildhall Police Court is "respectable," the Justice Room at the Mansion House is even "more so." Here the work is done—nearly entirely—by Mr. MARTIN, the Chief Clerk, who seems to tolerate with cheerful kindness the presence of the LORD MAYOR or the presiding Alderman. When Sir ROBERT CARDEN is in the Chair, geniality, not to say boundless and innocent hilarity, is the watchword of the day—dashed only by a latent dread on the part of the



Mansion House.—Carden Party.

officials that the huge Sword of State which hangs over the magisterial bench may descend unexpectedly upon the devoted head of the nominal Dispenser of Law and the actual Preserver of Order. However, when it is remembered that the worthy Alderman seems to possess a charmed life, good-humour is instantly restored, as it is felt that any inconvenience to which his Worship might be put by such an awkward *contretemps* would certainly be of a purely transitory character. To sum up—Justice east of Temple Bar does not appear to differ materially from Justice east of anywhere else.



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

Friend (pulling long face). "HULLO, WAGSTAFF, HOW ARE YOU, OLD MAN! 'SO GRIEVED TO HEAR OF YOUR TROUBLES! I HOPE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT AGAIN. I ASSURE YOU I FULLY SYMP—"

Wagstaff (with surprise). "EH! THANKS—BUT I'VE BEEN ALL RIGHT—NEVER BETTER IN MY LIFE! TROUBLES! MUST BE SOME MISTAKE."

Friend. "WELL—I HEARD YOU HAD BEEN SERIOUSLY EMBARRASSED—'N FACT THAT YOU'D BEEN THROUGH THE COURT."

Wagstaff (enlightened). "OH!—I SEE! YOU MEAN MY CREDITORS! LOB, YES, POOR FELLOWS! THEY HAVE HAD A BAD TIME OF IT!"

[*Exeunt, laughing.*]

THE SOLITARY WEEPER.

(Not by Wordsworth.)

"I have tried cases in which the evidence showed a whole family not only living in one room, but occupying the same bed, and that a bed on the floor. We can hardly suppose that children brought up under these circumstances can have any feeling of decency, chastity, or morality left in them."

MR. JUSTICE KAY at Manchester.

"The Coroner's Inquest in the case of the fire in Windsor Street, held up to view once more the shockingly crowded and squalid condition of the homes of the poor in London. In that house in Windsor Street there were thirty-two persons in nine rooms; people who did not belong to the house often slept on the staircase. . . . The MURPHYs, who were also heard of during the Coroner's inquiry, had to pay three shillings a week for the one room in which they lived, nine in family."

St. James's Gazette.

BEHOLD her, in her native slum,
Yon dirty, draggled London lass!
Enter, but be prepared to hold
Your noses as you pass!
Mid filth, in rags, she sits and sighs,
And stares with large lack-lustre eyes:
Oh, watch her, for no sadder sight
Shall greet your gaze this livelong night!

No "Officer of Health" condemns
The single grewsome little room
Wherein nine human beings, with souls,
Fulfil their awful doom.
Up crowded stairs, through rotted floors,
The fever and the drain-smell pour;
Yet seventy pounds a year seems high
As rental for a rookery!

Will no one tell us why she sighed,
This London child, the nation's care?
Perchance of purer life she dreams,
And breathes a visionary air.
Or is it some more simple grief?
Perhaps her hunger needs relief?
Or natural tears may idly flow
For lack of joys that others know.

Whate'er the cause, the maiden seemed
As if her woe could have no mending;
I saw her crouching at the hearth,
And o'er the embers bending.
I watched her till my heart was spent;
And in my nostrils, as I went,
The odour of the place I bore,
Long after it was seen no more.

SONG FOR THE CONSERVATIVE COMMONERS. — "Oh, ELCHO, how WEMYSS you!"

FLOTOW.

SILENT! the tuneful and ear-catching bringer
Of Melody's simple magic to the crowd;
Whose work has won from many a throng-cheered singer
The praise by scornful critics disallowed.
Perchance, were we all fully-fledged Immortals,
Our only laurels were for WAGNER's brow;
But, wingless, on this side the shadowy portals,
Millions will sigh for *Martha* and *Flotow*.

STEP BY STEP.

(A Chronological Table for France for the next Ten Years.)

1883. Expulsion of Pretenders from Paris. Abolition of the regimental colours. Removal of all the monuments of the capital connected with the history of the reigning families.

1884. Abolition of the title of "Monsieur." Expulsion of the Judges. Decree forbidding Bishops to wear their mitres. The exposition of watch-chains declared illegal and against the policy of equality ordained by the Republic.

1885. The names of NAPOLEON and LOUIS pronounced illegal. Abolition of the grade of Drum-Major. All social distinctions strictly forbidden. Servants to treat their employers on a footing of perfect equality. "One man is as good as another—and better," becomes the National motto.

1886. The name of every town in France changed eight times.

M. HUGO is deprived of his prefix, "VICTOR," as the title is considered suggestive of the hero of the First Empire. Servants once employed by Protenders and their descendants or relatives expelled from France.

1887. Equality on the Stage introduced. Pieces cast from the stock companies by lot. Expulsion of all the dramatic Authors on their protesting against this regulation. Decree authorizing cab-drivers to sit inside their vehicles while their fares drive their horses.

1888. Installation of the ninety-first Premier elected within three years. Creation of a universal Parliament, to which everyone at his birth belongs, in substitution of the two Houses. Banishment of all the Doctors on the score of their giving their services nearly exclusively to the rich. M. HUGO exiled because allusion is made to him as "the Prince of Poets."

1889. Dogs and cats presented with the Franchise. Expulsion of wearers of more than one shirt a week. Decree forbidding the use of any letters of the alphabet which can be employed in making such words as "King," "Prince," or "Emperor."

1890. Withdrawal of "Louis" and "Napoléons" from the currency. Abolition of all grades in the Church, the Civil Service, and the Bar.

1891. Law and order prohibited. The Army declared to consist entirely of privates. All the letters of the alphabet reduced to the same significance. The Republic declared eternal.

1892. Return of a "Pretender" at the head of the Army. Overwhelming enthusiasm, and political and social slavery for the next twenty years!

READY!

A BUSINESS-LIKE BALLAD.



MY lads, lend ear! There's a yarn to spin on an old but honest text.

When around our cliffs and our headlands hoar our winter seas are vexed,

When the waves are lashed by the wind-flouts wild that come with the condor sweep

Of their hurrying wings like harpy-flights that prey on the troubled deep:

When the brine that through soft summer days with its slow soft breaking curls

Has laved the slopes of the brown ribbed sands and the limbs of the Nereid girls,

Beats clamorous, cliff-high, mad assault all round our island shores, And Titan-handed shocks and rends, and tiger-throated roars:

When the seaman shades spray-blinded eyes with an eager tremulous hand,

And looks with a long and an anxious look to the lights that gleam on land,

J. A. M. B. O. R. N. E.



BLASÉ!

The Rector. "AND SO YOU'VE BEEN TO PARIS, MR. BROWN. GRAND CITY, ISN'T IT?"

Parishioner. "WELL—YE-ES! BUT I'D SEEN MAIDSTONE, YOU KNOW!"

Whilst the wave-shock'd timbers creak and cleave beneath his frost-numb feet,
And the wail of women sounds now and anon through the hiss of the driving sleet:

Then, whilst the sybarite couches snug in a cozy curtain'd nook,
And the hero-lessening cynic smirks o'er his flask, and bowl, and book;—
Then the cry is—not for the Sage or Bard,—wild eyes that search and scan
The shore-line seek not Wealth or Wit, but the face of the Life-Boat Man!

We have all our uses after all, from the *dilettanti* down,
Will the fine contemner of foolish gush for once forbear to frown?
The Life-Boat Man may be scarce the stuff to inspire heroic rhymes,
But he who stands ready to venture *life* is—a handy fellow at times.

Ready! The manliest word of words that make up mortal speech,
Ready!—to lead the thundering charge or face the perilous breach;
To strike or stand, to dare or bear, small odds, 'tis much the same,
But when the stake is the trifle, life, he is game who will play the game.

Play it right out with a steady hand and an uneffusive force,
In an everyday cool sort of way, as a matter much of course;
The style in brief of the Life-Boat Man, no Saint perchance, nor Crichton,
But a man low pay won't check or stay, and the chance of death won't frighten.

Ready! All round our sea-scourged coasts, you will find him, prompt at call.
When the winds are out, and the waves are up, and the black sky frowns o'er all;
When the rock-reef's teeth or the quicksand's suck imperil the helpless ship,
And it means grim fight with the mad sea's might to slacken the storm-fiend's grip.

Ready! The cot may be warm and snug, whilst the sea is wild and chill;
The wife may look wistful, and ill at ease, as wives of the humblest will.
Reward? Why yes, he may win some pounds, if he dares the wave's mad strife;
But tisn't a Peerage that lures him on to the hazard of life for life!

Yet forth he goes! Now, the cynic knows of worldly lore good store,
Perhaps he will say if it may not *pay*, round our rock-bound British shore,

To have such men as the Life-Boat Man, men simply,
cheaply brave,
Aye ready to enter the lists with Death, and not to slay,
but save.

And perchance some souls of a softer strain may feel some
tenderer thrill.

Well, Gentlemen, neither cheers nor sneers will the Life-
Boat coffers fill.

The time of tempest is on us now, 'tis the hour for succour
steady;

The Life-Boat Man at his post is found—British Public
are you "Ready"?

HONOURS UNDIVIDED.

MR. PUNCH, ever ready to note and do homage to
heroism—(witness his appeal on another page for the
work of the gallant Lifeboat Men)—makes here his
admiring and respectful bow to Miss JESSIE ACE, who,
when a heavy sea was running at the Mumbles one
day last week, finding a rope improvised from her
own and her sister's shawls useless to rescue a struggling
sailor drowning amidst the wreckage breaking on the
rock, boldly flung herself into the water, and saved the
man's life. So *Mr. Punch* is proud to chronicle in his
own page the courageous act of this Miss JESSIE, who
is clearly not only an Ace, but a very *Ace of Trumps*.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

IN MY EASY CHAIR.

'Tis simply detestable weather!
At home I'm determined to stay;
A fortune I've spent in shoe-leather,
And ruined three hats ev'ry day!
Umbrellas I've borrowed and broken,
And angered their owners no doubt:
These things I consider a token,
'Tis not the least use to go out!
But let the weather be foul or fair,
I'll sit and smile in my Easy Chair!

The morning's uncertain and hazy—
I can't be quite sure of the time—
I'm feeling exhausted and lazy,
Not equal to reason or rhyme!
Let editors clamour for copy,
And printers persistently tease!
I'll maunder and nod like a poppy,
And take forty winks at mine ease!
My dreams are pleasant, so I don't care.
I'll sit and snooze in my Easy Chair!

There's nothing of note in the papers,
There's nothing to do or to say:
We suffer extremely from "vapours"—
The fog and the damp of each day.
Though streets may be frozen or flooded,
'Tis useless to fume or to fret;
Though friends are be-spattered and mudded—
I'll smoke a serene cigarette!
And all the burdens I have to bear,
I'll smoke away in my Easy Chair!

Within it is snug and quiescent,
Without it persistently pours;
My chair is well-cushioned and pleasant,
Though life's full of angles and bores!
My room is deliciously torrid,
By frost or by rain I'm unvest;
The world is decidedly horrid—
So call me the month after next!
The world may roll and may tear its hair,
I'll roll and laugh in my Easy Chair!

"I've often heard," remarked Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "of
Mr. RUSKIN being cut up by those vicious Critics; and
I'm not a bit surprised that at last he's come to be the
Slayed Professor!"

At the Adelphi Mr. CHARLES READE advertises "Two
Great Mine Scenes." He might just as well have written
"Two Great Scenes of Mine."

A LITTLE ABROAD.

(A few Notes of a Return Visit to Paris via Monte Carlo.)

IN consequence of a tremendous success at Monte Carlo—of which, more anon, for I am sure my "system" will be useful to all my readers, and to thousands yet unborn—I was able to stay a few days and nights—I prefer the nights—in Paris. I seized this opportunity because Paris itself may not be able to offer it me again this year.

Foreigners don't like to go for pleasure to a place where a reign of terror may commence at any moment, and where you may be awoke, the morning after your arrival, by the Chambermaid who has

FÉDORA



"Very Like! Very Like!"—Hamlet.

become a Pétroleuse, entering your room, accompanied by the Boots and gigantic porters with tri-coloured cockades in their hats, swords in their hands, and pistols in their belts, ferociously insisting on taking you off to be shot as a spy, simply because your *Conversation Book* in three languages, your *Illustrated Guide to Paris*, and your *Ollendorff's Easy Method of Learning French in Sixty-four Lessons*, all lying by your bedside, have been considered as *pièces de conviction* quite sufficient to seal your fate with the Communist Committee, which has been pronounced the Government *de facto* since 4 A.M., while you were in your first sleep.

Paris is in a deuce of a state that's evident: the *Garçons* wait on you anxiously, as if they would like their *pourboires* in advance, not knowing but that the next minute they will have to hide in the cellars to avoid service at the barricades. The Half-World is having a pretty good time of it, on the short-and-merry-life principle, and the Three-quarters-World flock in crowds to the numerous gambling Clubs for all classes which have gradually sprung into existence,—to the Cafés, to the Bals Masqués, the Restaurants and the ill-ventilated and uncomfortable Theatres, which, when there is any attraction at all, have never been more crowded than they are now, or, from a fire-panic point of view, more dangerous.

JUDIC appeared in a new musical piece, *M^{lle} Nitouche*, which, some of the Critics said, was remarkable neither for wit nor tune, and is now a great success, so that a *queue* of people is seen all day at the box-office anxiously waiting to get seats whenever and wherever they can. It was the same at the *Eden-Théâtre*, where there was, on the morning of my visit to the *bureau de location*, some considerable delay, on account of the clerk having, as far as I could make out, quarrelled with the lady who assisted him in letting seats for the extra *matinées*, which made him very short with the public generally, on whom he tried to revenge himself by attempting to seat everyone as near the big drum and cymbals as possible. If you wouldn't have this, he selected a good draughty place, and gave you, defiantly, a ticket for that. I was very polite to him, but it wouldn't do, and, yielding to his nasty temper and to pressure from the single file behind me—in these painful circumstances anyone would move on,—I accepted the position he offered, and in the evening sat in a most refreshing draught.

But it is the "Victorien Era" of the Drama in Paris, and it is at

the Vaudeville, where the Great SARAH herself is playing the heroine of SARDOU's *Fédora*, that the demand for seats is beyond the supply for three nights a-head. Here, outside all day are those pests of Parisian theatres, the "touts," to be seen hanging about, pretending to sell what they haven't got, and worrying the weak and the simple. Their continual presence suggested a brilliant Anglo-Parisian *jeu-de-mot*, which I let off on a friend, to whom, as I pointed out one of these fellows as a specimen of the rest, I exclaimed, "*Noscitur a sociis, et voilà Tout!*" [N.B. The directions for making this joke successfully are, first: that "*Tout*" must be pronounced as in English; secondly, that your friend be an Englishman, who understands French and his own language. The right of reproducing this side-splitter I have secured by International Copyright.] At last the police have determined to come down upon these touting gentry pretty sharp, and it is just as well the police of Paris should do something to show they have still some of their old power in the streets, where, with a policeman calmly looking on, you can be knocked down and run over without any official interference, and then be fined twenty francs for obstructing the thoroughfare. Yes, this is one of the things which we manage better in London.

In two or three parts I like SARAH muchly—*L'Étrangère*, for example—but "I know her tricks and her manners," and, as a rule, am not her devoted admirer; but I am forced to acknowledge that her *Fédora* is a triumph of dramatic Art. In the Third Act I forgot that it was SARAH, and saw only *Fédora*. In the Fourth Act, in spite of my being compelled to ask myself why on earth when everything was supposed to be going on as happily as a honeymoon ought to do, she should still affect towzled hair, and look as if the previous night's supper had thoroughly disagreed with her, I was soon fixed by her "glittering eye," became oblivious of her affectations, and again, when she was once in action, I followed her every movement right through that terrible bit of realism where her lover turns on her like a raging lunatic, and seems almost to shake her head off in his attempt to throttle her, until, having escaped from him, she takes poison, and rolls off the sofa—a corpse!

PAUL BERTON acts up to her, and acts really well when with her; but, when left to himself, plunging about on a soft sofa, and diving his head into the sofa cushions, with his heels uppermost, like a porpoise at play, sobbing, "*Ma Mère! ma Mère!*" he is eminently unmanly and peculiarly ridiculous. The Parisians, however, applauded him, though here I fancy the *claque* led it; but a Parisian audience are always ready to applaud anyone, in any situation, who sobs, and shouts, "*Ma Mère! ma Mère!*" if he only sobs and shouts loud enough. There is no reality, no touch of nature in such an hysterical exhibition of grief.

But as to SARAH, she is *Fédora*. The piece may be, and will be easily adapted for the English Stage, will attract, and will be a success with all who have not seen SARAH, but I am unable to name any English Actress who can really play this part. And this is no disparagement to our Actresses, as the Play is, in effect, a one-part piece, and that one part was written for SARAH. As the song says, "It's all done for the sake of SARAH!" Mr. BANCROFT has purchased it for the Haymarket, but unless he secures Mr. IRVING, between whom and SARAH there is a remarkable resemblance, and



Excelsior! Ballet Costumes at the Eden-Théâtre.

induces him to—but this is an improbability which it would be only waste of time to discuss, though the notion can be suggested, as above, pictorially.

After the Theatres, at some of the Cafés the Parisian "Masher" is in great force. He is not so much *en évidence* in the theatre itself, though he is dotted about here and there. He is just the same as his London brother of the same order. He wears a white waistcoat, a white tie (fancy that!) round a stiff white collar, an immaculate shirt-front, but not always with one stud in the centre,

—usually two or three,—a shining hat with very much curled-up brim, and he carries a stick with a gold knob to suck, which, when applied to his lips, seemed to produce on him a soothing effect similar to that of the india-rubber mouth-piece of the pap-bottle on a



Messieurs les "Mashers" Parisiens.

baby in the cradle. In this respect the "Masher" of to-day is an exact repetition of the "Gent" studied by ALBERT SMITH some twenty-five years ago. If the night is cold, the Parisian Masher, evidently a weak creature, comes out strong in an elaborately fur-trimmed overcoat. Just now he specially affects the *Eden-Théâtre*, where there is such a ballet as I have never yet seen, and of which, in our time, the Alhambra has not approached within even measurable distance. It is called *Excelsior*, and is divided into a Prologue and two Acts, illustrating the triumph of the Genius of Civilisation over the Spirit of Obscurantism. The Prologue is the best. There are men-dancers as well as women-dancers, all equally good. The precision of the *ensemble* is admirable, and the effect—I speak of the Prologue—marvellous.

The scenery and costumes can be done as well here, or better; and if the entire *troupe* could be brought over for the re-opening of the Alhambra, it would be a fortune straight off to the Management. They are all evidently trained dancers, and have been drilled and disciplined by a stern autocrat; while the varied *tableaux* and the

constant kaleidoscopic combinations and permutations are triumphs of ingenuity.

The theatre itself, called *Eden-Théâtre*,—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as there is no *Paradis* in it,—is an extraordinary place, with refreshment-saloons, bars, corridors, and *foyers*, where, during the *entr'actes*, the crowd try to circulate while listening to music by the Hungarian band, and some monotonous performances on the *cors de chasse*. Stout ladies in Tyrolean costumes invite the Masher to refresh himself with liquor at the bar, for the heat is intense, and the crush greater than I ever remember to have seen anywhere except on some very special occasion at the Promenade Concerts. The entrance to the *Ambulacrum* portion is three francs, and to the Stalls nine. There are about five or six hundred Stalls, besides *strapontins* and portable seats which, thank the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, would not be permitted in any London Theatre.

There is a great deal made of LESSERS and the Suez Canal in one scene, but no reference to England in Egypt. The "*Marseillaise*" once heralds the triumphant arrival of the French Engineers in the St. Gothard Tunnel, when they rush in and embrace the Italian Engineers, and kiss them on both cheeks, after which they all dance together. The "*Marseillaise*" awakened no response among the audience, and was subsequently played as a polka—and, in fact, it was to this arrangement of the National Anthem that the Engineers danced off.

Parigi o cara! au plaisir! "Confound their politics! frustrate all their knavish tricks!" Why can't Paris be managed by an International Company Limited as "The Holiday City of the World"?



A Game at Dominoes; or, a Scene during the Carnival at Nice.

Here is a suggestion thrown out well worth the consideration of Europe. Now—I return to my Notes on Nice and Monaco, of which, as I have already said, "More anon!"

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION.

By Our Special Johnnie.

Look here, old Chappie. Very glad to oblige, don't you know. But why want me to go up there so early in the morning? And such a mornin', too, as it was on Friday, to go splashing about Islington! Drizzlington would be a better name for that extraordinary suburb. Haven't been there since *La Fille de Madame Angot*. See they're buildin' a new Theatre. Hope it'll be as amusin' as the old one. Wish you wouldn't ask me to go out on muddy mornin's. Got so splashed in hansom cab that my own tailor wouldn't know me. As for my boots—they were quite unfit for publication. Row with driver about fare. No one seems to know fare to Drizzlington—Islington I mean—every one has his own idea on the subject, which never seems to coincide with mine. Coincidence? Go inside? Very good! Of course I went inside. Being a Sportsman's Exhibition, I became quite the sportsman at once. I said "Yoicks!" to the man at the wicket, but he did not respond with enthusiasm. So I looked cheery, and enjoined him to "Hark forrard!" With that he became very angry, and pointed me out to a policeman. By the way, what is the meaning of "Yoicks!" and "Hark forrard!" I possibly swore at the good man in choice Islingtonese, without knowing anything about it.

Oh, yes, I was very much pleased when I got inside. It reminded me of a mixture of the old Polytechnic, the Hill at Epsom on Derby Day, a bit of the beach at Brighton, and a touch of Madame TUSSEAUD'S. There were a lot of coaches and cabs, and carts and

carriages; horses all taken out, and drivers gone to dinner. Many people seemed so have come in boats, and a very good way of comin', too, this beastly weather. I saw a heap of wonderful things. There were some curious brogues which the Irish Fishermen wear to acquire their accent in Donegal, and there were gaffs which they blow when they want to give information. I also saw some very curious corn-crushers, which, I understand, are highly recommended by some of our leading chiropodists; there was dubbing, always used by the QUEEN when conferring the dignity of knighthood upon one of her subjects; there were dumb jockeys—excellent on a quarrelsome race-course; and there was saddle-soap, a capital thing to prevent your falling off, don't you know.

Let me see, old Chappie, was there anything else? Oh dear, yes! There were cross-eyed guns for shootin' round the corner. I suppose—the ejector gun, which they must find very useful in Ireland just now, and a lot of smart, gay-looking boats, called, I know not why, dingies. I also noted some chaff-cutters, most invaluable for using at dinner-parties, on race-courses and in the House of Commons. Among the few live things there were some clay pigeons, and some decoy ducks. There were a lot of drags, which you know are used for huntin', and some ladies' spurs, which are supposed to incite them to all kinds of good deeds. Oh, and a lot of other things! You must go yourself, and have a look. Can't expect me to tell you all about it when I've been so splashed. They ought to have a lot of men in red coats there, and have a run with a salmon, or stalk a fox, or course a partridge. Plenty of girls in country costumes to sing sportin' songs, would be an excellent notion. Tried the man with "Tantivy!" as I went out, but it was of no use. I'm splashed if I have anything more to do with sporting matters!



CAVE CANEM!

Effie. "AREN'T YOU AFRAID MY BIG DOG 'LL EAT YOU?"

Stranger. "HE WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A MEAL OFF ME, MY DEAR!"

Effie. "MY BIG DOG LIKES BONES!"

A MYSTIC RITE.

Mr. MACBETH and Mr. GREGORY were, last week, elected as worthy to be Associates of the Royal Academicians. The ceremony of Mr. MACBETH's initiation was peculiarly striking, as the official Representative Artists could not lose the opportunity afforded them by the new Associate's Shakspearian name. The Council Chamber was fitted up as The Witches' Cavern, a Calderon was in the centre, and the *dramatis personæ* were as follows:—

<i>Macbeth</i>	By Himself.
<i>1st Witch</i>	Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
<i>2nd Witch</i>	J. C. HORSLEY, R.A.
<i>3rd Witch</i>	W. P. FRITH, R.A.

After an incantation, arranged for three voices, which was very finely sung, *The Second Witch* announced that, "By the pricking of thumbs, something clever this way comes. Open looks whoever knocks!" upon which Mr. MACBETH entered, and was presented by the Weird Sisters with "a deed without a name," which the new Associate had to sign. Then, joining hands, they danced to mysterious music, played by Mr. SAINT, R.A., on a concealed harmonium, and while throwing into the Cauldron old paint-brushes, broken palettes, bits of easels, chips of mahlsticks, dry leaves from *RUSKIN on Art*, *BLACKBURN'S Illustrated Academy Guide*, and an old Catalogue of the Grosvenor Gallery, they sang—

"Come high or low,
Thyself and office deftly show!"

when the thunder was splendidly shaken by Mr. HERBERT, R.A., and in a vivid flash of lightning, also contrived by the same talented Artist, arose a Head, wearing a Judge's wig, whose features were at once recognised by everyone present as those of The Last of the Barons.

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power!

First Witch. He knows thy thought.

Second Witch. Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

Third Witch. Or be committed for contempt of Court.

The Last of the Barons then made a few learned observations on Art in general and experts in particular, and after making a few

learned observations on Art and experts, the Baron was courteously dismissed, cigars and liquors were produced, and dancing round the Cauldron was kept up to a late hour.

THE FRENCH ANDROMEDA.

WANTED a Perseus! There she stands, poor France,
Helpless and faction-shackled, with wild eyes
Watching the red-gorged monster's slow advance,
Oh, issue sad of warring vanities!
'Twas Cassiopea's boastings brought black fate
On snowy-limbed Andromeda of old.
Where's he, who in the interest of the State
Will make, with resolution calm and bold,
A holocaust of self, of all the small
Hot-raging egotisms that enmesh
What else were great? Where's he, not passion's thrall,
Who the clean downright blade of Truth will flesh
Fast in the common foe? Must every man
Of modern Frenchmen, valorously vain,
Play Cepheus to his country, blindly plan
To forge fresh links for her disabling chain,
What time the monster nearer nearer creeps,
And the Gods laugh, and the deliverer sleeps?

QUERY AND EXPLANATION.—At an entertainment given by Mr. BASS at the Brewery, Burton-on-Trent, to his merry men and many others, the Opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed. But why have played *Lucrezia Borgia*? Why, asks our friend WAGG, didn't Mr. BASS or Sir ARTHUR select something from MEYER-BEER? The answer is evident. The satirical M.P. for Burton-on-Melancholy—no, on Trent,—chose *Lucrezia Borgia* because, at the finish of the Opera, all the guests are poisoned by wine, and are led out staggering to their bier. Oh, *Basso Profondo*!

THE MOTTO OF THE DEMON DRIVER.—"Hurrah for the—Wrong side of the—Road!"



THE FRENCH ANDROMEDA;
OR, WANTED, A PERSEUS.



ROYAL MUSICAL COLLEGIATE NURSERY RHYME.

IN THE CALDECOTTIAN STYLE.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

"For myself I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times."—*Mr. Ruskin at Oxford.*

Three Notes on above from an Undergraduate's Diary.

RETURNED from lecture stumped and thoughtful. Wonderful things the old boy says about colour. Odd idea that, now, of his to have a fresh bit of rock-opal on the table, and dip it into a bucket of water, to test one's sensibility to prismatic beauty. *Mem.*—To try it. Order a pound or two in from SPIERS. Can't quite believe, though, it will show anything that will be a patch upon our Boating-Club colours. What does he mean, too, by this?

"Entirely common and vulgar compared with these, yet to be noticed as completing the crystalline or vitreous system, we have the colours of gems. The green of the emerald is the best of these; but, at its best, is as vulgar as house-painting beside the green of birds' plumage, or of clear water."

Don't fancy FLORENCE will see this, and give up sporting her engagement-ring. "Birds' plumage,"—that must be bosh. He can't be thinking of that dusty weather-beaten old parrot in the High? And as to clear water,—come, I'll back an average emerald against the Cherwell any day. Perhaps, though, he had Sandford Lasher in his eye? Shouldn't wonder:—still, take it at its best,—it's not what I should call a "killing" sort of green. However, I'll turn it all over as soon as SPIERS sends in the opal. "It presents more lovely colours than can be seen in the world, except in clouds." Evidently, he has been walking on Sunday afternoon to the top of Shotover to see the sun over Carfax in a fog. No accounting for taste, but—well—if it comes to clouds—give me a three-vol. novel, and a pipe full of bird's-eye.

Quite converted by that last lecture, and no mistake. Am so glad. I went through the whole course. Mind quite changed again now. Break off engagement with FLORENCE, because she won't give up wearing that staring, vulgar, gimcrack, emerald hoop, and take to a little natural ring of freshly-picked chickweed. Very nasty of her, I think, and really vile taste! Never

mind—I can keep it up. Go into chapel crowned with moist cabbage-leaves. Fined; but no matter. Hide my Uncle's carbuncle signet-ring, explaining to him that "unless set in tinfoil," it is not prettier than the "seed of a pomegranate," and that he must live up to a higher standard of Art. Calls me an "upstart jackanapes," and strikes me out of his will. Console myself by emptying a jug of clear crystal water on the head of the Regius Professor of Divinity. When he sends for the Proctor, explain to him that the passionate admirer of colour can see less glory in the priceless diamond than in the simple dewdrop, and that as he is dripping from head to foot, he awakens in me a feeling of unbounded admiration. He says, that "may or mayn't be," but that he suffers badly from rheumatism, and he'll have me "sent down for a term or two." Celebrate my departure by an oyster-shell supper. When some of the men want to throw me out of window, try to make them understand that the real beauty of the oyster is not the miserable fish one eats, but the glorious corruscating preciousness of the nacre of the shells one looks at. Ducked. Hit out right and left. Give the Senior Censor, who intervenes, "one for himself" by mistake. Says, for the moment he sees "the purest rainbow-tints, as glistening in meridian sunshine on a butterfly's wing," all at once in his right eye. Quite believe him. Rusticated. Never mind. Take rock-opal with me in a carpet-bag.

Changed my mind again. Must be right this time. Made it up with FLORENCE. Just read in my lecture-notes, "The ruby is like an ill-dyed and half-washed-out print compared to the dianthus." Stuff! *Mem.*—Give FLORENCE a complete set on the spot. Married to-morrow. Don't talk to me of "the delicate harmony of shade in the sea-washed tracery of virgin coral." I mean to be married in a blue coat with brass buttons, and a red tie,—and then live in a stucco-fronted house, with cheap cast-iron railings and a pea-green door. It isn't exactly what I meant to do when I first went in for the SLADE Professor's lectures, but as I have contradicted myself and everybody else at least three times, I ought to feel tolerably satisfied that I'm right at last. *Mem on final note.*—"In reverence is the chief power and joy of life." Now, what does the old boy mean by that?—I have it! Of course,—Throw the rock-opal at my father-in-law.

THE GAIETY NOVICE.

"FARQUHAR" is a good name in connection with the Stage. Towards the end of the Seventeenth Century young FARQUHAR, who was subsequently to make a brilliant reputation as a dramatic author, offered himself to a Manager as an Actor, and was accepted, "probably," says his biographer, "as a godsend, being a young gentleman from College, and he came out as *Othello*. Fortunately for his future authorship, FARQUHAR had every qualification for the Stage, except that he couldn't act. He had no voice, no confidence in himself, and never got over "stage fright." He probably murdered several characters before he accidentally stabbed a brother Actor when playing in DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*, after which, having made this one hit, he quitted the Stage for ever.

His namesake, who appeared at a *matinée* some ten days ago, does not suffer from want of confidence or from lack of voice. He made a very creditable beginning as an amateur, and, as he chose this method of introducing himself to the notice of London Managers anxious to engage a young man of fashion, we may look upon "Gillie's" first appearance at the Gaiety as a modern version of FARQUHAR'S *Beaux' Stratagem*.

Shakspeare Adapted.

(For the Use of the Conservative Leaders.)

You cannot hold the Tories well in hand
By railing at the Liberal Causes!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 122.



LIEUT.-COLONEL JAMES R. FARQUHARSON.

"My foot's upon my native heath—
My name, McMASHER!"

Rob Roy.

WHY BRIGHTON IS CHOSEN
FOR THE EASTER REVIEW.

BECAUSE the Committee of the Commanding Officers are fond of special trains.

Because the town authorities have not forgotten the attacks of the *Lancet*.

Because Colonels of Volunteers are greater men on the South Coast than at Aldershot.

Because a great deal may be learned by military men on the West Pier and at the Aquarium.

Because Portsmouth has had enough of "Citizen Soldiers" for the present.

Because "our great standing camp" is not exactly the place for amateurs.

Because Prince EDWARD thinks it within easy railway distance of his Command.

Because the Corporation of "the Queen of Watering-places" find trade bad.

Because no one expects the "Sham Fight" to be of any military service to anyone, and, therefore, that one place will do as well as any other.

Finally,—because "the Duke" has no objection.

Now that the only Frenchman who could lay claim to the title has departed, we must gradually become accustomed to regard the world-renowned Personal Conductor, Mr. Cook, as the "Dictator of Tours."

THE nearest approach to Midlothian the PREMIER could make when forced to go abroad for his well-earned rest, was "The Château Scott."

"THE SILVER THAMES."

MR. PUNCH's great motto, as all the world knows, is "Justice to all!" Bearing this in mind, although he has had many a good hearty laugh, and trusts to have many more at some of the funny and old-fashioned and cumbersome doings of the old City Corporation, he has always borne willing testimony to their many good deeds for the benefit of the whole Metropolis. For instance, he hears nothing but good accounts on all hands of the admirable school they have just opened on the Thames Embankment, on which they have lavished their wealth with an unsparing hand, thanks, in no small degree, to the exertions of the energetic Chairman of the School Committee. He also hears from his

numerous staff of young men who are constantly employed, at enormous salaries, in verifying quotations, and other important literary work, that the Guildhall Free Library is as near perfection as a Free Library can well be. Free admission to all, early and late, a priceless collection of books, a most courteous Librarian, and careful and ready attendants. Then, again, Mr. Punch can speak from his own personal experience of the magnificence of their latest gift, for, fearless of risk, or even of the probable subsequent discomfort, he rode lately, accompanied by two of his trusty lieutenants, for hours through Epping Forest, and although his critical eye saw many things that might be easily improved, he bears willing testimony to the priceless value of this grand acquisition. And now, again, when not only public gratification and public recreation, but even public health is imperilled by the polluted condition of our noble river, the old Corporation is again to the fore, not as in the olden time, struggling and battling

for the rights and liberties of the people, but for their comfort, their enjoyment, and their health.

For a long time past reports have been rife as to the simply disgusting state of the Thames in the neighbourhood of the outfalls of the Main Drainage System at Crossness and Barking. Complaints by the Corporation to the Metropolitan Board of Works being of no avail, they applied to the Seldom-at-Home Secretary, who has at length woke up and procured the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into this most important matter. Strange to say, the Commissioners have resolved to sit with closed doors. No one except the officers and witnesses of the Corporation, who are the Plaintiffs, and of the Metropolitan Board of Works, who are the Defendants, is allowed to enter the sacred chamber, or to reveal one word of the important evidence given.

This being the case, Mr. Punch, as usual, comes to the rescue, and sympathising with the natural impatience of the Public to know the facts of the case without that delay that seems inseparable from Royal Commissions, he has again summoned to his aid his Own City Commissioner, whose Reports upon the Livery Companies of the City, lately published, have so exhausted the subject that the Royal Commissioners are said to have adjourned *sine die*. This Gentleman, with that alacrity that is as praiseworthy in a Commissioner as it is unusual, has held several sittings, and has now forwarded a copy of a portion of the evidence taken:—

No. I.—CAPTAIN CROSSTREE.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Captain, you know the importance of the inquiry I am now commencing. What can you tell me of the state of the River?

Captain Crosstree. Well, Sir, I have been on it almost daily for the last ten years, as master of one of the river steamers, and it seems to me to get worse and worse every year.



“FOR EXAMPLE.”

Miss Netherblew. “WILL YOU ADVISE ME AS TO PRINTING AND PUBLISHING, MR. STERREBOOTH! I HAVE A LITTLE WORK READY FOR THE PRESS, BUT HAVE HAD NO EXPERIENCE—”

Gallant Publisher. “MY DEAR MADAM, PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ARE VERY DIFFERENT THINGS. FOR INSTANCE, IF I PRINT A KISS ON YOUR ROSTY CHEEK, IT IS NOT AT ALL NECESSARY TO PUBLISH IT!” *Miss Netherblew.* “SIR!” [Tableau!]

Our Own C. Have you any doubt of the cause of this terrible state of things?

C. C. None at all. It all arises from the fearful blunder of emptying all the sewage of the Metropolis into the River instead of into the Sea.

Our Own C. Can you tell me anything like the quantity pumped into the River?

C. C. Yes. I have a nephew employed at Abbey Mills as a stoker, and he told me once that they reckoned it at about a hundred millions of gallons a day.

Our Own C. A hundred million gallons a day! Surely there must be some mistake!

C. C. No, Sir, there is no mistake. And I believe it's much worse than even that.

Our Own C. Why?

C. C. Because the receptacles at the pumping stations are so insufficient in size, that they are sometimes obligated to turn the sewage into the River at least two hours before high water.

Our Own C. And what is the effect of that outrageous proceeding?

C. C. Why, that instead of the ebb tide carrying the sewage towards the Sea, the flood tide carries it towards London.

Our Own C. Really, Captain, this is hardly credible.

C. C. It's quite true, Sir, and they are now about to enlarge the receptacles in consequence.

Our Own C. How does all this affect you and your men?

C. C. Well, you see, Sir, we are pretty well used to it by this time, but it's a cruel work when the weather's at all warm or close. I've sometimes known every man of the crew to be as sick as so many land-lubbers on their first sea-voyage.

Our Own C. Thanks, Captain, that will do for to-day, and I am much obliged for your very interesting and important evidence.

C. C. You're quite welcome, Sir. And if anything can be done to improve matters, it will be a real blessing to the thousands of poor men and women and dear little children who take a run down the River on their rare holidays.

[He retires.]

No. II.—JAMES BOSHER.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Mr. BOSHER, I am informed that you can give me some information of a peculiarly interesting character as to the condition of the River.

James Bosher. Well, yes, Sir, I think I knows a thing or two. Praps as much as most people.

Our Own C. Are you often on the River?

J. B. Yes, Sir; almost every day when the water's pretty smooth.

Our Own C. I suppose you avoid the neighbourhood of Crossness as much as possible?

J. B. (smiling). Oh, no, quite the contrary. I spends hours and hours within a very short distance of it. I shouldn't go on the River at all if it waan't for blooming Crossness.

Our Own C. You really quite surprise me. Pray what is your object in going there?

J. B. Business.

Our Own C. Business! Why, what business, in the name of all that's wonderful?

J. B. (smiling again). Why, the fact is, Sir, I'm one of them true patriots who objects to anything in the shape of waste, and so I devotes my precious time to skimming the River near Crossness of a very valuable oil, which I afterwards, by the aid of certain chemicals, convert into a certain article of daily consumption, which is sold by the pound under the name of butt—

Our Own C. (hurriedly). That will do—that will do for to-day.

[He departs abruptly.]

(To be continued.)

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, thinking that she was quoting the proverb correctly, said, “Ah! a man with a large family has indeed ‘given ostriches to fortune.’” Nothing can be truer, my dear, for just think of the appetite of an ostrich.”

JUSTICE OUT IN THE COLD.

(Or, what may be expected before Easter.)



SCENE—Interior of one of the Royal Courts just opened, during the trial of a Civil Action. General Chorus of sneezing and coughing. Sounds of hammering, and occasional alarms, alarms and excursions, to which the Bench and Bar pay no attention, having become acclimatised to their occurrence.

The Judge (speaking through a storm-trumpet, and interrupting a cross-examination). Before we proceed with the further hearing of this matter, I must really restore the circulation to my feet by a little more exercise. [Rises, and walks rapidly up and down the bench.]

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. (also through a storm-trumpet). If I might make a suggestion, my Lord, I would suggest that your Lordship would get considerable relief by adopting the course pursued by my learned friends and myself. We are standing in foot-baths filled with hot water.

The Judge (doubtfully). Have you any authority for that?

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. (handing up report). Yes, my Lord, the Master of the Rolls, in a recent case, permitted a Counsel to appear before him with his feet encased in a brief-bag.

The Judge. Well, then, I think I may go so far myself as to rest my legs on a hot-bottle.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. As your Lordship pleases.

Foreman of the Jury (shouting in chorus). The Jury wish to say, my Lord, that they have been much more comfortable since they have been supplied with a stock of warming-pans.

The Judge (bowing). I am very glad to hear it. (After consultation with sundry Officials.) I may take this opportunity of mentioning that I find the hot-bottle extremely valuable, and that I have no doubt I shall be able to sit to-morrow continuously, as my chairs and tables are to be fitted with gas-stoves.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. With your Lordship's permission, I will now continue the cross-examination of the witness in the box. (Turning to his Junior.) Kindly hold my respirator.

The Judge. I don't want to interfere with your mode of conducting this case, Mr. WIGBLOCK, but I notice that you have taken off the woollen comforter you have been wearing since the commencement of the proceedings. Now I would put it to you—is this wise?

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. I would submit to your Lordship that my woollen comforter rather detracts from the dignity of my appearance, and, as I feel the necessity of impressing this Witness with the majesty of the Law, I have thought it advisable to discard it. I may add that I have not ventured to pursue this course until after consultation with my learned friends associated with me in this case.

The Judge. Just so. But I may remind you, as I have no wish to take you by surprise, that you have already confessed to a foot-bath.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. Which is out of sight, my Lord.

The Judge. No doubt,—no doubt. But any reasonable person will form his own deduction when he sees the Solicitor by whom you are instructed continually handing you over cans of hot water.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. Certainly, my Lord, although there is no direct evidence of what becomes of the cans, or, indeed, the hot water.

The Judge. Except your own admission. Well, I say no more. My only wish is to assist. I have no desire to dictate to Counsel. But I presume no objection will be raised to my wearing my cap. I admit that it is customary only to assume it when passing a sentence of death, but the draughts up here are so unbearable that a head-covering of some sort is most comforting—nay, absolutely necessary.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. As your Lordship observes, it is not a usual course.

The Judge. But as you say that the Witness requires impressing with the majesty of the Law, it has occurred to me that my black cap may possibly help you in creating the desired impression. I merely throw out the suggestion.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. I have no wish to raise a point on a side issue, and, consequently, I bow to your Lordship's wishes. (Turning to Witness-Box.) And now, Sir, attend to me. During our conversation you have had plenty of time to collect your thoughts. Now then, Sir, on your oath, did you or did you not poke the fire in the Plaintiff's presence on the occasion to which I have just referred? Now, Sir,—yes or no. (A pause.) Yes or no, Sir? (A pause.) Out with it! We must have your answer. Now then, Sir, your answer!

Usher (after a long pause). Please, Sir, the Witness can't answer. He's frozen to death!

The Judge. Indeed! (Briskly.) Gentlemen of the Jury, having, I regret to say, had many cases of this kind, we have decided upon a mode of procedure. The Court will stand adjourned until after the inquest! [Curtain.]

HYGIEA VICTRIX.

"It not unfrequently turns out that if the dwelling on which the learning and skill of the Sanitarian have been expended had been left to Nature, or to the primitive appliances which were almost on a level with it, the inmates could not have been worse situated."—Standard.

I've built a house, and, at a glance,
You see it's not an ancient plan,
For it has all that can enhance
The comfort of the modern man.
I've dozens of electric lights,—
A comfort in this murky weather,—
And yet they give me awful
frights
By going out, and all together.

The Sanitary Engineer
Comes in to see me thrice a
week;
I stand in most exceeding fear
Of any words that he may
speak;
I know they mean more open
drains,
And tons of pipes before us
carted;
And still, in spite of these my
pains,
Bad odours have not all de-
parted.

I have a wondrous kitchen-range,
Whereon with scorn my serv-
ants look,—
A patent,—but I soon must
change;
'Tis patent that it will not cook.
A network of strange pipes is
spread
Around me—most expensive
toys:
I scarcely sleep when I'm in
bed,
My ventilators make such noise.
We're warmed by every sort of
stove
That scientific men admire,
And yet I often think, by Jove!
I'd rather have a cheerful
fire.
I try each Richardsonian craze,
And Sanitarian's idea,
And feel I'm shortening my
days
In this wild worship of Hygiea.

NOTE FROM CANNES.



DELIGHT OF FRENCH BLANCHISSEUSES WHEN WASHING THE
G. O. M.'s COLLARS.

A NOVELTY.

THE new "Photo-filigrane" note-paper and visiting cards, invented by Mr. W. H. WOODBURY, and published by Messrs. BROWN, BARNES AND BELL, Photographers. You can write over your own portrait, artfully concealed within the sheet, and only discoverable by the uninitiated reader, when after vainly endeavouring to brush something off the paper—he can't tell what—and feeling that he must either send for a doctor, or give up everything he has been in the habit of taking freely at once, he holds the letter up to the light, and finds the photograph of the writer. It is proposed to develop this new invention in cheque-books, promissory-notes, bills, scrip, and debentures, which last will always have the portrait of the holder, and those of the two signing Directors. It is likely to lead to a good deal of heartburnings and jealousies, and rows generally in private families, and may safely be recommended to disappointed lovers. When you don't recognise the name on a Photofiligrane visiting-card, you have only to hold it up to the light. "Oh, that fellow, is it? All right, JOHN: mind I'm not at home when that gentleman calls!" It has its advantages, undoubtedly.

"CAPITAL place for luncheon is the Criterion," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "after a long morning's shopping. As my Uncle the Dean says, 'Dum Spiro Pondo!'"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 123.



JAMES STAATS FORBES, ESQ., L.C.D. AND D.R.

"Keep your eye on your Chairman, and your Chairman will pull you through."
Toole's Trite Sayings.

A DRAMATIC TONIC.

AMONGST all the fashionable Drama-olatory—Actor-olatory, and even Theatre-olatory, it is as refreshing as a tonic to find one body of men, however mistaken, who boldly oppose dramatic entertainments in any shape, and give, as a reason, that young men are better without them. The Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Colleges of the University of Cambridge, are perfectly within their legal right in holding these opinions and acting upon them, and the townspeople are perfectly within their right in opposing the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Colleges. Our own opinion is, that the Drama, even in its least elevated form, is a much better amusement for Undergraduates than many time-honoured dissipations that are found in every University City. *Verbum sap.*

A SONG OF SOUTH LONDON.

AIR.—"Mary had a little Lamb."
LONDON had a demon Tram,
Huge, lumbering, noisy,
slow;
And everywhere that London went.
That Tram was sure to go.
An Ogre-pet, a Frankenstein;
Where'er man's footsteps fell
Was heard the thunder of its tramp,
The tinkling of its bell.
Oh, Nature! your so vaunted course
Is surely but a sham,
You "bring not back the Mastodon,"
But will you take the Tram?

"STAY" NOT!

THE SURGEON'S SONG TO THE SEX.

Sung by Dr. Richardson.

"STAY" not! No longer don
Tight cincture to your hurt,
Trust Lady HARBERTON,
Try the divided skirt.
Most parlous is your state,
Your only hope of cure
Lies—try it ere too late—
In dual garmenture.
"Stay" not! "Stay" not!
not!

"Stay" not! The torturing steel,
The rib-compressing lace,
Will mar the human weal,
Will wreck the human race.
What profits waist of wasp,
Shape on the hour-glass model,
When you don't breathe, but gasp,
When you don't walk, but
waddle?
"Stay" not! "Stay" not!
[And they stay not—to listen.]

THE case against the Sir Per se Shelley Theatre is adjourned for an *entr'acte* of a fortnight. The talented Baronet is probably now considering Shelley or Shelley not come to terms with Mr. SLINGSBY BETHELL, who, if there is anything in a name, evidently resides within a stone's throw of Sir Per-se's House of Entertainment. But was it ever expected that there could be anything but a difficulty when a small Theatre and a little Bethel were in the same street? If peace be restored to the latter, and piece be permitted in the former, then—

All's welly that ends welly,
In the House of PERCY SHELLEY.

THE BLACK-LEGS OF THE TURF.—Girlettes on the Tennis-Lawn.

BUMBLEDOM AGAIN.

THE longer Bumbledom exists, the more wonderful it becomes, especially at Christmas time. Its finest qualities are always brought out by contact with "entertainments." When a liberal Theatrical Manager offers a few hours free amusement to people who are compelled to live upon the charity of ratepayers, it is not uncommon to find the Poor-Law Guardians refusing such a gift on behalf of the wretched creatures under their charge, and priding themselves on their self-denial. It is so easy to refuse something which is given by somebody to somebody else.—something which deprives the Stoic of no appreciable pleasure. Much as Bumbledom has distinguished itself in connection with firmness of this order, it has been left for the Guardians of a somewhat unsavoury Eastern Parish to go still further. The Shoreditch Guardians have suddenly discovered that all children unfortunate enough to be what is called "illegitimate" are not entitled to witness an exhibition of dissolving views. What lawfully-begotten idiot first hit upon this new development of Bumbledom, it is impossible to say, but the decision, we believe, was approved of and acted upon. In this neighbourhood of fried fish and cheap clothing, a Lady has been striving for years, at great cost and trouble, to show the world what practical charity is, and it appears that she has taught the world, but has not taught Shoreditch. Shoreditch has perhaps never heard of Lady BURDETT-COUTTS, or the good Samaritan, and may regard the cloak of Charity as merely a specimen of "old clothes."

EXPERIENTIA DOCT.—Proverb for the First Commissioner of Works to mutter as he surveys the dismounted Duke.—"Put a statue on horseback, and it's the very deuce to get him down again."



THE MAIDEN'S POINT OF VIEW.

Mamma (to Maud, who has been with her Brother to the Play, and is full of it). "BUT WAS THERE NO LOVE IN THE PIECE, THEN?"

Maud. "LOVE? OH DEAR NO, MAMMA. HOW COULD THERE BE? THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS WERE HUSBAND AND WIFE, YOU KNOW!"

THE POOR DUKE.

(A Legend of Hyde Park and Piccadilly.)

"FORWARD, my brave charger!" cried the Iron Horseman, as he ponderously rode away from the site of St. George's Hospital towards the south side of the Thames. "At least I know where to find a home. I shall be honoured there!"

As he passed by the Houses of Parliament he was greeted with moans.

"Do not stay here!" cried a number of statues in chorus. "We are so triste, and no one takes the trouble to read our inscriptions!"

"Certainly not," replied his Grace. "I never intended to abide with ye. My place is on the roof of that temple dedicated to my grandest victory," and he continued his way across the bridge, and reached the Amphitheatre.

"Mustn't loiter here, Sir," observed a policeman, as he noticed the grimy horseman taking up a commanding position in the centre of the road. "The trams have stopped running for the night, but they will be beginning again presently."

"Tell me," replied the Iron One, "Is not this Astley's?"

"That's what it used to be called; but now it's Sanger's."

"SANGER! SANGER!" murmured his Grace. "Never heard of him! Well, and how did the Battle go last night?"

"What Battle, Sir?" asked the policeman.

"Why, the Battle of Waterloo. Surely they played it?"

"Played it!" replied the custodian of the law. "Why, Sir, they haven't played *that* for the last twenty years or more! Why, it's almost forgotten."

The Iron Duke uttered a moan, and galloped away.

"And this is fame!" he cried, as he crossed Blackfriars Bridge, and cantered down the Embankment. "This is fame! Even Astley's knows me not!"

"You, surely, are not going to join us!" exclaimed JOHN STUART MILL, who seemed to be seated on a chair charged with electricity. "You cannot imagine how dull BRUNEL and I find it watching the penny steamboats! And, pardon me, your horse would frighten the Hansoms."

The Iron Duke shook his head sorrowfully, and hurried to Charing Cross.

"Ah, your Grace, you have come here at last!" exclaimed the First Gentleman of Europe. "Very pleased to see you. We wanted another equestrian statue to balance mine. Gad, Sir, what could make a better pair than the King and the Duke—the two Heroes of Waterloo!"

"You are very good, Sir," replied the Iron One. "But if I stay anywhere, it will be with HAVELOCK and NAPIER—not with you. You want a contrast as great as poison and antidote. I resign *my* claim in favour of THACKERAY."

And his Grace passed on, leaving GEORGE THE FOURTH in his obesity puffing with indignation.

"What—what—what!" piped a squeaking voice at the corner of the Haymarket. "Ah, WELLINGTON! Yes—yes—yes! Distinguished himself in India and other places. Stay—stay—stay! Eh—eh—eh! What—what—what!"

"Sorry I must bid adieu to your Majesty. I am weary, and am anxious to get to rest. One hideous monument is sufficient, without the addition of another!"

And with this the Statue once more entered Piccadilly, and sorrowfully rode to Hyde Park.

"There is no fit resting-place for me anywhere!" he murmured mournfully. "Where shall I hide myself? When shall I shake off the ridicule I deprecated in my letter to the Duke of RUTLAND more than half a century ago? Ah, a happy thought strikes me! Yes, it shall be done! And at once! Good night, Apsley House! Good night, Achilles' Statue! Good night, good night, good night!"

Saying this, the Duke took a plunge, and sank to rest for ever—in the bed of the Serpentine! And there—with the profoundest respect—it is best to leave him!

HULLABALLOO!

SOMEONE, we observe, is advertised as "the celebrated Belleswogue elocutionist." If he overdid it, he would probably be known as "the Belleswogue contortionist."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Thursday (anticipatory).—*Members all back as delighted as if they were going away. Everybody shaking hands with everybody else. PETER RYLANDS doing the honours of the place, as it were; quite in boisterous spirits.

"Another good Under-Secretaryship gone wrong," DRUMMOND-WOLFF slyly whispers in his ear. "You'd better come over and join us."

"Thanks; but I'll wait a bit longer," PETER says. "CHILDERS was all very well at the War Office; it's different at the Treasury. I give him six months there, then there may be a call for a man who has finance at his finger's ends, is trusted by the country, and is a pretty fair speaker."

BRADLAUGH in high spirits. Tells me he's been round spending half an hour with GOSSET practising the steps. Sergeant-at-Arms, it seems, who has not forgotten his old skill, wants to reverse when they waltz backward from the Mace. After the practice of three Sessions, BRADLAUGH can do the forward step well enough, but finds it hard to reverse. Still means to try.

"The eyes of the country are upon us," he says, "and we must do the thing well."

Black Rod arrived shortly after two o'clock. Door shut in his face as he

walked across lobby. Sir WILLIAM KNOLLYS too much of a gentleman to take notice of this. They let him in after he'd given three raps that shook the door. Walked up, bowing to the Mace with ease and dignity. Going back was the difficulty. Mr. BRADLAUGH, from under the Gallery, looked on with interest. Thought at one time he was going to offer to accompany Black Rod to the door. Capital opportunity of practising the reverse step. But gave up notion, and, amid breathless attention, Black Rod bowed himself out backwards.



Commencement of Lent. Peter refusing a Little Party.

Everybody relieved when crisis passed. No precedent for dealing with Black Rod when prone on his back on floor of House of Commons. Sure to do the wrong thing. The House of Lords would raise question of privilege, and on very threshold of Session there'd be conflict between two Houses.

All rushed off after SPEAKER to other House, where LORD CHANCELLOR, made up like an old butterwoman in red cloak patched with white rabbit-skin, lugubriously read the Queen's Speech. Not liking to push and scramble like some Hon. Members, I got a little behind, where couldn't hear very well. But, as far as could gather, Speech ran thusly:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"It is with more than usual satisfaction I again invite your advice and assistance in the conduct of public affairs. Not but what in your absence things have been going along pretty smoothly. Indeed, I sometimes think of recurring to the example of some of my ancestors of the Plantagenet line, and giving you a few years' recess right off.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"You, in particular, are inclined to be meddlesome, poking your honourable nose into all kinds of things, worrying our trusty and well-beloved counsellor, Sir CHARLES DILKE, and unduly and untimeously elevating the collar of our immaculate WILLIAM. A pretty mess you would have made of the Egyptian Question, supposing you'd been permitted to revel in the niceties of the negotiation! A bull in a china shop, an elephant in an egg-store, would have been harmless and adroit as compared with you. Now, we've managed it nicely and quietly, got our own way in everything, shown Europe that we are Diplomats as well as soldiers, and raised the prestige of England to a point at which it has not stood since the days of PITT.

"You are all very well in your way, especially when money is wanted—and, by the way, I may here mention that the Estimates for the service of the year are in an advanced state of preparation, and will be promptly submitted to you—but what with your inconvenient questions, your party manoeuvres, your intervention, and your non-intervention, your sentimentality and impracticability, your habit, in short, of playing to the Gallery, you are sometimes best away. As Lord BEACONSFIELD used to say, 'Parliamentary Government would be impossible but for the Recess.'

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I trust we shall not have any time wasted this Session by conflicts between your two Hon. Houses. There was a good deal too much of this last year. We all mean business this Session, and I look forward to the opportunity, early in August, of congratulating you upon the amount of useful work accomplished. Both at home and abroad affairs are in a condition which leave you time to mind your own business. Whilst we were prancing abroad, getting up wars, little and big, and at home were misgoverning Ireland, my people in England, Scotland, and Wales have been woefully neglected. Now that all the running accounts of our spirited Foreign Policy in Europe, Asia, and Africa are happily closed, and when Ireland is in a more settled condition than it has been for six years, let us give the other parts of my Empire a turn. Bend your lofty souls to the Bankruptcy Bill. Curb your boundless aspirations to the level of the Corporation of London Bill, the Consolidation of the Criminal Code, the Repression of Corrupt Practices at Elections, the Conservancy of Rivers, and the Prevention of Floods. In brief, talk less and do more, and so shall your wisdom and energy prove equal to the varied and increasing needs of this extended Empire."

Thought Lord SELBORNE's emotion would have choked him. Scarcely a dry eye in the assembly when he finished. Then all away to come back at four o'clock, and see the revival of the favourite Westminster piece, *Pas de Deux*; or, *The Mace, the Speaker, and the Bounding Brothers*.

PECULIAR Illustration of the "Canny Scot"—The Château Scott, Cannes.

WAITING AN ANSWER.

A "JUSTICE OF THE PEACE" complained the other day in the columns of a contemporary that the use of the honoured affix, "J. P.," was not solely restricted, as it ought to be, to the magnates of his own order, to wit, the County Magistrates "chosen from the chief landowners and men of position in the county," but was borne equally by "BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, small shopkeepers, with jurisdiction in their own small borough only." Let such small fry, adds the indignant County Justice, "be satisfied by being called 'Justices of the Borough,' or 'J.B.'"
Mr. Punch is not in the habit of troubling himself with the petty squabbles of puny people, but as the rather too often repeated phrase "Justices' Justice" occurs to him, he confesses to being struck with a certain stolid robustness about the intelligence of this particular J.P. He had always been under the impression that some of the worst decisions in the three kingdoms invariably emanated from provincial benches graced not by BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, the small shopkeepers of the borough, but by the very bigwigs, "the chief landowners and men of position in the County," to whom the J.P. in question (who might also sign himself S.N.O.B.) so proudly refers.

By the way, did not the unhappy woman sent up only last week, in a dying condition, from Guildford to Westminster,—and of whose case—for it was a terrible and sorry one—Mr. Punch hopes he has not yet heard the last,—receive her gentle sentence of three months' hard labour for the heinous offence of sleeping in an outhouse, from one of these same rural Solomons? If so, the less for the moment the public hear about such worthies in a vaunting key, the better. Anyhow, Mr. Punch puts the question; and, in the interests not only of peace and justice, but of common humanity, if there is any satisfactory reply to it forthcoming that will clear the fair fame of a J.P. or of anybody else, he will be mightily glad to hear it. Mr. Punch waits an answer.

POETICAL LICENCES.

WE understand that a new feature will shortly be added to the Inland Revenue by the introduction of a Poetical Licence tax. By a curious coincidence, which is only an additional proof of the greatness of our nation and the readiness with which the people of these islands resent any interference with their liberties, attention of the Government has been drawn simultaneously from all quarters of Britain to the extraordinary extravagance and waste which has been permitted in the human mind by the reproduction, annually, of what is known as the "rhetoric of the recess," and the increasing exuberance of volumes of poetry and sermons by budding poets and country clergymen. The new licence, unlike those for dogs and guns, will vary according to the requirements of the applicant. Country residents will be supplied at the local post-offices; the post-master to decide whether the application shall be granted or not. It is expected that the new measure will be largely taken advantage of by the Editors of the leading London journals.

"READY, AYE READY!"—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of a Five-pound Note from "A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER," in generous response to the Life-Boat verses in last week's number. The donation has been forwarded to the National Life-Boat Fund.

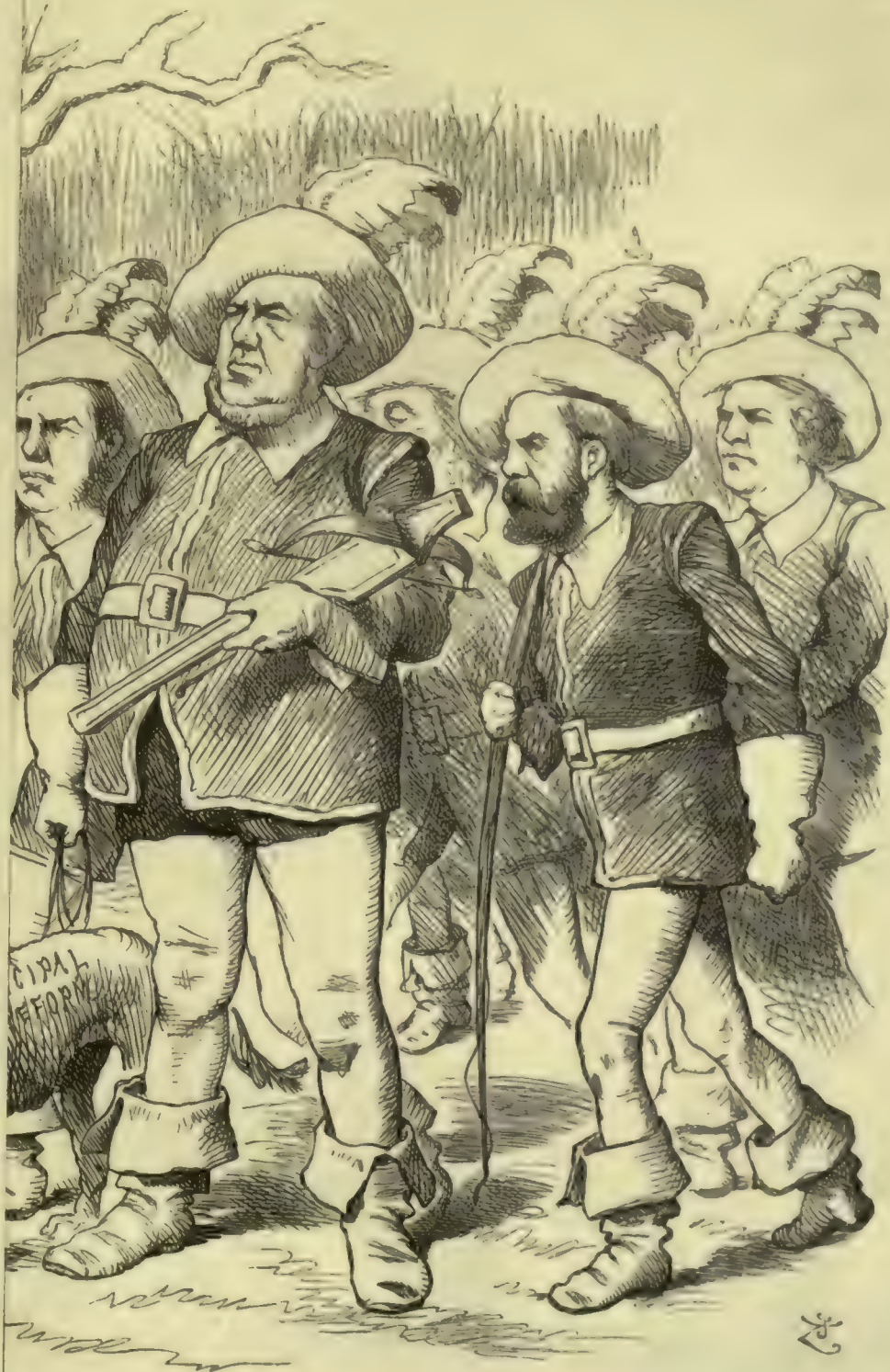
* What does this signature mean? "A Constant Subscriber" of Five-pound Notes? How nice!

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH HIM?"



THE First Commissioner wants to know where on earth, or under the earth, he's to put him? He can't go dragging this thing about with him all over London.







WONDERS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Intelligent Child. "WHAT A STRANGE THING IT IS THAT THE ANIMAL WHICH FURNISHES OUR COMBS SHOULD HAVE SO REMARKABLY LITTLE HAIR!"

AN ADVERTISING SUGGESTION.

THE ingenuity of most Theatrical Managers in discovering new ways of recommending their productions to the Public being nearly exhausted, it has occurred to us that the good old form first used, we believe, by Professor HOLLOWAY, might be revived with advantage. The clerical certificate has been tried with success, and there is no reason why a form of approval such as used to be signed by the "Earl of ALDBOROUGH" should not help to fill the overgorged advertising columns of the daily press. We give a few skeleton forms which can be filled up according to the taste and enterprise of the Managers:—

FOR A BURLESQUE-HOUSE.

"I have now witnessed your invaluable Burlesques for several years, and I fearlessly pronounce them to be the best life-regenerators ever produced. My wife, who has witnessed them with me on several occasions, joins me in this testimony."

FOR A DRAMA-HOUSE.

"Your powerful and moral Dramas have converted me from a drunkard and a thief into a respectable member of Society. I have left off kicking my wife, and I have not assaulted the Police, or pawned anything illegally for four years. This is written for me by a member of the School Board, as unfortunately my education has been neglected."

FOR A COMEDY-HOUSE.

"I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your refined and refining entertainment. Before I attended your Theatre regularly, I suffered very much from nervousness and neuralgia, but both these afflictions are now thoroughly cured. You can make any use you like of this testimonial."

FOR A PANTOMIME-HOUSE.

"*Remarkable Case of Longevity.*—MATTHEW SLURR (supposed to be a corruption of METHUSELAH) now a resident of the Asylum for Decayed Cheesemongers, completed his one hundred and tenth year, last Thursday. He remembers the original production of *Mother Goose* with GRIMALDI. Has no hesitation in saying that the old Pantomimes were not a patch upon the new ones."

THE DUKE'S MOTTO (to be inscribed on the Arch opposite Apsley House).—"I am not here!"

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT has not yet joined the Sal-vation Army.

OUR OPENING DAY.

TRIO AND CHORUS FOR THE POLITICAL HUNTSMEN AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

AIR—"The Chough and Crow to roost are gone."

THE Ins and Outs from rest are back,
The SPEAKER 's in his chair.
The talk-mill now resumes its clack,
As birds begin to pair.
The wild-fire quickens tongue and pen,
Wit's bow is strung to slay.
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
It is our op'ning day!

Chorus—Uprouse ye then, &c.

Both Whigs and Rads are wide awake,
Unclosed are Tory's eyes;
The morning papers now will make
Less room for fads and lies.
Bewilder'd Cits through columns ten
Once more will plod their way;
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
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Chorus—Uprouse ye then, &c.

The *Clôture* 's power own we now
To silence faction's jaw;
PAT shall not raise eternal row,
In spite of taste and law.
Home-legislation looms in ken,
England shall have her day.
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
And use it as ye may!

Chorus:—

Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men!
Uprouse ye then, I say!
Fill up your horns, and let the glen
Resound with echoes gay!
The hunt is up,
Brim high the cup,
Big game we'll bring to bay.
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HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.—The veteran dramatist, JOHN MADDISON MORTON, Author of the immortal *Box and Cox*, which is now an English classic —[*Happy Thought.*—Test for Low Comedy Degree at the New Dramatic College:—To pass an examination in *Box and Cox*—has just published a small volume of plays, which, being all as full of his fun as ever, will be invaluable to amateurs and drawing-room theatricalists. They are to be had at the Dramatic Authors' Society, 23, King Street, Covent Garden.

THE NORTHAMPTON VALENTINE.



Mr. Br-dl-gh sings—

MISS PARLIAMENT, I LOVE YOU TRUE;
OH, SHORTEN MY PROBATION!
I CANNOT TAKE MY OATH. WILL YOU
ACCEPT MY DECLARATION!

"Or, if you swear at all, swear by your gracious self."
Romeo and Juliet.



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Romeo and Juliet.



SAM BOWLES. **MUNICIPALITY REFORM—A LORD NIGHT-MAYORISH DREAM OF THE FUTURE.**

"THE NOTE OF BUSY PREPARATION."

THE Corporation of the City of London having resolved, apparently, to make a good fight for those priceless privileges they have so long enjoyed, and some of which, to their credit be it said, they have at all times been ready to share, not only with the celebrities of the whole Metropolis, but with any distinguished Potentate who has visited our shores, such as the Sultan of TURKEY and the Shah of PERSIA, have appointed a Special Committee to whom they have referred the whole distasteful subject of Reform, and the Committee, doubtless after due deliberation, have selected as their chief, that doughty champion of true Conservatism, Sir FRANCIS WYATT TRUSCOTT, Knight and Alderman. We understand that the campaign

will be opened, contemporaneously with the opening of Parliament, with a series of those brilliant festivals, dedicated to the Genius of Civic Hospitality, that have on so many previous occasions enabled them to send away their bitterest foes softened and subdued.

"Wit and good-humour sparkled like the wine,
And Rads who came to scoff remained to dine."

There being probably but one Institution in the whole civilised world that delights in bringing together all that is high and noble by birth, station, or intellect, or all who have been successful in Art, in Arms, or in Wealth, in that grand spirit of hospitality that animates the City Fathers, many a generous spirit will wish them success in their battle against the cold logical deductions of their hungry assailants.



SHADES, VARIOUS.

Mrs. M. (on being complimented on the charms of her Daughters). "YES, SIR, THEY 'RE WELL ENOUGH LOOKING GIRLS. SOME ADMIRE THE 'BRONZE' AND SOME THE 'BLUENETTES!'"

GAMMON OF BACON.

"Mrs. HENRY POTT—a name which we must confess to not having previously met with in the world of letters—has published an edition of *BACON'S Promus of Formularies and Elegancies* (LONGMANS & Co.), in order to prove that BACON, and not SHAKESPEARE, was the real author of the plays that pass current under the latter's name."—*Saturday Review*.

SCENE—Lord BACON's Library. BACON recumbent and meditating, as usual, ("Sic Sedebat,") in his arm-chair.

Bacon. The proof of the pudding lieth in the eating and experiment, and not in the supposition or imagination thereof. (*A gentle tap at the door.*) Come in! (*Enter SHAKESPEARE.*) What, WILL! Thou art right welcome. Sit thee down, WILL. (*SHAKESPEARE sits.*) And now, how doth business at the Globe? How goeth our *Hamlet*?
Shakespeare. Indifferent well, my Lord.

Bacon. Why, so. Playest thou the *Ghost* still?

Shakespeare. Ay, my good Lord, even yet, at times, so please you.

Bacon. It pleases me well. Talk of your *Ghost*, doth the *Ghost* at the G. continue to walk as he ought?

Shakespeare. Punctually, my Lord, in good sooth, every Saturday night.

Bacon. Good. I will therefore thank thee to hand me over the balance of our little account.

Shakespeare. I shall, my Lord, incontinently. Meanwhile, so please your Lordship, I must become yet further your Lordship's debtor for the wealth, I mean the workmanship, of your wit. My Lord, Her Majesty the Queen did last night come to see *Henry the Fourth*. After the play she called me to her presence, and did declare her pleasure that I should produce her a piece with a part for *Falstaff*, and therein present *Falstaff* in love.

Bacon. How didst thou answer her?

Shakespeare. In your Lordship's own words—"I shall in all my best obey you, Madam."

Bacon. And what then said she?

Shakespeare. Straightway capped your line, my Lord, saying, "Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply."

Bacon. Long live the Queen! But, *Falstaff* in love! A most

inconceivable suggestion and unimaginable fancy of Her Most Gracious Majesty's, in respect both of love and of *Falstaff*.

Shakespeare. But how, then, my Lord, may we in anywise manage to perform her Royal command?

Bacon. About my brains! Methinks I seem to spy some glimmer of a way. A gross fat man fallen into the conceit that some fair dame is enamoured of him, lured on to make love to her after his own fashion. *Falstaff* in love c'y près, as we say at Westminster.

Shakespeare. That would serve, my Lord.

Bacon. *Falstaff* thereto befooled, moreover, by the contrivance of some merry women. Merry? Ha! So! Why, certainly it seems to myself that all this hath passed through my mind before—as we do sometimes feel. I must have dreamt of writing such a play. Methinks I even recollect the name on't. Merry! Yea, marry, quotha,—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Shakespeare. A title passing good, my Lord, and a taking. Truly, a happy thought—Let me pray your Lordship about it presently.

Bacon. Marry and shall, with all the expedition I may. As soon as possible, I'll send it to thy playhouse.

Shakespeare. A thousand thanks, my Lord.

Bacon. In the meanwhile, I priethee forget not that small balance.

Shakespeare. Trust me, my Lord.

Bacon. Needs must I until thou render me the needful.

Shakespeare. Your Lordship shall be straightway satisfied. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit SHAKESPEARE.*]

Bacon. There goeth honest WILL, the reputed Author of the greatest works in their kind the world hath ever seen. But to acknowledge myself a writer of stage-plays would not now sort with my dignity, nor exactly serve my turn. Their excellences also are, for the time being, too far above popular valuation to make it worth while. And what doth it signify? For Posterity will sooner or later be sure to discover that my plays could not possibly have been written by any of my contemporaries, or anybody else whomsoever in any age or country, of abilities inferior to my own. Suffice it for the present that I do make a little money of them, by means of my factor, WILL SHAKESPEARE. [*Curtain.*]

GOING TO THE DOGS.—The National Canine Club.



THE COMMENTATORS.

First Quidnunc (in an ecstasy). "I'VE JUST BEEN WRITING TO THE 'NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.' 'BELIEVE I'VE MADE A DISCOVERY—THAT HORATIO WAS HAMLET'S FATHER!'"

Second Quidnunc (enchanted). "YOU DON'T SAY SO!"

First Quidnunc. "MY DEAR SIR, DOESN'T HAMLET, WHEN HE HANDLES YORICK'S SOUL, ADDRESS HORATIO, 'AND SMELT SO, PA'? I THINK THAT'S CONCLUSIVE!!"

SARAH'S SALE.

(Extracts from *Her Own Private Catalogue, which that Salle, which is called Salle des Ventes, declined to Print.*)

My Indian bracelet, in enamelled gold, representing a two-headed serpent, and enriched with rose-diamonds and rubies, given by the Prince—our Prince—the only Monseigneur of all our many seigneurs who appreciates Genius, Art, and Beauty. All necessity for printing this Catalogue at all would have been obviated if I had addressed myself directly to the donor of this interesting lot. But Art has its pride as well as its little presents, and DAMALA's dignity would never have survived it.

My Gold Comb, representing a trophy of Comedy and Tragedy, and bearing my own proud device—*Quand Même*—which I shall now write: *Quand m'aimes, fais-moi des cadeaux*. This lot really represents for anybody with a soul under his waistcoat an allegorical *souvenir* of Art and Literature united more or less fraternally, given to me by EMILE DE GIRARDIN in return for my bust of him—there's a historical memento for you! With a decent auctioneer possessing the slightest sense of the picturesque it ought to go like *Fédora*. Picture the great EMILE, who sat upon everybody else, sitting to the sublime SARAH! Why, there's not a playgoer or newspaper-reader worth a wretched million who would not be proud to spend half-a-million of it on a relic of such extraordinary interest. I will throw in, if they like, a few recollections of how EMILE would say—but I mustn't put them in the Catalogue, because they wouldn't fetch anything if already published.

My set of Mormon Spoons and Forks. This ought to be regarded as a kind of half-humorous, half-serio-theological memory of Me. I remember the disreputable old Elder who gave them Me after that famous performance at BRIGHAM YOUNG's theatre of the evergreen (particularly in the dying scene) *Dame aux Camélias*. How all the wives cried! You could not see a husband for the clouds of pocket-handkerchiefs. They had been weeping over our wicked Parisian polyandry, the Elder said, entertaining MARIE COLOMBIER and Me at supper afterwards—in order to *étrenner* the forks and spoons. It need not be added that

the forks were found to be in perfidious Bohemia metal, and that the only real spoons were those evinced by the perfidious Elder.

My Italian tributes from Queen MARGHARITA and the Duke D'AOSTA: This lot should be considered in the light of a peace offering from Italy to France. Italy hadn't been behaving very well to France for some years, and I went there purely on a patriotic mission. Therefore I think this tribute of amicable feeling ought to be bought up (as high as possible) by the State, and kept in the Louvre alongside the Marie Antoinette and Napoleon relics. The Duke formally told me, after the Second Act of *Hernani*, that they had no intentions with regard to Nice; and the Queen was quite civil in her inquiries about Monsieur GRÉVY. And I could throw a Treaty offensive and defensive in, if it were worth my while.

My Service of Gold Plate for Crowned Heads: This would admirably suit a Lord Mayor, low comedian, or successful pawnbroker. The sovereigns who have deigned to eat off it all left their marks—in the shape of presents which would defray its cost three times over.

My Silver Service for every day, I think we shall buy in. DAMALA says he can't resign himself to pottery; and, as for MAURICE, he is like LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, when he pawned the Crown plate; he says our only resource is Sèvres for the table, and old Rouen for the kitchen.

My Talisman, given by my godmother, whose name I forget. This lot I have decided to withdraw. People wouldn't understand. It is of no great use to anyone save the owner. It is a very small amulet, in the shape of a superb Cheek. My other amulet, *chic*, isn't worth half as much.

THE HAT THAT BRAVED!

(A Carnival Echo.)



Mr. GLADSTONE has presented the tall hat and high collars which he wore at the Carnival (Feb. 6) to the Museum of Curiosities at Nice. The Treasures, slightly damaged, will be placed under a glass case for the veneration of the Public.

Thou Grand Old Man from England,
Enjoying mirthful ease,
Whose hat has braved a thousand jeers—
And endless pints of peas:
Above those ample linen gills
Thy classic features show,
And meet the shower of sugar'd flour
That greets thee from below;
The drenching dust of sweetmeat hail
That floors thee from below!

Thy meteor hat—thy topper,
It like a beacon burns;
And cartloads of confetti
For thee, its owner, earns!
'Tis riddled through:—to wear it now
Would not be *comme il faut*.
Let it, in peace, rest here at Nice,
And grace the local Show.
By Jove! throw in the collar too—
You'll make the local Show!

"ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY."—The continuation of "Rather Abroad," commenced last week, is unavoidably crowded out of this Number. It will, to use an entirely new and original form of notification, be "Continued in our next."



NORTH AND SOUTH.

Miss Smith (from Bayswater). "I suppose you're going to lots of dances!"

Miss de Smythe (from Belgravia). "I'm going to Mrs. Mowbray Masham's, of course, on the 28th. I've—A—NOT HEARD THERE'S ANY OTHER."

[*Miss Smith, who has Cards for a dozen Dances at least, but has never even heard of Mrs. Mowbray Masham's, feels rather out of it.*

WANTED A WATER-LEAGUE.

(A Colloquy worth Consideration.)

Interlocutors—JUPITER PLUVIUS, JOHN BULL, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

John Bull (plaintively). Really, great JUPITER PLUVIUS, this is becoming most serious!

Jupiter Pluvius (impassively). What?

John Bull. Your perpetual downpour, Sir! Anything more deleterious, Dismal, depressing, detestable, cannot, I'm sure, be conceivable.

Beastly! Besides, there's the loss, which will very soon be irretrievable.

Jupiter Pluvius. Yes—if you do not look out.

John Bull. You speak drily, and that is the sole thing That is dry about you. Perhaps you'll explain; I am sick of the whole thing.

Jupiter Pluvius. Pooh! I provide you with rain.

John Bull (hollily). Oh, you do! There is no one disputes it. Just look at the state of the country! Why, whether for grain, grass, or roots, it

Is awful. Can't sow in a pool, or grow grain in a swamp, and, by Jingo, To live we must soon be like frogs, or stilt-legged like a stork or flamingo.

Jupiter Pluvius. Have you done your best?

John Bull. In what way?

Jupiter Pluvius. Why, "Self-Help" and Mechanical Science, For those are the things—you ask SMILES—in which gumption will place chief reliance.

Look after your rivers. What's that that I see sticking under your arm there!

John Bull. A Bill for Prevention of Floods.

Jupiter Pluvius. Why, then, pass it. There may be no charm there To give you fine weather, but Science and Capital banded together, Well worked, may do wonderful things towards making you careless of weather.

You try it, and don't bother me. It's no end of a question, is Water.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson (eagerly). It is; oh, it is! Local Option—

Jupiter Pluvius (to John Bull). You won't get much help in that quarter.

He'd turn on the main at full flood; like your pestilent Parliament spouters,

Who talk out good practical measures. You shut up the hobby-borne spouters.

And—what do you think of a *Water-League*? Land's had it's turn, and I warrant

There's more in this question of Water than dreamt by the nincompoops arrant

Who see but one tree in a forest. You set your best brains on the question,

And next time you'll not worry me, but give thanks for my friendly suggestion. [Exit.]

LEGAL DELIGHTS.

THE man who has never been a Defendant in an action-at-law has never tasted one of the chief pleasures of existence. He is probably served with a writ, and his servants, and perhaps his wife, begin to suspect that he is connected in some mysterious way with the Dynamite Brotherhood. He goes to a Solicitor, and, after several days of patient teaching, he will have taught that Solicitor something about his case. In due time the Solicitor will take the same trouble, second-hand, to teach a Barrister; after which the Barrister—if the case goes into Court—will take the trouble, third-hand, if he is not called into another Court, to teach the Judge; and the Judge, fourth-hand, will take the trouble to teach the Jury.

The man, now called a Client, will be asked, in writing, the most insulting questions called "interrogatories," and these he will be expected to answer, without losing his temper. Various legal messengers will now wait upon him at various hours of the day to swear various affidavits. He will be asked to step out and find a Commissioner empowered to take Oaths, and after trying two ground-floors and three first-floors, will discover one of these privileged persons in an airy garret. He will now learn the meaning and beauty of the word *venue*.

He may be sued in Yokelshire, or he may be sued in Clogshire. In the latter case he will be marched down to Mudchester with his Solicitor and a small party of witnesses—the majority of whom will never be wanted. He will be fed with reports that he is Number Four on the list, and may come on at any moment. After waiting a week, he will find that Mudchester has more cases than it can try, and he is marched off with his party to the neighbouring town of Livelypool. Here he is comforted with the assurance that he will "come on" at the opening of the Assizes, and, in consequence, he has only to wait four days for his long-expected trial.

His case is sure to be one that can only be properly judged without favour or prejudice by a London Jury, but, if the *venue* is laid in Clogshire, he must be tried by the natives. He finds his Solicitor and Barristers sitting in cramped pews, with huge bundles of papers before them the size of hotel-pillows. These papers seem to make them very unhappy, but still they cling to them. Being about the longest documents in existence they are called "briefs," and do not appear necessary to any person who can write the history of England on a shirt-cuff. The Barristers get tired of these unwieldy documents before the trial is half over, and are thankful to anyone—even to the "Client"—who will give them information that can be put upon a railway-ticket.

The case will probably be ably argued on both sides, without temper or bad taste—for the Northern Circuit is served by leading lawyers and Judges—but the Jury will doubtless take their own view in spite of evidence and ruling. The Client will have the pleasure of obtaining a new trial in London, if he likes to apply for it, and if not, he will have learnt something for his money.

"THE best thing for breakfast," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is a nice Fenian Hammock or a Skipper on Toast."

NEW SONG (Dedicated to Mr. BIGGAR, M.P.).—"Oh, where, and oh where is my Highland Lassie come?"

"BUMBLEDOM AGAIN"

ONCE MORE.

LAST week under this head we remarked that "the Shoreditch Guardians had suddenly discovered that all children unfortunate enough to be what is called 'illegitimate' are not entitled to witness an exhibition of Dissolving Views," and, we added, "the decision, we believe, was approved of and acted upon." We have since been officially informed by Mr. CLAY—we do not mention his name for the sake of "puffing our clay"—the Clerk to the Guardians in question, that our belief as to the decision was erroneous, and that the decision itself was that "the able-bodied male inmates and the mothers of illegitimate children were to be excluded" from the entertainment of Dissolving Views, and so concerning the whole matter we are glad to say that our own views have been entirely dissolved. It only remains to suggest that the next time the Shoreditch Guardians give an entertainment it should be a good play belonging to the Legitimate Drama.

NEW SORT OF FRUIT—Currents of Air in the Law Courts. *A propos* of this subject, the Last of the Barons observed that "The Architects of the new buildings, having distributed the cold air pretty fairly all round, would be remembered hereafter as Equity Draughtsmen." The Lord Chief Justice said he'd never laughed so much in all his life.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 124.



DR. RICHARDSON RETORTING.

HOTEL ME WHEN, HOTEL ME WHERE?

THE Proprietor of an Hotel advertises in the *Times* that—

"With the opening of the New Law Courts this old-established hotel will take a new departure, it is so admirably placed for witnesses, &c."

If this establishment is "so admirably placed for witnesses, &c.," why does it not remain where it is? If a witness went to sleep there under the impression that it was close to the New Law Courts, and woke up the next morning and found himself at Bayswater, it would be a "new departure" that he would by no means relish.

Song of the Fourth Party.

THERE's nae fun about the House,

There's nae fun at a';
There's no one to rate, and to
bait, and to slate.

When our Grand Old Man's
awa'!

PHIZ-ICAL FORCE.—The Exhibition of the Works of the late HABLOT KNIGHT BROWNE at the Liverpool Art Club.

THE TWO TERRORS.

ALAS, poor France, thy spectres
now are twain!
A Reign of Terror, and a Terror
of Rain.

HAMLET AT THE MONEY-LENDERS.—"To what base I. O. Uses may we come at last!"

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

THE excellent suggestion thrown out the other day by the French Minister of Public Instruction, that deserving scholars should be rewarded by free admission to the Paris Theatres, will, no doubt, be rapidly adopted by reflective Head Masters on this side of the Channel.

As the various Metropolitan entertainments will, of course, be appropriately apportioned, the following scheme will probably be the first put in hand; and it will be highly interesting to watch how it works.

For Proficiency in—

Theology.—Lyceum. Church Scene in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Dynamics.—St. James's. *Impulse*.

Constitutional History.—Drury Lane. Procession of Kings and Queens.

Zoology.—Comedy. *Rip Van Winkle*.

Latin Prose.—Strand. *Comedy of Errors*.

Metallurgy.—Princess's. *The Silver King*.

Book-keeping.—Savoy. *I. O. Ulanthe*.

Medicine.—Toole's. *Dearer than Life*.

Drilling.—Haymarket. *The Little Sentinel*.

Botany.—St. George's Hall. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN'S *On root*.

The use of the Globe would also be elegantly explained at the house at present under Mrs. BERNARD BEERE'S management; while *Pneumatics* would receive ample and interesting illustration in the final exhaustion of *Jane Eyre*. Altogether, the Metropolitan and other Schools ought to have a very agreeable and instructive time of it.

WHY is tightly tying up a sluggish horse, sure to be a cure for his pace?—Because you make him fast. (N.B.—So you do if you don't give him anything to eat. There are more remedies than one for a slug.)

A WAIL FROM THE CITY.

FAREWELL to big dinners and soup of the turtle,

Which shows how we feed in BRITANNIA'S clime;

The enemy's arrows around us now hurtle,

Then why not reform when perchance there is time.

We've revelled too long upon port and madeira,

Too often have sipped the insidious punch;

But now comes the dawn of a terrible era,

When we mayn't get even gratuitous lunch.

How nobly we've struggled through excellent dinners,

Involving, perchance, the persuasive blue pill;

Why single us out then as specially sinners,

When crowned heads have dined with us, eating their fill?

But certain it is that the whole British nation

Must fall—if we fall—that the City will swear;

Pull down if you like then the great Corporation,

And England will vanish like bubbles in air!

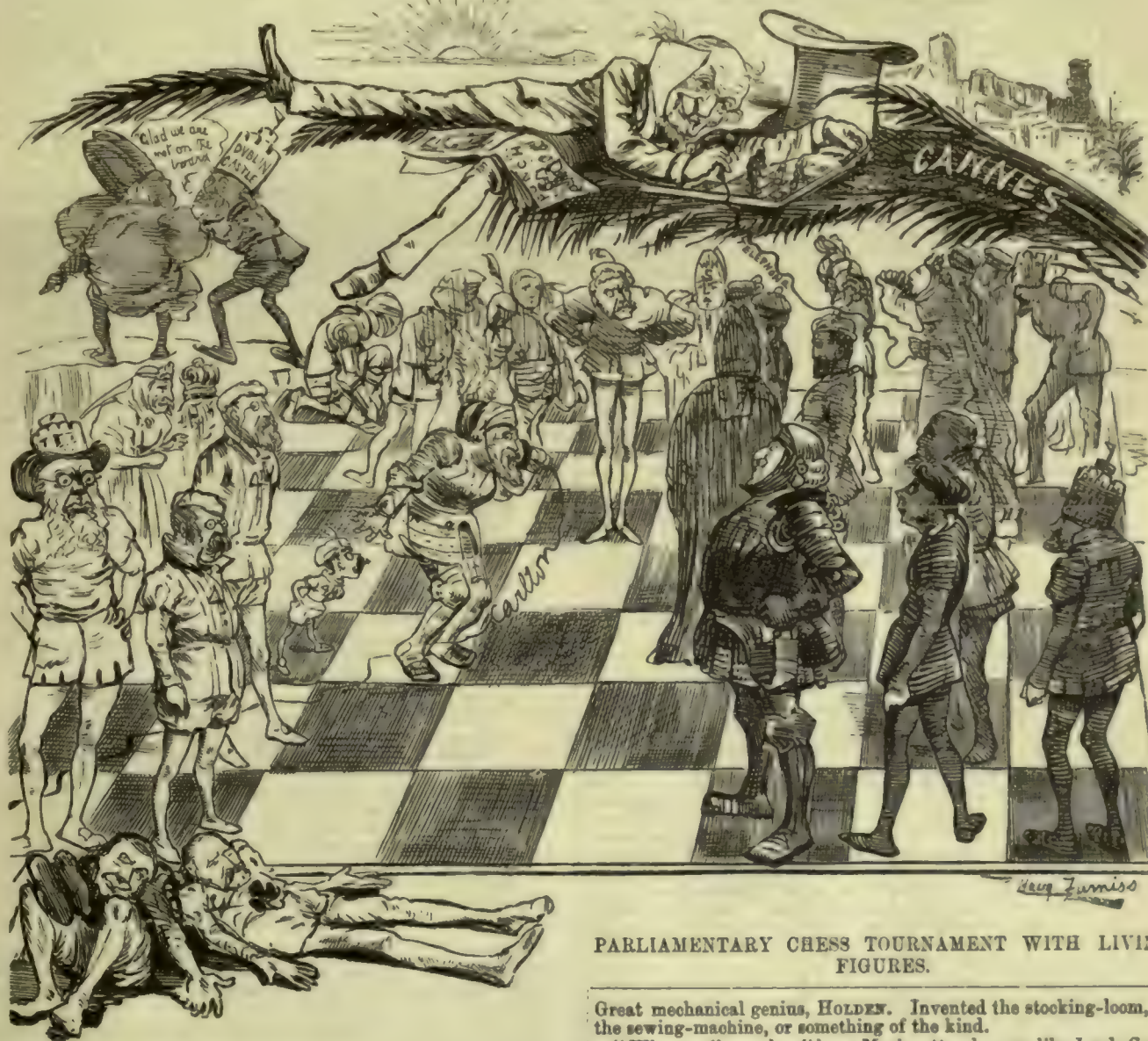
A STATIONER'S Clerk had doubts about a fiver proffered by a Chance Customer, who thereupon became very abusive. Says the Clerk, "I won't be bullied, Sir, and I tell you that if you take it to the Bank of England you'll find the fiver's a bad 'un, and then you'll alter your tone."

"I shall only alter my tone," was the reply, "if I change my note." [Exit Chance Customer delighted at having "led up to it" so well.]

"SPRING HANDICAPS."—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, on hearing these mentioned, immediately asked where they could be purchased, as they sounded like a most useful invention.

SINGING BIRDS' SHOW.—Go to Bond Street, and see the Whistler's Exhibition.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

PARLIAMENTARY CHESS TOURNAMENT WITH LIVING FIGURES.

HOUSE of Commons, Thursday, February 15.—“If there’s one thing in this world that’s worse than BRADLAUGH it’s mock-turtle.” It was the voice of the Alderman whom I heard thus complain. He was standing near me at Bar in House of Lords; temper a little soured, having been elbowed out of the front row by some Radical Members who have no respect for Corporations, whether they be of the City of London or merely of Aldermen.

“Turtle’s something like,” the Alderman continued, and the expression of his face softened, his eye lost its glamour, and his tongue gently caressed his lips. “But, if we can’t have it, let’s do without soup.”

Found out presently that this Aldermanic parable was intended to express dissatisfaction with the performance of opening Parliament by Royal Commission. Rather Radical sentiments for the Alderman. Otherwise seems to be right. Funny to see for the first time the five Royal Commissioners in their butterwoman’s cloaks, with cocked hats which, at a signal from another Gentleman in black wig and gown who bobs up and down before them, they lift and replace. But not the sort of thing you care to see often. Wouldn’t get fifty nights’ run on any other stage. Mr. HOLDEN, the young Member for the West Riding, is full of new idea as to how it might be done.

Great mechanical genius, HOLDEN. Invented the stocking-loom, or the sewing-machine, or something of the kind.

“Why not,” says he, “have Marionettes done up like Lords Commissioners? Could easily work in the Clerks at the Table; have a barrel-organ to play ‘Should auld acquaintance be forgot,’ and there you are. Nothing like machinery for saving time and labour.”

Seems good idea; worth thinking of when House of Lords come to reform their procedure.

House looked a little better at four o’clock when Peers came down, and the battle of the Address commenced. Princess of WALES in the Gallery looking a little pale in her mourning. Prince of WALES on the Cross Benches, looking jollier than ever. Brought back some good stories about the Grand Old Man at the Carnival, and other dissipations of the Riviera. Told a few to GRANVILLE and myself in the Robing Room. Lord WOLSELEY took the Oath and his seat for Cairo. Afterwards sat on Cross Benches between Prince of WALES and the great soldier who planned Egyptian Campaign. Looked critically on first Parliamentary encounter.

“Not much to you after Tel-el-Kebir,” H.R.H. said, pleasantly.

“No, Sir,” replied our only General. “I’m getting tired of sham fights.”

In House of Commons at four o’clock great crowd, and suppressed excitement. Outside, people risen in their thousands, and having games with the police. First they fill up one part of the roadway, and policeman on curvetting white steed backs into them.

Space cleared here filled up in another place ten yards higher up. Another policeman on bounding bay backs into them. They return to old stand, and curvetting white steed has another walk round. This is what the police call "passing away." It passes away the time pleasantly enough, till Mr. BRADLAUGH appears in Hansom cab. Murmurs of disappointment among the throng. B. had introduced himself as "your General for the day." Thought he would appear in a chariot, in scarlet coat, sash, and plumed hat, like the City Marshal. Hansom cab, chimney-pot hat, black coat, and no other weapon about him than probably a stylographic pen concealed in breast pocket, naturally lowered enthusiasm of mob. Fortunately white steed and bounding bay began again, and arrested deep depression stealing o'er them.

Inside, much same sort of thing. Sergeant-at-arms drawn on pair of white kid gloves (two buttons), also new pumps. Floor waxed, and everything ready for the giddy dance. But after Lord HARTINGTON, in reply to question, said Parliamentary Oaths Bill would be brought in, Mr. BRADLAUGH went out.

After this Irish Members fell quite flat. "Never knew anything like the luck of those fellows," Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES drawled, surveying them through his eye-glass, as if they were occupants of a monkey-house. "Always got one of their number in prison. Believe they draw lots who's to be put in gaol, so that the others may come down here and make a row."

It's HEALY happens to be out of luck this time. Yet should have thought there needn't have been all this bother. Remember when HEALY declared he "didn't care two rows of pins whether he was in prison or the House of Commons." House has a preference on the subject. If it can be gratified without individual suffering, why not? Put it this way to PARNELL, who says that may be all very well in social life, but in politics things are different.

"But you usedn't to be so desperately fond of TIM when he was here," I urge.

"No," says PARNELL, in his soft sad voice; "but you know absence makes the heart grow fonder."

A military tread, the clank of a sword, the smell of gunpowder. "Adown the glen march arm'd men." Look round and behold a terrible figure at the end of the corridor near the ante-room where peaceful Members enter to secure places for mothers and wives in the Ladies' Gallery. Thought at first it was the Duke of WELLINGTON coming to enter protest against his disestablishment. Like him about the plumed cap, but figure not quite so tall. As it came nearer by forced marches, discovered it was only DYKE ACLAND.

"What, in Heaven's name, 's the matter?" I asked, when breath came back. "Are the Reserves called out? Have the French landed? Or is it the mob that's broken through Palace Yard?"

"No," said the Colonel. "Don't you know I'm going to move the Address?"

"Now, General, look here!" I said, my blood boiling. "I'm a general supporter of this Ministry. I think GLADSTONE the Grandest Old Man of this or any age. But I'm sick of this systematic Coercion. Outside you make the British Public 'pass away' at the horses' hoof, and inside you move the Address at the point of the sword. I'll join WILFRID LAWSON, LABOUCHERE, and HENRY RICHARD, and you see if the Fifth Party won't be worse than the Fourth."

"Nonsense," said the Commander-in-Chief; "you don't understand. It's merely a matter of form; horribly uncomfortable for us; but if Address not moved by Gentleman in Military Uniform what would become of British Constitution?"

"That's all right, Corporal. Perhaps I don't understand. There's many things I don't understand in this House. But what do you mean by marching and counter-marching in remote corridors, starting Hon. Members?"

"Fact is, TOBY," said the Quartermaster-General, lowering his voice, "it's a little hard to walk in these things, when you're not used to them. If this leather reticule at the end of the strap doesn't get between your legs, the sword will. Between the two my life's a burden. General BURNABY was good enough to give me half-an-hour's drill. But you can't learn to walk like a turkey-cock in half-an-hour. Quite sure I'll come to grief with the sword going into the House, and with the reticule going out, or the other way about. I'm sure I don't care which it is."

The gallant Major, however, managed very well when the time came. Walk a little stiff, and face a little pale. But got safely to his seat, and back again.

Altogether, sitting very dull. Same thing here as WOLSELEY's eagle eye discovered in another place. Only sham fight, and not very brilliantly carried on. House further depressed by dejected appearance of Mr. BIGGAR. Whatever may have been weighing on his mind is evidently growing more oppressive; the light faded from his eye, the bloom from his cheek, the gaiety from his heart.

"Come, come, JOSEPH!" I said to him, "this will never do. Things don't mend by knocking under. Besides, they mayn't be so bad. CAINE tells me he means to push forward his Bill. If your fellows don't obstruct, it might easily be got through by Easter. Couldn't you manage it with them?"

"No," JOEY B. answered in husky voice, and with manner no longer sly, "I saw what could be done as soon as CAINE gave notice of his Bill. Went on my knees to PARNELL. Says he can't interfere. DICK POWER told me, confidentially, WARTON means to block the Bill. Too late, TOBY, too late!" And JOSEPH wiped away a tear with the cuff of his coat-sleeve. *Business done.*—Address moved.

"Saturday Morning."—PETER burned his boats and crossed the Rubicon, as PARNELL once said the Government had done. More convenient to cross first, and burn boats afterwards. But that's a trifle. CHILDERS has come back, looking quite ruddy; evidently good for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer as long as this Parliament lasts. But if the Ministry won't have PETER one way, they shall another. So last night gave notice that "on early occasion will call attention to the present state of the National Expenditure, and move a Resolution." Uproarious cheering from Conservative benches. Odds rapidly falling against PETER some day joining Fourth Party.

This morning Bradlaugh conflagration unexpectedly broke out on Motion to bring in Bill. Struggle lasted two hours—a "small and early." No dancing. *Business done.*—Address moved.

KNOW YE THE LAND ?

(A City Song.)

"FROM facts just published, it appears that New York furnishes the chief market for that Aldermanic luxury, the turtle. The City receives every year from 160,000 to 180,000lb. Turtles are most plentiful during the summer, and when the supply is larger than the demand, the turtles are kept adrift, and given cabbages, lettuce, celery tops, and water-melon rinds, the last-named article of diet being the most highly prized."

Know ye the land where the high price of turtle

Tacks on to your dinner as much as the wine;

Where you big Civic swells would with cyprus and myrtle

Sit crowned in despair—asked without it to dine?

The land, where to-day simple oysters and porter

Are counted fit lunch for a *millionnaire*;

Where, stock of the *real* run shorter and shorter,

The *mock* takes its place with a confident air?

Ah, know ye the land where, when "green fat" abounded,

Three helpings you held nothing out of the way;

Where now, by the calf that deceives quite dumbfounded,

Untasted you send your one portion away?

Ah, well! if ye know such a land, and are frantic

To think that it boasts scarce an honest tureen;

Take courage: there's hope yet beyond the Atlantic

On shores where the fat that you love is still green!

Where the cook whom ye trust doesn't prove but a traitor,

And the turtle is kept in condition that's fine;

Supply than demand being delightfully greater,

And all but the spirit of man is divine!

So pluck up your courage; your turtle awaits you,

On cabbage and lettuce enjoying his ease;

And if fierce Reform with economy baits you,

Pack up: seek three helpings beyond the green seas!

"HANG it!" exclaimed Mr. JEREMY DIDDLE, on reading the provisions of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bankruptcy Bill. "They're going to make Bankruptcy easy—to creditors!"

WANTED: A SITE FOR THE DUKE'S STATUE.—No; keep it out of sight,—say in Hide Park.

Mashionable Intelligence.

WHEN a young man joins the

Mashers, he is

said to become

emashiated.

The Mashers

are about to

start a journal

of their own,

to defend

themselves

against the

violent at-

tacks to which

they have been

subjected in

other news-

papers. It

will be called the *Morning Mash-*
tub and Chappies' Chronicle.

CHEZ NOËL PETERS.

AN important question for visitors to Paris who are frequenters of the above-mentioned Restaurant is, how will the Expulsion Bill affect the *Passage des Princes*?

MR. SHIELD has been deputed to take charge of the Cambridge Corporation Bill in the House of Commons. This is as it should be, "Defence—not Defiance."

WHAT is the distinction between Mr. PARNELL and Sir WILFRID LAWSON?

One's a Land Leaguer, the other's a Water Leaguer.





FIENDISH REVENGE.

"OH, GEORGE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY BEAUTIFUL TERRA-COTTA PLATES!"
 "ONLY PRACTISING FOR THE TERRA-COTTA PIGEON, MY LOVE!"

PLON-PLON IN ENGLAND.

(A Fragment from an Autobiography.)

9 A.M.—Reached Charing Cross more dead than alive. Gave LOUIS his breakfast, who has consented to accompany me on condition of receiving a week's holiday, a youth's chemical chest, and a popgun. He insisted upon having breakfast. The passage seems to have agreed with him. He apparently spent his time on board in attempting to drop my luggage into the engines. Was too ill to look after him. Made for Leicester Square.

10 A.M.—Have finished my *déjeuner* at the *Hôtel de Paris et les deux Mondes*. Absinthe wretched! Took a sardine with my *rosbif*, *bifteck*, and *cotelettes* in honour of Lent. Shall mention this to EUGÉNIE when I see her later. LOUIS finished the *cognac* when I was not looking, and consequently is as incapable as his brother VICTOR to oust me, or to do anything else.

11 A.M.—Having dropped LOUIS into the Leicester Square fountains, he has revived. Visited Madame TUSSAUD'S Wax-Works. Much annoyed at finding no "Portrait Model" of myself. Pointed out that as my Uncle was represented as reclining on a tent bedstead, his duplicate effigy in the centre of the Imperial group might do for me—with a fair amount of stuffing. LOUIS suggested that I might be put in the Chamber of Horrors. Very much annoyed, and would have publicly thrashed him had he not threatened me with his Uncle HUBERT in Rome. The boys (ungrateful little mites!) are always trying to get up a family quarrel. Half a mind to send them back to CLOILDE. They are not a bit of use to me—rather the reverse.

12 Noon.—Called at Marlborough House. The family out of town. Gave my name at the gate, and was informed that the Prince had left word if I called that "he was indisposed." "To see you!" shouted LOUIS, who is a vulgar little fellow for a king's grandson. Much annoyed. Took an omnibus to the Waterloo Station, and quarrelled about the fare. Having to wait for a train, looked up a local bill-poster, and find that I can get a Manifesto issued much cheaper in London than in Paris. Made a note of this. Advertisement Agent very intelligent. On learning my name and purpose, suggested that I should use some old posters of the "Battle of Waterloo" he had in stock. He said I could have the block altered so as to appear myself as the Duke, whose nose had disappeared in the course of wear and tear. Thought that if I could secure the services of a dozen regiments just to back him up, he might "make a good job of it." Was obliged to refuse, as his terms are "fixed prices—payment in advance."

1 P.M.—Took a train to Farnborough. Very pleased with the military display. Quite reminded me of my old Crimean days. Much nicer, too—no danger. Sentry saluted me. Delighted. LOUIS roared with laughter, and told the man that he had made a mistake—"That I was not a soldier." Chased the young rascal with my umbrella until I was forced to desist from want of breath. I am not so slim

as I used to be. Never mind! When I get back to the throne and my relatives, Master LOUIS shall have a couple of years or so in the Conciergerie! I will teach him to be rude to his father!

2 P.M.—EUGÉNIE has very civilly sent a carriage for me. Hurried to see her. She says she does not know why I have come. Explain it's a return visit. "So kind of her to have looked me up in Paris." She says that she did nothing of the sort—she came to see MATHILDE, not me! She is generally nasty, and says she won't have her name "dragged into my ridiculous *fiascos*." Grieved, as I hoped to have induced her to pay at least a part of the Manifesto printing-bill.

3 P.M.—Found that the carriage in which I came had returned to the stables. Suppose the coachman wouldn't wait because I hadn't tipped him. Very well! I will pay off old scores when I get back! Had to carry LOUIS all the way back to the station, as the ungrateful little wretch threatened to give me into custody if I didn't. He says that two of the umbrellas I have now in my possession came from the house I have just visited! Told him that he was too young to understand these matters, and that I had a perfect right to "requisition" anything I liked.

4 P.M.—Back in London. Called at the Zoological Gardens, and visited the Eagles. Asked the price of one of the smallest, with a view to making a descent upon Boulogne. Found them much too dear. Said they would let me have a vulture cheap, which would do just as well if I concealed the bird's neck with a large *tricolor* rosette. Said I would think it over. If I came at night, an old fowl with a Roman-nosed beak would answer all my purposes. Obligated to be economical. Borrowed, privately, a Napoleon LOUIS had received from his mother. He was very much annoyed on discovering his loss. Must, however, be businesslike and economical.

5 P.M.—LOUIS, having discovered that I had annexed his money, set up a yell. To quiet him, promised to show him all "the monuments" of London. Visited consequently the South Kensington Museum, the National Gallery, and the Albert Memorial. Really very interesting, and not expensive. Misaid my son in Kensington Gardens, and dined at the Holborn Restaurant admirably.

6 P.M.—Feel very much better. Saw my name in large letters in the contents bills of the evening papers. Nervred myself for tomorrow's Channel martyrdom with unlimited *absinthe*. Everything *coulour de rose*!

7 P.M.—Can't find LOUIS anywhere! Made acquaintance with a lamp-post! Don't care! Beast of a boy! Can't say French Constitution! Never could!

8 P.M.—Just assured a couple of policemen that "it's all right!"

9 P.M.—Have been accommodated with a cell. Going to bed—in my Uncle's boots!

AND QUITE RIGHT TOO!—After all, the Municipality of Geneva is only following the principle of many of our country towns—namely, not to allow Booths in the street save in fair time. But the Salvationists say it evidently isn't a fair time at Geneva.



PLEASANT!

Lord Reginald Sansdenier (in answer to confidential remark of his Host). "TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF PLATE ON THE TABLE, SIR GORGIVUS? I WONDER YOU AIN'T AFRAID OF BEING ROBBED!"

Sir Gorgius Midas. "ROBBED, MY LORD! GOOD 'EVENS! I'M SURE YEE LORDSHIP'S TOO HONNERABLE HEVEN TO THINK OF SICH A THING!"

ON THE TRAIL.

At last! 'Tis hard to cheek the glow
Of gladness, or to still the bound
Of burdened spirits, which have found
The patient steps of Justice slow
Upon the track of Crime, whose stain
Burns heavily on heart and brain.

Not hate's exultant thrill, and not
The savage thirst of vengeance. Nay.
But he who Law's stern step would stay
On ruthless Murder's tiger-slot,
Plays pander, in the name of good,
To Violence's vampire brood.

Pace forward, therefore, figure stern,
Yet even-pulsed and steadfast-poised!
Whatever warring cries are noised
About her way, she will not turn
One step aside, nor faint nor fail,
When once the sleuth-hound strikes the trail.

And Erin, following in the wake
Of that unsheathed but stainless steel,
For all her woes and fears, may feel
A fire and force to burn and break
The hideous toils of murderous lust,
Typed by that red track in the dust.

ENCROACHMENT OF THE COCKROACH.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, "A solution, prepared by soaking fat female cockroaches in whiskey," has already been introduced into medicine. We may probably live to see the day when a Black-beetle Draught will be reckoned among our most popular cures.

THE BEAUTIFUL DANUBE!

SCENE—Interior of the Conference Chamber.

PRESENT—Mr. PUNCH, and the Delegates of the Great Powers, under the Presidency of the British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs.

Lord Granville (rising gracefully). Messieurs—

Mr. Punch (interrupting). Pardon me, my Lord. Before we commence business in earnest had we not better speak in plain English, and discard diplomatic French? The former is easier understood. (Turning to Ambassadors.) Are you aware, Gentlemen, that the Danube is practically valueless from a commercial point of view?

Ambassadors. Well—

Mr. Punch. That a company without a competitor for through traffic, running a fleet of steamers and other vessels on the 1000 miles nearest the mouth of the largest river in Europe, with a limitless supply of coal on the very banks, can hardly keep its head above water?

Ambassadors. Yes, that may be, but—

Mr. Punch. That any officials that may be appointed to look after the river will have absolutely nothing to do?

Ambassadors. So we understand, yet—

Mr. Punch. And that any attempt to improve the navigation over 450 miles of abominable river-bed will be utterly absurd and fruitless?

Ambassadors. It looks like it, still—

Mr. Punch. Well, now that you have heard the plain English of it, you may return to your diplomatic French. [And they do!]

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM intends to subscribe to the "Homiletical Library"—which she sees is just announced. She has long been in want of a good Cookery-Book that can give her full particulars with regard to Omelettes.



ON THE TRAIL.



FORCIBLE.

"SHURE, SIR, HE OUGHT TO BE HUNG, IF HE'D AS MANY LIVES AS PLUTAR-ROH!"

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Introductory Preface, showing how it was done—Digression on Johnnies—Inspiration—Extract from Pocket-Book Notes—Off, off!

My Doctor is always telling me to "Go away!" Though undoubtedly excellent advice, yet when it comes to be written down in, literally, the two words, "Go away," it looks like the pettish expression of a schoolboy who is being teased, or of a girl who doesn't want to be bothered. Perhaps my Doctor is being teased, and doesn't want to be bothered, and that is why he says, "O go away!" Curiously enough, I have often noticed that whenever he has told me to "go away" he has generally "gone away" himself. "Gone away" is suggestive of a fox; but Heaven forbid I should, for one moment, insist on such a comparison. All I wish to record is that my Doctor told me to "go away;" that he enforced his precept by practice,—he has an excellent practice,—and that, while in doubt, I happened to fall in with young WILLIE WADD, who was introduced to me as one of the set of "Johnnies" whose acquaintance I had the great pleasure of making last autumn in Wales.

By the way, before continuing the main subject of these Notes, I cannot resist this opportunity of remarking on the universally growing tendency to speak of everyone by a Christian name,—it may or may not be his own Christian name as given him by his godfathers and godmothers, but whether it is or isn't depends entirely upon the fact of the sponsors having selected a good one for conversational purposes.

There are, as I remarked on a former occasion, a number of "HUGHIES" about,—quite a run on HUGHIES,—which starts the curious question as to unconscious nomenclature; that is, was there a sort of general inspiration going about some time ago to call every boy HUGHIE, so that people utterly unknown to one another, living hundreds of miles apart at the extreme points of the United Kingdom, when requested, as sponsors, to "think of a name"—(this sounds like a game or a puzzle—"add ten to it—halve it—subtract fifty from it")—all suddenly shouted "HUGHIE!" and positively refused to think of any other. By this time, besides the preponderating

Richard Wagner.

BORN, MAY 22, 1813. DIED, FEBRUARY 13, 1883.

IN Music-World arch-revolutionist,
Titan-assailant of its elder gods,
For him the menace of the Jovian nods,
The thunders and the rock-storm. Yet he kist
With climbing crest the empyrean's crown,
Out-nodding old Olympus in his mood
Of most aggressive mastery. Of the brood
Of Demiurgus militant, whose frown,
Like that of mailed Mars amidst the boys,
Frightens away Convention's churrupers,
And to wild cackle as of goose-flights stirs,
Pale Peace's pretty flutters of small joys
And fine factitious sorrows. Then what wonder
He brought the sword into mild Music's sphere,
And in the clangour of the hurtling spear,
The clashing mail, and the loud battle-thunder,
Missed, sometime, of the finer harmony
The still small voice, known of the subtler ear,
Which outlives all War's clarions? Year on year
May pass ere he is measured. Yet we see
The work of a strong shaper, one whose part
Was with new light to show a newer way.
He stripped the gewgaw'd shams of Opera,
Lord of two spheres, he wedded Art with Art,
And Music, sunned in brighter, larger fame,
May date its nobler dawn from WAGNER's mighty
DEEDS.

Purse-onal Attractions.

WE cull the following from the *Sussex Daily News* :—

A DVERTISER (Widower) seeks a CHRISTIAN PARTNER (domesticated) willing to invest capital in profitable business, and property under her own control, with a view to matrimony. —Address, by letter only.

The Advertiser evidently wishes to, to quote the *Bra*, "combine leading business with general utility." He wants a Christian, a commercial, and a matrimonial partner all in one. "Domesticated," however, sounds like the attribute of a cat.

"HUGHIE," a fair crop of ARCHIES, JOHNNIES, WILLIES, REGIES, ALGIES, and CHARLIES has sprung up, showing either that there were several inspirations within a few months of one another, or that a universal conspiracy to name every one "HUGHIE" has been broken up through the insubordination of some of its members, who had rebelled against the arbitrary decree, and had gone in for other names on their own individual responsibility. Occasionally, we come across a BOB, now and then a HARRY, sometimes a TOMMY, and very rarely a NEDDY. They all come under the heading of "JOHNNIES," and are particularised, to save trouble, as "this JOHNNY, that JOHNNY, the other JOHNNY," and so forth.

Again, stopping on my road,—I've not "gone away" yet—I notice the sudden familiarity characteristic of the most modern manners. This tendency to call everyone by a Christian name, to which I have just alluded, has reached such a pitch, that no one, no matter to what respect his age, character, or social position may entitle him, is safe, nowadays, from being addressed by his Christian name by the most recent and casually introduced acquaintance, who establishes himself, within five minutes, on the footing of an intimacy of half a lifetime, dating from your earliest schooldays, though ten minutes ago you were utterly unconscious of your new acquaintance's existence.

The age of universal brotherhood may be approaching, that happy time when everybody shall call everybody else by any Christian name, or *petit nom* that may occur to him, when everybody shall dine with everybody else at anybody's expense, and all shall be JOHNNIES. There may be just the faintest dimmest prospect of some such Paradise of JOHNNIES looming in the future; but, at present, it is a very long way off, and just now we are in a state of general familiarity which is as likely as not—in fact, more likely than not—to lead to a row all round.

There are, of course, JOHNNIES and JOHNNIES. They're not all friendly, though they are familiar; they don't all love one another, or think highly of each other, and are, in fact, generally very wide awake when they meet; and, while adopting an air of reckless candour, have still "got a little bit up their sleeve," and are uncommonly suspicious of even their dearest and most intimate friends; though, of course, it immediately occurs to any logical



“HELP! HELP!” OR, WANTED A WATER ACT.

mind that if you are not suspicious of your most intimate friends, of whose very smallest ways you know most, of whom would you be suspicious? As a rule, when two or more JOHNNIES meet, no matter how friendly they may be, they are, for the first five minutes, mutually distrustful. For instance, when HUGHIE BEECHAM is in a room with WILLIE WADD, ARCHIE DYESTERSHAN and a few other “JOHNNIES” the first assertion, or piece of information tendered by any one of the party is met in a spirit of determined incredulity by the others, who immediately throw out feelers, so to speak, and cautiously inquire whether “there is a sell on” or not; and, if not, does he really mean it, and so forth. The next anxiety on the part of everybody, individually, is to be quite sure that he personally has not been singled out to be the victim of a practical joke played on him by a combination company of all the others, and for the first quarter of an hour or so each man keeps his eye on the looking-glass, so as to command the general situation, and furtively puts his hand behind his back, to feel if there’s a piece of paper, or a bit of string, or a long straw stuck under his coat-collar. After ascertaining, each one to his own satisfaction, that none of these contingencies have occurred, mutual confidence is gradually restored

until the time of departure arrives, when it becomes the one object of each man to get out of the room as quickly, and as safely, as possible.

As a rule, in spite of all this brotherly affection and calling of Christian names, the JOHNNIE keeps his hat on when in a room with other JOHNNIES, as, were it once off his head, it would be safe to be tampered with. For this reason among others, the JOHNNIE seldom carries an umbrella, usually preferring a hansom hired by the day following at his heels, in which he can take refuge at the first sign of rain. But he clings to his stick as to a talisman, and any “nonsense” with this he deeply resents. No, the JOHNNIE’S stick is sacred,—at least, so long as he keeps it in his own hands: once out of them, and the other JOHNNIES will hide it and forget where they put it, or present it as a testimonial of regard and attachment to some unsuspecting person, who accepts it in the most perfect good faith.

This digression has arisen from the mention of WILLIE WADD, whose conversation chiefly consists of the catchy titles of the latest music-hall songs, who suspects everybody of selling him, who meets any piece of information with a sly wink, a shake of the head, and a thrust in the ribs or a hit on the shoulder, and the observation, “Oh,

go along!"—meaning thereby that he is not to be taken in, and that unless you take your oath of it (he is evidently a man of religious convictions), he will not believe you.

I happened to remark to WILLIE WADD that I was afraid I had a touch of gout, and was not, in a general way, "quite the thing," when he at once hit me on the shoulder (a dangerous place for an invalid to be struck), said, "You got the gout! Oh, go along!" and insisted that I was "selling him."

"Oh, yes," he says, silyly, "there's some sell on,—it won't do, you know."

In vain I try to argue reasonably with him. What possible object, I put it to him earnestly, could I have in pretending that I had the gout when I hadn't? How could I sell him? Where was the sell?

"Oh yes," he replies, shaking his head knowingly; "it won't do—go along!" And then he sings the refrain of a popular song, of which the burden is, "I couldn't tell a lie if I were to try, For I'm always gay and hearty"—which, being a decided reflection on me, both in my character of a strictly truthful man and an invalid, I cannot help resenting. I speak more in sorrow than in anger, like *Hamlet's* father's ghost, and beg him to be serious for one moment, and to oblige me by believing what I say. Not that, as it occurred to me on after-consideration when alone, it could possibly matter to me whether WILLIE WADD disbelieved me or not. And yet, on second thoughts, it might: for might he not tell his friends that I had been trying to sell him, and add, "Oh, he's always doing it;" so that henceforth—for such a report would spread—any assertion of mine, no matter in what company it might be made, would be immediately met with winks of incredulity, would be treated as a stupid joke, and I should be told by everybody to "Go along!" No—I feel I was quite right in assuming an earnest and serious tone, and thus impressing the flighty WILLIE WADD, who, but for this, might have seriously damaged my character.

When he found I meant what I said, and that I really had a touch of the gout, and was not altogether well, he evinced a deep sympathy, which, in my turn, I began to distrust; and when he put his hand on my shoulder compassionately, I was obliged to stop the conversation, and ask him if he had stuck a bit of paper on to my back, or under my coat-collar, or hung anything on my coat-tail buttons. He seemed hurt by my suspicions, and assured me he had done nothing of the sort. When, with a view of making a deeper impression on him, I repeat my Doctor's advice to go away, WILLIE, who I do not think had been giving me his undivided attention up to this part, suddenly broke out with another comic song which seemed to him appropriate to the occasion. It was: "She told me to go To Jericho: I said that I would do it"—when, by one of those inexplicable inspirations which occur when least expected, and which can only be called a "Happy Thought," the words seemed to take this form:—

He told me to go
To Monaco!

I said that I would do it.

And starting up, like WHITTINGTON when he heard the bells calling him back again to London (another Happy Thought this), I said to WILLIE, "Yes, thanks; I will—much obliged for the suggestion,"—and then I left him, staggered, and still, I am convinced, under the impression that I had been "selling him"—though how he had been sold, or "where the sell was," it would be extremely difficult to say. But the



'MOPS AND BR—'

(She left him to wait outside while she went into her Silk-Mercer's in Oxford Street. But she did not see him again till he was brought home in a cab, in this disgraceful condition, at 1 a.m.)

Wife (indignant). "YOU HAD BETTER NOT HAVE COME HOME AT ALL, GEORGE, THAN ARRIVE AFTER MIDNIGHT, AND IN THIS STATE!"

Husband. "NONSH'NISH, MARIA—MY DEAR GAL, HOW WASH'T WE MISSE'D E' SHOTHER! I WAITED F'YOU TILL SHIXSH—AT BAR SWISH-FAM'L 'ROB'SH—I MEAN PE' ROB'NSEH'N CRUSHO—DON'T B'ELIEVE ME, ASHK C'MMISH'NARE-MAN FRIDAY—STANDSH AT DOOR—IF I—"

Wife (toftily). "I SHALL GO TO BED. WHEN YOU SEE THE BILL, SIR, YOU'LL KNOW WHERE YOU LEFT ME!"

quotation settled me—"He told me to go to Monaco,"—and as I had for years been longing to go there—"I said that I would do it."

Note for Pocket-Book Diary.—Called on Doctor. He said, "Not gone away, eh?" I asked him what he thought of Monaco? By all means. Go to Nice and Monaco." That quite determines me. Off to Monaco, *via* Nice. Odd that the suggestion should have come from a comparative stranger. "Off, off!" said the stranger. "off, off, and away!"—Have quoted this for years. What is it from? N.B.—Consult Quotation-Book, Notes and Queries,—and "G.A.S." in the *Illustrated London News*.

PICTURES FOR POSTERITY.



POLICEMAN OF THE PERIOD, EQUIPPED FOR ENCOUNTER WITH ARMED BURGLAR.

LAKES AND LOCOMOTIVES.

(By Our Own Philistine.)

[Proposals are under consideration to run railways round the head of Derwentwater and round the shores of Loch Lomond.]

WHAT ho! my merry Philistines, here's news and no mistake; They're going to run a railway round and spoil each pretty lake; And near the famous cataract that SOUTHEY sang of yore, The locomotive's noise shall drown the murmur of Lore.

Loch Lomond, too, shall have her train, and I would ask, why not— There's "naething like gude dividends," is there, my canny Scot? It's very well in poetry to talk of "banks and braes," But we prefer another bank that punctually pays.

Don't rave about your scenery, what's all such trash to me? I only care for any view that brings in £ s. d. : And if you'd know the kind of scene that I regard with pride, A good coal-pit's the fairest thing upon the country-side.

A lake's a very useless thing, and only serves to drown The lunatics who boat thereon; but ta'en in pipes to town, As reservoir for waterworks, some little good it yields; If not, it should be drained and made remunerative fields.

Then may the merry trains run on until each echo wakes, And let the locomotives scream by Scotch and English lakes; And as commercial travellers are whirled by streams and hills, They'll sigh to think the scenery is charged for in the bills!

RARE ARTISTIC OPPORTUNITY.—PUBLIC STATUE FOR DISPOSAL.—MESSRS. MITFORD, BOEHM, LEIGHTON, FERGUSON & Co., having received instructions from the trustees of that peculiar and valuable artistic property, commonly known as the "Duke of Wellington's Statue," and sometime prominently situate at Hyde-Park Corner, to dispose of the same as soon as possible to the greatest advantage, are prepared to receive tenders for the immediate reception either of the whole as it stands, or of various selected portions by private arrangement. The attention of intending purchasers in the travelling-circus line is specially directed to the unique features possessed by this grotesque lot for the purposes of provincial advertisement. Horse could be had separately. Duke no object. N.B.—The latter would make a bold and graceful figure-head to a steam-launch requiring a little weighting in the bows, or could, covered with luminous paint, and seated on a garden wall, be utilised as a handsome and effective scare to burglars. Might, in combination with quinine, form the basis of a popular patent medicine. No reasonable offer refused. Would be glad to hear from a County Lunatic Asylum in want of a new sensation. For further particulars apply at the Committee Rooms as above.

"READY, AYE READY"—MONEY FOR THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT FUND.—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge one guinea from Miss E. ELIAS, and ten pounds from "AYE READY," Glasgow.

THAT KIRBY GREEN!

(As frequently sung at F. O.)

"ON receipt of the disquieting rumour, Mr. KIRBY GREEN instantly started for Cettinje."—Daily Paper.

OH, an active chap is that KIRBY GREEN,
And we've heard his name of old!
All over the place he's sure to be seen,
If a Bosnian gets too bold.
Bless you, of a row he's not afraid;—
Why, a fight all round's his whim:
And though at the news we're all dismayed,
It's the wildest fun for him.
In a row down East he's sure to be seen:
Oh, an active chap is that KIRBY GREEN!

A JEROMIAD.

(Supplementary.)

THE official "confidential communication" as to his future policy and proceedings, that somehow or other a distinguished Pretender managed to slip, the other day, into the leading columns of a contemporary, though encouraging and explicit, omitted to make the following gratifying announcements:—

- (1) His relations with his tradesmen and the other Great Powers of Europe are satisfactory.
- (2) His attitude towards the nation in face of recent events, will still be one of comic fatherly interest.
- (3) It is his intention, pending the development of further great political problems, to fit himself for the responsibilities of a national crisis, by accepting a temporary engagement as Clown in a travelling Circus. And
- (4) He will not, therefore, after mature deliberation, demand a plébiscite of the nation—just at present.

A FORLORN HOPE.

AT a meeting of the London Diocesan Conference, Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, speaking very much against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, is reported by the *Morning Post* to have said, "Change the law, and could the sister-in-law enter the house? ('No.')

 Yes; if there were a little private arrangement between them, she could—(Laughter.)—but if she were a pure and holy woman, who meant to continue a sister-in-law, she could not."

Mister BERESFORD HOPE
Took plenty of rope
When he spoke with misplaced hilarity
Upon the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill,
But of women and men he thinks so ill,
That he's HOPE without any charity.

For ourselves, with faith in the ultimate triumph of common sense, we venture to hope against HOPE that this act of justice may speedily become law.



Who's he?
Nobody.

AVIS IN TERRIS.

(A Long Way after Vincent Bourne.)

THERE is a new—political—bird,
With the croakiest croak that ever was heard,
In a state of alarm that is most absurd,
With fright every feather on end is stirred,
And into despair he'd talk us.
He views the State's great roundabout,
With the Liberals in and the Tories out,
And he hasn't the tiniest bit of a doubt
That we're going wrong, and shall end in rout;
And he knows the reason, and croaks it about,
And whenever he goes on the stump to spout,
He cries—what cries he?—Caucus!!!

"Speak gently to the—Meerschaum!"

ACCORDING to a local paper, the Mayor of Hastings and his brother Magistrates, the other day, fined a young man five shillings for swearing at his pipe, when he dropped it, on a Sunday. The Mayor probably had never had the misfortune to drop a beautifully-coloured meerschaum in the street. However, this decision will be a warning to visitors. A great many are now compelled to remain indoors.

OUR AGREEABLE BIRTHDAY-BOCK SERIES.—No. 3.

DICKENS—POPE—GOLDSMITH.

[Method of using this :—The Motto to face page with dates where your Friends will inscribe their names. The Motto not to be shown till the signature is complete]

MARCH 6.



A prowling prying hound; a hypocrite; a double-faced, white-livered, sneaking spy; a crouching cur to those that feed and coax him, and a barking yelping dog to all besides.

MARCH 15.



A fat-faced puss she is, as ever I came across.

MARCH 20.



You're as slow as a tortoise, and more thick-headed than a rhinoceros.

MARCH 31.



He furthermore took occasion to apologise for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress, on the ground that last night he had had "the sun very strong in his eyes."

APRIL 8.



And drinking largely sobers us again.

APRIL 15.



The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read, With loads of learned lumber in his head.

APRIL 20.



She glares at balls, front-boxes and the ring, A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing.

APRIL 24.



A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, Too rash for thought, for action too refined.

APRIL 30.



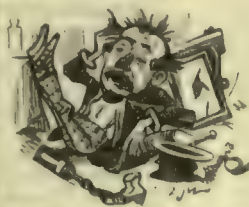
Most women have no character at all.

MAY 5.



Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art, Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart.

MAY 10.



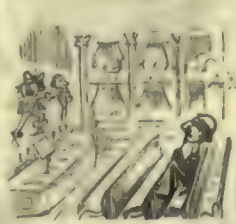
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.

MAY 16.



Plague take the block-head!

MAY 22



Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.

MAY 29.



I'll give thee — ah! too charming maid, I'll give thee — to the d— (Ahem!)

CORPORATIONS AND QUITTANCES.

ONLY think of the privilege a parohment expresses, As pertaining to Queensborough's loyal burgesses. There is no Corporation old English more thorough Than the jolly burgesses of this ancient borough.

They are quit, in the whole Of this kingdom, of toll;

Of pannage and murage and hagage and pickage;
Of groundage and lastage they likewise are free;
Of stallage and tidage in this sharp and quick age:
Moreover of rivage and wreck of the sea.

Then Okchampton e'en yet ('tis a fact and no fiction),
By a Charter that CHARLEY SECUNDUS conferred,
Enjoys, only fancy, its own jurisdiction
Concerning all manner—don't deem it absurd—
Of felonies, witchcrafts, withal incantations
And sorceries, magic arts also, the same,
Forestallings, regratings, extortions—vexations
Of that sort whatsoever a lawyer may name.

VENTILATING QUESTIONS;

OR, THE STRANGER ON THE EMBANKMENT.

1. CAN this dirty-looking place where the boards and bricks are scattered about, and where workmen are tramping on flower-beds, and wheeling barrows of rubbish to and from an immense pit, be really what the Guide-book describes as "the lovely Public Gardens by the side of the Thames," or is it a private brick-field?

2. I had always heard that the Embankment was "the finest Boulevard in Europe." Is it possible that the selfishness of private enterprise, or the supineness of public authority, should allow the only unequalled and unrivalled thoroughfare which London possesses to be utterly ruined?

3. This third-rate shed, seventy feet long, and twenty high, and built in the plainest style of Neo-Gothic red-brick-and-slate architecture, must be either an experimental design for a cheaper kind of workhouse, or one of the ventilators of the Underground Railway.

4. I wonder if it is really true that the Underground Railway Company are about to obtain powers to open a ventilating shaft in the nave of Westminster Abbey?

AN ENCORE VERSE.

(FROM THE ROCHDALE SONG-BOOK.)

"It is quite impossible, therefore, for me to accept your invitation for the coming month, and I cannot hope to take part in the interesting proceedings to which you have invited me. . . . But I may say something more. I never liked the sea."—*Reply of Mr. BRIGHT to the New York Union League Club.*



JOLLY JOHN BRIGHT IN HIS FAMOUS SONG, "I NEVER WAS MEANT FOR THE SEA."

I've faced an Opposition gale,
I trust, in perfect form:
I've never known my courage fail
In any Party storm.

You say, "Then, why not cross the main?—
Fulfil the dreams of youth?"

I but reply, "You plead in vain,
Because, to tell the truth,
There's a queer up-and-down on the ocean,
An un-parliamentary motion,
Which suggests, unlike CHILDERS and GOSCHEN,
I never was meant for the Sea!"

COMMERCIAL PATHOS.—A NEW and original advertising attraction in the window of a mercer's shop, beside the main street of a Western suburb, appeals to the desiderated purchaser in the form of a ticket posted on a peculiar style of lady's fur bonnet, and bearing the startling legend—"DESPERATE. 1s. 2½d." This is probably meant to imply that, in the article so labelled, utility and elegance are combined in so great a measure with such extreme economy as to constitute an instance of commercial enterprise courageous even to the daring of desperation. The single word thus significant has poetry as well as pith in it.

BANK NOTES.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A FLOODED RIPARIAN.

Sunday.—"Riverside." Charming name I thought this when I took the place last summer. Never thought the river would put on so much side as it does now, though. All over the lawn, and still rising. Had to go to church in a punt. Great fun. Children delighted. Rector and Curate came in a pair oar, steered by Organist. Organist fell into the water on landing; had to be dried instead of playing the organ. On return, butler reports water very high in cellar. Fear the bin of Thirty-four port may get diluted. Youngest baby carried away in perambulator by stream. Had to pay five shillings for rescue.

Monday.—Water nearly up to front door. Distressed swans tap with their beaks at the drawing-room windows. Wonder how the foundations of the house are. Fancy the tall chimney over the billiard-room looks out of the upright. Water in cellar rising. Butler says wine must be moved at once.

Tuesday.—A dying cow landed in front of the drawing-room window; groans awful! Why couldn't it die in the stream instead of coming here? Bellows! Expires! What am I to do with it? Shove it off! I see it go whirling down the stream, and it will probably block up the lock. Hope it will. Water trickling through the hall. Butler nearly drowned in gallant efforts to rescue Thirty-four port.

Wednesday.—Arrival of butcher in punt with a lot of nice joints he is anxious to sell cheap. Think of my old friend the cow. Won't have anything. Butcher comes back and wants to know if I have noticed the tall chimney over the billiard-room. Says he fancies it's a "settling a bit." Wonder whether he is in earnest, or whether it is only because I would not have anything to say to the joints. Wonder whether it is "settling a bit." If it does, it will settle us all a bit, I imagine. Butler with acute rheumatism in both knees, in consequence of wading for the wine. Capital subject for song, "The Wading for the Wine."

Thursday.—Water still rising. Slime three inches deep over the drawing-room carpet. Postman dropped letters out of his boat in delivery. All of great importance. They are probably at London Bridge by this time. The Governess's ankle severely bitten by a large ferocious and hungry pike which swam into the school-room. Governess has to go to bed. Great joy of girls. Boy reports water three feet in the knife-house. Sixteen pairs of boots washed away altogether. Four ducks swim in at the front-door, and round the dining-room. Cook washed out of the kitchen along with a milky rice-pudding for the nursery dinner. Only cold meat for dinner, and most of it very damp.

Friday.—Fowl-house carried away by flood, all the fowls drowned. No letters. No newspapers. No milk. Gardener says he thinks he saw long chimney over the billiard-room rock. Fancy I observe two large cracks in dining-room ceiling. A shoal of eels caught inside the grand piano. Paper beginning to peel off the walls. The whole place smells like the pound of a lock when the water is drawn down. Governess still laid up. Girls uproarious. Mamma sends them all to bed. Bread-and-cheese and bottled-stout strongly flavoured with mud, for dinner.

Saturday.—Water much higher. Furniture floating about generally on the ground-floor, and proof-engravings falling out of

their frames. A big uprooted elm-tree and a dead pig are jammed in the porch, and the flower-beds on the lawn have all been carried into the shrubbery. I see my wife's new brougham float past the window when I am dressing. Nothing for breakfast but wet captain's biscuits and a bottle of Thirty-four the faithful butler has rescued from the general smash. Windows won't open, doors won't shut. I do really believe the house is "settling." Water running through the hall like a mill-stream, breakers on the door-step, weeds on the umbrella-stand. The babies are crying, the girls are getting frightened, and their Mamma alarmed. There is a boat at the front-door, and an official tells me the Thames Conservancy steamer is lying off the lawn, and I'd better put all my people aboard without delay, as he thinks the house may be washed away altogether.

TO AQUARIUS.

Look here, you old hydropot, can't you just vary us

Weather a *little*? This is *not* hilarious! Slop has its limits. Come, don't be contrarious!

Man's occupations are most multifarious, Can't all be played in a pool, and vicarious Ducks, frogs, or fishes can't help, ah! no "nary" us,

So that you place in a precious quandary us. We are worse off than contemplative MARIUS. His were *dry* ruins, his seat was calcareous. We should just squat in a swamp like gregarious

Frogs. Once our weather was—well, at least various,

Now it would liquify Saint Jannarius' Self, in the body. Give old Sagittarius Sol and his arrows, dear Aquarius!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I wish to put my case before you. I am twenty-two years of age, strong, active, and willing to work, but I cannot stand the *drudgery* of an office. Would the Colonies suit me? I incline myself to Manitoba. What is the climate like there? Is there any shooting there? Can you tell me about the fishing? What sort of work is a gentleman expected to do? Is there a good opening for a young fellow who would ride about on a horse all day? If you will answer these questions by return of post, and also use your *great* influence to get me a free passage, you will greatly oblige

Yours sincerely,

TIMOTHY COUNTER.

Messrs. Baggs & Bunns,
13, Brandy Lane, E.C.

New Reading.

(Commended to the attention of Supporters of the Salvation and Skeleton Armies.)

WHATEVER bawls fill gospel-halls,
Peace should possess the street.
Where business drives and Fashion crawls,
"Armies" should never meet!

"WHY can't they speak out direct?" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "I do hate amphibious phrases."

"CROSS PURPOSES"—To oppose the Affirmation Bill.



GENEALOGICAL.

The Rector. "A VERY NICE-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN, GILSON. DID I HEAR RIGHTLY THAT SHE WAS YOUR DAUGHTER?"

Rustic. "YES, SIR, SHE WAR—SUSY WAR!"

The Rector. "HOW DO YOU MEAN—WAR?"

Rustic. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, FAITHER, HE MARRIED AGAIN, AND IN COURSE I CALLED HIS MISSUS 'MOTHER,' AND WHEN HE DIED SHE MARRIED BILL TOMKINS, SON O' JACK TOMKINS, AND I'M BLESSED IF MY SUSY DIDN'T SET UP AND MARRY JACK, WHO WAR A FRESHISH OLD CHAP. NOW, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, AIN'T SUSY MY GRANDMOTHER!"

"DANCER'S LAND SCANDAL."—(Vide *Daily Telegraph* last Saturday.)—Quite appropriately, "Dancer's Land" is associated with the doings of Vestries.

THERE'S going to be a Tramway up to the highest point of Hampstead Heath. The Hampstead-Heathians say that "this will be a great pull." Dray-horses will be in demand.

"INDEPENDENT of his title, he is a great and good man," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "As the Poet says, 'The rank is but a penny stamp, the man's the gold for a' that.'"



VERY LIKELY.

Effie (to pretty Nursemaid). "OH, MARTHA, DID YOU SEE? THAT POLICEMAN WINKED HIS EYE AT ME!"

A "CASTE" IN OUR EYE.

UNDOUBTEDLY the best of ROBERTSON'S comedies. From first to last it is amusing, and always more or less interesting, according to the capability of the performers. The parts are all true to Nature, —allowing here and there for a certain exaggeration necessary to



A Hit. An unrehearsed effect. "Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the Baby!"

a brute whose cruelty killed his wife, who made his weaker daughter his drudge, who beat and bullied her (we know all this from her own account), who would have sold his girls to the highest bidder,

and the Actors have only to be true to art. How well this is done may be seen in Mrs. BANCROFT'S admirable impersonation of *Polly Eccles*, Mr. BANCROFT'S *Captain Hawtree*, and Mr. DAVID JAMES'S *Eccles*,—though, in the last instance, this clever artist is too much inclined to be gentle to the old villain's vices, and to tone down the character into a weak, besotted old fool,—to "draw it mild," in fact,—instead of insisting on the more repulsive features of the character.

Eccles has grown old in wickedness: he is a depraved *Captain Costigan*; made his weaker daughter

or committed any crime, had the opportunity offered and the reward sufficient. It is a mistake, though probably not so from a Low Comedian's point of view, to give undue prominence to the temporary maudlin or convivial aspect of this irreclaimable old scoundrel.

ROBERTSON was inspired by THACKERAY in many of his pieces: in *Caste*, *Eccles* is founded, as we have said, on *Costigan*; *Hawtree* is a fashionable *Dobbin*; *Polly Eccles* is a very superior *Fanny Bolton*; and *Sam Gerridge* is founded on *Sam Huxter*, who dislikes *Pendennis* as cordially as *Gerridge* does *Hawtree*, and who marries *Fanny Bolton*.

The dialogue is not brilliant,—that is, if by "brilliant" is meant a lot of sharp epigrammatic sentences dealt out at hap-hazard to the *dramatis personae* all round, without any reference to their individuality, and worked up into dialogue,—but it is thoroughly natural. *Polly* talks as such a *Polly* would talk, and her mild joke about *Hawtree* looking as if he were "superior to ham and up to tongue, glazed," is thoroughly enjoyed by the audience as being capital "for her"—due credit being given, of course, for the inimitable way in which it is given by Mrs. BANCROFT.

Mr. BROOKFIELD makes *Sam Gerridge* too brutal. He looks like a ruffianly costermonger, lurching and sulking about, as if he'd got



Fearful Scene between Sulky Sam and Polly in the Borough Road. "Who gave you those rings?"

a knife in his pocket to stick into *Hawtree*; and so evident is it that he only wants just a little more provocation from *Polly* in order to give her a convincing proof of the thickness of his boots, that he excites the compassion of the audience for the sprightly girl whose fate it is to be linked for life to this ruffian, and who will come out of her honeymoon with a black eye, aching bones, and a broken heart. So "nasty" appears to be his temper, that his worst suspicions must have been aroused by the glitter of the numerous gold rings which ornament *Polly Eccles*' fingers. *Polly* is only a ballet-girl, receiving a pound a week, and, of course, it must speak very highly for her thrift if, after subscribing to the household expenses and giving father his sixpence on Saturday, she can have saved up enough to buy rings representing, we should say, a matter of about a few hundred pounds or so. *Sam* has an eye to those ornaments, and from his manner, we should surmise that he intends to marry her first, beat her next, rob her afterwards, and realise as much as he can on the jewellery. We don't think ROBERTSON ever meant *Polly Eccles* to wear these rings,—at all events, not without some explanation as to their being honestly come by. *Sam* is instinctively jealous of *Hawtree*, and we fancy that if he had caught them in that back kitchen, to which they retire for a considerable time, in the First Act, there would either have been a big row, or *Sam* would have accepted the situation, and looked forward to a further instalment of diamond rings.

The Honourable George D'Alroy is made rather too hard by Mr. CONWAY; he does not impress us as being really in love with his wife, or caring a scrap for his mother.

Whether Miss GERARD, as *Esther*, is too theatrical when she ought to be natural, as in her grief in the Second Act, and in her burst of passion in the Third, and too natural when she might well be theatrical—that is, when at home, in the First Act, where, we may say, the "scent of the foot-lights is over them all"—is difficult to decide; but in neither instance did she appear to win sympathy.

Mrs. STERLING, as the *Marquise*, is simply perfect. Had the Author been living now, we fancy he would not have brought on *Eccles* and *Sam* in the Second Act, and would have cut out all the



A Man who strikes us with "Aw!"

lines which from time to time are lugged in to attract the attention of the audience to the word "Caste," as if he himself was doubtful as to the congruity of the title with the story, and was anxious to lose no occasion of connecting it with the action, as if the whole thing were a charade.



The Ma-quizzing them.

Perhaps we may be hypercritical, if so, it must be set down to obliquity of vision from the fact of having a "Caste" in our eye when we went to the Haymarket. But, be this as it may, the performance is well worth seeing, the play is charming, and the evening passes only too quickly; laughter and tears alternate, and in view of its being shelved for *Fedora*, we advise everyone to see it while they can, or hereafter those who have missed the chance will regretfully own that "they have lost Caste."

As we were leaving the theatre, a friend, deeply interested in the play, observed thoughtfully to us—"I wonder what the future of all these people would be in a Fourth Act." He has since thought it out, and the following is the result:—

ACT IV.

The Scene represents the drawing-room of a nine-roomed Villa at Brixton Rise. ESTHER discovered sewing together little diagonal pieces of brightly-coloured satin, and embroidering them with spangles. Enter POLLY, quietly but handsomely dressed.

Polly (announcing herself). "Mrs. SAMUEL GER- RIDGE." Where's your butler?

Esther. Ah, POLLY, it isn't always a butler that makes the true happiness of married life.

Polly. No; it's his livery. Happy? Why, you haven't even got your title on the door-plate!

Esther. No, indeed not. For my brave and reflective GEORGE is so good. He says that as he has discovered it is quite impossible that I can ever live up to his rank, he will do his best and try and live down to mine. He is going on the Stage. See—(holding up her work)—I am making him his first Harlequin's dress!

Polly. I hope it's loose.

Esther. It is, dear. But now tell me about SAM.

Polly. SAMUEL, if you please. Don't cut him in half like an over-sized orange. You forget that I'm in Society, and that he's up for the Junior Carlton.

Enter D'ALROY. He is carrying a baby in his arms, and is followed by five other children, ranging respectively in age from six downwards, and all more or less bruised, and covered with mud.

D'Alroy. Ah, my darling; we've had such a glorious morning in Kennington Park! I've been lying on my back and kicking all the children into the air. Look at them! I should have balanced the baby, only the Police interfered.

Esther. My brave, dear, clumsy, but daring GEORGE! My husband! Who would have thought that when I married you I should ever have lived to be the mother of the talented D'Alroy Troupe!

D'Alroy (kissing her). My own dear, true, little vulgar-minded wife (taking down his regimental sword). By the bye, this may as well find its way to Attenborough's—eh?

Esther. No, darling. Keep it, and swallow it—for my sake! [They embrace.]

Enter HAWTREE. He has on a mechanic's brown-paper cap and soiled brown holland apron.

Polly. Good gracious! What is the matter with the Major?

Hawtree. Gas. Fact. Gone in for trade, you know. Couldn't pull along with that good fellow, GERRIDGE, in any other way. Aw—no!

D'Alroy. But I thought you had been trying to do the Park with him?

Hawtree. Aw—yaas.

D'Alroy. And got out by every fellow you met?

Hawtree. Aw—yaas.

D'Alroy. And so then you put him up at the Club? Eh?

Hawtree. Aw—yaas.

D'Alroy. And he has been thunderingly pilled?

Hawtree. Aw—yaas.

Polly. Well, then, the firm is henceforth GERRIDGE, HAWTREE & Co.? I rather like the sound of it. How odd, that you should finish up with gas! D'you know now you always did look to me something like a lamp-post.

Hawtree. Aw—firm-footed—I suppose?

Polly. No. Light-headed.

[They go up the stage.]

Enter GERRIDGE with the Marquise DE ST. MAUR on his arm.

Marquise (releasing him). Thanks! Ah, GEORGE, my dear boy, you know that I have long been endeavouring to accommodate myself to the unique circumstances and surroundings of your new connections, with all the hereditary tact and determination of our race. Hitherto I have only partially succeeded. To-day, it is true, on my way here, at the earnest solicitation of this charmingly original young man, I stopped and partook of a *recherché* little *déjeuner sans fourchette* of whelks at a stall in the Borough Road.

Gerridge. I stood 'em.

Marquise (smiling). And no Bayard could have done more. But I am now going to crown my efforts by a supreme act the like of which even my old friend Froissart has not yet had to chronicle. I owe you all restitution and apology for feelings cruelly wounded in the past. I can think of no reparation so fitting and complete as this. (She opens door, and leads in ECCLES. He is perfectly sober, respectably dressed, and decorated with the badge of the Blue Ribbon Army.) Once, in a fit of foolish pride, I said there was "no ECCLES." I know there is an ECCLES now. GEORGE, behold your future stepfather!

George. This is indeed, dear mother, a pleasure and a surprise! Can it really be true?

Eccles. Yes, my boy! (Sings) "They have married me to a Marquizzzy."

Marquise. And you see he is already *voué au Ruban bleu*!

Eccles. Just so. And as I don't happen to have a friend awaiting round the corner, I shouldn't mind a gallon or two of tea, if there's any going.

Polly. Of course. Come along all of you. This is my day. Five o'clock—shrimps.

All. With pleasure.

[They prepare to adjourn.]

Hawtree. By Jove! And after this people talk of—Caste!

Curtain.

SOLDIERS ON "FRENCH LEAVE."—The Orleans Dukes have scored a victory. Although "in retreat," they have gained ground.

NEW EDITION OF AN OLD LEGAL PUZZLE.—SIR PERCY "SHELLEY'S CASE."

CRUISE OF THE CREWS.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



The Rival Blues.



Time and Swing.



A Short Spell.



"The Crew were more lively on the Return Journey."



HEAPING ON THE HORRORS!

Lady Midas. "AND WE WERE BUSTLED INTO THE TRAIN ANYHOW, MY DEAR MRS. DE TOMPEYNS; AND ONLY IMAGINE OUR HORROR, WHEN THE TRAIN HAD STARTED, AT DISCOVERING THAT WE WERE ACTUALLY IN A SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGE!!!"

Grigsby (innocently). "DEAR ME! YES! VERY AWKWARD INDEED! YOU'D TAKEN THIRD-CLASS TICKETS, I SUPPOSE?"

[HORROR of Lady and Miss Midas, who generally take a Saloon Carriage all to themselves!]

"THE HIDDEN HAND."

As the coiled snake strikes from the jungle's shade,
In the wood's dim shimmering unbetrayed;
As the lightning flames from the sable cloud,
And leaves no track on the night's black shroud,
So comes—the curse of a troubled land—
The Hidden Hand.

Out from the dark! Must the sleuth-hound fail
Of scent at foot of the dusky veil?
Follow close the ensanguined track
Of skulking Murder, and then fall back
Baffled, missing *the Hand*, that slays,
That prompts, and pays?

Hired assassins, who slay for hire,
May fill the teils till the trackers tire;
Vile are their venal hands, yet worse
The hidden fingers that clutch the purse;
Curst gold that sharpens and points the knife
At Erin's life.

Secret, sinister, unrevealed,
Ruthless ever; though still concealed.
Quivers it not with a late-born fear?
Shivers it not as the hour draws near:
The hour that shall yet drag forth and brand
That Hidden Hand?

AN ARRANGEMENT IN CONDIMENTS.—Rude people call Mr. WHISTLER's new gallery the "Mustard Pot." If they look on the wall, however, they will find plenty of the real Salt of Art, in many of the etchings.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 19.—"I'm not much up in Agriculture," said Mr. BARRAN, surveying the house critically, as if measuring it for a new suit; "but I hear it's in a very depressed state. Certainly depression is admirably reflected in the debate. Think I'll go and spend the evening with my friend GRANVILLE." Happy man, BARRAN, to be so fertile in acquaintance and opportunity! I stop here all night; feel a strong tendency to howl. Agriculture certainly not more depressed than my spirits. BARTELOT amusing for a few minutes. Quite an interesting game to check off how often he says, "I am one of those," and how often, "I am not one of those." In the first quarter of an hour of speech to-night had said one seven times, and the other eight.

Left him "*Not one of those*," but expect should have heard him balance it in the course of next five minutes, if I could have stopped. But life is sweet, and if one must die young, let it not be of vertigo ensuing on attempt to follow a trail of thought through one of Sir WALTER BARTELOT's sentences. Worst of him is, he really seems to be saying something. So emphatic, so impressive, so self-convinced. Emphasis always falls in wrong place; gets attentive hearer off on wrong scent as to secret meaning of a preposition, and fiercely indicates that there's more in a conjunction than meets the eye. I believe the Alderman is the only living being who understands him. Cheers him vigorously, and nods his head profoundly when Sir WALTER says, "I am *not* one of those," and startles the House with terrific cheer when, little later, the worthy Baronet, uplifting his voice, and indignantly shaking his forefinger at the quivering Treasury Bench, slowly thunders forth, "I am one of those."

Quite a relief when, at half-past twelve, the Bradlaugh business came on again. The Burly B. under the Gallery ready for anything that might turn up. But nothing did turn up, except Mr. NEWDEGATE. Sackcloth and ashes out of fashion now; but Good



“THE HIDDEN HAND.”

Old Man had ruffled his hair, mangled his shirt collar, pulled his scarf awry, rubbed his hat on the wrong side of the nap, and thus arrayed ("like JEREMIAH in a dull moment," as Sir CHARLES DILKE said), announced that he'd made up his mind not to vote against Bill at this stage. Sepulchral tones, mournful inflection, weebegone countenance. Then, holding the ruffled hat well out so that it might have due effect, he solemnly strode forth shaking off dust of House from his feet. A sight to make angels weep; but ribald House only laughed.

Business done.—Rambled round Address.

Tuesday Night.—Still thinking of forming a Fifth Party. Engaged in studying the Fourth.

"Always attend to details," as NAPOLEON THE FIRST said, when crossing the Alps. "Trifles are the seed of great accomplishments."

Fancy there must be something in the oratorical attitude of the Fourth Party that has led to their success. Each has distinct way of standing whilst addressing the House. Sir HENRY WOLFF, with



Toby on Guard.

arms akimbo, legs alightly astride, chest expanded, and a pleasant smile lurking about his massive countenance, stands well out in view of the House. If he simply stood there and said nothing, the speech would be eloquent. "Here I am, a buttress of Church and State, the censor of diplomatic jobs, a guardian of British Honour, custodian of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Alexandria."

RANDOLPH makes all his points with his left toe. If the SPEAKER were to rule it out of order that Members addressing the House should stand on their right leg, with the left heel downwards, and the tip of shoe pointing to the ceiling, RANDOLPH would be dumb. Wish we'd thought of that when Rules of Procedure going through. Fancy could have worked in an Amendment by large majority.

This pedal movement more remarkable, since Mr. GORST, watchful of his great leader, frequently imitates it, in variation of an earlier manner of balancing his body from foot to foot, as if the iron floor of the House were uncomfortably hot. Mr. BALFOUR bends his tall figure over the House as if he loved it, certain that all would be well if it would yield to his guidance and throw out Mr. GLADSTONE. Shall get my party together, and drill them in these various attitudes.

To-night, full opportunity of studying the Lord Chancellor GORST, who moves Amendment on Address, and trots out old stories about Kilmainham. Rapturous cheering from Mr. WARTON, Mr. ALDERMAN FOWLER, and Lord RANDOLPH, himself, who has lent his seat to the LORD CHANCELLOR, and hands him up his extracts.

"A six-and-eightpenny sort of young man, GORST," said HARCOURT. "A great light lost to Police-Court practice. Would have shone in dark recesses of County Courts, or even made a name on the blazing roll of Quarter-Sessions fame. A little acid for the House of Commons."

But then Mr. GORST had just referred to the HOME SECRETARY as "incompetent."

Business done.—Strolling through Address.

Wednesday Night.—Very dull afternoon in House of Commons. FORSTER coyly hanging back, waiting for PARNELL. PARNELL waiting for FORSTER. Meantime, hours must be occupied, and various speeches delivered.

At eight o'clock Liberal Party adjourned to Devonshire Club. Elected Mr. CAINE Speaker. Very interesting proceedings. Mr. S. SMITH took the oath and his seat for Liverpool, and subsequently made short speech. Speech of evening, Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR'S.

Summed up whole duty of Liberal Member under three heads:—(1) Always vote with the Government; (2) Always dine in the House of Commons; (3) Never speak unless you are intimately acquainted with the subject. This last might well be emblazoned over Speaker's chair. Would do more to shorten Parliamentary proceedings than any other form of *clôture*.

Wonderful dormant talent for oratory among the Whips! Sir WILLIAM DYKE now becoming one of chief orators on Front Bench. Lord RICHARD never speaks in the House, but evidently not because he can't. Lord KENSINGTON a model speaker. Occasionally, in capacity of Vice-Chamberlain, brings in messages from high latitudes. Does he, by way of introduction, glance at the Heptarchy, trace the growth of Royalty, touch upon the interruption of the Commonwealth, dilate upon the domestic felicity of the Gronges, summarise the principal events of the Victorian Era, and then arrive at his speech? He does not. He says, "A Message from the QUEEN," walks up to the table, reads it, and then goes his way. We want a little more of that kind of oratory in the House.

Business done.—Afternoon wasted.

Thursday Night.—At exactly seventeen minutes to eight The O'KELLY exploded. Saw it coming for some time. Steam up within ten minutes of FORSTER'S rising. At first seemed likely that Mr. O'BRIEN, the latest messenger of peace from Ireland, would go off first. Fortunately, had O'DONNELL to look after him, who succeeded in keeping him moderately quiet.

"Never do anything violent," Mr. O'DONNELL whispered in ear of neophyte. "Violence doesn't do here. Always puts you at disadvantage. Be calm. Carefully select your words, and you will prosper. But never throw your boot at the head of the SPEAKER, or tear up the Bench to obtain an additional argument wherewith to convince a Minister."

This counsel prevailed with O'BRIEN, still young to the place. But the O'KELLY too old a steam-engine to be cooled down by jets of that sort.

"When the O'KELLY begins to simmer, be sure he'll bust," JOSEPH GILLIS said, in that sententious way recently adopted; and "bust" he did, throwing off his balance for a moment, FORSTER, who had been sitting on safety-valve.

"Dear me!" said Sir CHARLES FORSTER, when the fragments of The O'KELLY were picked up, and carried out in two baskets. "Place begins to have quite a home-feeling. Been sitting here a week now, and this is the first Irish Member expelled."

FORSTER walked home to late dinner in highest spirits.

"My dear Toby," he said, stretching his mighty limbs, and putting his coat on upside down for a few minutes to refresh himself. (Wouldn't have noticed the change, only saw him do it.) "This is the best night I have had since I made statement in the House on resignation, and gave my old colleagues a dig here and there. I have suffered a good deal from PARNELL and his friends. Have sat night after night, and been pelted with mud and stones by them. Had to bear it patiently, and you know I did. But I don't forget, and to-night rather think I paid off old scores. Am a man of peace, as befits my Quaker parentage. But I own I like a fight, especially when I choose my time, get a man in a corner, and can pound him at leisure."

Business done.—Mr. PARNELL indicted.

Saturday.—PARNELL came up to time to-night, and the great wrestling-match over. Betting up to last moment fifty to one on the heavy weight. Seemed to have everything in his favour, especially facts. But light weight made up in skill for what he elsewhere



"Time!"

lacked. Instead of getting out of FORSTER'S way, ran straight at him, gripped him tightly, and if one had not been so heavy and other so light, might have thrown him. House amazed. In sooth, regarded as play, very pretty. But only play.

Business done.—Mr. GORST'S Amendment rejected by 250 votes against 176.



AMBIGUOUS!

His Own. "I LIKE TO LEAN AGAINST YOUR HEAD, JOHN. IT'S SO SOFT!"

THE MAGNATE AND THE SILVER STREAK.

AIR—"The Magnet and the Silver Churn."

A MAGNATE sat in a big board-room,
But on his brow was a cloud of gloom;
And as he sits in the Chairman's chair,
He talks to the bold Directors there.
He rolls his eye around and he scans
The railway maps and the foreshore plans:
Says he, "Now listen, and, while I speak,
I'll quite demolish the Silver Streak!
The Silver Streak! The Silver Streak!"

"Don't think I'm funning,
But I've a cunning
Plan that is quite unique:
I'll sink a funnel,
And drive a Tunnel
Beneath the Silver Streak!"

The Army, Navy, and Royal Marines,
And Dukes, and Bishops, and Rural Deans;
The Volunteers and the Coastguard too,
Said, "Oh dear me, this will never do!"
And all declared they should be much vexed
If Dover to France were thus annexed:
They howled and yelled at the railway clique,
Who sought to tunnel the Silver Streak!
The Silver Streak! The Silver Streak!

While this emphatic
And autocratic
Magnate began to seek,
As much as ever,
By bold endeavour—
To pierce the Silver Streak!

[And matters have progressed no further at present.]

THE O'MULLIGAN, who is loyal to the last drop in the handiest whiskey-bottle, found great difficulty after his seventeenth tumbler (he had been on the floor of the House several times in the course of the argument) in denouncing "th' Ashshoshiashun for Ashshashinashun."

A MINISTERIAL STATEMENT.

SCENE—The Palais Bourbon, if either of the two objectionable terms be allowed. Ministers, prospective, departed, and some even present mounting the Tribune in rapid succession.

President Brisson. Now, then, *huissier*, who's the next Premier inscribed? And tell that crowd of Prime Ministers in the corridor to keep quiet. One can't hear the simple Deputies for the noise the Premiers are making. M. FERRY, you have the parole.

Ferry (confidently). I generally have. I am used to it. But, *huissier*, change the glass of sugar-and-water. It has already been used by three Ministers; and if they weren't particularly thirsty, I am. I have just been having three hours with GRÉVY; and if you knew how dry the Elysée is—*je ne vous dis que ça!* I demand the first interpellation.

President Brisson. *Il n'en manque pas*: we are only at the hundred-and-seventh as yet. M. CASSAGNAC has one which may amuse the Chamber a little more than the others, and perhaps he will oblige.

[CASSAGNAC obliges, goes through his usual little entertainment of insulting a colleague or two, calling the President a black-guard, being censured three times, and is received into the arms of CUNEO D'ORLEANS as he descends from the Tribune. After a little shaking of fists, the President of the Council re-ascends.]

President of Council. Gentlemen, after the esteemed speech of our honourable colleague, whom your legitimate—

[*Cris à Gauche*: "Legitimate! Legitimate! *Pas de Légitimisme! Nous sommes vendus!* The Government conspires! *Finis Reipublicæ!*" They rise in the attitude of DAVID'S Picture of the Girondins, and unitedly protrude their tongues at the Ministerial bench.]

Ferry (clinging hard to Tribune). Luckily, the Ministerial bench is empty, Messieurs, otherwise the blood of legislators must have flowed this evening, or, at least, to-morrow morning before breakfast. It is always done before breakfast, but I don't know why, although I am an Advocate, and have been three times Premier. You want

to know our policy. Well, Messieurs, our policy is, to begin with, to have a Government.

[*Ecstatic cheering on Government benches, wherever they may happen to be.* FERRY comes down, and is carried in triumph, and remarkably uncomfortable arms, by four Gentlemen who have been promised bureaux de tabac for to-morrow.]

President Brisson. The interpellation of M. CLOVIS HUGUES is about due. He can come up.

Clovis Hugues. I am a Poet and come from Marseilles, therefore you can't expect any oppressive amount of coherence from me, and I also beg, as a Socialist—(shrieks and scent-bottles on the Right)—to repudiate the opprobrious epithet of Monsieur. (Groans of Centre.) As simple Citizen, I want to know what the Government are going to do with the Princes? I can reconcile duty with mercy; and I do not demand the guillotine.

[Falls into the arms of enthusiastic Left, and Citoyennes in caps throw flowers—red—from the galleries.]

Premier Ferry. The Government—(aside)—I wish the Government would come; it must have lost the omnibus—(aloud)—the Government has every intention of treating the Princes with every respect due to their rank, together with every respect due to the Republic.

Chamber (almost united). Bravo! Something like a Ministerial statement, that.

Ferry (flattered, but anxious). Awfully nice, of course; but I do wish that Cabinet would come. I'll pay them *fiacres* next time—and even then, perhaps, they wouldn't.

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY.—Thursday, March 15. On the Banks of the Thames, between Putney and Mortlake.

WHAT the English Public would like to be sure of is, not that all the Assassins will turn informers, but that of the "Murder-in-Irish" conspiracy none of the Parnellites are approvers.

NOTICE.—In consequence of extra go-to-press-ure of work, "Another Little Holiday" is unavoidably postponed.

WILL IT ALL END IN SMOKE?

CERTAIN Music-Halls wish to become Theatres, and nightly break the law, more or less, to gratify their wishes. Being prosecuted, they intend to apply to Parliament for a special Censorship and special privileges. Certain Theatres, hearing of this, will want to become Music-Halls, or, in other words, will want that liberty, which the LORD CHAMBERLAIN refuses them, to allow smoking in the auditorium. The question of drinking hardly enters into the discussion, as the facilities for drinking in Theatres are hardly more restricted than they are in Music-Halls. The point is really one of tobacco:—Shall the Public smoke or not in the face of the British Drama? The Public, if consulted, which they never have been, would probably answer, Yes, leaving the Managers to settle what Theatres should be smoking-Theatres, and what Theatres should remain as they are. In London, forty years ago, smoking-Theatres were permitted without any visible injury to the Public, to Art (with the capital A), or to the British Drama, and in nearly every other European city, at the present day, they are a recognised and popular institution.

Whether the two most Conservative and Protectionist Bodies in England—the Theatre Proprietors and the Music-Hall Proprietors—will face this free-trade difficulty in the only way in which it can be faced, remains to be seen, but our own impression is that they will not have the necessary courage. The Public—never consulted or thought of—may have to wait for the New Municipal Government Bill, and even this may be mangled and worried by Vested Interests.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 125.



ALFRED AUSTIN, ESQ.

HOLDING HIS NATIONAL REVIEW.

"Limpid no more I rush to court assail,"
 "Proud of the stains of decorating toil,"
 "Soul soaring upwards far" above my 'leaders,'
 I cry "No Programme!"—and I get no readers.
 (From "My Satire and its Censors"—adapted.)

WHISTLER IN VENICE.

A GAVOTTE IN GAMBOGE.

Go to the Fine Art Society,
 Truly a marvellous show,
 See, in a wondrous variety,
 Etchings and dry points a-row.
 Here we can note all the genesis
 Of the Whistlerian art;
 This is what WHISTLER thinks
 Venice is,
 JIMMY is certainly "smart."

Strangely adorned is the Gallery,
 Done up in gamboge and white,
 Even the flunkey is "yallery,"
 Made a most exquisite fright.
 We may be thought supercilious,
 But, if the truth must be told,
 It looks consumedly bilious,
 This new "arrangement in gold."

Then there's the Catalogue critical,
 In which the versatile JAMES
 Sneers at the pens analytical,
 Calling them all by their names.
 Each annotation is peppery,
 Full of American gail;
 WHISTLER is such a high stepper,
 He
 Prances at will o'er them all.

It must be said too with gratitude,
 There was the Artist himself,
 Airy and artful in attitude,
 Truly a curious elf.
 WHISTLER is "Niminy-Piminy,"
 Funny, fantastic, and quaint,
 Yet he's so clever that JIMMY
 nigh
 Makes men believe he can paint.

What of his works? why, each
 etching is
 Only at present half done,
 And on the copper the sketching is
 Simply a wild piece of fun.
 Vainly the Critics will sit on him,
 Why such a butterfly slay?
 No one can e'er put the bit on
 him—
 WHISTLER's the wag of the
 day.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

(By our Extra Special at Piggleswhistlerhof, Berlin.)

HERE I am in the capital of Prussia, enjoying thoroughly the festivities inaugurating the second quarter of a century of the married life of the Princess Royal of ENGLAND and the Prince Imperial of GERMANY. All the way to this beautiful city I noticed the natives waiting for the floods to subside before commencing the sowing of wheat, rye, oats, barley, peas, millet, rape-seed, and the other grain mentioned by good old WHITTAKER in his amusing Almanack. I could see by the expression of their faces that they were taking a great interest in the celebration, and were, no doubt, lamenting that the water kept them locked in the Provinces when they would have preferred to be in Town.

And what is Berlin like? Well, the question is not an easy one to answer. It resembles Rome and Wandsworth equally, but, perhaps, is more like Gravesend than either. The finest building in a city of fine buildings is a large edifice not unlike St. Paul's, Hampton Court, and the Crystal Palace, called *Unter den Linden*. It was here also that the wedding breakfast (eaten off silver plate, in honour of the day) was held.

Here, again, a certain noble Englishman (whose name I suppress for obvious reasons) won a wager that he would ride a mule forty miles, without turning a hair, before breakfast. Here once more were held the review of 100,000 troops and the afternoon tea given

by the Empress (two days since) to half-a-dozen of her more intimate friends. *Unter den Linden* is indeed a marvellous building, and seems a suitable place for any and every kind of innocent dissipation.

All the world is here. You meet Royalties at every street-corner, and the contingent, "personally conducted" by the first of English tour-organisers, are not only numerous but even respectable. The city is covered with bunting. Flags float from every window; and the masses of colour of the Ladies resemble a *porters* of flowers.

Of course the great attraction are the presents. In honour of the event they are all of silver. Perhaps the prettiest article is a gold workbox made entirely of the whiter metal. Then there are silver boots, silver handkerchiefs, silver gloves, and silver sealing-wax. The only thing that is not of silver is a silver thimble, which is made of gold. This curious little article was presented by the Padiashah, who, as everyone knows, is proud of his Irish extraction.

Last night there was a grand torchlight procession. A thousand flares, a thousand shadows, dots of colour here and there, relieved by dark stone masonry. The joy-bells of cathedrals, and the sad tinkling of the sounding brass of many military bands. In the background the stern mountains tipped with snow, and, over all, a glorious moon floating through scores of purple clouds, gorgeous with the hues of a hundred sunset tinges.

And here I pause, as I have just been summoned to join in the Elizabethan Quadrille, which is now about to be danced in the Winter Palace.

[It is only just to ourselves and the Public to say that the envelope containing the above communication bears the Chelsea post-mark. We print the article, however, as it seems to be the kind of thing published in the columns of our contemporaries.—EDITOR.]

"ROBERT" INTERVIEWED.



I WAS a setting quietly at home one day last Autum, in our slack season, when a ring cum to our bell and then a nock come at my door, and I says, "Come in," says I, and in come a Gent as I never seed afore and have never seed sence, and he says to me, says he, "Are you Mr. ROBERT, tho' I needn't ask, for I nose you at once by your likeness," and he pulls out a copy of the emusin publikashun in which I sumtimes appears, need I say *Punch*, scarcely, praps. Well, he then tells me as how he was interwoing all the horthers and hartists of *Punch*, at the request of the P—e of W—s, for his privet collecshun of the sillybraties of the Age, and will I mind ansering him a few questions.

Well, I was natrally ighly flattered and not a little pleased at sitch an igh honner, and sed yes, I thort I would if they wasn't not hobjectionabel as regards peconary matters. So out he takes a longish littel book and off he starts with such a list of questions as amost made my air stand on end with trying to anser. Wen he had quite dun he shook and with me very frendly, and he says, says he, "Mr. ROBERT, I am that obligated to you for your kyindness, that I shall report werry favorably to His Royal Ighness, and I calculate as you'll be sure to reseave at the propper time the costumerry dimond snuff-box." I bleeve I axshally terned pail with supressed astonishment. He added as he thort as how his work would be finished and all complete by about nex April, early in April, perhaps the werry erliest day in April, on which day he thort I might safely calklate on receving my dimond box. I ventured to hint as I hoped he would say as many good words for me as he could consienshusly, when he said, "Why, cert'nly," and away he went.

I leave my readers to judge of my state of mind after my Miss Terryhus friend's departure, and I draws a whale over Mrs. ROBERT's emotion wen I told her all about it, and how she nat'rally regretted as she was out a-shoppin at the Grosers wen it all apened, or she would suttently have suggested a Broche or a Brayslet instead of the snuff-box. Well, munse rolls by, and April seems still a werry long ways off, when ony yesterday I receeves a noosepaper and a letter from Ameriky to the following stronery effeo:—

"DEAR MR. ROBERT,

"Boston Journal Office, U.S.

March, 1883.

"RECALLING to your recollection our very pleasant interview in October last, and apologising for some slight variation from the actual facts of the case in which I indulged on that interesting occasion, I now beg to inform you that although it was not strictly true that I was collecting valuable information for H.R.H. the P—e of W—s, yet that, as my Editor is the Prince of Good Fellows, it comes to much the same thing, and although he has, unfortunately, no diamond snuff-box that he can conveniently spare

at the present time, I send you, at his request, a copy of his priceless Journal in which you will find our interview almost literally reported, for the instruction and amusement of some thirty millions of the smartest people in all creation.

"Yours, with all due respect, WASHINGTON JONES."

I dare not trubbel you with the whole account, so I sends you a few extrax:—

"I found Mr. ROBERT in a very decent sort of room, nice and clean and comfortable, and he answered my questions with the greatest readiness and affability, and our interview was, upon the whole, one of the most amusing I ever had with any literary celebrity.

"When were you born, Mr. ROBERT?—I don't exaoly know. Most likely in the middle of the night,—most people is, I think.

"But what year were you born? I haven't the least idea, but I knows as I'm just fifty-eight.

"Where were you born?—In Whetstone Park.

"Oh, indeed! Pray in what County is the Park situate?—I don't know what County, but I think it's in the Parish of St. Giles's, the same as the Seven Dials.

"Where were you educated?—Well, I can't say as I was reg'lar eddicated anywheres in partickler. My werry erliest recklections being connected with carrying home of greens and taturs for my Father, who was a Green Grocer, and used to go out a waiting at dinners and heavning parties, dressed just like a Parson, to the admirashun of all on us, and it was that as kindled the burning desire in my manly buzzum to become some day a real Waiter!

"And Fortune has smiled upon your efforts?—Well, Fortune has giv me about three pound a week, which 'ud make most people smile. I should think.

"Why cert'nly. What first induced you to turn your attention to literature?—Well, Sir, it apened in this most remarkabel way. The *Punch* Staff was a dining at the onnered Albion, one night, and the well-known Hediter appened to say 'There's no man living as couldn't find sumthink emusin to say if he only knew how to say it. Why, this werry respectable Waiter,' says he, 'who is atending to us so admirably, could tell us many a good story if he chose.' And turning round, he says to me, with his merry blue eyes a twinklin with fun, 'What's your name, Waiter?' 'ROBERT,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'ain't I right, ROBERT?' 'Well, praps you are, and praps you ain't, Sir,' says I. 'Will you try?' says he, with a merry laugh. 'I don't much care if I do,' says I. 'Then write down sumthink,' says he, 'and bring it to me in a day or two.' And so I did, and I've writ him enuff sence then to about fill a littel wolume.

"Would it be an impertinent question to ask what amount of remuneration you receive for your priceless contribution?—Yes, it would be a werry imperant question, and wot's wuss, a werry useless one. But you can judge for yourself of its fabbulous amount wen I tells you as it enables me to send my boy WILLIAM to the University of Cambridge.

"The University!—Yes; the University. I remember one of my pleasant paytrons once asking me weather he went as a Sizer, or as a Pensioner, or as a Fellow Commoner?—and I said as I thought he might be said to be all three.

"How so, Mr. ROBERT?—Well, as he stands 6-foot-2 in his stockings, let alone his boots, he may fairly be called a good Sizer, and as I allows him no less than 10s. a week, he must suttently be a Pensioner, and as he allus has his commons with his fellow Waiters, he may propperly be called a Fellow Commoner.

"Bravo, Mr. ROBERT! that's one to you, as we say at the Club, but what made you send him to the University?—Well, you see as he aspires to be sum day a Head Waiter, like his Father, I thort as I'd give him just 12 months' experience at Trinity, where I was told as how they could give even the old Copperation one course as a start, and yet win in a canter.

"And does your son find it so?—He does, and speaks of 'em with that amount of enthoosiasm as amost draws tears from my eyes.

"I suppose you sometimes hear things said that would very much astonish the public if known?—Ah, you're about right thare, Sir. You see when men are full of wittles and full of wine, whether they're Princes or Statesmen or even Lord Mares, they're a good deal off their gard, and they all seems to think as us Waiters is def, *which we ain't*. Why sumtimes wen I'm just a littel short of money, about this time of the year, I has thorts of offering to some emment Publisher my "Revelations of an Head Waiter," but then comes my 2nd thorts, which in this case is allus the best, coz they're the most honnerablest, and I says to myself, No, ROBERT, endure your honnerabel poverty and enjoy your self-respec, and never betake the confidens reposed in your honnerabel profession for the sake of filthy luker. And so the mean thort wanishes away, and I am still abel to look all my Paytrons in the face without the blush of Sham."

We had a good deal more tork afore he went away, all of which he has bin and gone and writ down, but I dessay my readers has had about enuff of his American imperance, as I have of his shameful desepshun.

ROBERT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



THE LATEST FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"Hi! BROWN! WHY ARE YOU LIKE AN IRISH DETECTIVE? GIVE IT UP! BECAUSE YOU'RE ALWAYS LOOKING AFTER 'NO. 1'!"

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

Under the Management of Sir Verdant Harcourt, the Seldom-at-Home Secretary.

THE Manager begs to announce that the Old English Comedy of *The Government of London*, in Two Acts, which has had a successful run of nearly thirty years, to the entire satisfaction of an enlightened Public, will be shortly replaced by a Screaming Farce, in One Act, entitled *The Brand New Municipality; or, A Leap in the Dark*. He is also happy to be enabled to announce that the characters of "The Three Solemn Leaguers" will be played by "The Bounding Brothers of Chelsea," and that fabulous sums have been offered to His Grace the Duke of PIMLICO, to induce him to take the part of *The New Lord Mayor*,—that arrangement failing, the part will be offered to Mr. TOOLE.

The Manager submits the first two Scenes, as a sample of what the Public may expect:—

SCENE—A blasted Heath. Thunder, lightning, and drenching rain.

Enter The Three Solemn Leaguers, with umbrellas up.

First Leaguer. When shall we three meet again?
When there ain't quite so much rain?

Second Leaguer. When the Corporation's done,
When we have our good berths won.

Third Leaguer. Then we'll have some jolly fun!

First Leaguer. Where the place?

Third Leaguer. Oh, in some dark Court,
There to meet with rash MCHARCOURT.
Two drums! two drums! MCHARCOURT comes!

All Three. The Three Leaguers, hand in hand,
Sick at sea and mocked on land,
Thus do go about, about,
Three good lies, and three of thine,
And threes of thine to make up nine,
Peace! the charm's wound up!

Enter MCHARCOURT and McDILKE, in tourist suits, followed by two Detectives disguised as Keepers.

McHarcourt. Nor fowl nor hare to-day I have not seen.

McDilke. How far is't called to Chelsea?

McHarcourt. Who are you? You should be gentlemen,
And yet your seedy looks do make me doubt

That you are so. Speak, if you can! What are you?

First Leaguer. All hail, MCHARCOURT! Hail to thee, great M.P.!

Second Leaguer. All hail, MCHARCOURT! Hail to thee, Home-Secretary!

Third Leaguer. All hail, MCHARCOURT! That shalt the PREMIER be!

McDilke. This heath hath humbugs e'en as Chelsea hath,
And these are of them.

McHarcourt. Would we had never seen them!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Printing Office in the Strand.

Enter the Three Solemn Leaguers.

First Leaguer. Thrice the gin punch have we brewed!

Second Leaguer. Thrice; and once on pig we've dined!

Third Leaguer. HARCOURT cries, 'Tis time! 'tis time!

First Leaguer. Now about our task we'll go;

In the poisoned slanders throw.

Lies that in the month that's come—

Days and nights just thirty-one—

Fools and dolts for truth have took,

Put we first in our lying book!

All. Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble,

Lies and shams and sneers we double.

First Leaguer. Here's a sting like a gnat.

Third Leaguer. Put in that, put in that.

Second Leaguer. Here's BADLAW's brain.

Third Leaguer. Put in a grain.

First Leaguer. Here's mud from cads, and slime that's badder.

Third Leaguer. That will make our foes much madder.

All. Hubble, bubble, &c., &c.

Third Leaguer. Oh, well done! He'll commend our pains,

And everyone shall share the gains.

All goes right, and nought goes wrong,

So let us sing our jolly song.

SONG (WITH CHORUS).

Air—"If I had a Thousand a Year."

First Leaguer.

I once was a Member of Parliament,

And had two thousand a year,

But I couldn't control my unruly tongue,

So now I find myself bare.

But in the New Municipalities

I a something shall find that will just suit me,

So that is why I am here, my Boys, } *Repeat in*

So that is why I am here. } *Chorus.*

Second Leaguer.

Though I am a Member of Parliament,

I have not two thousand a year;

But I soon got a little, and hope to get more,

Though I shall have to wait long, I fear:

But in the New Municipalities, &c.

Third Leaguer.

I ne'er was a Member of Parliament,

And never shall be one, I fear;

But the be-all and end-all of my public life

Is to get just two thousand a year.

And in the New Municipalities, &c.

[*At the end of the Chorus they join hands and dance to the tune of "We are a Merry Family, we are, we are!" and vanish—till they reappear in their next Scene.*]

THE "ROYAL" AMUSEMENTS.—There are a wonderful pair of Clowns—no not Pantaloons—styling themselves "The Two Macs," now performing at the Royal Music-Hall. Their fight is one of the most astonishing and amusing things we've seen for a long time. They ought to call their entertainment "The Two Macs and the Fifty Smacks, which, being successful, they'll stick to like wax." And they really seem to like whacks. The Proprietors must be doing uncommonly well, as there's a considerable amount of CORN—no duffer, but the genuine article every evening. But when shall we have the part-songs and the glees, ancient and modern, back again, as in the good old days, *Consume "PADDY" at EVANS'S?* Just a sprinkling of these, sung by well-trained choristers, would be highly acceptable to a considerable portion of the public, which is at present prejudiced, and not altogether unreasonably, against the usual kind of Music-Hall Entertainment.



"BEWARE!"

He (poetical). "OH, AMANDA! WHY DO YOU SHRINK FROM MY EMBRACE AS THE STARTLED FAWN TREMBLES AT THE RUSTLING OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES? WHY——"

She. "CAUSE I'VE JUST BEEN VACCINATED!"

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS EXPLAINED.

1. *It is unlucky to spill salt.* Of course, for it shows that you are either naturally clumsy, or that your hand is unsteady from over-indulgence in tobacco, and anyhow it is certain to raise the wrath of your host.
2. *It is unlucky to pass under a ladder.* This is when the Gentleman on the ladder is conversing with a fellow labourer, and lets fall a hod of mortar, or a pot of red paint on your head.
3. *It is unlucky to pass outside a ladder.* This is when the ladder projects to the curbstone, the road is very muddy, and a runaway van is in your immediate neighbourhood.
4. *It's lucky to have a black cat in the house.* Its presence accounts for the disappearance of cream, cold game, and other viands notoriously detrimental to the health.
5. *It is unlucky to dream of a black dog.* Of course, as it shows that your present habit of late suppers will shortly be stopped by your medical attendant.
6. *It is unlucky to meet a woman with a squint.* It is a great misfortune to encounter an ugly woman anywhere.

7. *It is unlucky to sneeze on a Friday.* It is not particularly fortunate on any other day of the week, as it probably shows you are in for a severe cold.

8. *It is lucky to hop up-stairs as the New Year comes in.* It ameliorates your grief at the follies of last year, as it shows how-ever capable of idiocy you were then, you are still more capable this year.

9. *It is unlucky to see a single magpie.* It indicates that there are more in the neighbourhood; and for discordant noises the magpie is pre-eminently gifted among birds.

10. *It is lucky to see the first lamb of the year with its face towards you.* It any rate shows that neither your visage nor your apparel is so absolutely repulsive as to frighten a beast of the field.

11. *It is unlucky to sit down to table thirteen in number.* It is equally unlucky to sit down twelve if there is only elbow-room for eight.

12. *There is luck in odd numbers.* This entirely depends upon the game you are playing, and what the other man has up his sleeves.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

AIR—"Moses and Aaron."

As JIMMY and 'ARRY were talking about Art,

Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "Oh, on that lay I'm smart."

I know the way to fetch the Mob,
The Swells' applause to carry,"
And pounce the proletariat 'bob."

"Lor! 'Ow's it done?" says 'ARRY.

Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "The art of Art's to draw."

No, not like MICHAEL ANGELO, but BARNUM.
That's the law.

You play on fashionable fad,
And your reward won't tarry.
Society on Art is mad."

"Oh, right you are!" says 'ARRY.

Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "You do a lot of scrawls,

And frame them very carefully, and stick them on buff walls,

You deck the place with saffron silk,
And pots the hue of mustard,
A harmony in eggs and milk——"

Says 'ARRY, "Like a custard!"

Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "Now that's a Cockney joke,

Fit for a 'cad,' a 'Philistine,' a 'buffer,' or a 'bloke.'

The only paying jest—a sell—
With gravity you carry;

Laugh in your sleeve—does just as well!"
"Ah, ah! I'm fly!" says 'ARRY.

Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "Society's a sham;
Whene'er 'tis seized with new fad, to fit it with a flam

Is work for the smart charlatan,
Who brain and bounce can marry;
And—do you know the sort of man?"

"You bet I do!" says 'ARRY.

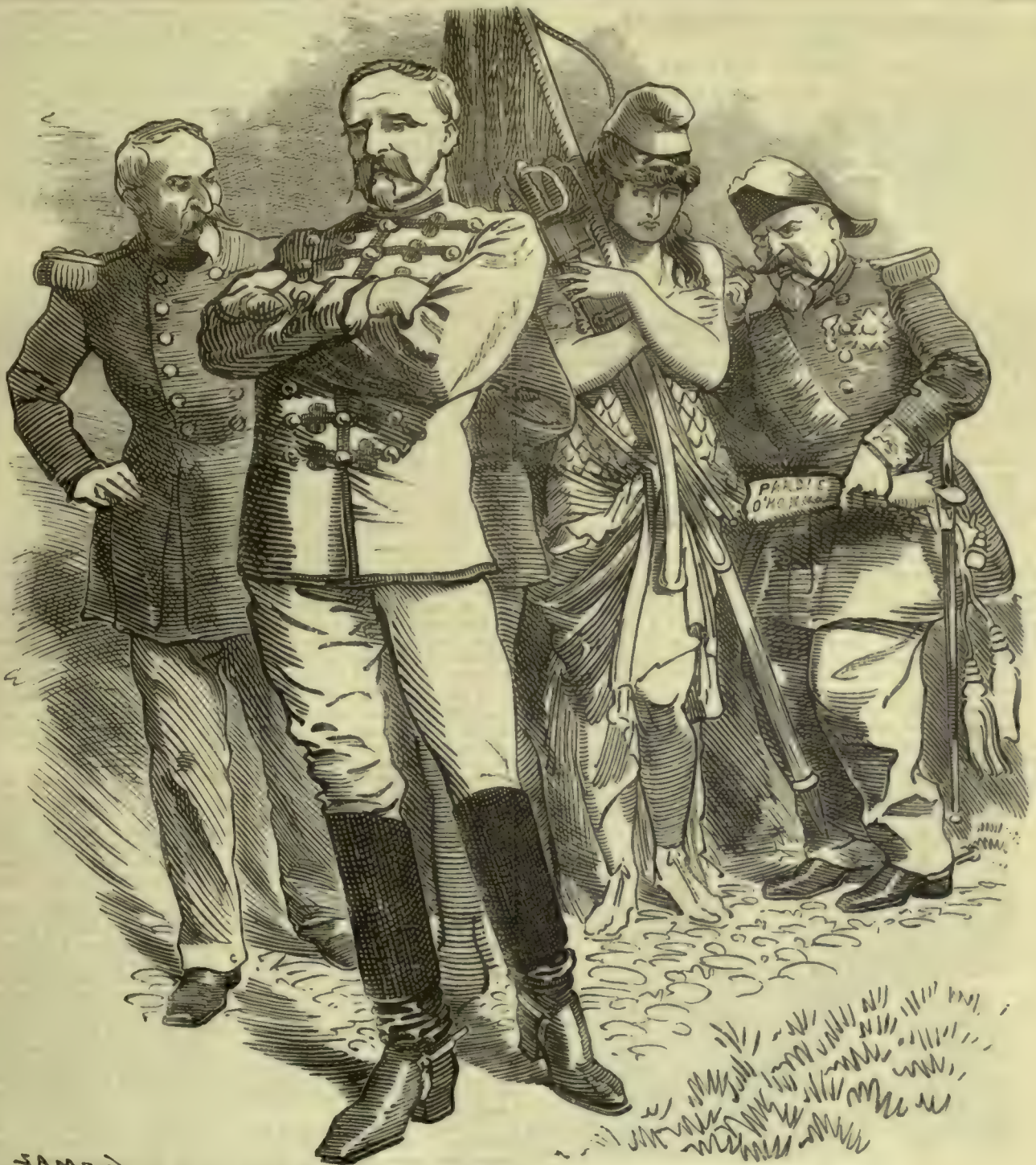
Says 'ARRY to JIMMY, "It seems a rummy start;

But if you stick up Smudge or Scrawl, and kid the world it's Art,

You draw the dollars of the mugs,
The verdicts of the whimmy!

Yer fist! We match like two pint jugs!"
"Oh, hang your cheek!" says JIMMY.

NEW BOOK.—Shortly will be published, *New Pullman Nights*. By the Author of *Old Coaching Days*.



' LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY! '

Interesting Discovery.

IN making some alterations at the Gaiety Theatre the other day, the fossil remains of an enormous Mashtodon were discovered. Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD will shortly read a paper before the Society of Antiquaries, entitled "The Solitaire of the Mashtodon discovered in making Recent Excavations at the Gaiety Theatre." This solitaire is no less than three feet in diameter—about the size of an ordinary school-room globe—so it would appear the race has of late years greatly degenerated.

Echo on the Situation.

WHAT appears to give our wranglers satisfaction?

Echo. Faction!

What is hopeless made by wrangling, jangling faction?

Echo. Action!

Should men share or shun this palaying of action?

Echo. Shun!

BULL'S BENEDICTION.—*Tax vobiscum!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

"*Monday Night, February 26.*—Great joy in House of Lords to-night. A Bill is brought in, and prospect of some work. Rather hard on Noble Lords of late. Come down regularly at four o'clock; see LORD CHANCELLOR enter with bag and baggage; hear youngest Bishop say prayers; sit and look at each other for a few minutes; then somebody asks question, somebody else answers it; and they walk wearily away.

"Lords might as well be abolished at once," says Our Only General and Latest Peer. "Every night I come down here I feel like SCHACABAC going to dine with BARMECIDE."

"SCHACABAC?" said Our Only Commander-in-Chief. "SCHACABAC? Don't seem to remember him? What's his regiment?"

"He was not in the Army, Sir," WOLSELEY explained. "He was a Scotchman travelling in the East."

WOLSELEY's picked up a good deal of information since he went to Cairo. Quite pathetic interest round Our Only Bill, which is for electing Scotch Representative Peers. Marquis of HUNTLY dreadfully afraid we shall gobble it up at one meal, and begs LORD CHANCELLOR not to hurry along with Second Reading. LORD CHANCELLOR promises, and Peers go home pleased.

In House of Commons another dull night. Still harping on the Address. Had Ireland with us through most of last week, on one Amendment or other. Now Ireland has an Amendment all to her unhappy self. Begin afresh, and go through the old familiar story.

"Quite a mistake," Mr. COURTENAY complains, "to say you can't eat your cake and have it. Irish Members ate their cake last week on GORST's Amendment, and now here it comes served up again full-size, and they munch it all night."

In distress of body and soul, under this wearisome wet blanket of words, House spasmodically attempts to be merry. Determines to laugh "whateffer" as Mr. MACFARLANE says since he has been to Styornaway. To-night, for example, Mr. CALLAN up; referring to some statement he doesn't believe says, "Well, I can swallow a good deal, but—" Here the House breaks in with roar of laughter. Laughs consummately for space of three or four minutes. Suppose there's a joke somewhere. Talk it over with Sir GEORGE BALFOUR and Mr. RAMSAY. We give it up.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday Night.—Peers terrible fellows to work when once begin. Only yesterday Bill brought in dealing with election of Scotch Peers: to-day LORD GALLOWAY brings in another.



"The Chamberlain Light."

"If things go on at this rate," I say to Lord REDESDALE, "your Lordship will have to retire to Cannes for a week or two."

"No, TOBY," says Chairman of Committees, "I'll die at my post. There's a good many, including SALISBURY, who would like to hear I was off to Cannes or anywhere else out of the way. Some of the young Peers, too, are inclined to be fractious, and sneer at my little ways. But I know what I owe my country, and I'll pay it to the uttermost snarl. The country's going to the dogs, (no offence to you, TOBY); but as long as I can hold it back I'll hang on."

In House of Commons, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Elect of Newcastle-on-Tyne, enters amid thunderous applause. House knows a good man when it sees him, and here, take him all in all, is the best that has arrived since bye-elections began. Took an opportunity, when the crowd had departed, of giving him a little advice.

"There's a good deal expected of you here, my Jo-John, which is a bad thing to start with. A man might as conveniently walk up to table to take the oath with a millstone round his neck, as with special reputation earned outside. You'll have to fight hard against your own reputation. There is one help to victory, simple and efficacious. *Whatever happens, under any provocation, don't open your lips to speak this Session.* By next year the House will have got used to your presence. You will be JOHN MORLEY, M.P. If you make good speech, you will be one of us, and that will be all right. If you speak in first Session, you are still outsider, and will be dealt with as such. Deal of human nature here, JOHN, including prevalence of the 'arf-a-brick principle when we see a stranger, especially



"Who cares for the Government of London?"

Lord Randolph Churchill's Speech at Woodstock.

if he's made a name outside and thinks he's coming here to crow over us."

J. M. made note of these remarks. Promised to think them over.

Business done.—Still roaming round the Address, with little interludes touching Kilmainham Treaty. Odd word "Kilmainham." RICHARD POWER says so called because inconvenient questions connected with it Can't be Killed.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Still on the Address. More than a little tired of it. Irish Members not managed with the old success in giving it appearance of reality. Got a shock last Monday that settled me for week. Didn't mention it at the time, being ashamed of my own weakness; but may as well make clean breast.

Came in whilst Mr. O'BRIEN, the latest messenger of peace from Ireland, was on his legs. Much struck with manifest earnestness of the man. With hands clenched, teeth set, and eyes flashing under overhanging brow, he literally wrestled with his thoughts. Words well chosen, carefully enunciated; seemed as if he had other things to say, but recognised his position and the place, and after infinite struggle, kept back phrases that would bring down on him reproof from Chair.

Still, words sufficiently burning and not without reason. Was talking about the memorable massacre at Maamtrasna. A helpless family butchered in the night by cowardly ruffians, who deliberately set forth to accomplish the infamy. Neither grey hairs nor infant cries regarded. All butchered in their beds, the skulking murderers making off in dead of night, and long eluding justice. O'BRIEN's frame trembled with honest indignation as he spoke of it. A little puzzled to hear him denouncing the Irish Executive and the present Chief Secretary. But that, I suppose, is the way of Irishmen. Only just came in whilst O'BRIEN hissing forth through clenched teeth his honest indignation. Dare say he was commenting on length of time that elapsed between murder and conviction. LOWTHER standing by me at the Bar listening.

"There, JAMES, you see," I said to him, "these fellows aren't all hardened. Here's O'BRIEN, who speaks strongly enough on political questions, comes out like a man when murder's the matter. This powerful denunciation of the murderers of the JOYCE family will surely have good effect in Ireland."

"Bah! Young Innocence," said JAMES, turning on his heel. "It's not the murders he's lamenting, but the hanging of the murderers."

And so it was, as I learned on fuller inquiry. These clenched hands, this quivering body, these flashing eyes, and this passionate voice all for the men who skulked by night, and, in fancied security, slew the helpless family! Not a word of regret for the victims. Only bitter denunciation for Judge, Jury, and Executive that hanged the murderers. This seems to give one enough of Irish Members for one week.

Business done.—Put another spoke in wheel of the Address.

Thursday.—Quite affecting scene at witching hour of midnight. LYON PLAYFAIR resigned Chairmanship of Committees. Did it in

speech of excellent feeling and taste. Lord HARTINGTON said some things both pleasing and true, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE having gone home, not knowing affair coming off, SCLATER-BOOTH spoke on behalf of Opposition. So, amid salvos of cheering, LYON retired from the Treasury Bench, and went to lie down with the lambs behind. Sir CHARLES FORSTER affected to tears.

Fancy conscience of some of the gentlemen on the Opposition benches must have been ruffled as they cheered. Have always said, and will always stick to it, that PLAYFAIR hadn't Fair-play. He held Chair in exceptionally troublesome times, and a dead set was made against him from below the Gangway opposite.

Got through debate at last, after luminous speech from ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, from which I gather that things are looking bad abroad and rather shaky at home.

"Wonderful man, A.-B.," I say to Sir C. DILKE. "Such a grasp of the situation. Sees everything whether at home or abroad."

"So he ought," said Sir CHARLES. "He's Member for Eye." Fancy DILKE was sneering. But A.-B. had just mentioned that when Under Foreign Secretary, DILKE had "succeeded in failing in everything."

Business done.—Address disposed of.

Friday Night.—Ireland again, of course, though Address is passed through all stages. But this time Ireland usefully. Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY brings in Resolution pledging House to agree to compulsory education for Ireland. TREVELYAN accepts on part of the Government. This is to be the Coercion Bill for next year. The best of long series.

More *post-mortem* examinations. "I thank thee, MACFARLANE, for teaching me that word." WILFRED LAWSON on Egyptian War. Funeral aspect of House. Ghosts of jokes. Difficulty in getting a Jury. Verdict—"Now, for goodness' sake, WILFRED, don't let's have any more of this."

Business done.—Supply.

NAME! NAME!

AN item of really important Parliamentary news in the *Daily Telegraph*, last week, was this:—

"Mr. CROPPER is to take the place of Mr. GUEST as a member of the Commons' Kitchen Committee."

Something in names occasionally. CROPPER would find his place in the kitchen department as a Hare-dresser; and a Guest clearly



A Caught Haredresser.



Mister Cropper.

ought to be at table. By the way, why is a huntsman who doesn't come off when his horse unexpectedly refuses a fence like the Member for Kendal? Answer: Because he's just missed a Cropper! "I Guest it!" exclaimed the Member for Wareham.

Programme and Progress.

As Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would put it, "Modesty is always the best policy," and Mr. LEADER, who seems conscious that his self-elected position as Manager of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, is one of no slight responsibility, seems determined to act up to the spirit of the good old familiar proverb.

"We shall," (he says), "I trust, be diverting, but not irreverent; grand, but not gaudy; mirthful, but not meretricious; decorous, but never depressing. A band of tried talent, conducted by a director of acknowledged skill and experience—a ballet of beauty displayed with costliness and magnificence—a stage set with all the grace and fancy that modern scenic art can supply—will be but the guiding force of a company specially selected for its pungency of humour, its love of art, and its power of song."

After this, Mr. *Punch* can only advise every Manager in London, "Follow my LEADER."

NEW BOOK.—"A Nicht wi' Burns"—dedicated to Captain SHAW.

PROSPECTS OF THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

By DUMB-CRAMEO.



Part worn great-coats will be issued.



Undue Opening Out on the March is to be avoided.



The Troops are to move over the Ground as rapidly as possible.



A small Body has succeeded in Landing.

"IRISH IDEAS."

"IRELAND should be managed according to Irish ideas."—*Home-Rule Axiom.*

Molloy. Ould Oireland is sick. The best rimidy, bar none, is simply migration to waste lands.

The O'Donoghue. There are none. Migration's all bosh, for our o'ercrowded nation The proper specific is just emigration.

Parnell. What! expatriation for Pat? Simply villanous!

Blake. With mere pertaties we can't go on fillin' us. Cannot eat more than some five pounds *per diem*, Fourteen required to support one. You try 'em! Give us a more satisfactory edible, Or a new Sun! You may deem it incredible, But I assure ye our Sun's got a chill on; Cooling down fast, though of old hot as DILLOW. Soon, like the Moon, will die out to a cinder. Cure these two ills, and there's nought else to hindher.

Nolan. Public Works!

Corry. No, Public Workhouses!

O'Sullivan. Query, all!

My hope for Oireland is in—drainage arterial.

Conflicting Charivari of Voices. Fisheries! Narrow-gauge Railways!! More factories!!!

Clear out the Castle!!!! Sack Rads and bring back Tories!!!!

John Bull (deafened and disheartened). Well, to receive good advice one rejoices,

But by St. Patrick the "Isle's full of voices."

Irish ideas may perchance gain the victory—

When their mad chaos is less contradictory.

A FRESH DISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.—A lively political meeting, when all the benches are shied at the Chairman.

Demand and Supply.

"SUPPLY and Demand," once held equal, of late

The House's economists greatly must try;

The supply of demands on its time is so great

As to dock the time due to demands of Supply.

EXHIBITION OF DRY POINTS.—The Pens of Mr. WHISTLER's future Critics.

NEW STARS ON THE STAGE.—Electric lights at the Savoy, where each girl appears with her own spark.

DIPLOMATIC "FUTURE IN RUSSIA."—MUSURUS.



"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

(THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.)

"WE'VE HAD SUCH A PLEASANT EVENING, MR. JONES! MAY I BEG OF YOU TO ASK ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS TO CALL A HANSON?"

"WITH PLEASURE, MRS. SMITH!"

THE OLD "STROKE."

Locum Tenens. Hillo! Here you are! This is really A 1,

And by Jingo, old man, you look thundering "fit"!

Old Stroke (peeling). Oh, yes! I was right out of form, Sir, clean done,

But I'm glad to believe I have pulled up a bit.

The Sawbones would have it, you know—couldn't shirk,

And I really did feel most tremendously stale,

But I think I'm now game for a good bit of work.

Locum Tenens. We want it, old fellow. How much do you scale?

Old Stroke. Oh, the old "fighting weight." You appear "cherry ripe,"

And "the Rhodian's" back looms as broad as of old.

Locum Tenens (aside). Lots of go, but will splash. Wants a quiet tongue-wipe.

Old Stroke. And young Brum?

Locum Tenens. Pulls his ounces, and gets a fair "hold,"

But some tendency has to—well, pull the boat round.

Old Stroke. You've been doing good work?

Locum Tenens. Bit behind in our practice,

Two weeks cut to waste, more or less.

Old Stroke. That it wasn't your fault. I'll be bound

Locum Tenens. May be not; but the fact is

I haven't your weight or trained style.

Old Stroke. You're too modest,

Your long steady stroke will win many a race.

The rival lot, eh?

Locum Tenens. Well, their style's of the oddest—

All over the shop. Though some of them show pace,

They are like a scratch crew—very seldom together,

And as for their cox, he's the cheekiest lad;

Too much "patter" on board. Then we've had beastly

weather,

And floods—oh, great Swithin! what drenches we've had!

Van Dunk's draught or the Castlereagh-pump flow not in it. *Old Stroke.* Well, well, we'll make up for lost time, never fear.

With the work we've to do we should not lose a minute.

Locum Tenens. Jolly glad to see you back, old fellow!

Boat's Crew (in chorus).

Hear! hear!

An Irish Initiative.

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, on his legs the other night in the House, "declared that the only remedy for Irish evils was for England to adopt the policy of 'hands off'" Yes, indeed, only let the Gentlemen of the Irish Assassination Society begin it.

A New "Whip."

"Specimens of the kourbash and the bastinado, just brought from Egypt, have been examined with much curiosity and interest by a number of Members of Parliament."—*Daily News.*

THIS opens up a vista! Could one use

The Turk's sole argument, the bastinado,

Upon each Parliamentary desperado

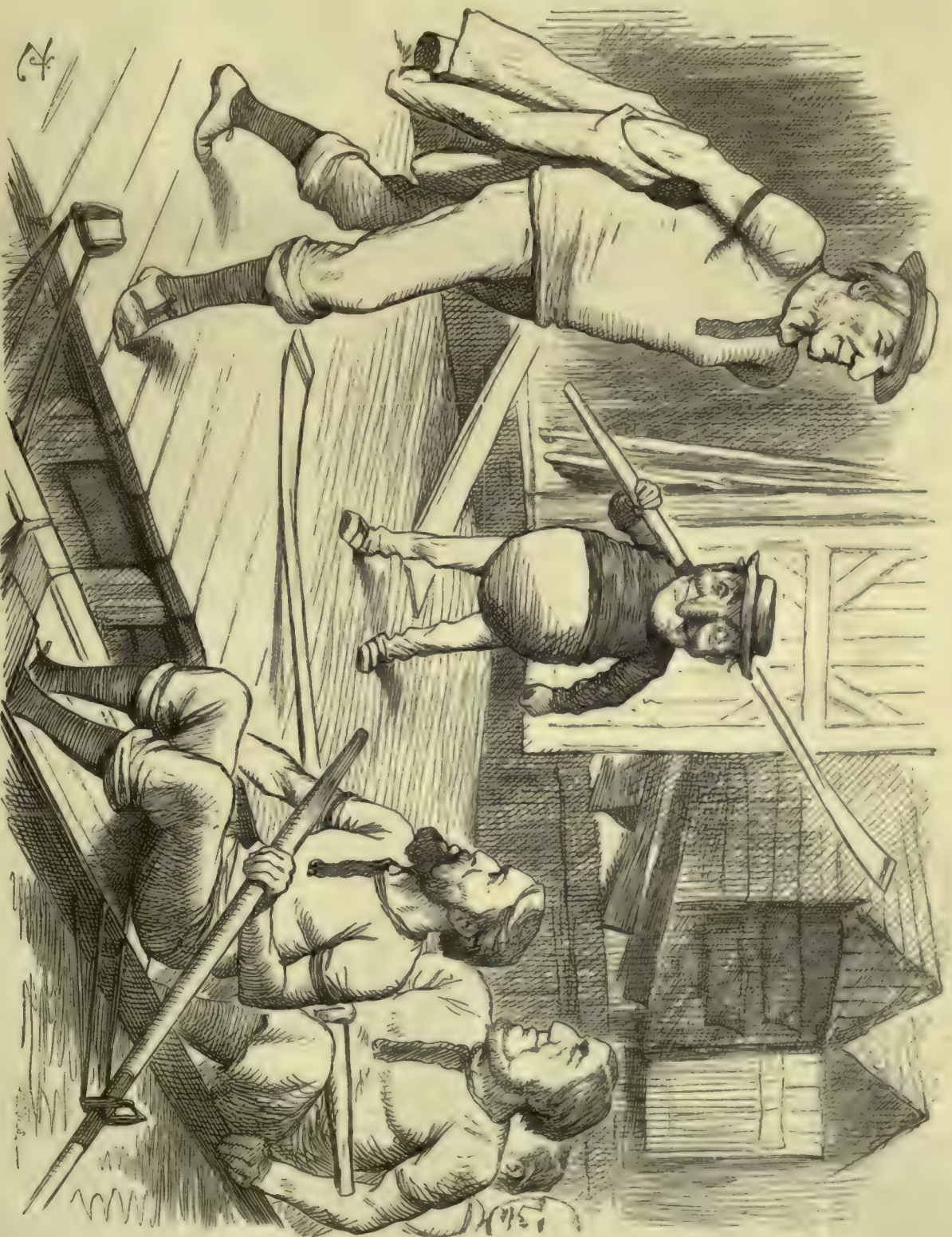
Who England's long, long patience doth abuse,

The healing measure, to a sore time suiting,

Perchance might place things on a fairer footing.

An ambitious Actor confided to a friend that he intended to strike out a line for himself. "Not one in the part I've written for you," shouted a tyrannical Author.

"THE Goose with the Golden Eggs?" said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "Ah, I suppose that was one of the Geese that saved the Capital—a thing very few Geese do in the present day."



THE OLD "STROKE."

No. 7 (*log*). "JOLLY GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK AGAIN, OLD MAN!!"



FIRST-RATE CARDS.



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS AND THE ACE.

[Her MAJESTY has stated that she is greatly pleased with the photograph of Miss JESSIE ACE, both as a work of Art and as a memento of a noble act.]

AMATEUR ACTORS OFF THE LINE.

(To the Editor.)

VERY DEAR SIR,

IN the course of the correspondence about Sir PERCY SHELLEY'S Theatre, Mr. HORACE WIGAN declared that the Hon. SLINGSBY BETHELL made no objection to the performances so long as he was taking a personal part in them. To this Mr. BETHELL replied he had only played once, and then had been fitted with "a very humble part without lines." The Hon. Gentleman seemed to think that a non-speaking rôle was beneath his dignity as a distinguished non-professional Actor of many years' standing. Surely the Hon. Gentleman was wrong, as a thoughtful Amateur can take the smallest possible character, and with a little earnest attention "invest it with considerable artistic merit." As I have spent the greater part of a long life in considering the "very humble parts" of the recognised Amateur Drama, a few extracts from my note-book may prove acceptable as illustrating my meaning, and serving as a collection of useful examples to the persevering student in the same line.

Lady of Lyons.—Part of Third Officer. *Object of Introduction.*—To talk with enthusiasm of the rapid promotion of *Claude Melnotte*. *Conventional Rendering.*—To dress him as a very young man, and to make him speak with enthusiasm. *Recommended Improved Rendering.*—To cause him to utter the words, "Promotion is very rapid in the French Army—I was made a lieutenant yesterday," in a quavering voice, tremulous from extreme old age. Dress him as an ancient officer, with long white hair and sunken cheeks. He should support himself with a long staff, be troubled with rheumatism, and be subject to a "churchyard cough." *Rip Van Winkle*, after his long sleep, will serve as an excellent type upon which the Third Officer may be modelled. Played with careful attention to detail, he is sure to prove effective.

A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.—Part of John Zoyland the Blacksmith. *Object of Introduction.*—To break open a door in a cupboard in which a proscribed cavalier is supposed to be concealed, in the presence of his heart-broken wife and household and his military pursuers. *Conventional Rendering.*—To come in dressed as an ordinary workman, and, after breaking open the cupboard, retire quietly. *Recommended Improved Rendering.*—To enter in holiday costume. It is his birthday, and consequently he has been "keeping it up" in the usual manner. He tries to kiss the maid-servant, and salutes Colonel Percy Kirk, who is present to arrest the proscribed traitor, with comic obsequiousness. Next he can't find the cupboard, and begins to nail up a wrong door. Set right, he does his work in the leisurely and inaccurate fashion common amongst the inebriated. Ultimately he insists in dumb show upon being paid, and pantomimically expresses his contempt at the smallness of his remuneration to all the characters in succession, giving special attention to the heart-broken wife. Played with spirit, this little part should be one of the "features" of the performance.

Plot and Passion.—Part of officer in charge of troops. *Object of Introduction.*—To arrest *M. Fouché* at the instigation of *Berthier*, *Prince of Neufchâteau*, and in the presence of *Marie* (heroine of the piece), her lover, and *Desmarests*, a police spy, at the end of the Third Act. *Conventional Rendering.*—To stand at the back of the stage in one position until the fall of the Curtain. *Recommended Improved Rendering.*—To remember that, as an officer of a crack regiment

stationed at Paris, he would certainly have met all the characters present in general society. Consequently, he should approach *Marie* and gallantly kiss her hand, offer snuff to her lover, and strike *Desmarests* playfully, but scornfully, with the flat of his sword. Should he have time before the fall of the Curtain to do more, he may usefully employ his leisure in whispering to the *Prince de Neufchâteau* a "good story" with gesticulation suggestive of limitless merriment. Played in this fashion, this very subordinate part will not be easily forgotten.

The Bengal Tiger.—Part of one of the Indian attendants upon *Sir Paul Pagoda*. *Object of Introduction.*—To bring in a snuff-box. *Conventional Rendering.*—To wait in complete repose for the orders of his master, and then to obey them without attracting attention. *Recommended Improved Rendering.*—To bear in mind that as probably the Indian attendant was a prince in his own country, he should wear the most gorgeous costume, jewelled turban, robe of gold, diamond-hilted scimitar, &c. *Sir Paul* would permit this dress, as, having the supreme contempt of old-fashioned Anglo-Indians for "niggers," he would regard the apparel of his servant with cold indifference. If the attendant had royal blood in his veins, he would at every command of his master half draw his sword, and then, by a mighty act of self-repression, control himself. He would, no doubt, be a Buddhist, and consequently, when he had no better employment, he would usefully fill up his time in worshipping a small idol he would carry about with him. Finally, at the end of the piece, finding the drudgery of having to hand a snuff-box about to an irritable old gentleman too much for him, he would commit sensational suicide with a knife or a pistol. Thus played, the little part would stand out from other little parts in bold relief.

And now I think I have written enough to show that Mr. BETHELL was wrong to write disparagingly of a very humble part "without lines." All that is wanted in improving such a character is boldness and the courage of your opinions. Your innovations are not likely to be very popular with your fellow-actors. But what of that? Professional jealousy is, as everyone knows, the rule, and not the exception. And remember if the worst comes to the worst, you can always run for your life, and the police are bound to protect you.

Apologising for monopolising so much of your space, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) AN EXTINGUISHED AMATEUR.

March Hare's Day. Junior Shakespeare Club.

Pope Adapted.

(By a Birmingham Conservative.)

TRUE Toryism marks off man from fella'.

And all the rest is—CHAMBERLAIN and MUNDELLA.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE VESTRY.—The Mudlarkyological Society will hold its meetings in London until further notice.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?



A SUGGESTION to the First Commissioner:—Invest it with artistic merit; i.e., slightly alter the nose, give it a pair of collars, and it will appear as an admirable Equestrian Statue of the Grand Old Man, mounted on some hobby or other,—say *Cloître* for choice.

DUBLIN COUNTY.—Mr. McMAHON, a Parnellite, beaten by a majority of 1086. "The High Sheriff," says the *D. T.* report, "having declared the state of the poll, there were enthusiastic and prolonged cheers and cries for 'The Colonel.'" "Why, certainly"—and as there was no true Liberal candidate, we congratulate Colonel KING-HARMAN on his victory, as his sentiments are in Harman-y with Law and Order.

In last week's *World* appeared an eccentric letter with a still more eccentric signature, from Mr. WHISTLER, dated from Tite Street. Very suggestive, but, let us hope, not true. At all events, "Tite" Street wouldn't be at all the sort of place for Sir WILFRID LAWSON to live in.

LAW AND EQUITY UNDER ONE ROOF.

(From the Diary of a Q.C.)

9.30 A.M.—At chambers. Attended half-a-dozen consultations, and signed twenty-three opinions.

10 A.M.—Opened in a breach of promise of marriage case. Got a lot of fun out of the love-letters. Had to cut it rather short, however, as I soon found myself due in another Court next door.

11 A.M.—Examined in chief the Defendant in an accident case. When I came to a critical point, had to turn it over to my Junior. Due elsewhere over the way.

12 Noon.—Argued a matter in Chancery. Rather loose in my reasoning, in consequence of having to think over a speech I had to deliver later.

1 P.M.—Opposed an application in bankruptcy upstairs, took some lunch downstairs, and attended consultations, and signed opinions until it was time to reappear in Court.

2 P.M.—Made a speech in defence of a libel action. Interrupted once or twice by the Judge, being a little imperfect in my facts, having been elsewhere when the case was opened for the Plaintiff.

3 P.M.—Before the Lords Justices in an appeal case—third door to the right. Again rather shaky, but was cleverly picked up and prompted by a bright young Junior.

4 P.M.—In the Divorce Court (second turning to the left), summed up in defence of a co-respondent. Afraid I must have gone wrong somewhere, as I heard subsequently that the Jury awarded £6,000 damages.

4.30 P.M.—Just put the finishing touch to a railway accident case (court at the end of corridor), and, through a misconception, nonsuited my client.

5 P.M.—Hurriedly discovered by my Clerk. All my cases gone wrong, and held personally responsible for the lot. Indignation meeting in the Great Hall of disappointed suitors. Ran back to my chambers to save my life!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 126.



MR. JUSTICE FIELD;

OR, THE LEGAL "No. 1."

"'NUMBER ONE.'—Mr Justice FIELD: This Court is Number Two, but I am not. I am Number One. (*Great laughter*)"

Law Report—Morning Post—Feb. 27.

BRAVO, YOUR LORDSHIP! MAY YOU LONG REMAIN SO, AND BE A "FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR."

THE CORRECT CHORD.

AIR—SULLIVAN'S "Lost Chord."

SEATED for years at the organ,
Just trying the stops and keys,
And wondering how the pedals
Might be got to work with ease:
By ear, with my notes in my
pocket,
Performing—as few men can,
I struck such a chord that the
organ
Burst out "You're a Grand
Old Man."

It flooded the daily papers,
Like the name of a comic song,
And I felt several inches taller
As I quietly bowled along.
I think that it nettled NORTHCOTE,
Polite as he can be in strife,
Though it seemed a sensible echo
From the din of my Public life.
But it brought down chaff by the
cartload,
That possibly may increase;—
For till CHURCHILL'S in with his
Party,
I never shall know any peace.
But I take the whole thing calmly,
For the chord has a swell that's
fine;
And I'm glad the popular organ
Has a touch that answers mine.
And whether I stick to the Com-
mons,—
And I certainly will if I can,—
Or go to the Peers,—no matter,
I shall still hear "that Grand
Old Man!"

A CLAUSE in the Act for Regulating Theatres says, "In every case where any money shall be taken or charged, &c., every Actor shall be deemed to be acting for hire." But in most Amateur performances there are no "Actors,"—only Sticks. Would this be a sufficient defence in the Shelley-Theatre case?

"'NUMBER ONE'—and How to Take Care of Him.—This book, by Dr. JOSEPH POPE, we strongly recommend to every "worthy soul" interested in taking care of everybody. Useful also to Detectives just now. It is likely to be very Pope-ular.

POETRY OF THE SCOTTISH PEERAGE.

SANDIE, strike up! A flourish on the Bagpipes!

It seems that there are, or till lately were, two Earldoms of Mar, a senior and junior Earldom; the Earldom of Mar pure and simple, and the Earldom of Mar and Kellie. The latter was created by MARY Queen of Scots; the creation of the former prehistoric; its date "lost in antiquity," perhaps but a little subsequent to the general creation—if that may be alluded to without offence to evolutionists.

The two Earldoms are said to have been contemplated by one claimant, who claimed both of them, as forming a sort of compound Earldom. He contended that the junior Earldom, with its limitation to the male line, is superimposed upon, but does not destroy or supersede the senior, and that whilst the heir male is at liberty to call himself Earl of MAR and KELLIE, he, as heir general, inherits from his mother the original title of Earl of MAR. Thus regarded—

"The peerage is conceived as consisting of two layers, to the upper part of which the Earldom of Kellie has been joined, but the lower and more ancient of which remains unaffected by chance and change, and follows the laws inherent in its nature."

According to this view of its twofold composition, how remarkably

does the Earldom of Mar (Scotch) resemble the Black Grouse (Scotch also) whose flesh (as we all know, don't we?) is divided into two layers, dark meat one of them and the other white. What a pleasing analogy, thinks the epicure and the Scotchman—for there are now-a-days at least Scotch as well as "English epicures," by your leave, *Macbeth*.

Here allow a countryman of BURNS to observe, with all due deference to SWIFT, POPE, and ARBUTHNOT, that every genuine Scot must decidedly object to MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS's celebrated illustration of an anticlimax:—

"And thou, DALHOUSY, the great god of war,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of MAR."

However great the god of war may have been in the ages of mythology, a greater must be acknowledged in an Earl the creation of whose Earldom had long preceded them. No, very Reverend Sir. No, Gentlemen. There is no drop, there is no plunage, there is no bathos whatever, in putting "Mars" after "MAR." Eh, Sirs, no anticlimax at all; but just the reverse. The Earl of MAR was a Generalissimo undeniably fit and proper to be the commanding officer of even Mars himself.

NEW SIGNS FOR THE BIBLIOPHILIST'S ZODIAC—*Libri* and *Scorpio*.



"ENFANT TERRIBLE."

Grandmamma (maternal). "WHAT A FIDGET YOU ARE, GEORGE! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING ABOUT FOR NOW!"
Grandson. "GRAN'MA, WHERE'S THAT—I WAS LOOKING FOR THAT 'MISERABLE TABLE,' PA' SAYS YOU KEEP!"

BUMBLE AND THE TROGLODYTE.

(*"Extremes meet."*—Old Adage.)

[See case "*Goodacre v. Watson*." Mr. WATSON had been utilising "soft core," consisting of animal and vegetable refuse, as a substitute for the gravel he had dug out, in preparing a place called Dancer's Land as a "site for houses." "The Fulham Local Board perceived no impropriety in his proceedings."—*Times*.]

Bumble. River-drift Man, garmentless Cave-dweller,
 Primitive party, early ichthyophagist,
 Poor flint-chipping, troglodytish varlet,
 How I pity you!

Troglodyte. Verily, Gorgeous Portent, that seems kind of you.
 Yet, without ingratitude cold or querulous,
 I would ask precisely *why* my destiny
 You commiserate?

Bumble. Why? Good gracious! *Need* you thus interrogate?
 O Cave-dweller! Fancy *your* existence now—
 Mouldy, tenebrous, smoky, subterranean
 Toad-in-the-holish!

Chimneys none, no windows, no front-door at all,
 Lightless, drainless, paintless, *fireless* possibly,
 Stairless, cold, unventilated, void of furniture—
 What a residence!

Troglodyte. Oh! I see. Well, 'twasn't all sheer luxury;
 Grub ran short sometimes, and caves were stuffyish;
 But, concerning my abode, the question is,
 Have you bettered it?

Bumble. Bettered it? Why, bless your unsophisticate
 Savage soul, our houses now are gorgeous!
 Even our *restaurants* are marble palaces,
 Fit for Doges.

Troglodyte. Humph! I've been perusing certain Law-reports,
 "*Goodacre v. Watson*"—that was one of them.
Dancers'-Land! do you know *that* locality,
 Gorgeous Being?

Bumble. I—oh—come now!—that is, really, Troglodyte,
 Can you *read*, who antedated CADMUS
 By as many years as the tail of a comet
 Has of inches?

Troglodyte. That's irrelevant! Strikes me, Fulham's dustbins,
 And road-scrappings swept from wheel-worn Kensington,
 Seem suggestive of more utter nastiness
 Than my Cave was.

Cinders, ashpit refuse, brick-kiln rubbish,
 Midden-muck and vegetable rottenness,
 Are "*foundations*" I should not have cared about
 For my domicile.

Earth and fish-bones make a concrete passable,
 But *your* compost, nasty and malodorous,
 The "*soft-core*" of Dancers'-Land!—no, verily.
 'Twere too horrible!

Therefore doubt I, Man of garb astonishing,
 If, with all your Boards and Jerry Builders, you
 Have improved so much upon the Troglodyte!
Bumble (disgustedly). Oh! get out with you!

"THE Bishop of MANCHESTER presented an extraordinary appearance at his ordination." If he had presented an "Ordinary" appearance it would have been appropriate; but he wore, says *Truth*, "a black-sleeved Cope." This must be a wonderful garment. Quite a new thing in Copes, which, since they were first invented as Pagan waterproofs, never had sleeves at all. The Bishop will be known as "Johnny Cope."

BOX AND COX.



Duke of C-mbr-dge (as Sergeant Bouncer)—

Rataplan! Rataplan!

I'm a military man!

Bless you, my boys!

Lieut.-Col. B-rn-by (as Box). And if our friends in front are only satisfied, then Box—

Major-Gen. O. W-ll-ms (as Cox). And Cox—

Both. Are satisfied.

ENSEMBLE.

Rataplan! Rataplan!

We are military men!

(*Curtain. Great applause.*)

PRATTLE FROM THE PROVINCES.

LLANDONTNO.

A WEEK ago a party of five Spring tourists set out from this place, intending to make the ascent of Snowdon by a devious, dangerous, and inaccessible route. They were described as Londoners, who were utterly unacquainted with mountaineering. Nothing has since been heard of them, and the worst fears are consequently entertained. Two young men, accompanied by two young women, hired a boat yesterday, in spite of the warnings of the boatman that it was only constructed to carry two persons with safety. The party—none of whom could swim—was observed through telescopes to be “skylarking” in the frail craft. Their bodies have not yet been recovered. Weather generally bright and clear when not pouring with rain and violently stormy.

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

Sir PURSEY NUMSKULL, M.P., yesterday addressed his constituents on the Local Option question. Temperance, he remarked, was an excellent thing in its way, if not carried too far. Education, also, was an excellent thing. If our population did not drink so much, it was probable they would be more sober, while there could be little doubt, from statistics recently published, that one great cause of the ignorance which so largely prevailed, was the lack of education among the masses. A vote of confidence in the Hon. Baronet was carried by acclamation. Weather variable.

HANWELL.

A local Gentleman, who wrote to every Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Minister, asking what steps the Government proposed to take to put down the propagation of Mormonism in England, has received some interesting replies. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Secretary says, “The PREMIER begs to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and wishes me to say, in answer, that, in his opinion, the Floods Prevention Bill should become law before anything can be done.” Mr. BRIGHT writes—“Your letter has remained some time unanswered, because I fail to see any reason why such a question should be addressed to me. I may say, however, that I hope the people of this country will use the remedy of force—though force, as a rule, is no

remedy—against any Mormon proselytisers who may attempt to gain a public hearing.” Weather lovely at night, and full moon out all day.

SWILLINGTON.

Six colliers were sentenced to terms of penal servitude, at the Assizes here, for savage assaults on their wives. The new Bishopric Fund is making rapid progress. Canon SILVERTONGUE preached an eloquent sermon, yesterday, to a crowded congregation, on Chaldaic Weights and Measures. To-day, several leading grocers of the town were fined small sums, for selling flour largely adulterated with Plaster of Paris, and chalk from some disused pits in the neighbourhood. Weather boisterous and rough. Glass going up. Several glasses going up.

MUFFBOROUGH.

Two cases of English cholera are reported here, and the Salvation Army are reported to be coming shortly. Three men, with jemmies and skeleton keys were discovered, last night, on the premises of a provision merchant. Their pockets were filled with tea, coffee, and East Indian pickles, while a couple of carts and a wheel-barrow were waiting outside, half-filled with tinned meats and bottles of GILBERT'S sherry. It is suspected that the men intended to commit a burglary. The Local Police are making inquiries, previous to apprehending the suspected individuals. Atmosphere dull and hazy. Land fogs.

NEGLECTED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

MY DEAR P.,

POETS—very silly people are poets, generally speaking—lavish all their praises on four instruments, the pipe, the lute, the harp, and the guitar. There are plenty of other instruments quite as useful and fully as poetical. See enclosed specimens.

Yours accordingly,

THE LAZY MINSTREL.

I.—ORPHEUS TO HIS OPHICLEIDE.

My bold Ophicleide is as good as it's bold,
It gleams in the sun with the glitter of gold!
'Twill grumble like thunder, 'twill coo like a dove,
And frighten my foes, or will sing to my love!
'Tis soothing and sweet, and it can't be denied,
No tone is so fine as my bold Ophicleide!
'Tis stern and commanding, 'tis gleesome and bland,
Superb as a solo, divine in a band:
When windows are open in sweet summer night,
How blithely I blow, to the neighbours' delight!
And, if I feel weary, I just step inside,
And drop off to sleep in my bold Ophicleide!



II.—TOLDEROLDIUS TO HIS TROMBONE.

Don't babble to me of the toothsome flute,
The petulant pipe and the languishing lute!
Don't hint at the harp, or the twanging guitar,
But give me sweet music that's better by far!
Search the orchestra through, there is nothing I own,
That is fit to compare with my trusty Trombone!
Let other folks go out to dance or to dine,
And talk too much nonsense and take too much wine;
But let me sit down, give my arms enough room,
I'll drive away care and I'll banish all gloom!
With a cup of strong tea and a fresh buttered scone,
I will cheer you all up with my trusty Trombone!

III.—KALLIVANTOCUS TO HIS KETTLEDRUM.

HURRAH for the rattle! Hurrah for the din!
Hurrah for the sticks and the resonant skin!
I've drummed well before and I'll drum well again,
It quickens the pulses, it brightens the brain.
Though folks may revile me and Fortune look glum,
I'll comfort myself with my crisp Kettledrum!

What sweet modulation on drums may be made,
From wild battle-crash to the love serenade:
When evenings are long and there's nothing to do,
'Tis soothing, most soothing, to beat a tattoo.
When troubles assail me and creditors come,
I'll scare them away with my crisp Kettledrum!

“ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY.”—We're so busy we can't take it yet. No matter—a time will come.



THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

AS IT MIGHT, COULD, SHOULD, OR OUGHT TO BE.

OUR FUTURE LORD MAYOR.

November 9th, 1883.—So I am the first Lord Mayor of the grand new Municipality of London! Proud position. "WESTMINSTER, Lord Mayor of London!" Populace seem pleased at my appearance. Wonder what the "City Magnates" will think of a Duke as their Chief Magistrate. Must try and be very affable.

At Mansion House.—Curious, City Magnates all seem dreadfully afraid of me. Wonder if I ought to send for Loving Cup at once. Wonder what old Lord Mayors did to make themselves popular. Must get FIRTH to coach me up in this. Procession to-day, at all events, must be a tremendous success. Determined to show London the difference between a Mayor who's only a "City anob," to use a vulgar expression which FIRTH is constantly using, and a real live Duke. My new State-coach, with sixteen performing elephants harnessed to it, will take the populace, I rather fancy. Thoughtful of me to have secured services of all Madame TUSSAUD's wax-work figures to sit in carriages, dressed like Sheriffs.

Twelve o' Clock.—Time for Procession to start. Feel nervous. Why should a Lord Mayor wear these ridiculous "robes of office"? Wish GLADSTONE had inserted a clause in his Act, allowing me to appear in ordinary morning-coat on all State occasions. Also find the Ducal Coronet troublesome; shouldn't have put it on, only FIRTH insisted that populace would smash windows of new State Coach, if I didn't.

Five o' Clock.—Show not quite as great a success as I expected. Elephants turned out rather refractory somewhere up in Canonbury. Was obliged to extend old route, to please ratepayers of "Larger London"; made it include Hammersmith, Croydon, Hampstead, Greenwich, and back down Edgeware Road. Rather tiring. Men in armour mutinied in Shadwell, and refused to go on without an hour's rest and money for refreshments. Took opportunity to put robes and coronet on one of Madame TUSSAUD's figures, stuck him in the State Coach, and had a quiet snooze at the bottom of the carriage. At Hampstead, band struck. Provoking!

Attitude of populace on the whole satisfactory. Don't, however, quite know if they were cheering Alderman and Sheriff BRADLAUGH, or myself. Street-boys also don't seem to understand new order of things. Stopped my coach several times, and explained to them that I was not an ordinary Lord Mayor, and that the new Municipality was entirely distinct from the old City.

Evening.—Dinner to Her Majesty's Ministers. Thank Heaven, this will be an occasion on which they can't help feeling difference between a nobleman and a "City nob" (as FIRTH says). Wonder who all those peculiarly-dressed females are? Am just giving orders to have them turned out as intruders, when FIRTH whispers to me that they are the relatives of the new Aldermen. Heavens! Forgot that new Aldermen were elected by ratepayers. They have come from a "new social stratum," too. Why should Wapping have insisted on returning BRADLAUGH at head of the poll? There he is! Isn't there an oath for an Alderman and Sheriff, I wonder? If so, might manage to exclude him.

After a Week.—Find duties of the office simply overwhelming.

Everybody who's got a grievance comes to me. Have received in two days deputations from Society for Spread of Sensational Literature, Society for Suppression of Smoking, the League for the Total and Unconditional Conversion of Mahometan Costermongers, the Skeleton Army, the Salvation Ditto, the Timbuctoo Famine Relief Committee, the Ratepayers' Lynch-law Committee, and the Council of the "Working-men's Channel Tunnel and Proletariat Balloon Society."

"Nationalisation of Land Society" just sent a deputation to ask me to lend Egyptian Chamber of Mansion House for a meeting to denounce rents! Very insulting. Refused politely. Deputation seemed annoyed. Said the "new Municipality was democratic, and Mansion House belonged to the people." Really this sort of thing very irritating. Some people don't seem to know the difference between a Duke and a spectacle-maker.

After a Fortnight.—Felt that the new order of things meant cessation of old extravagant style of Aldermanic banquets. So rose to occasion, and gave strict orders to limit the wine to one bottle of our fine new brand of "Municipality Champagne," at five-and-sixpence a dozen. Also have had turtle-soup diluted with half-and-half best Thames water, from which "animal organisms" have been pretty well excluded by filtration.

Waiters strike "en masse" just before banquet to Serene Highness Emperor of SASKATCHEWAN! Awkward. Must dissemble. Am extremely affable to waiters, and get them to promise to come back "for one night certain" on promise that I won't keep what's left from to-night's banquet till next one a week hence.

Fancy Dress Ball last night. Aldermanic representative of Seven Dials brought a whole host of relatives. Obligated to retire at an early period of evening to cellars, where I enjoyed quiet glass of splendid Madeira, laid down by dear old Corporation, in company with FIRTH. FIRTH says he thinks new Municipality is not "going" quite as well as he expected. I reply, that I wish it were gone altogether. He rather agrees with me. We both slip out by back-door, and off to Grosvenor House, where I have a regular jolly evening, the first since I was elected Lord Mayor.

February.—Hurrah! Shower of snow at last. Now will show populace what they gain by a grand Municipality. Been waiting for this opportunity all the winter. Had men in readiness night and day, to sweep every thoroughfare perfectly clean in two hours!

Result disappointing. Men thought winter was over, and have, it appears, deserted posts. Got in amateur sweepers, at extra cost. About twenty thousand men, and five thousand waggons. Expense, I am afraid, enormous. Snow all carted into Thames, and causes disastrous flood. Angry deputation from inhabitants of flooded houses waits on me at Mansion House. Refuse to see them. Amateur sweepers run away with the Municipality's brooms and carts. Just got snow well cleared away at cost of some thousands to ratepayers, when down it comes again, worse than ever!

Next Day.—Resign post. Tell GLADSTONE to give it to a soap-boiler. Old "social stratum" much the best for this sort of thing. Go off to Cannes with FIRTH, to recuperate, and try and forget the most disagreeable half-year I ever spent in my life.



First Stranger. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO MARLBOROUGH STREET?"

Second Ditto. "AUGH! VE'Y SOWWY"—(ponders)—"WEALLY 'FWAID I CAN'T. THEY—AH—GEN'WALLY TAKE ME 'BOW STREET!"

[Hats and apologies. *Excunt.*]

OUR MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THE friends of popular education have, of course, been highly gratified by the announcement touching the Education Code, and specifically the "Music Schedule," that:—"The finishing touch has just been put to the New Education Code by the issue of 'Instructions as to Examinations in Singing.'" What delightful results may be expected from the popularisation of Music! When even the rustics have received a musical education, the ploughman, who now, as in MILTON'S time, still, if he be not too melancholy, "whistles o'er the furrowed land," will soon, having been taught to sing by note, whistle a tune, perhaps the dramatic or devotional inspiration of a classical composer, and whistle it according to knowledge. "And the milkmaid singing blithe," will also sing "beautiful," as those classes for the present say, who, when they shall have been taught grammar as well as music, will then say "beautifully." That is, if by that time milkmaids will not have been altogether superseded by milkmen, or steam or electric machinery. Servants—any accustomed to sing at their work—will sing as well and correctly as young Ladies in general do now. Operatives and artisans will lighten their labours with song scientifically sung. The "Harmonious Blacksmiths,"

will be everywhere, and we shall be all speaking in recitative, carrying about with us pocket-trombones with which to do the finishing chords.

In due time, let us hope, we shall shortly realise the advantage enjoyed of old by the venerable old Lady of Banbury Cross, and "shall have music wherever we go." All round our hats we shall wear hat-bands of music; and, at last, none of us will go about unaccompanied—by a keeper supplied by the Harmonious Hanwell Association.

"A STARVING DOCTOR."

"Many valuable lives might be preserved if we had the courage to face the accusation of being, as I am, a starving doctor."—DR. ANDREW CLARK in *The British Medical Journal*.

Now list we all to ANDREW CLARK,

And what he says on eating,
Though haply each severe remark,
Will set some pulses beating.
He raves, in his peculiar style,
'Gainst gormandising sinners,
And bids us eat plain teas the while,
And purely phantom dinners.

Farewell to every neat *entrée*,
To sweet and subtle sauces;
No piquant ragout from to-day
Must titivate your *faucets*.
In what then can you seek relief,
Although you're not a glutton?
Here's Doctor CLARK forbids you beef,
And scorns the thought of mutton.

He says at breakfast take, I beg,
Some tea and bread-and-butter;
He'll just allow one single egg.
A mercy that, you mutter.
At midday he would have you dine,
On fish, on wings of chickens,
A plain milk pudding, and no wine—
And that's the very "dickens!"

At five or six o'clock you've tea,
The breakfast fare repeated,
A tiny bit of fish maybe,
Then, lo! your meals completed.
And if to all his rules you bow,
Each invitation scorning,
One glass of water he'll allow,
At night and in the morning.

Such is the fare—no longer can
The gastronome run riot.
Oh, ANDREW CLARK! cries hapless man,
Is that my proper diet?
I'll feast, and you shall patch me up;
Of physic you're concocter:
What's life, unless we dine and sup?
So hang the Starving Doctor!

GARTER QUEENS OF CHARMS.

A NUMBER of young Ladies have worried the Heralds' College into holding a special Chapter for the purpose of considering the propriety of allowing them to wear Crests in their bonnets, and granting them special Petticoats of Arms.

NOTE BY A PLEASANT BANKRUPT (One of the few he had by him—in his "New Rules for dealing with Duns").—When you can't pay cash, pay attention.

SOMEBODY said, within Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM'S hearing, that, in the streets, all dogs should be led. "Yes!" she exclaimed, "and all pigeons should be clay."



TRIUMPH OF SIR PIGEON!

LAST SCENE OF THE TOURNAMENT OF DOVES IN THE PRESENCE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

GLEE FOR THE UNIVERSITY CREWS.

Row, Brothers, row; can't row too fast.
While steamboats are near does our danger last.

"A POET IS BORN, NOT MADE."—Oh, indeed! Then have not sunflowers, knee-breeches, long hair, white waistcoats, and general limpness nothing to do with Poet-manufacture in the present day?

TRUE FREEDOM.—Some say there is no "freedom of speech" in France. Absurd, when a French General is free to break his *parole d'honneur*!

"WEATHER—'TIS BETTER."—HAMLET.

WHEN Warning Wiggins storms doth prophesy,
We wear new hats and put our gingham by.

EXACT POSITION OF THE NORTH POLE.—Under Mr. Justice NORTH's wig.

SONG TO BE AVOIDED BY MR. BIGGAR.—"My Heart's with the Hylands."

NEW NAME.—The Metropolitan Board of "Shirks."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PARLIAMENTARY AND THEATRICAL "AT HOME" IN DOWNING STREET.

"Sure such pairs were never seen, so justly formed to meet by Nature."

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 5.—Grand Old Man came up smiling, having given knock-down blow to Father Time, who has been reminding him he is seventy-four. Drove from Downing Street through crowd of admirers. Wanted to put on his mask, to show them how he did it at Nice. Mrs. GLADSTONE wouldn't hear of it. Would look frivolous, she said. Besides there was no need of it out-of-doors. When he got inside, RANDOLPH and the rest would doubtless be throwing mud at him, when he might put it on if he liked. Meantime, if he'd only give his collar an extra hitch up, it would answer all purposes of a mask.

G. O. M. assented, put on his fur pelisse, shook an extra reef out of the mainsail on either side of his face, and looked quite picturesque.

"Still under pelisse protection," I said, touching the coat lest he shouldn't see the joke. (Tiresome to have to explain jokes.)

"Ah, TOBY, there you are!" he cried. "And if it's a fur question, How have you been?"

This comes of sitting on a knife-board, as Mr. RAIKES puts it. Sharper than ever. I could hardly keep up with him as he walked along the passage, across the lobby, and so into House, where received with great cheering. Immense brightening up on Conservative side. RANDOLPH radiant.

"Most miserable fortnight ever spent in Parliament," he says. "Might as well try to draw a quarter's salary in advance or the line between ASHMEAD-BARTLETT and CHAPLIN as try to draw HARTINGTON. But here's this Grand yet Childish Old Man back amongst us, and I'll have him out before we are forty minutes older."

So he did, though BARTLETT caught him first, and got out a speech on Egypt. RANDOLPH, little later, drew him on Transvaal, which, with one or two minor speeches, was pretty well for first night.

Amusing display of Conservative force just before GLADSTONE arrived. Conservative minority increased by six-feet-four-and-a-half. Mr. BREWSTER, who owns these inches, took his seat for Portarlington. Walked up to Table between TOTTENHAM and KING-HARMAN, mere striplings of six-feet-three.

"Let's see 'em beating that!" said Sir WILLIAM DYKE, rubbing his hands. "If they lick us in length of figures in the Division Lobby, they shan't on the floor of the House."

Liberals try to hide their discomfiture under sneers.

"The smaller the Borough, the bigger the Member," says Mr. WOODALL.

"BREWSTER should be the Constituency, and Portarlington should represent him here," says Mr. BRAND.

Some talk of Mr. COTES accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, going down for re-election, coming back, and being introduced by Mr. WHITBREAD and ARTHUR GUEST.

"That'd make 'em look blue," says Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR cheerily. *Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—House of Commons properly jealous of interference of Peers with their procedure, whether at election time or otherwise. Lord CARINGTON threatened with dire displeasure, because he is

reported to have invited "the notables" of Wycombe to a little entertainment at Wycombe Abbey, after writ had been issued for new election of Borough Member.

Contrast with this the indifference, or, rather, pleasure, with which the House permits interference of another member of the Peerage with its procedure. When a certain Count (said to be of Polish extraction) visits the House, and autocratically upsets its procedure, we don't hear any high talk about interference of other House. Nobody proposes to raise a Constitutional question about Count Out. He looked in to-night about half-past eight. Bundled SPEAKER out of Chair, drove Members forth, ordered Captain GOSSET to "take away the bauble" from the table, and had the whole place straightway shut up. Pride's Purge nothing to peremptory action of the Count.

RANDOLPH riled because he had Motion down about Endowed Schools in Ireland. Wanted to show how interests of these had suffered whilst GLADSTONE frittering his time away at Cannes. But RANDOLPH helpless before the omnipotent Count who promises to be the last of the Peers. Only pity is he didn't appear earlier on the scene. No one would have suffered, and many patient persons would have benefited if the noble Lord had turned up with regularity at half-past seven on every night Address was debated.

Business done.—House Counted Out at half-past Eight.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Quite a lively debate on Mr. ANDERSON's Bill to put down Pigeon-shooting. At one time seemed to touch the domain of tragedy. Mr. FORSTER, supporting Bill, said he'd "never shot a fellow-creature but once." Thrill of horror ran through the House at expected disclosures. Parnellites pricked up their ears. JOSEPH GILLIS, momentarily awaking from depression, cried "Hear! hear!"

"Always thought there was some great mystery about FORSTER," JOSEPH remarked to Captain O'SHEA, the confidential adviser and Father Confessor of the party. "Why does he never brush his hair? Can you tell me that, O'SHEA? Is it remorse, or a vow of penance?"

"—Never shot a fellow-creature but once," Mr. FORSTER continued, "and that was a cat."

Irish Members disappointed, and House generally relieved. But FORSTER mustn't recklessly and without notice make jokes of this kind. House not used to it.

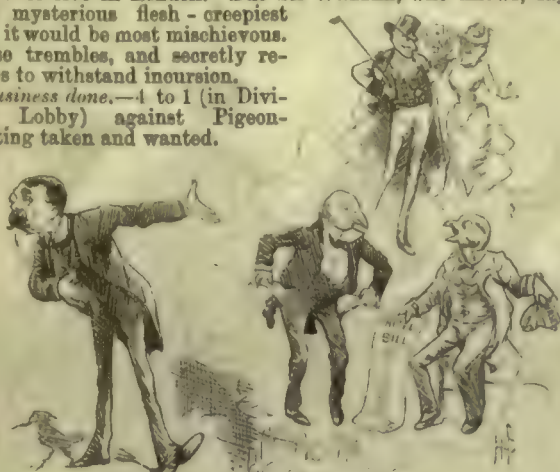
Pleasant to see Sir HERBERT MAXWELL ask Mr. ANDERSON to consider the question from the point of view of the Pigeon. "Suppose you were a Blue Rock, now," says the Hon. Baronet, regarding Mr. ANDERSON with head suggestively on one side. Ordinary imagination could not fly so high. Member for Glasgow too massive for the part. Sir WALTER BARTLETT monstrous mysterious, and more than ever emphatic.

"If you pass Bills like these," says he, "Country Gentlemen will be driven to live in London; and a more mischievous thing I cannot imagine."

"I wants to make yer flesh creep," said the Fat Boy to the Deaf Lady who lived at Dingley Dell. Might have added, had he known

the House of Commons, "Go and hear Sir WALTER BARTHELOT." Nobody knows exactly what would happen if Country Gentlemen driven to live in London. But Sir WALTER, who knows, says, in most mysterious flesh - creepiest way, it would be most mischievous. House trembles, and secretly resolves to withstand incursion.

Business done.—4 to 1 (in Division Lobby) against Pigeon-shooting taken and wanted.



Lord Randolph Churchill pities the Pigeons at Monte Carlo.

Thursday.—JOSEPH GILLIS came down about ten o'clock. Thought he'd be crushed, and, like a timid fawn, undesirous of human society. Would have passed him by pretending not to see him. But J. B. was not at all like that. Came along with his accustomed lithe step and with the familiar smile on his too seductive countenance.

"I didn't see you in Court to-day, Toby," says he, as if it was Mr. FORSTER who had been on trial. "Great crush, a little hot, perhaps you were as well out of it."

"Ah! JOSEPH, what a man you are," I said. "When we were speculating on your visit to Paris, wondering what it would lead to, how far the Constitution would be shattered, and whether the Throne was safe, you were philandering in the mazes of the Bon Marché, buying boots and things, and casting golden chains around coo maidenhood."

"Coy, is it?" said JOSEPH, with his serene smile. "Bedad, she was always renewing her application, I know I'm a little powerful with the female sex. I warned her at first, but it was no use. She was always after proposing to me."

"It has from remote ages been the fate of JOSEPH to be thus pursued. You must be careful in future. A man of your fascinations should be generous."

"Begorra," said JOSEPH, and an expression of pain flitted over his countenance. "I have to be generous whether I will or no.

There's four hundred pounds to pay, besides costs. Tell you what, TOBY, I'll go into a monastery, unless I get a new trial," and he walked away with something of the old lightness fallen from his step.

Lively night in House. Irish Mems. on full parade. The genial O'BRIEN put in forefront. Holds Mr. TREVELYAN up to "exeration of Ireland." TREVELYAN recalls how O'BRIEN, in his Paper, has similarly held up to exeration four men, Mr. FORSTER, Mr. BURKE, Mr. Justice LAWSON, and Mr. FIELD. House listens and reflects, not without thrill of emotion. SEXTON loudly indignant at Mr. TREVELYAN's remarks about his "honourable friend."

Nothing more astonishing about Land-Leaguers than their sensitiveness to punishment. O'BRIEN holds up CHIEF SECRETARY to exeration of Ireland amid approving cheers from Land-Leaguers. Mr. TREVELYAN knocks aside bludgeon, touches O'BRIEN with rapier, and Mr. SEXTON can scarcely restrain tears of burning indignation at outrage.

Business done.—Voting Supply.

Saturday Morning.—Met at half-past four yesterday afternoon, to do a little necessary business said to be imperative. Talked on various things till half-past Eleven. "The Man from Shropshire" wildly brought in again that burning question about Dormant Funds in Chancery. When at last in Committee, agreeably spent an hour in personal discussion between O'BRIEN and HOME SECRETARY. Shortly after One this morning got one vote. For place of business to apprentice promising youth, I recommend House of Commons.

RECKLESS WRITING AND CARELESS PUFFING.

THE art of Theatrical Advertising is progressing. The Public has now for some time grown familiar with the famous "Couple of masterpieces in one evening" put forward as an attraction to wheedle it within the walls of the Adelphi. It has, moreover, had the privilege of dwelling on the sanitary considerations urged upon it with so much grace and force by the Barnumian genius who presides at the Savoy. Then there has been the splendid tone of confidence suggested by a reference to the Drury Lane "takings,"—to say nothing of the latest effort in the puffing line made by a gentleman who appears to have approached the Management of Her Majesty's, not only animated with excellent intentions, but gifted with complete-letter-writing powers of really a high order.

And all these signs of the times are encouraging. But an Actor and Manager of Mr. TOOLE's reputation should be more cautious in the selection of his cuttings from newspaper criticisms than to quote the following lines from a notice which purports to have appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, which, in mentioning H. J. BYRON's *Uncle Dick's Darling*, says:—

"Humorous and lively to the last, these comedies offend no taste; but pure in tone, thought, and expression, stand, and will stand, as mementoes of one English playwright who was content to find his effects away from the dangerous ground of immoral intrigue, blasphemy, and swearing."

There is no occasion to remark on the above brief commentary further than to point out that, if itself pure in tone, thought, and expression, and humorous and lively to the last, unlike the comedies to which it referred, it was scarcely so fortunate on the score of good taste. The inference, undoubtedly, is that there are Dramatic Authors, who, unlike the Author of *Uncle Dick's Darling*, are accustomed to "find their effects" in "immoral intrigue, blasphemy, and swearing." Surely Mr. TOOLE himself would be the last person to corroborate such a sweeping assertion, for it would be as bad as saying that many of the pieces he had appeared in, have been essentially immoral, blasphemous, and profane. Were this indictment true, the several guilty members of the Dramatic Authors' Society should have their dramatic *pièces de conviction* brought against them as damning evidence, and be sentenced to the same punishment as the Editor of the *Freethinker* is now undergoing. The quotation, whatever may have been the context in the original, is an aspersion on the fair fame of English Dramatists who, as a rule, have been so careful to avoid everything approaching immoral intrigue, that when any one of them has had to adapt a risky French piece, he has chosen rather to incur blame and the chance of failure, by toning down and removing whatever immoral motive there might be, to achieving success by closely adhering to the original. Moreover, such a very "nasty one" levelled at contemporary literature was also extremely hard upon that worthy and most proper functionary, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

However, Mr. TOOLE has already struck it out of his advertisement, and it speaks well for his judgment that he has done so. But the paragraph in question has naturally suggested on all sides loud cries of "Name?"

LOVE AND LAW.

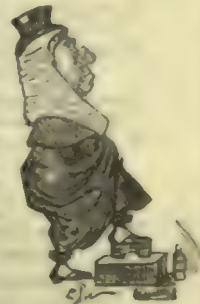
DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I PERCEIVE by the papers that a person named CAINE proposes the Abolition of Actions for Breach of Promise of Marriage! Proposes, indeed! The wretch!! Are we poor women to be robbed of one of our few protections against the flattering falseness of the "proposing" sex? Not that men "propose" too much. On the contrary, I maintain that, as by social convention, if not by law, they have a monopoly of the right of "proposing," they should be compelled, *by law*, to exercise that right more fully than they do. An exclusive privilege inadequately used is at once an insult and an injury to the unprivileged. That's logic, I hope, and good enough for Gorton or *The Nineteenth Century*. CAINE's proposal—fancy being proposed to by a man with that name!—is preposterous, of course. If men propose, they must—well, take the consequences in the fullest sense. Matrimony, or money down! But can nothing be done with those who *won't* propose, who won't even woo? Marriage they shun, and courting they seem to despise. Could they not be prosecuted for "Contempt of Court"? That, I maintain, would—as the *Daily News* says the Lord Chancellor's New Bill does *not*—"go very far towards putting Contempt of Court upon a proper basis." Do see to it, there's a dear Grand Old Man, and you will confer a real favour—a wedding favour—on

Yours devotedly,
BELINDA BLISSLESS.



Hon. C. Spencer, M.P.
(Masher of Parliament.)





A FAIR RETORT.

Mrs. Mountjoy Belassis (after several collisions). "IT STRIKES ME, MR. RUDDERFORD, YOU'RE MUCH MORE AT HOME IN A BOAT THAN IN A BALL-ROOM!"

Little Bobby Rudderford (the famous Oxbridge coxswain). "YES, BY JOVE! AND I'D SOONER STEER EIGHT MEN THAN ONE WOMAN ANY DAY!"

THE ROUGH AND THE RAIL.

BULL built himself a spacious esplanade,
Whereon at ease to stroll, or drive, or dwell;
"Shake hands, JOHN, with yourself, for once," he said,
"For this looks wondrous well."

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"
Quoth JOHN. "I see a bard *may* be believed."
Mistaken Minstrel! Man exceeding clever,
But parlously deceived!

For ever? Scarce five years, five months, five weeks,
At least in London, where the thralls of toil
Unwatchful, plod, whilst Greed spies on and seeks,
Spoiling, to snatch its spoil.

Greed in all guises, from the Rough, whose hand
To grab some coppers would beat out your brains,
To Railway-men, a ruthless, lynx-eyed band,
Intent on greater gains.

Poor JOHN! Policedom's prowess failed to cope
With bold BILL SIKES by night, but sadder still
The dreary failure of his joy, his hope,
Wrought by the Private Bill,

Slipped through in dull St. Stephen's drowsied hour,
When talk-dazed Members dine or slumber fast,
The charter of the selfish stintless pow'r
Of the iconoclast.

This still the chuckling churl of commerce arms
With right to wrong, with privilege to deface,
To rob the country of its choicest charms,
The town of its last grace.

Or Buttermere, or the Embankment, nought
Is sacred to these "sappers" of to-day:

And where were they who should the ghouls have fought
And baulked them of their prey?

Where Westminster's two Members, men of pith?
Pooh! spiteful puerility quite absorbs
St. Stephen's wranglers; there's no time for SMITH
To fight it out with FORBES.

The Spoilers have their will; they dig, they fell,
Fresh verdure vanishes, and, in its room,
Huge Vomitoria void unpleasant smell
And spread lugubrious gloom.

"Hullo!" cries JOHN, aghast. "What does *this* mean?
What hideous shapes obstruct my finest view?
What blight malodorous blasts the budding green?
Oh, come, this will *not* do!"

"Too late!" lisped sleek Officialism. "Sad,
Unjustifiable, but fatal—now!"
And sly Monopoly raised its chortle glad,
And reared its brazen brow.

Then JOHN waxed wroth, and *Punchius* in his ear
Whispered the counsel never heard in vain,—
"Put down your foot! Roughdom your roads will clear,
And Railwaydom refrain.

"Spite of unwatchful Senators, and spite
Of watchful Greed, put down your foot, I say,
On your Embankment-spoilers, birds of night,
Or harpies of the day.

"Against King Log, whose vigilance may fail,
Against King Stork, armed with his Private Bill,
There is one power that must and should prevail,—
The power of Public Will!"



THE ROUGH AND THE RAIL;
OR, THE EMBANKMENT IN DANGER.

LONDON ROUGH. "I MAKES IT DELIGHTFUL BY NIGHT!"

DISTRICT RAILWAY DIRECTOR. "AND I'M MAKING IT BE-UTIFUL BY DAY!"

MR. PUNCH. "YES—AND THE SOONER YOU'RE BOTH CLEARED OFF THE BETTER!!!"

John Richard Green.

Author of "A Short History of the English People," &c.
Died at Mentone, March 8, 1883, at the age of 45.

ENOUGH for one brief life the toil, the glory,
So to have told our stirring English story
That ears of English men most gladly listen,
That eyes of English youth will glow and glisten.
Yet all must grieve, gay stripling or grave sage,
Robbed by o'er-hasty Death of many a noble page.

THE EMPIRE IN DANGER AGAIN!

"It is impossible to overstate the indignation existing in India on the subject of Lord Ripon's Criminal Amendment Bill."—*Daily Paper*.

WHAT the Indians or Anglo-Indians really think about the matter is possibly something like this:—

Lord Ripon. Must really try and recollect that I'm a *Liberal* Viceroy. Why not introduce some reforms before I retire? Here's KIMBERLEY telegraphing that English Radicals are very discontented, and "can't I do something to please them?" So I must adapt "the theories of the Magazines and the principles of the Caucus" to India, I suppose. Hope GLADSTONE will be satisfied, I'm sure; there'll be a perfect howl out here! Here goes with a Bill allowing Native Magistrates to try Europeans in country districts. ALBERT says it's all right. ALBERT is a lawyer, and he ought to know. If there's a tremendous row, I can call it an experiment, and withdraw it quietly.

The Anglo-Indian Captain Sahib.—Gave RAMCHUNDER, my Bheesty, one on the side of his head this morning for bringing several disgusting frogs, alive, from the pond in the water for my bath. Didn't hurt RAMCHUNDER a bit. What does the fellow do but rush out of my bungalow, and take out a summons against me for assault! Never heard such impudence in my life. Am told the reason is that they've got a "Native Magistrate" appointed, who is severe on Sahibs who "knock their servants about." What is the country coming to, I should like to know? It'll be awkward if I'm fined by the brute. Hope they won't mention in Court about JEMSEIJER, that "Punkah-Wallah" whom I touched up with a gentle kick, and who was so inconsiderate as to go out into the Compound and expire soon afterwards. When old SMITH, of the L.C.S., was our Beak, he never took any notice of those little things. Times have indeed changed. Must remember only to kick the niggers in future when I have my slippers on.

Our Vakeel (or Native Advocate). Lord RIPON is a resplendent Viceroy! He knows what is justice for the poor despised Hindoo. Old BABOO will be an ever so much better Magistrate than SMITH Sahib. Never could produce much effect on SMITH Sahib. Only time I ever offered him a bribe—it was a Lac of Rupees, too—he actually threatened to kick me out of his tent! Such oppression is unbearable. Now we shall have some of the good old corrupt days back again. Glad that I am so much richer than that CHOWRINGHEE, the rival Vakeel. Where will CHOWRINGHEE be now, I wonder? SMITH Sahib used to like CHOWRINGHEE. That was because the dog never offered SMITH Sahib a bribe. CHOWRINGHEE hasn't the money to do it with! But I have. Let us then beg the QUEEN to permit us to have Lord RIPON just five years longer! Who knows whether we shan't in that time be looking up all the Sahibs in gaol, without the option of a fine, for eating Cow?

The Anglo-Tory Politician. Here's another abominable blow at our glorious Empire! CHAMBERLAIN's at the bottom of it, I'll be bound. He always is, if there's any mischief to be done anywhere. Hear that RIPON receives daily telegrams from the Radical Caucus at Birmingham! Hear also (TOMMY told me this at the Club as "perfectly authentic") that the Government is seriously contemplating proclaiming total independence of India at once, also of all our other Colonies, and granting unlimited Home Rule to Ireland! GLADSTONE (TOMMY said) feels he's "breaking up," and wants to break up something else first, and so is trying his hand at the British Empire. Evidently RIPON's measure about Native Magistrates is the thin end of the wedge. Don't quite know details of the Bill, but suppose it's to abolish all English Judges in India, and put Hindoos in their place. At least, so TOMMY said, and he is sure to know, because his uncle's father had a cousin who was Governor or something at Madras, or Seringatapatam, or somewhere out there.

THE PEN AND THE PETTICOAT.

LADY PAGET has written an Article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Common Sense in Dress and Fashion." Common Sense under those circumstances is generally in masquerade, and usually disguised as Folly.



STANDING ON CEREMONY.

"THAT WAS A FUNNY STORY MR. DIXON TOLD, AUNT JESSIE—THE ONE THAT MADE YOU LAUGH SO MUCH, YOU KNOW!"

"YES. WHY DIDN'T YOU LAUGH, IDA!"

"OH, I DON'T KNOW MR. DIXON WELL ENOUGH!"

REYNARD'S DIARY FOR 1893.

6 A.M.—Up early to have a look at these new-fangled sportsmen. What a change from my grandfather's time! What a falling-off! Ah! indeed! Feel quite melancholy. Console myself with a good old-fashioned breakfast on somebody else's goose. Better.

8 A.M.—Correspondence. Grumbling letter from a performing tiger travelling with his menagerie. Wants to know why the dickens I've got an Act of Parliament to make me comfortable, while he's obliged to stand up on his hind legs, like a fool, before the keeper and a set of gaping shilling places, because he's afraid of red-hot pincers; says the hyena takes exactly the same view of it. Poor devils! Why don't they, both of them, write to the papers? Hulloah! here comes the mechanical fox! Oh! isn't this funny!

10 A.M.—Well, I never! Call this a Meet? And what a pack! Well, they do look a miserable lot! 'Pon my word, if it wasn't for fear of legal proceedings, I would just show, and give 'em a good run myself. It would do 'em all the good in the world.

Noon.—Off at last! Mechanical fox no go. Burst his spring, and went over a brick wall into a conservatory. So the Master of the Hunt said the field might chivy him instead. Yoicks! Tally-ho! Away they go, the whole lot of 'em! By Jove, I can't stand this: I must cut in, if it's only to come in at the tail of 'em. I will. Here goes! Forrard!

2 P.M.—Well. That's the best run I've ever had in my life. But, oh! didn't the Master puzzle us, rather! But we run him to earth at last. Ha! ha! The sly old vermin! Dear me,—what am I talking about? Why, here I am, in the very midst of the whole lot of 'em. And, no!—yes! It's a fact—cut by the whole pack! Not a dog will speak to me! Nasty of 'em, very. Home much depressed.

8 P.M.—Turned it all over, and think perhaps I'm as well out of the fun, after all. Wrote rather a nice letter to the tiger. Told him there was no reason he shouldn't be protected as well as the poor little victims who used to suffer at Hurlingham. By Jove! That reminds me;—Supper! Turn in at the "Dove Cot." Service—all that could be desired. Pigeons excellent! To bed, thoughtful.

WANTS TO KNOW.

SIR,—In last week's *Illustrated London News* there is a picture of the Confirmation of the New Archbishop of CANTERBURY in Bow Church. We thought he had been confirmed long ago when a boy; however, better late than never. But what we want to know is, what is that bird doing there, perched on a ball? Has it any reference to Mr. ANDERSON's Pigeon Bill? Is it a Rook? and are the Gentlemen in forensic costume hearing its caws? Some well-informed person has told us that it is the Eagle. From where—the City Road? The Angel from Islington would have been more appropriate.

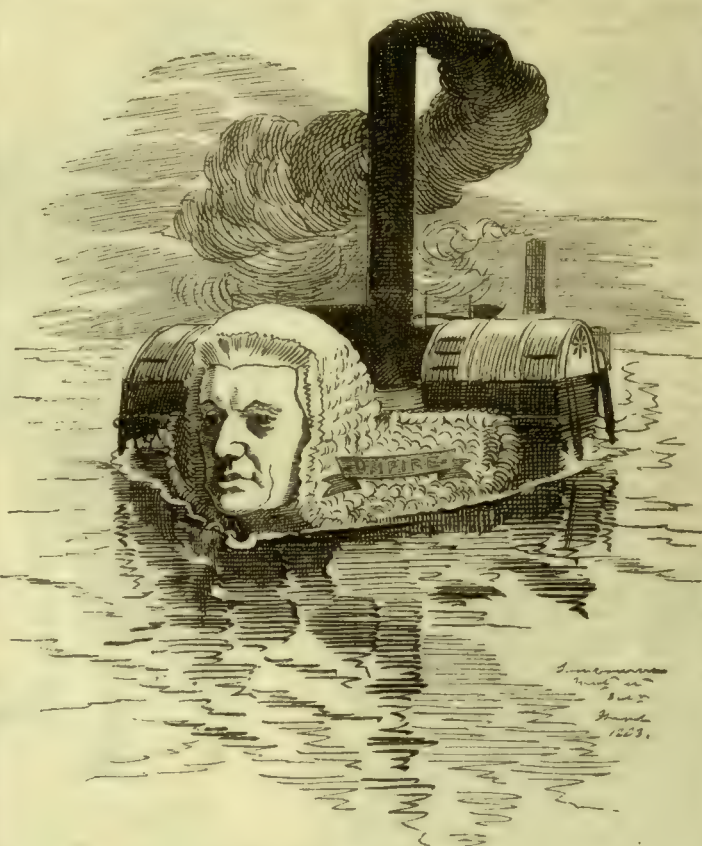
Yours,
PH. PHOGG.

A Little too Late.

UNDER the Chapel of the old Scotch College, now a boarding-school, near the Pantheon at Paris, some workmen are reported, in sinking a drain, to have discovered a leaden case containing the brains of JAMES THE SECOND, who had bequeathed them to the Seminary which he regarded with a national interest. What a pity the King didn't make the discovery himself in time to save his crown.

"SHE's so touchy, I can't say a word," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM; "her temper is 'like frills upon the frightful Philistine,' as the saying is."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 127.



MR. JUSTICE CHITTY.

ALL HAIL, "JOE CHITTY!" FORTUNE FAVOURS PLUCK,
A STROKE OF GENIUS, AND A STROKE OF LUCK!
IN BOAT, AT BAR, ON BENCH, YOU ARE, AND WERE,
BY ALL ACKNOWLEDGED "FAIREST OF THE FAIR."

MARCH MADRIGAL.

(By a Hater of East Winds.)

A PECK of March dust may be worth a King's ransom,
But blown in one's eye by this pitiless wind,
A speck of it plagues, so I'd give something handsome
To "down with the dust," which has made me half blind.
Br-r-r! Chilled to the marrow, I shrink from all movement,
My skin is like parchment, my palate a-parch.
Science talks very big of the March of Improvement,
I wish she'd effect the improvement of March!

No Law can touch a *Free-thinker*, which is a most inappropriate name for any publication; but it can and ought to restrain the free speaker and the too free-and-easy writer who offends against good taste, and who seems to consider that freedom of opinion should only be construed to mean an obligation on everybody to agree with the *Free-thinker's* own peculiar ideas. Pity there are not a few more Mr. Justices NORTH further South, where even the *Free-thinker's* Christmas Number is outdone by the style of paper recently hawked about the streets of some Continental cities. The worship of Respectability in England is something better than merely the homage paid by Vice to Virtue.

"FRATER ALFRED ATQUE VALE."

[See the Poet Laureate's lines in the *Nineteenth Century* for this March. The Young Man who does our poetry says he is quite ready to sign himself "A. T." (*Appy Thought*), if the Editor of the abovementioned Review will only make it worth his while. Inspired by the Laureate's contribution of nine lines to the *Nineteenth Century* (there's luck in odd numbers), our Young Man sends us the following, only premising that they are supposed to be spoken by the Editor of the *N. C.*, the first line being addressed by him to the P. L.]

"WRITE us lines for our Magazine O, sold in Paternoster Row!"

So he wrote, and so they printed, KEGAN, PAUL, AND TRENCH, & Co.
And it made the present number of the *Nineteenth Century* go
Like the wildest wild-fire, for the pages otherwise were slow,
With its articles by LIFFORD, STANLEY, DALE, AND WATTS (THEO),
Who are not a great attraction, though himself each may think so,
But when following our Poet are just worth *Horatio*
When upon the scene with *Hamlet* in a great Lyceum show,—
Such at least is the opinion of PAUL, KEGAN, TRENCH, & Co.

ALFRED TWENTYSTONE.

WHAT was probably considered at first to be the obstacle to Mr. BIGGAR's marriage? It was said he was afraid of committing Biggar-my.

THE Wooden Leg. A new Novel by the Author of *The Golden Calf*.

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. IX.—RAILWAYS.

PART IV., AND LAST.—Concerning the Qualifications and Requirements of Railway Travellers.

Q. What do you consider to be the essential qualifications of a successful Railway Traveller under existing railway regulations?

A. It is difficult to summarise them. Chief among them, however, may be mentioned:—

1. Unusual physical strength and endurance.
2. Absolute indifference to comfort and convenience.
3. Stolid and indomitable patience.

Q. But are not these the powers and qualities of a Spartan Athlete rather than of an ordinary British Citizen?

A. Precisely. But the British Citizen who does not possess them must necessarily suffer most severely in travelling by rail.

Q. Will you give me some explanation or illustration of this startling position of yours?

A. It cannot be startling to the person who has travelled and thought. But we generally travel, as we do most customary things, *without* thinking. In this public habitude of unconsidering acceptance of the uncomfortable as the inevitable, lie the safety and the opportunity of the corporate ghouls who prey upon us.

Q. But to details.

A. A railway traveller should have unusual physical gifts. Strength and agility are imperatively demanded for the tasks of mounting interminable flights of stairs, and climbing into almost inaccessible carriages, especially when the traveller has been detained by a sullen ticket-clerk, or is vociferously urged on by a furious platform-porter. Lungs of unusual strength are requisite in order to shout from one end of the platform to another for access to, or liberation from, needlessly locked carriages. Hearing should



Mrs. M. "OH, YOU MUST SEE MY CABINET OF CUR'OSITIES. I'M AWFUL PARTIAL TO BRIC-A-BATS!"

A SHAKSPEARIAN MEDITATION.

A Room at the Home Office. Tables covered with piles of books, papers, letters, telegrams, reports, &c., &c. The SELDOM-AT-HOME SECRETARY discovered, looking weary and anxious, preparing his Speech for Second Reading of his Government of London Bill.

Home Secretary soliloquises—

If it were done, when I've done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If but the Second Reading
Could trammel up all consequence, and catch,
When I shall cease, success; if but my speech
Could be the be-all and the end-all there.
But there, within the babbling House of Commons,
I'd jump the House of Lords. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment there; that we but teach
Senseless obstructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the nuisance of our lengthy speeches
To our own ears.

The Corporation have a double claim:

First, as I was their guide and leading Counsel
In their grand Epping Forest Preservation,
I gave them counsel, and they gave me gold,
Strong both against the deed; then, as their guest
At many a sumptuous banquet at Guildhall,
I should 'gainst hungry Leaguers shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself, unless of course
Accompanied with fork. Besides, the Corporation
Have spent their wealth so nobly, and have been
So princely hospitable, that their virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The sheer starvation of their taking off:
And SALISBURY, with tongue like rapier-blade,
Sounding a blast, or Cherub CHURCHILL, horsed
Upon his insolent courses, beating the air,
Shall blow the horrid truth to every heart,
"Ingratitude, thy name is VERNON HARCOURT!"
I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent,
No sympathy from all my chaffing colleagues,
No word of kindness from the Grand Old Man,
No public feeling, and no cry for change;
But vaulting ambition only, which o'erleaps
Itself, and, like a headstrong acrobat,
Falls on the other side!

[Left sitting.]

combine the opposite qualities of abnormal quickness and indifferent dulness, the one to enable the traveller to catch the muffled mutterings of officials, the other to enable him to endure the deafening din of jangling bells, shrieking whistles, clanging carriages, rumbling trucks, and shrieking porters. Most especially his eyesight should be of the longest, sharpest, and quickest imaginable description.

Q. Why so?

A. To give him the slightest chance of distinguishing such essential notifications as the destinations of trains and the names of Stations. The position of a somewhat short-sighted traveller when the train stops at an unknown Station on a darkish night, is extremely pitiable. He projects his head from the window. The platform is very long, and indifferently lighted. The name of the Station is posted up in small letters in a dark nook some fifty yards distant, and is absolutely indistinguishable. He shouts wild inquiry forth into the darkness. If any reply come at all—which is by no means certain—it probably comes in the form of an inarticulate and unintelligible howl, leaving the traveller the choice of plunging out, and probably being left at a wrong Station, or remaining where he is, and quite as probably being carried on miles past the right one.

Q. But might not this be readily avoided?

A. Most certainly. The name of a station *should* be easily visible from every carriage to any passenger not absolutely blind. This is so obvious as hardly to require assertion, much less proof. It might be managed with the most consummate ease. The neglect of it argues either imbecility, or insolent indifference to the Public's most ordinary convenience.

Q. Are there any other ways in which Railway Companies needlessly tax the physical resources of travellers?

A. Very many. The ordinary Railway Station is not to be surpassed by any known device of sinister ingenuity, whether in dreary weary discomfort, or in facilities for catching cold. Its platform is oppressively gloomy in the finest weather; in bad weather it is exposed to every meteorological unpleasantness that blows, or drives, or falls, or whistles, or soaks, or parches, or numbs, or blinds, or freezes, or palsies.

Q. But does it not furnish any sort of shelter against the subtly varied assaults of our genial climate?

A. Very commonly none whatever. Sometimes, however, there are things called Waiting Rooms?

Q. What are these?

A. Dens of dismalness and discomfort, as depressing to the spirit as trying to the body. In these Waiting Rooms the would-be traveller may—wait. He can do nothing else, save suffer. The typical Waiting Room is, in fact, a public penitentiary. Its disciplinary powers, if fairly tested, would probably be found to compare favourably with those of Milbank or the Tombs.

Q. Is no other sort of retreat furnished for the waiting and weather-tormented traveller?

A. Yes; there are places called—in a spirit of sardonic mockery—Refreshment Rooms. At the most important Stations these, in some sort, answer to their name; but at lesser Stations, where often what they promise to our ear is more urgently needed, the success with which they "break it to our hope" is pyramidally complete.

Q. How is this effected?

A. By providing, at exorbitant prices, an extremely limited but carefully selected supply of food warranted not to feed, and "refreshments" guaranteed never to refresh. The consumption of these articles—as an alternative to starvation—under conditions of the greatest attainable discomfort, severely taxes the strongest digestion and the most perfect temper. To travellers dyspeptic or choleric it is productive of the most serious and lasting mischief.

Q. Does this singular tendency to wantonly tax the energies of the traveller pervade all departments of Railway Management?

A. It does. The regulations and adjustments of Railwaydom are calculated not for persons of ordinary *physique*, still less for the feeble or valetudinarian, but for hardy, perfectly-trained Athletes of keen senses, superb digestive powers, and indomitable patience. They can only be praised in the same spirit as that in which CHARLES KINGSLEY lauded the British North-Easter. Combining all the tedium of solitary confinement with all the trials of campaigning, they might make invulnerable veterans of the few who survived their hideous ordeal.

Q. Finally, why should the Public put up with arrangements so arbitrarily exacting and arduous?

A. To this question no satisfactory answer is possible or even conceivable.

THE KHEDIVE'S POCKET-BOOK.

(A Leaf anticipatory of the Immediate Future.)

MONDAY.—Sir AUCLAND COLVIN called upon me, and explained what he called "Lord DUFFERIN's Constitution." Sounded excellent. I was to command the Army. Then I was to be assisted by a Council



of Ministers having a sole right to initiate legislation. Further, there was to be a Second Council of Fourteen, partly nominated by myself and partly nominated by someone else. Besides these, there was to be an Elective Assembly of Forty-four Members, to be convened occasionally for purposes of discussion only. And, finally, I was to have the services of Sir AUCLAND as a Financial Councillor. Asked for further information—"What did he mean by a Financial Councillor?" Sir AUCLAND replied, "Lots of things—he would make himself generally useful." Saw my way to a small loan—"Could he (Sir AUCLAND) help me in that?" "No, he couldn't; he was my servant—absolutely—and it would not be dignified for the man to lend money to the master." Saw my way to a pleasant arrangement. "As Sir AUCLAND was my servant," I said, "I would dismiss him on the spot." Sir AUCLAND was very angry, and told me "not to play the fool." He explained that as he was my servant absolutely, I could do nothing without his advice. Very much frightened; and to conciliate him made him Knight Grand Cross of an Order I have recently created for Europeans—the White Elephant. He refused the gift, and retired in a passion.

Tuesday.—Had a capital thought in the night, but did not like to do anything without Sir AUCLAND's advice. My Financial Councillor is so very irritable. When he came I asked him, "if I understood him to say that I was head of the Army?" He replied, "Certainly—all the troops were at my command." Observed "that I thought so, and I would not trouble him any further, as I had some business to attend to." Sir AUCLAND wanted to know "What business?" "Oh," I replied airily, "I am only going to send off the Army to loot Constantinople." Sir AUCLAND again very angry, and told me "not to talk nonsense." Explained to him (as my Financial Councillor) that Constantinople was well worth the trouble, and would pay capitally. Sir AUCLAND replied, that if he heard anything more about it he would have me arrested by a company of the English Line, and confined in a British guard-room. Asked him "What was the good of being head of the Army unless I could have a shot at somebody?" Sir AUCLAND replied, "that it was impossible to explain anything to an Oriental, but that a European would understand the situation perfectly." Rather puzzled. Asked him then, "What should I do with the Army, as it was a pity to waste them?" Sir AUCLAND admitted that it was a pity, and suggested (as my Financial Councillor) that I might let the soldiers out as "supers" at so much the night to a local hippodrome or theatre. Fell in with the idea, which pleased Sir AUCLAND immensely.

Wednesday.—Evidently must leave the Army alone, so turned my attention to domestic matters. In the course of the morning Sir AUCLAND looked in, and asked "How I was going on?" Replied, "Capitally—that my Council of Ministers had just decreed that the Fellahs were to pay me sixpence a head an hour for the privilege of escaping the bowstring." Sir AUCLAND in a furious rage. He wanted to know "What they meant by doing that?" Replied, that "by the Constitution they surely had the right of initiating legislation?" Sir AUCLAND answered, "Not that sort of legislation. 'Twas like their something impudence to think of such a thing!" Sir AUCLAND advised me to dismiss them. Asked what I should do "if they refused to be dismissed?" "Why," he replied, "appeal to your Second Council of Fourteen, whose special duty it is to curb the action of the First Council." Sir AUCLAND looked so savage that I agreed to do anything to please him. He replied, "I had better, or he would write to Lord GRANVILLE about me." Begged him to forbear, and asked him "if he thought Lord GRANVILLE would like to be a Grand Cordon of the White Elephant?" He said "that I had better try, if I particularly wanted to be deposed by telegraph."

Thursday.—Sir AUCLAND came to see me at my urgent summons. Told him that the First Council had punched the heads of the Second Council, and that there had been a free fight all night in consequence. He didn't seem displeased; on the contrary, expressed his opinion that "the Constitution was working capitally." Asked him "Whether I should summon the Elective Assembly of Forty-four Members?" He replied, "Certainly, but that I must remember that they were to be convened for purposes of discussion only." Asked him "What I should do if Council Number One killed the members of Council Number Two, or vice versa?" He said that, "speaking purely as my Financial Councillor, he should recommend

me to refuse to pay for their funerals." Then, saying that "he could not waste all his time in chatting with me," he went back to his office in high good humour.

Friday.—I have had such a time of it! I convened the Forty-Four, and thought they would never leave me. They followed me all over the place, asking for "backsheesh." Got rid of them at last by telling them "that Sir AUCLAND was my Financial Councillor, and would give them what they wanted." Ten minutes later the dreaded Englishman rushed into my palace in a furious rage, and "wanted to know what I meant by sending a pack of ragamuffins to him?" Explained that they were not "ragamuffins, but Notables." He said he hated practical jokes, and it was lucky for me that there was a dearth of crossing-sweepers in Cairo. It seems that Sir AUCLAND has got rid of the entire Egyptian Parliament by supplying them with brooms. Asked him "if he thought they should collect the aims of the Faithful for their own benefit?" He replied, "Of course not," and that, acting as my Financial Councillor, "he had ordered them to pay in their earnings to my privy purse." Very pleased at this, and told Sir AUCLAND that I thought "the Constitution not half bad." He said "I would like it very much when I really understood it." Parted excellent friends.

Saturday.—Sent for Sir AUCLAND, to tell him that the two Councils had killed one another, and that the Forty-Four Notables had refused to leave their crossings, saying that they preferred their present employment to any other. Added that the Army, having been engaged by a perambulating circus manager to go a tour round the world, had consequently quitted Egypt. Sir AUCLAND congratulated me upon "having got rid of all my troubles;" and finally observed "that he had told me that the Constitution would act beautifully when it had once got into really proper trim!"

PIGEON-ENGLISH.

(By a Proletariat Supporter of British Sport.)

ANDERSON? Oh, jigger
That pertikler Scot!
Never touched a trigger,
Never fired a shot.
Give 'im cane and gingham,
Let 'im stick to twirling 'em,
Leaving hus to wing 'em,—
Stray Blue-Rocks from 'Urling-
ham.
Lor! it has bin fun,
Real jam and good,
Potterin' with a gun
Round some neighbourhood
Where the Swells is at it;
Potting each stray bird.
Stop our game? Oh, drat it!
Too right down absurd!
Cruel? All bow-wow!
Birds must die; death's cruel.
Wot's it matter how
They receives their gruel?
Tell yer this soft rot
Wich hus Sportsman chivvies,
Sends the race to pot,
Makes us all old Mivvies.
Sport's old England's crown,
Bless yer, the old bunting
Soon would be pulled down
If it weren't for 'unting!
Wot gives Britons muscle
To chuck down all barriers?

Wy a bit o' bustle,
With the Margit 'Arriers!
Would old NAP 'ave seen
Sech bold British front,
If it 'adn't been
For the Eppin' 'unt?
Sawnies ain't no good,
Raisin' their Scotch blether
At a bit o' blood,
Or a broken feather.
Bah! they'd make us mugs,
Snivellers pale and pappy;
Then the old 'umbags
Doubtless would be 'appy.
'Ang the Rad rampagers,
I'm for 'igh hauthority:
I am with the Majors,
Found in the minority.
I am with the Swells;
No, not little RANDOM!
Pooty tale he tells,
Wot's called madcap tan-
dem.
Sneers at 'Arriers. Yus!
But there ain't no blinking
That the Nobs and hus
Are one way o' thinking.
Wire ler Sport! I say.
Take my tip, Lord RANDY,
England's 'ad'er day,
If she follers SANDY.

BOAT-RACE SKETCHES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



A Stern Coach.

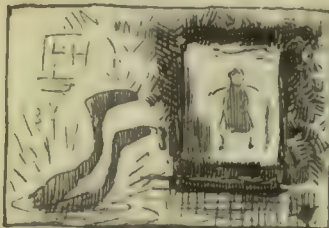
Bow.

NOTES FROM A WHISTLER.

THE idea of printing a Catalogue full of adverse and satirical criticisms on his own works is not new. Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD began it a long time ago, and perhaps the idea did not originate with him; but he, we believe, was the first to develop it. Mr. WHISTLER has



The Whistler a few bars behind.



No. 44.—Last Appearance of the Diver.



No. 11.

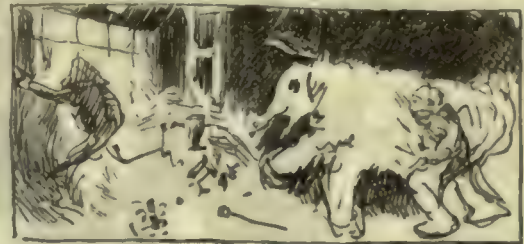
"NO MORE COUGHS AND
COLDS!"

Humane Attendant (log.). "He's
got his feet in hot water, I'll just
damp this sheet, and finish him that
way, anyhow."



No. 23.

Turtles and Crinolines. Scene in Wonderland.



No. 34.

Old Man frightened by Monster Dog. Perhaps an Illustration
to Goethe's Faust.

adopted the Hollingsheadian method. Public interest does not seem to have been greatly aroused in these "Etchings and Dry Points," or surely the Dry Points would not dry up in Easter Week, when, so the attendant informed us, the exhibition was to close. Rather a sudden shut up for "Jester JAMES."

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

THE BABY IN THE TRAIN.

"Why is there not a Compartment 'for Babies only'?"
The Crusty Philosopher.

How merrily, how cheerily we ride along the rail!
We think not of the driving rain, nor care about the gale!
I'm comfortably seated in a snug back corner seat,
With woolly rugs about my knees, and warmers at my feet:
I've all the morning papers in a heap upon my lap,
I read and calmly contemplate, and think about a nap;
A nap indeed? Impossible! You'll find it all in vain,
To have the slightest alumber with the Baby in the Train!

He's autocratic as to rule, and as to language terse,
He'll freely fiat his dear Mamma, and domineer o'er Nurse!
He wrinkles up his forehead like an ancient Chimpanzee's,
And babbles of the "puff-puff," and prattles of "gee-gees":
He guggles and he struggles, and he will not stand nor sit,
But he gives an imitation of an apoplectic fit.
I am not very captious, and I wish not to complain—
But *what* a crying grievance is the Baby in the Train!

I wish to feign the friendly, but I earnestly reflect—
In silly finger-snapping do I lose my self-respect?
Can I crow or can I chuckle with a countenance serene?
Is "kitchee-kitchee" fitted for my gravity of mien?
Can I talk of "doggie-oggies," or prate of "ittle dears"?
Is "peep-bo" fit amusement for a person of my years?
And though I do my very best to try to entertain,
I'm thought a vile impostor by the Baby in the Train!

He knows that I am longing to make faces on the sly,
How spitefully I'd pinch him if no guardians were nigh!
He clutches at my watch-chain, he smiles upon my suit,
He tries to eat my eye-glass, he jumps upon my boot;
He takes away my walking-stick, he crumples up my *Punch*;
He burrows deep in paper-bags in foraging for lunch;
And cups of milk at stations, too, how eagerly he'll drain,
With sighs of satisfaction, will the Baby in the Train!

O bold Directors, build a car to take such household pets!
And fit it up with cots and cribs and rocking bassinets,

And lullabies and picture-books and bon-bons, cakes, and toys,
To soothe the savage bosoms of these little girls and boys.
O brim the cup with caudle high! Let Soothing Syrup flow!
Let roasted mutton deck the board, and milky rice also!
And let all Railway Companies immediately sustain
A Separate Compartment for the Baby in the Train!

MOLLY-CODDLING LEGISLATION.

THOUGH the Session has been consumed up to Easter with very little practical work, and more than the usual amount of Irish nagging, time has been found, in spite of Curtain-Lecture nights, and the irrepressible jawing powers of the great O'Caudle Party, to commence a piece of fussy legislation which is a disgrace to the country. No one will deny that one-third of our national income is drawn from national drunkenness; that we see no way to meet our ever-increasing, and probably immoral, expenditure by raising taxes in a less objectionable manner; no one will deny that public-houses of all kinds are necessary creators of Revenue for a prodigal Exchequer, and yet public-houses are to be subjected to another outburst of hypocritical State virtue.

It has long been illegal to play a piano in a tap-room—to mix the pure gin of commerce with the harmless adulteration of Art; it has long been illegal to temper drunkenness with certain games of chance. The infamy of above-halfpenny has long been as patent to the legislative eye as the beauty of unmitigated swilling. Another divine inspiration has descended upon the law-mongers. They have discovered that the habit of paying wages in public-houses is wrong, injurious, and ought to be made illegal, and they proceed to make it illegal to the best of their ability. If they had the courage to close all pothouses, and to arrange their expenditure so as to live without the aid of drink and drinkers, it would be possible to admire their consistency, even with the knowledge that a great inconvenience was being inflicted upon the public. But these pettifogging attacks upon a class of tradesmen who appear absolutely necessary to the State, can bring neither honour nor profit to any Government.

JUDGING by the profusion of Mr. LEADER'S—the new Lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre—Advertisements, he is certainly *not Lieder ohne Worte*.

RIGHT is Might, and Wrong is Dyna-mite.

FOILED! OR, THE FRIGHTFUL DEMON, THE FALSE WARDER, AND THE FAITHFUL CHAMPION.

A ROMANCE OF THE FOREST.



SCENE—Epping Forest, in the Vicinity of High Beech.

*Enter CALIPASH.**Calipash (striking an attitude).* I am the guardian of these sylvan shades,

These velvet sward-sweeps, and these verdant glades,
 Oh, rather! Did not I announce last Autumn
 That I in perpetuity had bought 'em,
 Secured them for the PEOPLE? I'm the man
 To play the pleasant part of Modern Pan.
 Let trespassers bewar-r-re! Hollo! Who's this?

*Enter Steam Demon, flourishing wildly.**Steam Demon.* Snort! Squiggle! Squeal! Puff! Puff! Roar! Rattle! Hiss!*Calipash.* Indeed! Your voice is really *very* pleasant, But I don't understand you quite—at present.*Steam Demon.* I want free passage through these woods!*Calipash (mincingly).**Proh pudor!*

My duty's to be down on each intruder.

Steam Demon. I'm no intruder, I'm a boon-bestower, Friend of the proletariat Forest-goer.

I've only thirteen Stations; want another.



A PROMISING SON-IN-LAW.

Eldest Daughter (just out). "'MA, I THINK MR. WIGGINS IS GOING TO PROPOSE! 'T LEAST HE ASKED ME IF I WASN'T TIRED OF LIVING IN SUCH A MENAGERIE AS WE'VE GOT HERE!!'"

I'll make it worth your while. (*Winks.*)

Calipash (effusively).

My friend! My brother!

But how about you—well, communications?

Steam Demon. I'll make them just like "gentle undulations."

Ask CHAMBERS, he's a regular Cockney dryad.

Calipash. Well, many have misgivings; even I had Until you came and squared 'em so completely. Do as you like.

Steam Demon (chuckling). We've settled it most sweetly.

Enter BRYCEIS, Woodnymphs, Fauns, &c.

Bryceis. Oh, have you? Stop a bit. I know you, Demon.

A boon? We'll have two words that pleasant theme on.

Fine fellow you to talk about improvement!

Can't let you practise your "extension movement."

You mend the Forest? Ogre, I'll "amend" you!

Take that, and that! [*Buffets him with "Amendment."*]

Steam Demon.

Help, CALIPASH!!!

Calipash (funking it).

I'll lend you

What help I can, but—

Bryceis. Traitor! You're a beauty

To pose as Forest-Warder. Do your duty,

Or clear out, with the Cacodemon yonder!

Calipash. I—oh, I love the People,—no one fonder,

But—our friend there is such a pleasant talker,

I thought he meant the People's good.

Chorus of Nymphs and Fauns.

O, Walker!!!

Bryceis. The mighty name these forest-folk invoke

Is most suggestive.

Fauns (fortissimo). Walk your chalks, old bloke!

[*BRYCEIS, Nymphs, Fauns, &c., unite to drive CALIPASH and*

Steam Demon off. They retire grunting and shrieking.

Chorus of Nymphs and Fauns (Air obvious).

BRYCEIS, a jolly good fe-el-low,

Has made the Steam Demon ye-el-

low;

And sloped with a shriek and a be-el-

low,

To the joy of all of us.

With a hip, hip, hip, hooray!

The Forest has gained the day,

And old CALIPASH has been sent to

smash.

Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!!

[*Scene closes in.*]

FOR ROYAL MUSICAL COLLEGIANS.

LET the College buildings have a large central triangle, and round this let the Students' rooms be arranged in five flats. Economy being the order of the day, washing might be done on the premises and hung out to dry on a suspended chord or two. With a view to cheerful entertainment, a kettledrum might always be kept on the boil for five o'clock tea; though it ought to be understood, that while social gatherings should be fostered, no female candidate for the Violin Scholarship should be allowed to have more than two strings to her bow at a time. Finally, debt ought to be discouraged—even to the extent of allowing the matriculation of Oweboys.

THE JOLLY YOUNG RIFLEMAN.

(A ROUNDELAY FOR RANELAGH.)

AIR—"The Jolly Young Waterman."

DID you ever hear tell of a jolly young Rifleman,

Who as Adonis his charms used to try?

He curled his side-locks with such skill and dexterity,

Winning each heart and enchanting each eye.

He stood so straight, he marched so steadily,

The Volunteers came at his call so readily,

And he pranced at their head with so princely an air,

That he had the good word of the Brave and the Fair.

This Rifleman young never seemed to grow older,

So trim was his mien, and so chirpy withal;

He was always A 1 to each beauteous beholder,

And youths mustered proudly at RANELAGH's call.

And though some folk might be chaffing or jeering,

'Twas all one to him their flouting and sneering,

For how should our Rifleman ever know care.

While he wins the good word of the Brave and the Fair?

ADVICE TO THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL (on his proposed new Irish Mail Service scheme).—Don't Force it.

A GOOD "IMPULSE."

IMPULSE is a stupid name; but the play written on *Impulse* is good, and the acting leaves little to be desired. Mr. C. STEPHENSON took an unsuccessful French piece, and thereupon founded a fairly strong English play. The five Acts are so constructed that, though the audience is perfectly certain how the piece must end, the means whereby the happy dénouement is to be brought about being adroitly kept secret, curiosity is never once allowed to flag.

The dialogue is not brilliant, but to the purpose. There is no waste of words; and, with one glaring exception, in the First Act, every speech is perfectly consistent with the character who utters it. The exception mentioned is, when the haw-haw Swell, *Captain Crichton*, describes the accident which has happened to *Sir Henry Auckland*. *Captain Crichton*, well played by Mr. KENDAL, though showing here and there a tendency to over accentuate the comic "points," is a typical English "Heavy." He is straightforward, honest, sharp on occasion, that is when his slow wits are stimulated by the woman to whom he is chivalrously devoted, but unimaginative, and incapable of uttering the sentimental description which characterises the speech in question.



"The Parrot's a doosid good sort of bird, don't you know."—Mr. Kendal, in Act IV.

Beyond this, and the fact that the old Father, *Sir Henry Auckland*, is a bore,—as old fathers on the Stage almost always are, unless they are ridiculous,—and that the character is played in too mincing and namby-pamby a style by its representative Mr. BEAUMONT, who ought to have his back hair cut as quickly as possible, there is absolutely no fault to be found with the piece—if we allow the initial improbability of the father, sister, and friend having kept from *Mrs. Macdonald* the truth about her husband, who is on duty with his regiment in India, having been wounded in the arm; a wound that prevents his writing a letter to her, yet which is so slight that he is able to return suddenly, ready to take his wife to both arms, including the damaged one, which is not even in a sling. Grant this, and the piece is comparatively faultless till the finish, when the sudden collapse of the determined villain, the would-be seducer, *Victor de Riel*, at the request—for the appeal to him is scarcely more than this—of *Mrs. Beresford*, who has never had the slightest influence over him till this minute (when of course it's getting late, and the sharper the finish comes the better), is weak and unsatisfactory.

How it might have been ended, how *Victor de Riel* might have been disposed of without resort to melodramatic action, must have been a puzzle to Author and management. Don't tell us that that scoundrel, *Victor de Riel*—cleverly played by Mr. ARTHUR DACRE, who takes rather a one-sided view of the character,—his angle of inclination being invariably however to the right,—don't tell us, we say, that this man, growing rapidly grey in villainy, and more and more crab-like—we mean putting more and more "side" on—as his passion is intensified, on being discovered with the woman whom he has pursued with an unquenchable passion for years, could be suddenly abashed, cowed, and converted from the error of his way, by a goody-goody appeal to his better nature from somebody about whom he doesn't care a brass farthing. Absurd. Up with the Curtain, and give us Act VI., when he should return more lop-sided than ever, and be ultimately collared by two keepers and conducted to the nearest lunatic asylum. Or he might have been a French "Pre-



A Rielistic Scene in Act V., when Mrs. Beresford requests the Lop-sided One to go straight for the future.

tender," or a Russian Nihilist, to be captured at last by the Czar's secret police, when he could take poison, or leap from the balcony of the hotel, and his funeral be charged in the bill to the account of that old idiot *Sir Henry Auckland*.

Mrs. GASTON MURRAY, as a kind of *Miss Yellowleaf*, a *Pauline Pry* losing her voice from cold, and trying to talk to a partially-deaf man, is immensely funny—and not in the least overdone. This situation between Mr. BEAUMONT, Mrs. GASTON MURRAY, and Mrs. KENDAL, as interpreter, is one of the best of the lighter scenes in the piece, and is excellent natural Comedy.

Miss LINDA DIETZ, as the hopelessly weak, ill-dressed, and most irritating idiot of a woman, *Mrs. Macdonald*, "invested the character with artistic merit," and created for it an interest, and even a sympathy which the character itself would fail to arouse, if it appeared only in the pages of a three-volume novel. A sickly motiveless heroine, who has absolutely done nothing, except indulge in a flirtation which appears to have been only desperate on the man's side, and who trembles at the prospect of meeting her husband as much as if she had broken all the commandments *en bloc*, can only evoke from any right-thinking man or sensible woman a very plain expression of opinion, which would probably take this form, "My dear, don't be such a stupid fool." It is difficult to make anything of such a character, but Miss DIETZ makes the most of it, and so far it is an artistic triumph for her.

Mrs. KENDAL is as good as she can be as *Mrs. Beresford*, but there is not much opportunity for emotional display. Her acting is

never strained, and she makes the character serve its purpose as a part of a whole,—never once forcing herself upon the audience. There is one call upon her energy in the last Act, when she appeals to *De Riel*, and it is not her fault that this little bit of Sunday School-teacher's lecturing is unnatural and out of place; but, being so, her rendering makes it as natural and as consistent as it possibly can be.

The part of the piece is, of course, Mr. KENDAL's *Admirable Crichton*, which might have grown into a *Dundreary*, had the interest of the story been sacrificed to the idiosyncrasies of this character. His playing in the Second Act, where he is as delighted as a boy with his own sharpness, and is so utterly nonplussed when he has come literally to his wits' end—which is not far to go—is a performance which SOTHERN himself, or ROBSON in *A Regular Fix*, could not have beaten; and, if he keeps it at that, and does not repeat the catch-word of "You are—you know you are" too often, it will never degenerate into the broad farce of a low comedian's *Tony Lumpkin*, but will remain a sort of *Vanity Fair* caricature of a type of our time, and a performance on which hereafter the artist himself will be able to look back with pleasurable pride as a landmark in his histrionic career.

Mr. T. N. WENMAN's *Colonel Macdonald* is very good, though, for a hard self-controlled man, he is somewhat too demonstrative, not in the scene in *De Riel's* room, where nothing could be better than his sudden passion, but we mean in the scene with that poor old dummy, *Sir Henry*, who might as well be a broken-down Guy Fawkes in a chimney-corner after a fatiguing round of the streets on the fifth of November. Why should *Colonel Macdonald* strike his forehead, and appeal to Heaven? Wasted force.

We hope that when a new piece is required, the Management will get a fresh *Impulse*, and go on better than ever.

On Thursday last, *The Silver King* reached its one-hundredth night, and Mr. WILSON BARRETT, in an affecting speech, told us how pleased he was, how pleased everybody all over the world was, and how grateful we ought all to be to himself and the Authors, Messrs. JONES and HERMAN, as a trio of moral teachers and public benefactors. He gave an estimate, at a rough and ready calculation, of how many people would be undergoing moral improvement on any one given night when this piece was being played in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and gave us all to understand that his aim and object was to elevate Melodrama into the region of romance and poetry, which the *Silver King* so far achieves by giving us some splendid burglars, a first-rate Cockney clerk, and (here comes in the poetry) some rather wearisome speeches for the principal performer, *Wilfrid Denver*, to utter whenever there is nothing particular to do.



HOW IT OUGHT TO HAVE ENDED.

Foreign Hotel Servant removes his wig, exclaiming, "Aha! I am the Russian Detective Hankuff Takimoff, and you are the notorious Nihilist Bloem Uptotheshki!"

[They shoot each other. Curtain.]

Hooray for Romance, Poetry, and a Reality of a hundred pounds profit per night! We'll go in for Romance on these terms. Mr. BARRETT, in the First Act, as the drunken man, is excellent. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT is inimitable as the doddering old Butler, *Jakes*, and the audience heartily recognise the fact that there isn't a better villain in all London than Mr. WILLARD, whose performance of the *Spider*



The Silver King, the Princess's, and the Hundred Knights.

is admirable. By the way, wasn't it in *Jonathan Bradford* that the intending murderer finds himself in the same room with the corpse of the man whom he came to kill,—the same idea having occurred to some one else previously and been acted upon?

We are curious to see how Mr. ROSE has managed to dramatise Mr. AUSTIN's eccentric story, *Vice Versa*. If everybody feels the same curiosity on the subject as we do, the Gaiety Theatre, on the occasion of Mr. W. H. GRIFFITH's *matinée*, when *Vice Versa* is to be played, will be pretty closely packed. We don't see how it can be done, because, when one person has to become another person while that other person takes the other person's place, and yet is still before you unchanged, the situation is apt to become a little mixed. We hope to be present at the successful solution of the problem.

"THE SILVER THAMES."

OUR OWN Commissioner was seized with so severe a bilious attack immediately after the conclusion of Mr. BOSHER's evidence, (reported in our number dated February 10), that he was unable to continue his duties until last week. He then resumed his arduous labours.

WITNESS No. III.—TOM TUG.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Mr. TUG, what do you know about the state of the River?

T. T. Why, that it's something so disgusting as nobody would believe as hadn't seen it and smelt it.

Our Own C. Indeed! That's rather strong language, Mr. TUG.

T. T. Well, Sir, I can hardly expect you to believe me when I says that even us Watermen can hardly stand it. But, if you've any doubt about it, I'll willingly row you about for an hour or two just in the worst parts, and then you'll be able to judge for yourself.

Our Own C. (hurriedly). No, thank you. Now I understand that you are employed in some way by the Corporation in their patriotic inquiry. What have you to do?

T. T. Well, you see, Sir, the Corporation—bless their liberal souls!—wanted to find out how far the sewage that the Board of Works pours into the river at Crossness and Barking, flowed up the river with the tide. So they had a lot of floats made, that was put into the river where the sewage was pumped into it, and it was my duty to be ready in my boat, and row quietly along by the side of one of the floats just to see how far the tide would carry it.

Our Own C. Not a very laborious duty, Mr. TUG.

T. T. No, Sir, not particular so; but sometimes it did get that monotonous that I would willingly have exchanged for an hour or two's hard spell agin a flood tide.

Our Own C. I can easily believe that, especially in clear water. And what was the result of your interesting experiments?

T. T. Why, that on many and many a time the floats went up to Chelsea, and, on one occasion, with a good swinging tide, one of them went up as high as Chiswick.

Our Own C. Up to Chiswick! You really astonish me. But what does that prove?

T. T. Why, that all the mess that is so carefully taken down to Crossness and poured into the river, and thought to be got rid of, is all brought back again, and carried backwards and forwards with the tide, till it makes our noble river like a great cesspool.

Our Own C. I hope the Corporation pay you handsomely for your disagreeable work?

T. T. Why, yes, Sir; I ain't got no cause to complain. But if your Honour would just stand a—

Our Own C. (with dignity). You may retire. [*Exit TOM TUG.*]

No. IV.—CAPTAIN M'STINGER.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Captain, what evidence can you give me?

Captain M'Stinger. Rather startling, Sir, I think. You'd scarcely believe it possible, but it's a well established fact that the filthy sewage is gradually silting up the river.

Our Own C. Surely, Captain, you can't be serious?

Capt. M. Serious! (*Annoyed.*) Look here, I can't bring up my splendid steamer with safety, except upon the varra top of the tide; if you will give me the pleasure of your company to-morrow, I will take you to places on the banks of the river where you can stand in nearly four feet of pure sewage-mud. [*Steam up, and exit.*]

No. V.—MR. ROBERT.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Mr. ROBERT, and what have you to tell me on this sad subject?

Robert. Well, Sir, I thinks as mine is the most serious evidence of all as you've heard.

Our Own C. If so, it must be serious indeed.

R. I leaves you to judge for yourself, Sir, when I tells you that the river is that bad that we can't get no Wite Bait nearer than Gravesend, and preahns little even there!

Our Own C. Dear me, that is something terrible indeed!

R. Yes; and even there they're gitting scarcerer and scarcerer.

Our Own C. Indeed! Then how do you manage?

R. We does as the Millishyer used to do. We has to find a substitute.

Our Own C. And what is that, pray?

R. (struggling with his feelings). Sp-sp-sprats!!

[*Faints, and is carried out to the nearest Refreshment-Bar. Commission closed pro tem.*]

"RICHARDSON'S" REVIVED—not the famous Show, but quite *autre chose*, the Works of RICHARDSON the Novelist, which are now being re-published by Messrs. SOTHERAN & Co. in a most readable form. Our Novel Reader had often heard of *Pamela*, but never dared to attempt reading it until he came across the new Edition with Mr. LESLIE STEPHENS's interesting Preface, and then—he couldn't put the book down, but went bang through it, as if it had been so many paper-hoops and he a bare-backed-steed rider, at a single sitting, from 10 P.M. to 3 A.M., the only variation in the exercise being skipping the last half of the Second Volume, which, as the story really ends with *Pamela's* marriage, might have been altogether omitted, since the reader would have been perfectly satisfied with the Author's assurance that his hero (such a hero!!) and heroine (also, what a heroine!!) lived happy ever afterwards. *Clarissa Harlowe* has now appeared, and our Novel Reader is in training for the task.

PROSPECTS OF THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

(BY DUMB-CRAMEO JUNIOR.)



The Troops are allowed to use Barns and Lofts for Sleep.



A Water-cart will accompany each Column.



How goes "The Enemy?" Push him back!



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER AGAIN.

Lord Isidor. "It's—A—JUST A LITTLE INCIDENT IN MODERN LIFE, DUCHESS! A YOUNG LADY, YOU KNOW, WALKING INTO A PAINTER'S STUDIO, AND DUMBSTROCK AT THE SIGHT OF THE LAY FIGURE!"

The Duchess. "CHARMING! CHARMING! SO NATURAL! AND TELL US, LORD ISIDOR, WHICH OF THE TWO IS THE LAY FIGURE, NOW?"

AN EASTER REVIEW.

REVIEW! O lords of Chaos and Old Night,
'Tis a Review that ye might well take part in,
Set rocks and clouds and thunderbolts at fight
In the wild regions limned by grandiose MARTIN.
Let Titans play at loggats with smashed stars,
Cloud Anarchs change mad buffets wild and windy,
And then review the mist-veiled shocks and jars
Of realms of everlasting Smash-cum-Shindy!
What is there to review? Loud Nothingness,
Mere blustering, flustering, floundering, crass Negation.
Fighting? So clowns, so urchins fight, with less
Desire for conquest than for aggravation.
Yah-booh-dom in *excelsis*, round-armed blows
That forceless fall, below the belt, but harmless,
Bellicose posing that is nought but pose,
Clamorous war-cries, terrorless as charmless.
A fight where all, save spite, is sham indeed,
Purposeless as poor Patch with his pea-bladder.
How long, my JOHN, shall squabbling boys succeed
In squandering public time, in making madder
An all too quickly maddened veteran,
When fight they cannot, fouling and so foiling,
Deft at upsetting, if they cannot plan,
And though unapt to shape, most prompt at spoiling?
You're fooled by fribbles, JOHN. The nation's time
Is given to railing and *Thersites* junior;
Scaramouch blocks your boards; he's not sublime,
No *Tappertit* of politics more puny or
Presumptuously perverse. *Puck* has your ear
And mocks the hours away, hours unreturning;
Caliban's self exults in brutal jeers,
Whose echoes set the ears of good men burning.

Bæotian *Stentor*, crass, stultiloquent,
The stumbling-block of business, bars all exit
From the absurd *impasse*. Are you content?
Is patience proof 'gainst all assaults that vex it,
Whether of mimes or midges? The Review
Is hollower than some pageant of old Drury.
Smoke, smoke, mere buncombe, and wild hullabaloo,
And "like an idiot's tale, all sound and fury,
And signifying—nothing!" Wake up, JOHN!
How long shall this preposterous farce go on?

A LORD MAYOR'S NEST.

THE suggestion that the Duke of WESTMINSTER should be the first Lord Mayor of London under the coming Act, has given so much satisfaction that it is more than probable that the other Offices of the Corporation will be filled by the following individuals:—

Chaplain to the Lord Mayor—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Sword Bearer—General Lord WOLSELEY of Cairo.
Common Crier—The SPEAKER of the House of Commons.
City Marshal—F.-M. H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.
Collector of Wine Duties—Sir WILFRID LAWSON.
Solicitor—The ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
Clerk to Sitting Justices (Guildhall)—Lord COLERIDGE.
Principal Clerk to the Chamberlain—Lord CARRINGTON.
Registrar Small Debts Court—The MASTER of the ROLLS.
Recorder—The LORD CHANCELLOR.
Auditor of City Accounts—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.
Architect and Surveyor—Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
Keeper of the Guildhall—H.S.H. the Duke of TECK.
Librarian—The Earl of LYTON.
Registrar of the Coal Market—The Duke of NORFOLK.
Custodian of the Griffin (Temple Bar)—Sir COUTTS LINDSAY.
Remembrancer (to keep them all in order)—Mr. PUNCH.



AN EASTER REVIEW.

MASTER JOHNNY BULL (a practical little boy). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WHAT DOES THE CONTEST MEAN, UP TO NOW?"
F.-M. PUNCH. "SMOKE, MY LAD—ALL SMOKE!!"



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

(MARCH, 1883.)

"GLAD WE'VE GOT SOME NICE SEASONABLE WEATHER"—(*sleety breezes from the E.N.E.*)—"AT LAST! PEOPLE WILL UNDERSTAND MY NOSE NOW!"

THE BRITISH M.P.

A SONG OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

AIR—"The Village Blacksmith."

UNDER St. Stephen's high roof-tree
The British M.P. sits:
M.P. a mighty man is he,
With sharp and seasoned wits,
And an eloquence that, once set free,
Would give opponents fits.

Week in, week out, from noon to night,
He must sit in silent woe,
Whilst WARTON vents his dullard spite,
With measured boom and slow,
Or SEXTON soars in furious flight
When the morning lights burn low.

And someone ever plays the fool,
And someone else the bore:
They love to cheek with rudeness cool,
To howl with caddish roar.
For churlish Folly has set its school
Up on St. Stephen's floor.

He goes, poor victim, to his seat,
And sits in painful poise;
He hears Obstruction bray and bleat,
He hears tart BIGGAR's voice
Sounding with saw-like shriek and fleet,
Which his every nerve annoys.

It sounds to him like Cerberus
Yelping at Charon's boat;
He needs must think "This fiendish fuss
Postpones a Party vote."
And he finds it hard to choke the "cuss"
That rises in his throat.

Boiling and bored, no fight, no fun,
Onward the M.P. goes.
Each day sees aimless jaw begun,
No night beholds its close.
Little attempted, nothing done—
No work and no repose!

THE MOST UNPOPULAR MEMBER OF THE PARLIAM-
TARY ARMY.—Private Bill.

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As Editor of the Review with which I have the honour to be connected, I wish to reveal to the world "the method by which one of its monthly numbers is manufactured." I have no hesitation whatever in placing before the whole cultivated world the secret of the management of a "High-Class Philosophical Magazine."

Various principles lie at the bottom of my editorial system. In the first place, you will perceive that my Review is nothing if it is not "High-Class." How, I ask you, can I better preserve this characteristic than by getting high-class personages—or, in other words, members of the aristocracy—to write in it? In fact, to put it plainly, a Magazine of any pretensions to philosophical excellence must, if possible, contain at least one article written by a Lord. If a Duke is willing, and I may add able, to write a passable paper, so much the better. Of course a nobleman of real literary or political eminence should be selected; but, failing such, anybody with a "handle to his name" (to use a vulgar expression) will do. This is the element of *Rank*, which is indispensable.

Then the next principle in the manufacture is to obtain somebody to write about something on which he, or she, knows more than anybody else living. This is the element of *Special Knowledge*. It does not matter two straws what the subject may be. For instance, if a person has given the whole of his mind to the cultivation of a particular sort of turnip, or has embarked his entire intellectual capital in the effort to prove the identity of the writer of some (probably spurious) poetry with some other person who probably never existed at all, or if he has been buried in the Dead-Letter Office all his days, and can write a few pages of arrant "Shop" about defunct epistles—such an individual should, at all costs, be secured. He is sure to say something which is new, however uninteresting and unimportant, and cannot possibly be contradicted, because in his own line he is the highest living authority. So much for the element of *Special Knowledge*.

The last, and least important, element needed, is *Literary Ability*

and *Philosophical Profundity*. It is well, now and then, to have an article which, besides being written by somebody whose name is known, does really contain in it something which the competent critic can conscientiously commend. But, should the writer be unknown, the extreme caution should be used in admitting his contribution, whatever may be its excellence. You must try and make each particular paper, by reason of the eminence of the writer, an advertisement of the whole Magazine. So, if by any chance you do insert the outpourings of an unrecognised genius, make his article anonymous! This adds the element of mystery. It may only be poor old Professor FITZ-BOODLE, of Stoke-Pogis University; but, if no name is mentioned, rumour will ascribe the article, supposing it to be judiciously sandwiched between an obscure nobleman and an eminent specialist, to the Marquis of SALISBURY, or Mr. GLADSTONE, or Professor HUXLEY. Thus the end is obtained, and with the additional advantage of *saving money*.

Just to show you the way in which these principles are worked, I send you a list of the articles in the forthcoming number of our Review, for April, 1883, and hope you will now consider your questions as to the methods of Magazine-making satisfactorily answered:—

"On the Differentiation of Protozoada." By the Right Hon. the Lord THOMAS NODDY.

"The Defects of Dynamite as an Engine of Assassination." By the late HERR OBERDANK.

"On the present position of the Skeleton Army." By his Grace the Archbishop of the CANARY ISLANDS.

"The Limits of Belief: with an Excursus on the Diet in our Convict Prisons." By the ex-Editor of *The Freethinker*.

"London Municipal Reform." By his Grace the Duke of WESTMINSTER, K.G.

"Ought the Action for Breach of Promise to be abolished?" A Symposium: Interlocutors, JOSEPH BIGGAR, Esq., M.P., Miss FANNY HYLAND, and the Lord Chief Justice of England.

Truthfully yours,

THE EDITOR OF "THE CONTEMPORARY CENTURY."

STAVE FOR EASTER
MONDAY.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

SOME prate of WAGNER's
chorus,And some on RAFF are poz,
With RUBINSTEIN some bore
us,And some with BERLIOZ.
But there's very little music
nowJOHN BULL so gladly hears
Asthetow-row-row-row-tow-
row!

Of the British Volunteers!

A Diz-tinction.

SOME youthful Conserva-
tive enthusiasts are fond of
comparing Lord RANDOLPH
CHURCHILL to the young
DISABLI. But although the
chartered libertine of debate,
it does not appear that the
noble Lord, however feather-
headed, is otherwise Dizzy-
pated.

A Nursery Rhyme.

(Anderson's Revised Edition.)

BABY, baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting.
Prison-van upon the spin
To clap a father hunting in.

A GENTLEMAN with a bad
cold "id his ed," wishing to
describe the appearance of the
Charterhouse Brethren, ob-
served that, like *Colonel New-
come*, they were all "very
adsum men."

BY ORDER OF THE CLERK
OF THE WEATHER.—In con-
sequence of the continued pre-
sence of the prevailing wind,
the coming season will be
known as North-Easter.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 128.



VISCOUNT RANELAGH AND BARON JONES.

THE VICTORIOUS VOLUNTEER.

THREEFOLD SECURITY.

"They were willing to accept
loans on a three-fold security,
viz., first, revenue; second, prop-
erty purchased; third, charitable
emotion; so that if people put
their money into the Salvation
Army, and lost it, they would
have at least the satisfaction of
the latter."

Mr. Booth at Exeter Hall.

Oh, if I lose my propertee,
Like rain-drops in the ocean,
Then what a comfort is to me
This "charitable emotion"!

I may not see my Five per
cent.,

But then—delightful no-
tion!

I'm more than happy and
content

With "charitable emotion"!

A DISE FROM MORISON.—
In one of the latest additions
to the generally useful and
interesting series of *English
Men of Letters*, edited by Mr.
JOHN MORLEY, and published
by MACMILLAN, Mr. J. COR-
THER MORISON, in what appears
to us an unfairly prejudiced
biographical notice of Lord
MACAULAY, says—and on this
occasion says truly—that in
his *History* he was "neither
a Whig nor a Tory, but a
Williamite." In this Glad-
stonian era there are plenty of
Williamites about, but they
are William-mites, and not
Macaulays.

THE POET LAUREATE AP-
PLIED (*Epitaph for Prince
Gortschakoff*).—"A man and
a fooler of men."

"SHAFTS OF MISFORTUNE."
—The Ventilating Shafts.

THE MODEST SPREAD-EAGLE.

["The art of Fiction," says Mr. HOWELLS, an American novelist, "has in fact become a finer art in our day than it was with DICKENS and THACKERAY;" and another American says they cannot understand "the English dialect."]

HARK! The gallant Yankee Eagle screams across Atlantic seas,
Sneering at our Old World fiction. Look, it cries at works like these!
What are THACKERAY and DICKENS?—worn-out, miserable names.
For good novels go to HOWELLS and our wondrous HENRY JAMES.

Fiction is an art far finer in the hands of our great men,
Than in days when vulgar DICKENS held the swiftly-flying pen;
Does not blatant *Bartley Hubbard* from a *Pickwick* bear the bell,
And unmaidenly *Miss Daisy Miller* banish *Little Nell*?

THACKERAY's a played-out writer, not a man of any mind;
Go and read our *Helen's Babies* for a humour more refined:
Scarcely a gentleman was *Esmond*, though you brag of him a bit;
In *Democracy's* fair pages you will find the "real grit."

Then we use much better English—not your wretched dialect;
All our heroines are "stylish," that's a word we much affect;
You may stick to SHAKESPEARE's language, 'tis improved by us, for we
Talk the genuine "Amur'can" as we write it, "Yes, Sir-ree!"

Ma'am BRITANNIA, you're beaten, and it is in vain you plead,
Pleasant English tales by TROLLOPE, or the vigour of CHARLES
READE:

We write all the spryest novels, all the greatest works, you bet;
We have sworn to whip creation, and be sure we'll do it yet!

THE INDUSTRIOUS AND IDLE WARRIORS.

(A Story told, in Six Pictures, to the Marines.)

PICTURE I.—*Entering the Army*.—Here we have the two young
men making their first start in life. They have both received com-
missions. ROBIN SLOWCO the Industrious has prepared himself by
a long and careful course of study for the profession he is about to
embrace. He has passed any number of examinations, and his
extreme pallor has been caused by excessive study. EDWARD
SCATTERCASH the Idle, assisted by his father's gold-bags, has crept
to the Line from the Militia with the help of a cram. The two
young men exchange congratulations. ROBIN cannot help envying
EDWARD's good fortune as he points out that he has been gazetted to
a crack Regiment of Rifles. EDWARD, on the other hand, expresses
his sympathy at his friend's bad fortune—ROBIN has been appointed
to the Marines.

PICTURE II.—*Work and Play*.—Here we see ROBIN the Indus-
trious devoting his best energies to a score of arduous duties. He
has spent the earliest part of his professional life in garrison, on
board ship, as a soldier, a sailor, and sometimes even as a civilian.
He has been always at work. EDWARD SCATTERCASH the Idle has
had very little to do. He has enjoyed long furloughs and special
leaves, with the assistance of his gun, rod, and hunter. He has
scarcely ever been in uniform, and half the men in his company
hardly know him by sight. It is needless to say that EDWARD still
belongs to the crack Regiment of the Line, while ROBIN remains in
the Marines.

PICTURE III.—*Advancement*.—By dint of hard work and unpre-
cedented luck, ROBIN has received his Company. He has grown

quite grey in the Service, and he is as old as and more experienced than some young Generals. He has never left his Regiment, keeping either at headquarters, or being detailed for detachment duty. EDWARD the Idle has had altogether a pleasant time of it. Having exchanged into the Cavalry on promotion, he has been seconded for service as an Adjutant of Yeomanry. The chief duties of this appointment has consisted in dining with the Colonel (the Swell of the County) half-a-dozen times a year, and turning out for six days in the Autumn to perform the usual training. As ROBIN becomes a Captain, EDWARD receives a Majority and a Brevet-Lieutenant Colonelcy. The latter has all the prizes of the profession at his feet, while the former—remains in the Marines.

PICTURE IV.—*After the Battle*.—A war has broken out, and the two young men have been sent to the front. ROBIN is lost in the obscurity of his battalion. He fights bravely, and shows great power of organisation, but completely escapes recognition. EDWARD the Idle is attached as an extra *Aide-de-Camp* to the best Advertising General of the day. Consequently, he is "well taken care of." His name appears constantly in despatches, and at the end of the war his breast is covered with decorations. He receives promotion and £500 for carrying home despatches, telling how the Advertising General has beaten the worst army in the world with the assistance of the best. As this startling intelligence has already been conveyed to the Sovereign by telegraph, the reward is not quite in proportion with the service rendered. However, scruples of conscience do not trouble EDWARD very much as he marches down Pall-Mall to a snug little berth that has been made for him at the War-Office. As for ROBIN, he returns to his drudgery with the Marines.

PICTURE V.—*Middle Life*.—The two Soldiers have now served for many years. ROBIN the Industrious has married a wife as poor as himself, and with his miserable pay has found it difficult to keep the wolf from the door, much less defray the expense of children's schooling. He has at length risen to field rank, and is entitled to spurs and a brass scabbard. EDWARD the Idle has come in for all sorts of good things. He has always been on the Staff, and, as Military Secretary to a Viceroy, has wedded an heiress with a title. His new family connections have been most advantageous to him in furthering his interests in his profession. When he is scarcely forty he has become a General and a K.C.B. However, in spite of his grandeur he still experiences a friendly feeling for ROBIN when he sees the name of his old associate included in the list of the Marines.

PICTURE VI., AND LAST.—*The Reward of Idleness and Industry*.—Here we have the exterior of St. James's Palace on a Levée day. A mass of brilliant uniforms are seen in the background. Room is being made for the carriage of Lord SCATTERCASH, who wears a Field-Marshal's uniform covered with decorations. His Lordship has sauntered through life taking all the plums of the profession that have been offered to him, with lazy indifference. He is seen talking to a white-headed old officer wearing the faded uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel. "Yes, Slowco, my man," he is saying, with lofty condescension. "With my interest I ought to have been able to help you. I ought to have been able to have got you a berth over and over again. But you see I couldn't, my dear fellow—you had to stick to your Regiment and field rank. Your advancement was barred by your position." "Yes, I know, my Lord," replies the broken-down, poverty-stricken old officer, with a sigh, "I belonged to the Marines!"

A Question of Wind.

SHEER strength, steady science once more see behind!

But "a bit of a breeze" might have altered the test.
Poor Cambridge had hopes in a rousing East wind,
But Oxford had faith in a WEST!

BIGGAR's "APPEAL."—"Once more unto the breach, dear friends! Once more!" This quotation is from SHAKESPEARE's *Henry the Fifth*, not from the BIGGAR's Opera, from which the gallant M.P. might sing "How happy shall I be with neither!" But he appealed in vain.



AFTER THE PARTY.

"SURELY YOU 'VE NOT WASHED THIS MORNING, TOMMY!"

"No, MAMMA! I WAS IN BED SO LATE LAST NIGHT THAT I DIDN'T THINK I REQUIRED IT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 12.—Interesting debate on proposal of Great Eastern Railway Company to extend line to High Beech. Great array of vindicators of popular rights. "House been sold once about blowholes on the Embankment, not to be taken in again," says Mr. PULESTON. General state of virtuous indignation hostile to all railway projects. Curious effect among the Aldermen. Alderman LAWRENCE for Bill, Alderman FOWLER against. Alderman SIR ANDREW LUSK plaintively urges claims of his Constituents. They are, it seems, all "married men with wives and families;" "circumstances not altogether unprecedented when men are married," Mr. FIRTH says.

"They want to go to High Beech by rail," Sir ANDREW says, with tears in his eyes. Apparently this the sole object of their lives. Sympathetic portion of House pictures to itself the father of the family sitting disconsolate, his wife in chronic state of tearfulness, children wasting away. A whole family—married man, wife, and children—pining for opportunity to go to High Beech by Great Eastern Railway!

"My Constituents," Sir ANDREW whined, "want to get there, and the House seems inclined to say, 'No; we won't let you get there.'"

Believe this affecting scene would have carried the Bill. Unfortunately, one of Sir ANDREW's Constituents present. It was Mr. WADDY, who admitted to being a married man, also to a wife and children, and he bluntly declared that "he did not want to get there." House began to look with suspicion on Sir ANDREW. Was it possible he had been deceiving them? Had he been working on their feelings, picturing a state of things that was not? If he could have arranged counter-demonstration, might have been different. A few married men from Finsbury (having wives and children) appearing at the Bar, and protesting that they "wanted to get there," would have settled the matter.

As it was, House obliged to accept sole testimony offered. Mr. WADDY, a married man, ready to depose on oath that he, his wife, and family, did not "want to get there." Accordingly, Bill thrown out.

"I shall appeal against this," Sir ANDREW sobbed. "We'll have the case

re-heard, or four thousand married men in Finsbury, their wives, and families, will know the reason why."

"I'd advise you not to appeal," said JOSEPH GILLIS. "Costs more money, and it's no use." *Business done.*—Voting Army Estimates.

Tuesday Night.—Great incursion of Boers in both Houses. No reference to Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY, or Lord DENMAN, Mr. STANLEY LEIGHTON, or Sir GEORGE BALFOUR. Sharp short work in the Lords, and some pretty speaking. Lord CRANBROOK led attack. Full of fire and fury. Lord DERBY replied.

"Discusses affair as if were arbitrating on difference in School Board or Young Men's Literary Society," says Lord DUNRAVEN. Lord CAIRNS as frigid as Lord DERBY, but little more polish. Lord KIMBERLEY dull and prolix.

"Thinks he's going to dispose of the Boer question on the homoeopathic principle," says Lord ROSEBERY. "*Similia similibus curantur.* But bore on Boer, if not exactly false heraldry, is unattractive oratory."

Lord STANHOPE dissatisfied. Lord BRABOURNE condemnatory. More than ever regrets he accepted the Peerage when forced on him by GLADSTONE. Lord SALISBURY delightful, as he always is when discussing his noble friend and connection.

"Could hardly keep his hands off the Derby china when on his own shelf," says the Lord CHANCELLOR, with that solemn face which lends point to the worst jokes; "but now he's Worcester than ever."

Some little hits immensely enjoyed by the House, Lord DERBY sitting all the while looking straight before him with stonewall countenance, as if some one else was being discussed.

"The Duke of WELLINGTON," says Our Only General, "when being lowered from the arch, did not keep his countenance better amid surprising circumstances than does my Lord DERBY."

Perhaps prettiest speech of excellent Debate was Lord GRANVILLE's few words spoken with smiling face and courteous gestures. Resolved the whole matter, and fully two hours' talk, in a sentence, when he pointed out that retrospect of Transvaal affairs could not stop exactly two years back. "I think," said he, "the country will consider the position we were put in by the policy of the late Government, which made this most unfortunate annexation of the Transvaal."

Moreover, the smiling Earl pointed out that whilst Lords CRANBROOK, CAIRNS, and SALISBURY looked daggers, they did not recommend their use by the Government.

"These, my Lords," continued Earl GRANVILLE, with little nod and smile, as if dismissing a deputation, "are sufficient results to obtain from this Debate."

So Lords thought, and went home in good time for dinner, leaving House of Commons to take two days in saying same thing over again in form much less neat. *Business done.*—Invasion of the Boers.

Wednesday.—Mr. GLADSTONE put his foot down in New but Grandly Manly way. Says we've had enough of Sessions given up to Irish legislation. Time other and not immaterial parts of the

British Islands should have a turn. So no more Land Bills for at least six months.

"What d'ye think of that for a speech?" I asked Mr. LABOUCHERE, when it was over, and House empty again.

"I think," said the philosophical Radical, "that GLADSTONE never made a speech which so entirely pleased all sections of House of Commons. It



W. E. G. to Mr. Parnell. "Here break we off! Never again with you, Robin!" [Effect of an Explosion in the House.]

gratified the Tories, who were in terror of new concessions to tenants. On the same ground it pleased what I call the Whigs—that is, any Liberal who doesn't agree with me."

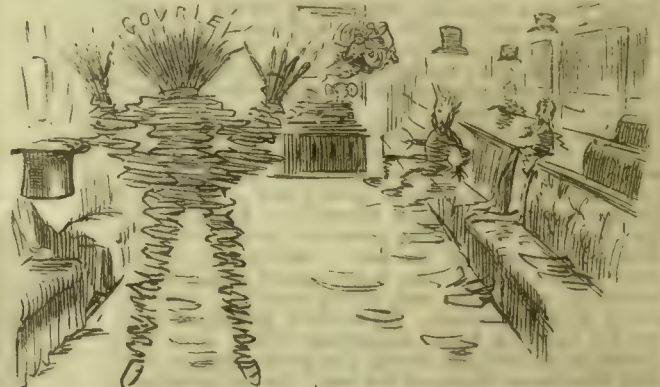
"But what about the Parnellites and the Liberals below the Gangway?"

"My dear, but too simple-minded, TOBY, there is no one in the House better pleased. Puts both under positive personal obligations. Gives us advantage of cheaply posing as friends of the National Party in Ireland, which means votes in English boroughs, and at same time does no harm. If our vote would turn scale, and compel GLADSTONE to bring in Irish Land Bill, that would be different—not to me personally, but to some others in this part of the House. But he's quite safe, and we pose with advantage to ourselves without hurting anybody else. As for PARNELL, GLADSTONE's speech is worth twenty thousand pounds, three years' sustentation fund for his

young men. He of course expected refusal, led up to it by presenting impossible Bill. But didn't dare to hope for refusal in this tone."

Heard yesterday Captain GOSSET ill. Learn to-day he's better. Everybody tells everybody else so with congratulation. The House of Commons wouldn't be the same without the portly presence, the shapely legs, and the friendly face of our dear old Sergeant-at-Arms.

Thursday.—Mr. GLADSTONE put his foot down yesterday, and to-day the Fenians have blown it up. Thought we were in for a quiet



Effect of an Explosion out of the House. Mr. Gourley addresses a crowded Audience on Thursday Night, March 15.

evening. At question time, Mr. REGINALD YORKE had brought down his own private bombshell, which he had intended to explode to the smashing, pulverising, and utter destruction of Son HERBERT. But it turned out that the fuse was damp. Didn't go off, and left REGINALD with a beautiful speech, illustrated with long extracts, undelivered. Much sympathy with him on neighbouring Benches, where Hon. Gentlemen had speeches of their own ready to fire off after his explosion. Sank their sorrow in his more poignant grief.

"Never mind," said WARTON, handing consolatory snuff-box. "Don't tear up your manuscript or lose sight of the two chapters in HUME's *History of England* you meant to quote at length. You can move in Committee of Supply to reduce the PREMIER's salary by a thousand pounds, and then fire off at HERBERT. I mean to bring on my Patent Medicines Motion in that way."

House had settled down into deadliest dullness. Mr. GOURLEY had undertaken to answer Big BEN's question, put any time during last fifteen years. "Where's your Reserves?" Opened subject on Duke of EDINBURGH's Report. Hadn't got far when interrupted by another report. Duke of EDINBURGH in Gallery waiting to hear speech. Drawn off by greater attraction. Members generally hurried off to Parliament Street. Several arrested by strange Policemen on suspicion. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT after first shock calm and resolute.

"What I don't like," says he, "is their sending boxes to me. DENNING refuses to open them unless his salary is doubled. Clerks in Home Office get out of the way, and busily engaged all day when one arrives. But this blowing up of public buildings when we're all out can be grappled with, and shall."

Confess I don't like it myself. Still trembling with shock. Meet Policeman in the Lobby. Like to talk to a Policeman in these times. Feel safe there at least. "A shocking thing this," I say to one (A 1). "They will be trying this place next."

"No, Sir," says A 1, lowering his voice confidentially, and pointing with thumb over his shoulder to House. "There's too many of them there, and they're reglar sitters."

Don't know what he means. Dursn't ask. Might be arrested on suspicion. Think I'll go and take a walk on Hampstead Heath, or Clapham Common. *Business done.*—Report of Supply in the House of Commons, of dynamite in office of Local Government Board.

Friday.—Debate on Transvaal continued. FORSTER came out splendidly. Insists we shall go to war to reinstate CHUMSIZANIE, or some other black Gentleman in South Africa who's been having his hen-roost robbed. Never mind talking about cost in life or coin. Go to war first and talk of that afterwards. Know now why a man's called a Quaker. "Cause he makes you quake." Haven't got over the explosion yesterday, and here's FORSTER on the war-path! *Business done.*—None.

To BOBBIES AND BURGLARS.—"The Ministry," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "will probably introduce a short measure"—don't like "short measures," as a rule—"for the purpose of dealing at once with the urgent question of the simplification of areas, and adjustment of boundaries of local authorities." This seems to be good news for the burglar, or the Policeman on his beat,—or for both. "Simplification of areas" certainly affects them equally.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

EVEN Practical JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S "sacred lamp of Burlesque" occasionally requires refilling with oil, or most assuredly it will sputter, flare, smoke, and eventually go out, leaving nothing behind but a disagreeable vapour.



Wonderful get-up. "Terry Incognita."

More nonsense has probably been written about Burlesque than about any amusement ostensibly patronised by the people. It is too often assumed that the difficult art—nay more, the wholesome and necessary art of courteous caricature—is one of no literary pretension, and may be safely flung as a sop to the silliest and vainest member of the profession devoted to acting. The fallacy of this proposition has been proved, notwithstanding Practical JOHN'S periodical spars with sensitive Critics, by a degraded estimate of the possibilities of Burlesque, and a growing carelessness and indifference on the part of its interpreters. A Gaiety play has, by inattention to the simplest rules of dramatic political economy, come to be considered embodied childishness; the Gaiety performers have too frequently mistaken petting for popularity.

Blue Beard in form and in colour, in aim and in opportunity appears to be the kind of oil that the sacred lamp required. The flickering flame greedily swallowed it, up it started into brilliancy, and behold the Critics and the Cynics are shaking hands, forced laughter is exchanged for honest merriment, and the Gaiety company plumes out its feathers, and the individual members of it have no longer to study themselves, but the characters entrusted to them. So long as they put earnest purpose into their work, they need never be ashamed of their calling. Why should they be? As their predecessors in the best English school of Burlesque, they have had ROBSON—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—a genius although a Burlesque Actor—MARIE WILTON and Miss HERBERT—Comedians although Burlesque Actresses; engaged in the very same occupation have been ADA CAVENDISH, JOHN L. TOOLE, HENRY IRVING, W. H. KENDAL—one of the most favourite Burlesque Actors Glasgow ever had—DAVID JAMES, THOMAS THORNE, JOHN HARE—he might have been seen in petticoats at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—and indeed all the best Comedy Actors and Actresses of our time. For Burlesque properly considered is not a hasty pudding of jingle and music-hall songs, or an opportunity for smart clothes and breakdowns, but a



The Hulla-balloo Chamber. Arrival of the Detective.

funny play with point and circumstance, containing a legitimate opening for parody and caricature. What indeed are the GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S Operas but Burlesques dressed up in the fine and fashionable feathers of Comic Opera? Are these *Sorcerers* and *Pinafores*, these *Pirates* and *Iolanthes*, with their Policemen and Soldiers, their Curates and Lord Chancellors, their love-sick Maidens and love-struck Guardsmen, any less Burlesque because they are set

to music by an accomplished musician who is himself a humorist in music, instead of being decorated with the best existing and popular music that comes to hand. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH sings patter-songs, and so does Mr. EDWARD TERRY, the latter having the better of it as far as voice goes. The lyrics awarded to Miss FARREN are no less laughable than such as are entrusted to Mr. BARRINGTON. Miss KATE VAUGHAN might be as usefully employed as a shepherdess or fairy as Miss LEONORA BRAHAM or Miss MARION HOOD, the Savoyards having the advantage in vocalisation, and the Gaiety in the "poetry of motion."

Miss E. FARREN, deservedly one of the most popular Actresses on the Stage, who, in other days, might have been—with discipline—a Mrs. ABINGTON or Mrs. JORDAN, needs no lime-light now to emphasise the fact that she is an Artist. Her singing of "*My Boy*," in variation, suggestion, and Cockney whimsicality, is a masterpiece. With no pathetic touch to assist her, as in Mr. REEC'S capital street-Arab's song, the humour of the thing is just as bright and keen. Her performance of *Blue Beard* is not a confidential commentary between Miss FARREN and her audience, but a clever bit of skilful burlesque acting.

Nor need Miss VAUGHAN lean upon her milliner for distinction in an Art in which she is evidently proficient. Hitherto her fanciful attire and her graceful steps have constituted her claims as an Actress; but now her singing of a broken-French song, and her swift and short imitation of SARA BERNHARDT, develop a charming fund of happy caricature.

That excellent comedian, Mr. E. TERRY, has hitherto been forced to squirm and twist and exaggerate his own style for lack of literary or comic suggestion; but



Darby and Joan of Arc. "Arc foward! Away!"

now, as the broken-down, impecunious father of *Mrs. Blue Beard*, he is as genuinely funny as JEMMY ROGERS ever was in the palmy days of the Strand.

Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST is "getting a big girl now," but has lost none of the artlessness of her childhood; necessarily a subordinate figure, she is always a pleasant companion to her associates on the stage. But the spirit of *Blue Beard* is otherwise infectious. How often, under other and more depressing circumstances, the assistants and extras have gone through their work wearily and miserably. Now they start into life and action; they are aroused to intelligence, and try, at any rate, to do their best. Even Mr. IRVING could not be offended, or Mr. KYRIE BELLEW outraged at the caricature by Mr. HENLEY, who cleverly, and in a few touches shows how unconsciously Mr. BELLEW imitates Mr. IRVING; and there is not a "Masher" in the famous front row who would break his crutch with rage, or disturb the symmetry of his shirt-front on account of the reflected affectation and mirrored apathy of the pretty young Ladies who so serenely satirise the youthful follies of an effeminate and unrobust age. If *Blue Beard* sets the example, never neglected in the days of ROBSON, WILTON, ROGERS & Co., of making the company act up to the play, the reaction will not have been in vain. It is a step in the right direction, and though much more remains to be done, yet as matters stand all are satisfied, Company, Comedians and Critics.

Additional Verse to an Old Song.

"THEY will spoil the Embankment," says HOGE unto SMITH,
 "But of course it's no business of mine!"
 Says SMITH, "T'would look better without them than with,
 But of course it's no business of mine!"
 Says PERCY to both, a young PERCY quite *per se*,
 "Won't enter the lists against Westminster's *Circus*.
 If BULL doesn't kick up a shine, it's a mercy,—
 But of course it's no business of mine!"

Chorus—Of course, &c.

OUR own Mrs. R. says they seem to be making a great fuss about the Exhibition of Messrs. SHERIDAN and BYRNE, but why they should, when you can see all the celebrities at Madame TESSAULT's any day for a shilling, she finds it hard to understand.

THE MAYOR'S NEST.



Old Bird (chirping in the Easter Recess). "ALL RIGHT UP TO NOW !

LET FIRTH delight to ban and blight,
Denouncing is his trade ;
Let angry HARCOURT vent his spite
Because his Bill 's delayed :

But Civic Magnates need not let
Their loud alarms rise ;
'Tis clear Sir WILLIAM will not yet
Crow over our demise.

We in our little nest agree,
And 'twere a frightful thing

If their Municipalities
Should make us all take wing.

Whatever brawls disturb *their* House,
Ours should be free from storm ;
Where Mayors and Aldermen carouse,
What need we of Reform ?

Let the League howl, FIRTH fret and fume,
And HARCOURT knit his brow !
Not yet we dread the threatened doom.
We're all right—up to now !

"It is a strange world," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM ; "one officer breaks his leg, and everyone is calling on him ; another breaks his *parole*, and nobody will go near him."

MR. BIGGAR is advised not to appeal any more, and to let his *HYLAND Lassie* gang awa'. He is understood to agree to this, as he already shows signs of *Hyland lassitude*.

TO "HUBERT" FROM TOBY.

DEAR HUBERT,

LET me congratulate you on your pluck, which is ever the characteristic of your noble race. You have indeed proved yourself worthy of your illustrious descent. And surely the two great Saints, whose names you bear, must have had you under their special protection,—I mean SS. Hubert and Bernard, for whom, (the latter especially, as I confess to being a trifle ignorant about the former, though I am a Protestant dog myself), I have always had the most profound admiration,—as your escape from the knives of the cowardly assassins, or at least from the knife of the one scoundrel whom I hear you collared and dragged to the ground was simply miraculous. Bravo, Hubert!

Do write and give me particulars, there's a good old boy! Confirm the story by your own "*Ipsa Dixit*." Do tell me *exactly* how you escaped. Go into details, without any waggery, you old rascal you! and let me know how you seized that man in woman's clothes. Did you tear a great piece out of his dress? Or out of his leg? Didn't he use his knife at all? Why did you let him go when you'd once got him down? And when poor Lady FLORENCE was stunned, and with a handful of dirt in her mouth, didn't the other assassin, who thought that, after three stabbings, he had settled her, make for you? And hadn't you to struggle with them both? Did they cram dirt down your throat, old man, to prevent you from barking? Was one about to stick you, and did the other, with some touch of humanity left in him, intercept his murderous design?

Did you, in your frantic rage, tear the female dresses worn by these two disguised men all to shreds,—for, up to the present moment of my writing this, I have not heard that any trace of those gowns has been discovered? Now do comply with my request, which is the request of all England, for full information from you, and do not simply wag your tail and say, "Bow, wow, wow!" I tell you, Hubert, I will not be put off with "Bow, wow, wow!"

I am informed that after these deeds of daring you did not "reappear till the following morning." This is the real modesty of a genuine hero. In this "dog trait" I recognise my own noble St. Bernard. But, old fellow, don't think me impertinent if I ask, where were you?

The noble deeds of your great ancestors were for a time partially discredited by impertinent visitors to Mount St. Bernard's, who said that the Grand Old Dogs never did carry half-frozen children to the Monastery. Many, in this sceptical age, don't believe half they hear about the doings of the Great St. Bernard Dogs, and it is for you, my Hubert, to take this opportunity of coming forward, and telling the scoffers how you saved a Lady's life, at the risk of your own, and miraculously escaped from the ruffians armed with knives, without a scratch on your muzzle, or even a rumpled coat.

Speak out in your own defence, my boy, as, already, there are some—but I have set them down, and warmly defended your reputation—who insinuate that your name should be changed from *Hubert* to *Falstaff*—but they will never make me believe that you are a "false staff" to trust to in a difficulty, or that the scoundrel you pinned to the ground was one of the notorious gang of "men in buckram." May you live long and prosper. Write soon.

Yours ever,

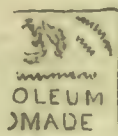
TOBY.

P.S.—There was another Florence who had a faithful dog whose name was "Diogenes." Do you remember how he made for Mr. Toots, and how that Gentleman said "it was of no consequence," eh? I don't think that ruffian whom you took by the calf would have been of Mr. Toots's opinion. Speak up!

A Modern Mud-rigal.

HURRAH! for the rain and the slosh!
Hurrah! for the gallant galosh!
Hurrah for the damp,
And the "brolly" of Gamp!
Hurrah for the brave mackintosh!

COMFORT FOR THE CORPORATION.—"Threatened men live long."



Youthful Customer. "SHOULD A MAN SHAVE UP OR DOWN, MR. STROP!"
Barber. "'DEPENDS SO MUCH ON THE—AH—GROWTH OF THE 'AIR, SIR. IN YOUR CASE, I SHOULD SAY DECIDEDLY DOWN, SIR—DOWN!"

CAKCLE.

As served up daily to a patient Public by its Sceptical Party Scribes.

THE victory of the Bluebuff Candidate in Central Clodshire yesterday, by a largely increased majority of Seven—at the General Election in 1880 it was only Six—is one of those events whose importance can hardly be overestimated and whose significance can never be exhausted. We pointed out some days since, that whilst no sort of meaning and no kind of credit would attach to the victory of the Buffblue Candidate, the defeat of that ill-advised intruder upon a constituency whose loyalty to Bluebuff principles has so long been conspicuous, would cover our party with glory and inspire it with hope. The event has proved that we, and we alone, were entirely right. The machinations of our opponents have failed ignominiously, their Candidate has suffered a crushing defeat. Nor, ingenious as they ever are at inventing hollow excuses and fudging up factitious consolation, will they in this case find a single circumstance to lessen their profound disappointment or mitigate their deep disgrace. The battle was fought upon broad Party Principles, the Buffblues had every advantage in their favour; buttered up to the ears by their Candidate, and caucused up to the chins by the local wire-pullers, they polled their very last man, and—were beaten by Seven!!!

Ah, that Seven! "We are Seven," sang the poet's simple interlocutor. The Clodshire Seven, more glorious than the "Seven against Thebes"—may make those words the refrain of a patriotic psalm that shall ring down the ages and sound on into the Bluebuff millennium.

It may perhaps be said that after all they were only Seven, and that they only secured a seat which before had been saved by Six! But this would not be a just estimate of the result. Would the Romans have rejoiced less in the saving of the Capitol if they had found that the goose-flock which saved it numbered not more than Seven? The true measure of the magnitude of our triumph may be found—in the efforts we must have made to minimise it had the saving Seven been on the other side.

DR. BENSON once wrote an Essay on the Relation of the Chapter to the Bishop. Now His Grace might supplement it with another, entitled *Its Aim; or, The End of the Chapter*.

A CRUMPLED ROSELEAF.—A Corn on the tip-toe of expectation.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 19.—CHARLES LEWIS is back after serving the constituency of Derry in the Far West.

"Yes," says Mr. CAINE, to whom I make the observation; "but you needn't mention it. LEWIS won't be in the House half-an-hour before he'll advertise the interesting fact through what are called the usual channels of information."

CAINE right as usual. Can't exactly recall how often LEWIS was up in course of sitting, but know it was on every possible stage. First on notices, next on questions, thirdly in debate. This is

making up for lost time. By Whitsuntide he'll be straight with Members who've been here since February.

Sir R. Cross wants to know how it was House was Counted Out on Friday.

"Very proper quarter for inquiry to come from," says Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "seeing he wasn't there himself to help to make a House."

Mr. CHILDEES volunteers to reply. Interesting narrative of how he met Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR when going out to dinner; how Lord RICHARD asked him to "be down at nine o'clock, and bring as many Members with him as he could get."

"This," says General BURNABY, "comes of old associations. GROSVENOR forgets CHILDEES no longer Minister for War. Sends him out on picket duty."

Pleased vision dawns before House of Mr. CHILDEES eating hasty dinner, then running out



The Easter Lily.

to patrol St. James's and Parliament Street, picking up stray Members, arresting them, and marching them down to make House.

Mr. YORKE, momentarily withdrawing his mind from Kilmainham, inquires about the mystery at Windsor—"That terrible struggle for life in the lonely plantation near the Willows," as *Standard* beautifully calls it. House laughs. Why should House laugh? Laughs again when GLADSTONE says, with great gravity, "I don't think HOME SECRETARY is in a position to give any information which would be of value to the House."

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, like practical Scotchman and enthusiast in office, inclined to take business view of the matter.

"Seems to me," he says to Sir EDWARD REED, "that here we have the problem solved of the protection of the Navy. We have been hammering away at it for years, and spent millions, and all the time have had close at hand, within domestic circle, the true armour-plating of the future."

"Oh," says REED, hastily, "if you're going through your speech again, I'll see you by-and-by."

"No; I'm only sorry this didn't happen a day or two before I made my speech. Would have been a great point. Thing is, get corsets made on principle of Lady FLORENCE DIXIE's; plate ships with them, and there you are. Nothing would go through them. At once cheap and effectual. Suppose you don't know the address of the corset-maker?"

"Of course 'ts no business of mine now," said the former Chief Constructor, looking a little vexed I thought at the idea having first occurred to C.B. "But suppose the thing will be advertised. When there's great fire, and papers are preserved in a safe, always see advertisement afterwards. Expect when Lady FLORENCE's hand is better, she'll write to the corset-maker something after this style:—

"DEAR MADAM,—I am happy to inform you that your knife-and-dagger-resisting corsets have saved my life. Walking in my grounds, on Saturday evening last, I was attacked by two men in female attire. It was a fearful time, and I struggled hard. Thrice a man smote me with a dagger. His eyes were dark, and so was his hair. His features were livid, his white teeth firmly clenched, and he wore a green dress. Thrice he struck, and thrice the faithful corset foiled his blow. In short, but for your corset I should now be a corse. You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter. I remain, yours faithfully and gratefully, &c., &c."

"That's the sort of thing you may look for."

"Thank you," said C.B., "never thought of that."

Business done.—Bankruptcy Bill read a Second Time.

Tuesday.—Things rather gone off to-day. Sir R. Cross was to have brought on question of Cuban Refugees. But it seems Spanish Government are coming round to right view of matter, and Spaniards mustn't be hurried.

"Generally long time coming round to anything," Sir ARTHUR OTWAY says, "especially to right view."

RANDOLPH furious. Had meant to put things straight after little weakness last Friday when he agreed with GLADSTONE on Amendment to Transvaal Debate. Only did it, he explains apologetically, in order to get rap at HICKS-BEACH. Still, to have asked GORST to withdraw Amendment in favour of one suggested by PREMIER, makes him feel uncomfortable. Meant to have put it right to-day on Cuban Refugee business, and here's Cross positively drawing back. RANDOLPH glares upon unconscionable Sir RICHARD as if it was his hat he sat upon on resuming his seat. Whereas it was only SCLATER-BOOTH'S.

Debate on Grand Old Committees not precisely entertaining. Mr. RAIKES makes a melancholy speech. Gather generally that with Grand Committees the country will hurry with hastened steps to destruction. House takes matter very quietly, considering, and finally agrees to refer Bankruptcy Bill.

More about Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. Mr. O'SHEA wants public inquiry. Impenetrable gravity of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT when he answers that inquiry going on, but he's "not in position to make any statement on the subject." More laughter when Mr. LABOUCHERE asks whether reward will be offered for discovery of guilty parties? Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT graver than ever. Like me, doesn't see the joke. No joke at all for people with dark hair and eyes, pale face, and white teeth, especially if they look as if they occasionally wore a green gown.

At seven o'clock House up for Easter Holidays.

Business done.—Go home till Thursday week.



Lord R. Churchill doesn't put his foot down.

A VENETIAN DINNER SONG.

[A "New Venetian Salon," at the Holborn Restaurant, has been recently opened. "Grand Marble Staircase"—and "Marble Halls" in which you don't "dream that you dwell," but where you realistically dine. For the original of this song vide Mr. H. C. MERIVALE'S "Boat Song," p. 152, in his *White Pilgrim and other Poems*.]

THE People are dining
Free-lee, free-lee;
The marble is shining
On me, on me;
And some folks are growing
So gay, so gay,
While others are going
To pay, to pay.

And some guests are calling
"Wai-ter! Wai-ter!"
And waiters are bawling
"Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir!"
They give us a filling
Me-nu, Me-nu.
The waiters are willing,
"And boo!—and boo!"

In Venice—no, Holborn,
To dine, to dine,
The high and the low-born
Com-bine, com-bine.
The fittings are splendid
To see, to see,
You dine (I know ten did)
Cheap-lee, cheap-lee!

We eat to repletion
Too soon, too soon,
In this New Venetian
Sa-loon, Sa-loon,

The band plays some Nation-
-al toon, -al toon,
Which stops conversation,
A boon! A boon!

The dinner is good, not
Cost-lee, cost-lee,
If 'twere, do it would not
For me, for me.
'Tis lit by electri-
-citee, -citee,
You can the effect try,
And see, and see.

But here comes the Doge in—
Noise cease, noise cease!
We're at, I'm "suppogin',"
Ve-nice, Ve-nice.
Here's *Shylock!* Note sound of
"Oh yesh! Oh yesh!"
He's cutting a pound of
Cook'd flesh, cook'd flesh.

And here is *Childe Harold*,
'Tis he! 'tis he!
Of whom BYRON caroll'd
Sweet-lee, sweet-lee.
And here comes *Othello*,
Tie white, tie white—
Now, wake up! old fellow.
Good night! Good night!

ODD CONTRADICTION AT THE ADMIRALTY COURT.—PHILLIMORE isn't, BUTT is!

THE BOILING POT OR, HOW TO KEEP IT UP.

(N.B.—It is done by a "Contents Bill" and a "Special" Edition—
Vide below.)

THE EVENING STAGGERER.

(SPECIAL EDITION.)

THREATENING TO BLOW UP THE TOWER.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE AT THE HOME OFFICE.

GREAT DISCOVERY OF ARMS IN THE REGENT'S CANAL.

ALLEGED DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

EARTHQUAKE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION IN THE CITY.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY COLLISION.

ANARCHISTS AT CAMBERWELL.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

LATEST BETTING.

THREAT TO BLOW UP THE TOWER.

A LITTLE boy, who gave his age as eleven, was discovered in Thames Street this morning with a halfpenny squib and box of matches. On the explosives being taken away from him, he admitted, on cross-examination, that his intention was to blow up the Tower. The investigation was still proceeding when our reporter left.

OUTRAGE AT THE HOME OFFICE.

BETWEEN half-past eleven and a quarter to twelve this morning a stranger, wearing a large woollen comforter and ordinary black kid gloves, but who, the messenger on duty happened to note, was eating an orange in rather an excited manner, deliberately entered the Home Office, and asked the way to the Stamp Department. Shortly afterwards, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT having occasion to leave his official room, slipped down on a piece of the peel that had been evidently left designedly on the stairs. The worthy Baronet, though not much shaken, said he supposed that the outrage was political, and might not be unconnected with the New Bankruptcy Bill. The affair is in the hands of the police.

DISCOVERY OF ARMS IN THE REGENT'S CANAL.

THIS afternoon a dredging-machine, while clearing a portion of the Junction basin, brought up from the bed of mud at the bottom a couple of old kitchen knives and a carving-fork. The weapons had evidently been in the water for some time, and the circumstance has naturally caused much excitement in the immediate neighbourhood.

ALLEGED DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

AN Archbishop, who has been staying at Buxton for the waters, disappeared mysteriously from his hotel yesterday evening, and, as snow was falling at the time, it was feared that he had been buried alive in one or more of the drifts on the hills, for which the locality is famous. Great relief was therefore experienced when it was discovered that the worthy Prelate had been merely spending a few hours quietly at the house of a friend.

REPORTED EARTHQUAKE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

A CORRESPONDENT from Egham writes to us:—"I was visiting the State Apartments at Windsor in the usual manner yesterday, when it struck me that I noted a decided oscillation of the stone bannisters on the grand staircase. As I had not long lunched, I could not possibly have been mistaken, and I called the attention of the Cicerone to the fact. I have not the slightest doubt but that the phenomenon was due to a severe shock of earthquake."

MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION IN THE CITY.

THIS morning, between half-past-six and seven, a rather loud report was heard in the neighbourhood of Milk Street, and on the Policeman on duty making inquiry, it was discovered that a slight accident had occurred to a kitchen-boiler that had not been properly repaired. Several arrests have already been made in connection with the affair, and some startling revelations are expected.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY COLLISION.

YESTERDAY evening, a coal-truck on one of the Great Northern sidings at King's Cross, having been shunted by mistake on to the up line, ran against a stationary break-van, with sufficient force to damage a pane of glass in the window of the latter, and almost throw the Guard off his feet. The noise occasioned by the shock of the meeting trucks is said to have been heard distinctly at nearly three yards' distance. The line was speedily cleared. There will be a searching investigation into the affair.

SUSPECTED ANARCHISTS AT CAMBERWELL.

SOME strangers have lately been seen in the neighbourhood of Camberwell; and yesterday they lunched at a well-known public-house, without any apparent object. It is thought, therefore, that they are very likely Anarchists, a threatening, coloured, and illustrated letter of a scurrilous character having been received by the Vicar on the morning of the 14th February last.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of GERMANY was yesterday morning about to take a turn in the Garden Platz, at the rear of the Palace, when an extremely heavy and drenching shower of rain came suddenly down, and determined His Majesty to abandon his stroll. The escape was a most narrow one, and has excited lively comment and congratulation in Court circles.

DIX'S LAND.

["THE Rev. Dr. MORGAN DIX has been delivering some ferocious Lenten lectures at Trinity Chapel, New York, concerning the shocking depravity of the American girl . . . It has pleased Dr. Dix to denounce the higher education of women as if it were certain to result in the ruin of the sex."—*Fall-Mall Gazette*.]

OH, Dr. DIX, oh, Reverend DIX!

So hot at denouncing the sex and its tricks,
Your mind must be full of queer ricks and cricks,
You are right off the rails, oh, my Reverend DIX;
'Tis wrong-headed "goodies" like you who would fix
The yoke on the woman, and then if she kicks
You "slate" her as though she had stolen a Pyx,
Like *Bardolph*. The sex like ourselves—is a "mix,"
There are some who are bad, there are some who are "bricks,"
But keep them in darkness to cure them? O, DIX!
The whitest wax-candles, without any wicks,
Would be little use in this world. The fierce flicks
Of your heavy *flagellum* fall wildly; some pricks
Of sharp ridicule's goad you deserve, for it licks
Common sense to perceive what you're at. Budding quicks
Need light, nor do women need darkness, my DIX.
If you'd nurture their morals by teaching them *six*,
Be sure that you'd not make them seraphs, but "sticks,"
In your dull "Dix's Land"—not Arcadia, DIX,
But a soulless Boetia, sombre as *Styx*.

A Common Complaint.

SCENE—A Common, of which, by defacing it with a Cutting, a Railway Company has sacrificed the Scenery to their Commercial Interests.

Genius Loci (quoting *Falstaff*). Company, villainous Company, hath been the spoil of me.

"ONE Volunteer is worth six Pressed Men," as a flattened Gentleman remarked in an overcrowded first-class carriage, going down to Brighton on Easter Monday.

"RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT."—The Affirmation Bill.

THIS represents pictorially Mr. DUMB-CRAMBO's view of what we've heard a good deal about recently, i.e.—



MANIFEST-TOES!

Ballad on a Bouquet.

JUST as, by any other name,
As sweet would smell a Rose,
So would an Onion, all the same,
Offend a dainty nose.

Plain fact, in periphrase conveyed,
From naming short we shrink;
'Twere coarse to call a spade a
spade,
And use the word we think.

Reformed Reviewing.

REVIEWS are all too long, and too discursive. They should be short, sharp, and to the purpose. For example, "*How to Grow Mushrooms*, by WILLIAM EARLEY. There is much room for a little book of this description. It is evident the early BILL picks up the mushroom." This is the kind of thing we want to see introduced in our critical journals.



DANGERS OF INDISCRIMINATE PRAISE.

(A CAUTION TO MOTHERS.)

Mrs. Tomlinson (to extremely eligible Young Lady), "I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE MY SON RICHARD, MY DEAR MISS GOLDMORE! NOT THAT HE'S EXACTLY BRILLIANT, YOU KNOW, BUT HE'S SO STEADY AND GOOD. SPENDS ALL HIS EVENINGS AT HOME, AND ALWAYS IN BED BY ELEVEN! HE'S NEVER GIVEN ME AN HOUR'S UNEASINESS IN HIS LIFE!"

"GOOD GRACIOUS!" EXCLAIMS MISS GOLDMORE, AND INSTANTLY CONCEIVES FOR RICHARD A FRANTIC AVERSION.

[Which is not lessened when she discovers that he's that Modest Youth in the background, pulling on his glove.]

"DISTRIBUTION."

Jeremy Diddler (reading new Bankruptcy Bill). Oh, this is perfectly disgusting, you know!

Professional Adviser. Not exactly pleasant reading, is it?

Jeremy Diddler. Mark my words, Sir, this molly-coddling legislation will ruin the country, send liberty to—well, to chokee, and drive cleverness to—in point of fact, to the dogs!

Professional Adviser. Your sentiments, Sir, do you honour. You should be in Parliament. Your ardent love of freedom would gladden the heart of COWEN, and rouse the enthusiasm of CLARKE.

Jeremy Diddler. Oh, liberty for ever! I say. Every man should be free to "do" as he likes—and can.

Professional Adviser. A Golden Rule, indeed! "Honest distribution of Assets," the Caucus-monger talks about. Honest distribution, I presume, means distribution among what are called "honest" people. They are mostly idiots. Then what is to become of brains?

Jeremy Diddler. Oh! (Sings.)—

We're going to do without 'em,
Don't want 'em any more;
We're going to do without 'em,
As lots have done before.
To deal with Commerce "on the square"
On a very moral plan,
And every noodle will declare,
"I am an honest man!"

Bah! makes a feller sick, such humbug does!

Professional Adviser. Exactly. We must remember, however, our professional maxim—not found in our legal handbooks—that "fools make elaborate laws, and wise men wriggle out of them." They thought they'd tied us up pretty tight in 1869.

Jeremy Diddler. Yes; but how about those "Official Receivers"— *Officious Receivers I should call 'em?*

Professional Adviser. Officialism is the curse of the country! Sixty of them, at a salary of about £1000 a year, I suppose, and paid out of the Assets! It's scandalous. These "Sixty Thieves" who've to be paid well for taking the bread out of poor men's mouths, must be the greatest scoundrels—

Jeremy Diddler. By Jove! A bright idea! I'll apply for the post myself!!!

Professional Adviser. Few could be better fitted for it. But what do we want with 'em at all, when we can settle it all so comfortably among ourselves, and save the Sixty Thousand a year?

Jeremy Diddler. Just so. Public inquiry be blowed! What's the Public got to do with a fellow's private affairs? Our blessed legislators seem to think we're like confounded cucumbers—can't go straight unless we're grown under glass.

Professional Adviser. Precisely. "Strangle our individuality," as COWEN says, by officialism and publicity.

Jeremy Diddler. Oh, look here, I say. Don't talk about strangling. It's uncomfortable. Chance of practical renewal of imprisonment for debt is bad enough without hinting at the hemp business.

Professional Adviser. Centralisation and the Caucus are driving us into reactionary courses, Sir. I'm all for "freedom of contract" and the doctrine of "settle it among yourselves!" By-and-by a man won't be able to sneeze without official supervision, or borrow half-a-crown without the consent of the Board of Trade.

Jeremy Diddler (aghast at the latter notion). By Jove!!! Just fancy what a lively time the Board of Trade, and Yours Truly would have; but no matter. Not quite so bad as that yet, old man. Haven't got such a thing as—

Professional Adviser (hastily). I agree, with COWEN, that no Bankruptcy Law at all is necessary. Anyhow, Lord HATHERLEY's opinion that "The principle on which all bankruptcy laws ought to



SPOILING THE SPOILERS.

JEREMY DIDDLEY (*a Fraudulent Bankrupt*). "WHAT!—HAND THE MONEY OVER TO THE CREDITORS!—PREPOSTEROUS IDEA!!!"

HIS "PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANT." "WHY—WE SHALL BOTH BE RUINED!"

be framed was to leave everybody to manage their own affairs"—with the friendly assistance of their own legal advisers, of course—is a sensible one. But this poking and prying, and public inquiry, and army of Official Receivers—

Jeremy Diddler. And all to save the ridiculously small sum of half-a-crown—

Professional Adviser. In the pound—

Jeremy Diddler. Is preposterous!

Professional Adviser. Monstrous!!

Jeremy Diddler. A public scandal!!! A national disgrace!!!

Professional Adviser. Well, cheer up, JEREMY! It isn't passed yet; and when it is, why perhaps even then, "Bankruptcy Made Easy" may be not quite a lost art. But as to "the quick distribution of a bankrupt's assets among his creditors," JERRY!—

Jeremy Diddler. His creditors, mark you!!—

Together. Why what would become of us?

TWO LIGHTS.

The Right Hon. Sir George Jessel,

MASTER OF THE ROLLS, DIED THE 21st OF MARCH, 1883.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore,

JUSTICE OF THE PROBATE, DIVORCE, AND ADMIRALTY DIVISION, TOOK HIS LEAVE OF THE BAR ON THE SAME DAY.

A LIGHT of Law, none stronger or more keen,
Quenched in Death's sudden shadow, to be seen,
A steadfast beacon of clear Right no more;
Lost matchless judgment, lost unrivalled lore,
The sharp, swift insight, the unerring skill,
The strength unbending and unshaken will
That lifted to high fame and pride of place
The virile scion of a virile race.
And even as men mourn their cold eclipse,
Another Light, extinguished not, yet slips
From the full gaze of countryman and friend.
Though one great life yet brightens to the end,
Sad seem the lines that, on one morning, tell
Of JESSEL's death, and PHILLIMORE's farewell.

"THE HAPPY FAMILY."

THE Cabinet are not a happy family, in the literal sense of the words, as regards the question of Municipal Reform.

However thoroughly united they may be in regard to other and more important matters, although even this has been questioned, on the difficult matter that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in an evil hour for his own peace of mind, undertook to arrange to the satisfaction of all men, they are certainly not as one man.

First and foremost stands their great leader with his inborn love and reverence for all institutions hallowed by age and historical associations, who takes every possible opportunity of declaring emphatically, that the reform of the old Corporation when it comes, "if ever it come," shall only tend to increase its power, and its prestige, and its influence for good, and enable it to continue more freely its great and useful work. Sir WILLIAM is said to find in him anything but enthusiastic support.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, with his intimate knowledge of the good deeds of the Livery Companies, gained by his position as Master of the Mercers, the premier Guild of London, betrays no great longing for any radical change in the Corporation or its associated Companies.

LORD GRANVILLE has that inborn dislike to all unnecessary change that it is reasonable to expect in a prosperous and popular Peer who has to conduct all the foreign affairs of this great Empire.

LORD DERBY is, we learn, so utterly disgusted with the unusual conduct, to use the very mildest phrase in our vocabulary, of the President of the semi-defunct League, in regard to the proceedings of the City Guilds Commission, that he never hears of his name or his acts or of anything that is his, without indulging in unparliamentary language.

MR. CHILDERS is so constantly absorbed in mental calculations of a most abstruse character, as to how to meet the enormous deficiency anticipated from the brilliant success of the Blue Ribbon Army, that whenever the subject of Municipal Reform is persuasively introduced to him by Sir WILLIAM, his sole reply is, "Oh, bother!"

LORD HARTINGTON, as is well known, votes the whole thing a bore, and tells everybody that, as HARCOURT voluntarily got himself into the mess, he must get out of it again the best way he can, and he hopes it will be a lesson to him in future to take Mr. Punch's

advice and stay more at Home, and attend to the necessary duties of his office.

MR. DONSON is of course nobody, and he's never yet got over the look of amazement with which he first found himself really and truly a Cabinet Minister.

LORD SPENCER, with his experience of Dublin, naturally shudders at the idea of largely increasing the power of any Municipality, and has a very strong conviction in his secret soul that a very considerable majority of his fellow Peers will prove to be of the same opinion when the question is submitted to them.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, it is well known, has expressed himself very strongly against one Municipality for the whole Metropolis, and is in favour of separate Municipalities for the several Parliamentary Boroughs; and as he has had more municipal experience than all the rest of his colleagues put together, his opinion should have great weight.

The only Minister, in fact, on whom Sir WILLIAM can rely is Sir CHARLES DILKE; but as the very well understood and very freely expressed opinions of Sir CHARLES, on nearly all political questions of importance, are far and away in advance of those of aristocratic Sir WILLIAM, his new colleague's over-zeal troubles him almost as much as the calm indifference, or worse, of his older friends. The one point, however, on which they both cordially agree is in their determination to shake off all further connection with the moribund League; and if its astonished President could but know who forms the subject of some of the best *mots* of these equally celebrated wits, it might teach him a lesson that would prove worth the learning.

The last rumour at "The Reform" is that the returns just sent into the Home Office, as to the probable number and character of the constituency of the contemplated New Municipality, are of so strikingly democratic a character, that the introduction of the proposed measure, put off until after Easter, may even be postponed until after Whitsuntide, so as to afford more time for a thorough study of the returns in question.

CRINOLETTE.

TIME was when a hideous fashion
Moved mankind to ire and spleen,
Till the Ladies took compassion
On us, scorning Crinoline.
Now a horrible successor
Comes to make men fume and fret,
And a wild outrageous dresser
Dares to wear a Crinolette.

Crinoline was bad, but surely,
Cages dangling in the dirt,
Wobbling very insecurely,
Don't improve a lady's skirt;
But no matter how this practice,
Inartistic, first began,
It, we're thankful, as a fact, is
Chiefly loved by MARY ANN!

IN THE PRESS.

Cat, a-musing. By the Author of *Kit; a Memory.*
The Lieutenant's Company. By the Author of *The Captain's Room.*

Merely a Curse. By the Author of *Only a Word.*
The Witch's Moon. By the Author of *The Wizard's Son.*
A Durham B.A. By the Author of *High Degrees.*
Not to be taken on Credit. By the Author of *For Cash Only.*
The Tittlebat Angry. By the Author of *The Gentle Savage.*
The Old, Old Story. By the Author of *No New Thing.*
Merely a Crimson Stall. By the Author of *Only a Black Box.*

A Snap at Somnus.

(By a Stupified Victim of the late spell of cheerless Weather.)

"OH, Sleep it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."
Oh! yes, MR. COLERIDGE, sweetly you sing,
And are probably right, on the whole.
But not this dull drowsing that comes, day and night,
From presence of "liver" and absence of light.

"EASTER EGGS."—Here "TOM SMITH & Co." set the best egg-sample. Of course this Firm doesn't "put all their eggs in one basket," but Mr. Punch has seen nothing prettier for this season of the year than one of T. S. & Co.'s *paniers*. They're on the right "lay," and not one of 'em addled.

SONG OF A CENTRE.

As Sung at a Festival of Fenian Conspirators.

WHEN the hand-bomb that's
hurled by the high-minded
hero
Explodes underneath the dark
despot's doomed car,
Or when patriots pine in the
prisons of NERO,
And the powder-keg blows up
the walls where they are,
Oh, those are the deeds that en-
noble the martyrs
Who the frolicsome dictates of
Freedom obey:
Though destruction's, maybe,
dealt around in all quarters,
'Mongst the people that couldn't
get out of the way.

But bad luck to the baste, in his
infatuation,
From revenge inconsiderate, or
vanity blind,
That commits an unpopular ass-
assination,
And against true tyrannicides
turns all mankind!
For that places ourselves in an
awkward position;
If Republics and Kingdoms
together agree
That all sorts of assassins deserve
extradition,
We'll have dynamite dashed
from the fist of the Free!

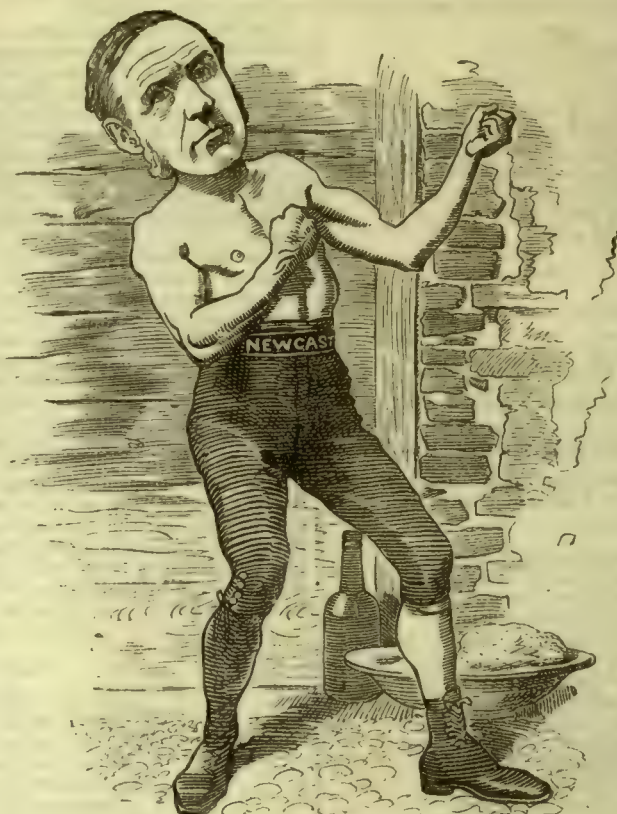
For Ladies Only.

We are told that—

"The bridle which was formerly
used at Reading to stop the mouths
of scolding women, has been deposited
in the Museum of that town."

This is satisfactory. In Read-
ing now Ladies bridle their own
tongues; and if not, never think
of going near the Museum.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 129.



JOHN MORLEY, ESQ., M.P.,

THE NORTHERN LIGHT-WEIGHT.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT IN PELL-MELL, AND FOUGHT KNIGHTLY.

"THE TWO ROSES."

(A New Song, on English Operatic prospects at Drury Lane, set to a very old tune.)

LUBLY ROSA back you come,
Won't I hear your string and brass
and drum, drum, drum.
O ROZE, MARIE ROZE,
You're singing for CARL ROSA,
"So the story goes."

Chorus.

O rows of seats, whole rows,
Will, we hope, be filled each night,
For all your shows.

A PHILOLOGIST who had been
much exercised by the American-
isms "Masher" and "Mashed,"
recently imported into the English
language, was in an ecstasy of
delight at finding in an old copy
of one of VANBRUGH'S plays this
Stage direction: "Enter BELINDA,
mashed." He at once sat down
to write a treatise, when, after
having set forth a learned theory
on derivations and the recurrence
of terms in the course of centuries,
it occurred to him to compare his
edition with several others of the
same play, when gradually the
conviction was borne in upon him
that the word he had read
"mashed," and which was unde-
nably "mashed" in his copy,
was a misprint for "masked,"
the Stage direction being "Enter
BELINDA, masked."—*Moral.* It
doesn't do for a Philologist to be
too impetuous.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

DR. SIEMENS is reported to have
grown strawberries by means of
electricity—very nice, he says,
although slightly savouring of
the current. Latest fruits of
Science.

IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

(NEWCASTLE VERSION.)

With thanks to Mr. Theo. Marzials.

THERE'S many a famous Member in the North Countree,
Many favourites of the Caucans, many speakers of renown;
But oh! among the smartest that ever you did see,
Is Radical JOHN MORLEY, who came down from London town.
We all sat around our Association Board,
When the Tories had a fancy that their man might win;
And then he came, so square and fair and broad,
Uncompromising rectitude about his solid chin.
And he sang to us there a *Pall Mall* song,
Till we all must needs sing too;
Of WILLIAM, grand old Leader, and of JOSEPH smart and strong,
Witty VERNON, Chelsea CHARLIE frank and true,
And we said, "Our town will make, unless we much mistake,
A comfortable seat for you!
Ay, a comfortable seat for you!"

There is many a famous Member in the North Countree

A-taking care the Liberal sun shall not go down.
But MORLEY lit a candle that you all might see,
Our shrewd and sparkling MORLEY from far London town.
Light it tript, that fluent tongue,
Sharp and pat to logic's dance,
Only JOE COWEN his grand head hung,
And sulked in a corner, and glared askance.
But MORLEY came to win, and he had his way,
We "heckled" him, and searched him through,

And says we, "Our town will make, unless we much mistake,
A comfortable seat for you!
Ay, a comfortable seat for you!"

There's many a Tory voter in the North Countree
A-breaking of his heart as the BRUCE goes down.
And JOE stood a-sighing; but he says, says he,
"After all, it's very little use to fume or frown."
And the Tories own a "beat."

Liberal cheers then rent the skies.
At the sound of their defeat
Our JOHN MORLEY did arise,
And his manly voice sounded so clear on our ear—
"Oh, Liberals straight and true,
BRUCE is really a good fellow, for all that I can hear,
But for Newcastle he'll hardly do.
'Tis I that will make, unless I much mistake,
The very sort of Member, friends, for you!
Ay, the very sort of Member, friends, for you!"

A Warning in Waxwork.

SUNDRY posters in divers places announce that a "Portrait Model
of Mr. CHARLES S. PARNELL," M.P., has been added to Madame
TUSSAUD'S Exhibition. Surely, Mr. PARNELL has done nothing that
can have entitled him to a position amongst celebrities associated in
a certain special Chamber of the establishment in Baker Street—as
yet? To do him an honour so very peculiar as that of placing
him there in effigy, seems, at least, premature. The Waxwork
Proprietors are not Astrologers; but this does seem like casting
Mr. PARNELL'S Chamber-of-Horrorscope.



NEW IDEAS.

"THE FACT IS, SIR ROGER, I DON'T APPROVE OF FOXHUNTING; AT LEAST, NOT FOR MEN. I THINK IT AN UNMANLY KIND OF SPORT!"

"UN-MAN-LY!"

"WELL, YES, YOU KNOW. WOMEN CAN HUNT. I HAVE, LOTS OF TIMES; AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN IN AT THE DEATH, I'M ASHAMED TO SAY!"

"THEN WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU CONSIDER MANLY?"

"WELL—BICYCLING. WOMEN CAN'T DO THAT, YOU KNOW, NOT EVEN WITH DIVIDED SKIRTS!"

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

ALTHOUGH months have elapsed since the events occurred to which the accompanying letter refers, I think it may be found of sufficient interest to all my bachelor friends who are blessed with female relatives, to justify its insertion.

A few days after I had given my instructions to the Liberal Haberdashers I sometime since alluded to, I received, to my intense astonishment, a letter from my Aunt, of which the following is a copy:—

"MY DEAR JOSEPH,

"I HAVE received from Messrs. ISAACS AND LAWSON a parcel of Silk, which, they inform me, they have forwarded by your direction. I have examined the worthless rubbish with an amount of astonishment that I really find it quite impossible to express. I can quite understand, my dear Nephew, the kindness that impelled you to make me, as you fondly thought, a very handsome present for my approaching birthday; but the shameful way in which you have been swindled, and induced to insult me in a way that I never could have believed possible, worries and annoys me more than I can express.

"It's a long way, of course, from Truro to London, and you know how I hate those nasty Railways, especially since I have been so lame, but I shall start by the early train to-morrow morning, and we will go together to those shameful swindlers, accompanied by a Policeman, and let them see that we are not quite such idiots in Cornwall as to be taken in by such an impudent attempt at deception.

"I hope the journey will not prove too much for my strength; but I shall be able to stay with you three or four days to recover myself. I shall bring my maid with me, so we shall require two bed-rooms. It is, of course, a great effort for me to make, but nothing shall prevent my assisting you in punishing those infamous swindlers who have dared so to impose upon your utter ignorance of these important matters.

"Your affectionate Aunt, "TABITHA TREVELYAN."

My poor dear Aunt stayed with me a full week before she was able to return home. It was certainly the longest and the most expensive, and I fear I must add, the most untruthful week I ever experienced, and the worst of it is that I also fear, from her somewhat severe manner at leaving, that my long week's sacrifice of comfort and convenience, of boundless extravagance, and of imaginative explanations was all thrown away.

I am going to Herne Bay for a few days' absolute quiet and repose, and to recover my wonted serenity after the fearful trial to which I have been subjected, from which I draw this moral for my future guidance:—

Never buy a bargain in Silk; never make a present to a distant Relation; and never have a spare bed-room in a small establishment.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the funds of the Land League. It has been suggested several times that these mysterious accounts should be audited. With a view to making a start in that direction, the following figures are interrogatively subjoined, as, from their nature, they seem likely to pass unquestioned by anyone:—

List of Disbursements.

	£	s.	d.
Tickets to Paris and America	1,000	0	0
Cost of flirting Overcoat with hand-hugging Pockets	10	0	0
Lessons from Dancing-Master in Irish Jig	1	10	0
Whiskey	1,000	0	0
Entertainment of the Fair Sex (no true Irishman, bedad, would object to that)	4	7	9
Boots and Gloves	1	12	6
Contributions to the Poor-Boxes in Paris Churches	0	0	3
The "Masher Suit" as advertised	2	10	0
Perfumery and Hair-Curling	0	2	6
Expenses of various Gentlemen—say	3,000	0	0
Charity	0	3	3
Other Disbursements	19,979	13	9
	£25,000	0	0

The Rival Blues.

(From the Home Secretary's point of view.)

BOBBY in Blue, put your truncheon in play,
The rough 's on the loose, and the "lag's" on the lay.
Where is the Blue, who that truncheon should use?
Off to the Boat Race, to guard other Blues!

TO BE SOLD, the whole of the Stock-in-Trade, Appliances, and Inventions of a Successful Aesthete, who is retiring from business. This will include a large Stock of faded Lilies, dilapidated Sunflowers, and shabby Peacocks' Feathers, several long-haired Wigs, a collection of incomprehensible Poems, and a number of impossible Pictures. Also, a valuable Manuscript Work, entitled *Instruction to Aesthetes*, containing a list of aesthetic catchwords, drawings of aesthetic attitudes, and many choice secrets of the craft. Also, a number of well-used Dadoes, sad-coloured Draperies, blue and white China, and brass Fenders.

To shallow-pated, flabby young Men with no education, who are anxious to embark in a profitable business which requires no capital but impudence, and involves no previous knowledge of anything, this presents an unusual opportunity. No reasonable offer refused. Apply in the first instance to Messrs. JUCKLEMORE AND JALLIWACK, Solicitors, Chancery Lane.



A REMONSTRANCE.

Retiring Old Gent (who had evaded the Income-tax for years, and been "brought to book" at last). "WELL, I CAN JUST MANAGE IT THIS TIME; BUT, LOOK HERE, YOU MUST INFORM HER MAJESTY THAT IN FUTURE, 'PO' MY WORD, SHE REALLY MUSTN'T COUNT UPON ME AS A SOURCE OF INCOME!"

AN EASTER HOLIDAY IN PARIS.

(Mems. from the Diary of a Home-Ruler.)

Monday.—Commencement of the Easter recess. Arrived in Paris safe and sound. Precious glad to be here, as my blundering fellow countrymen are always making awkward mistakes. As it was, during the passage between Dover and Calais, I found one of these donkeys taking aim at me with a revolver from under cover of the paddle-box. When I remonstrated with him, he apologised, and said he took me for quite a different Gentleman. Of course, we know nothing about these mysterious bands, or rather we know they do not exist, but still I do wish they would be more careful! It's false economy to employ illiterate avengers because their services can be procured cheaply.

Tuesday.—Took a walk in the Rue de Rivoli, and was accosted by two men, who asked me "if I happened to be Mr. GLADSTONE?" Replied, "Certainly not." They told me that they were delighted to hear it, as they had received instructions to stab the PREMIER to the heart, and were unwilling to make mistakes. Can't understand the matter at all. Called upon M. HENRI DE ROCHEFORT, and repeated to him a speech I had composed to be delivered after the recess. He expressed himself delighted with it. This was very gratifying and flattering. The more so as the speech was delivered in English, and HENRI only speaks French. Going home to my hotel, found a string of men standing in a row. They all had red flags. One of them asked me if I happened to be Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, as if I were he and his companions were to signal to one another my approach by waving their banners. Assured him I was not Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, but can't make out what it all means.

Wednesday.—Met a few of my colleagues, and determined to do a little business. Talked over the wrongs of Ireland for five minutes, and then practised the national jig. Adjourned to pay a call upon certain of the fair sex. Behaved in the most elegant manner. As

SAGE GREEN.

(By a Fading-out Aesthete.)

My love is as fair as a lily flower.
(*The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!*)
Oh, bright are the blooms in her maiden bower.
(*Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!*)

Her face is as wan as the water white.
(*The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!*)
Her eyes are as stars on a moonlit night.
(*Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!*)

The China plate it is pure on the wall.
(*The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!*)
Alack! she heedeth it never at all.
(*Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!*)

The heart of the damozel is full fain,
(*The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!*)
With languorous loving and purple pain.
(*Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!*)

And woe is me that I never may win;
(*The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!*)
For the Bard's hard up, and she's got no tin.
(*Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!*)

A Board-School Accomplishment.

WHAT a remarkable omission in the New Education Code has been unaccountably overlooked by its framers! They have made careful and ample provision for the instruction of the juvenile masses in music. Should they not also have taken the necessary order to cause the children of the Million to be taught dancing? "A lively measure" of this sort will evidently be necessary for their proper elevation to the level of polite Society, which, of course, will delight in being supplied with footmen and other servants all really capable of elegantly dancing attendance. For that purpose steps must be taken.

COLOURABLE.

A SPORTING Paper says it sees "rocks ahead" for British Sport. They are presumably not "Blue Rocks." Or was it a misprint for "rooks?"

we were dancing the jig we had practised in the morning, and just as we and the Ladies were warming to the work, half the house was blown down by dynamite. Hurried into the street to see what was the matter. Very angry. Fellow countryman most apologetic. Said that he and his mates had mistaken one of our number for a Cabinet Minister. Well, what if he did? Most extraordinary! Why blow up the house on that account? Fairly puzzled!

Thursday.—Another meeting with my colleagues. Put to the vote—politics or beauty? Decided unanimously in favour of the latter. Had a fine time of it entirely. Accompanied distinguished members of the fair sex to Versailles. Vastly polite to the member peculiarly hypothesized to me. Was careful, however, to draw the line. Did not wish to have the pain of refusing her. Coming back to Paris, train left the line. Lady is terribly frightened, but not hurt. Individual in a disguise-cloak apologised. He said he thought that our fair companions were English Ladies. Hence the mistake. He wouldn't have murdered an Irishwoman to save his life. What could he mean?

Friday.—When we were breakfasting quietly at the Grand Hotel, the entire floor mounted *en masse* like a balloon, and carried us into the Champs Elysées. Gentleman in a black mask profuse in his apologies. Some mistake. They had been tempted to do it by seeing a large family party of English children entering the saloon. Were unaware of our presence. Very angry. Man in mask retorted. They hadn't had an advance for a long time! What did he mean? He said that he and his mates were not going to do all the dirty work, while we— Left him at this point, as he was evidently becoming offensive. However, thought it advisable to leave Paris immediately.

Saturday.—Back in London. Ready for the next Parliamentary campaign. Outrages going on right and left. Don't, of course, know in the least who the "miscreants" are. But they must be sharp fellows to think of such clever things. Funds of the League in satisfactory condition. But still these outrages are terrible. Do so wonder who are the organisers.



NATURE'S PUZZLES.

"HARK, TOMMY! DO YOU HEAR THE CUCKOO?"

"YES; BUT I DON'T SEE THE CLOCK ANYWHERE!"

A REAL EASTER HOLIDAY.

I WAS enabled on Friday, through the great kindness of two of the sons of the friendly Councillor of whom I have had so often to speak, to enjoy on our noble river, distinguished by our poets for ages past as the "Silver Thames," a day of the simplest and purest enjoyment. We started at about ten o'clock, after a copious breakfast, and boldly walked to Mortlake. It is many years since I accomplished so herculean a feat—*ex pede Herculem* is, I think, the correct quotation here—and proud enough I felt at its accomplishment, and, truth compels me to add, tired enough too. However, a capital but economical dinner at a neighbouring inn, the closed doors of which flew open like magic at the word "Travellers," soon set me to-rights, and we sauntered down to the river, and chartered a boat. I believe "chartered" is the correct phrase, and we were, consequently, the charter-parties; and it being my first appearance in that character, I of course endeavoured to look as much like a charter-party as possible.

We started in a blaze of hot sunshine, which was, however, prevented from being too oppressive by about the sharpest and keenest North-Easter that I think I ever experienced. My two youthful companions rowed, of course, and I, for the first time in all my chequered existence, undertook to steer. So long as our course was quite clear, this did not seem a very difficult or complicated operation. I had only to keep her nose straight, I was told, and I was sure to be right. I, of course, had not the remotest idea whose nose was to be kept straight, or how I was to accomplish this necessary operation; but I found if I pulled both the strings as hard as I could, all seemed right, and so I continued doing till my arms ached again.

But when we got further up the river, what with the sun, and the East wind, and the other boats that would keep getting in our way, and would keep shouting out, "Where are you coming to, stupid?" "Does your mother know you're out?" and other similar domestic inquiries, I got quite confused, and pulling the wrong string by mistake, nearly got under the "bough," I think they call it, of what seemed to me quite a gigantic steamer; however, with that presence of mind that rarely forsakes me for long, by pulling violently at the other string, I managed to run our boat right ashore, when, of course, we were safe. I had been noticing for some time past that the water was rising rather rapidly in

our boat, and I now called my companions' attention to the strange fact, and to the rather singular effect thereof, that my boots were thoroughly wet through. Upon examination it was discovered that the boat was leaking badly, but this seemed but a very trifling matter to my young friends, for, jumping on to the adjacent mud-bank and calling to me to follow, we soon hauled our outrigger ashore, cleared her out, turned her over, launched her again, and there we were, "as right as ninepence," as I was informed by our bough oar. My utter inexperience of nautical phraseology prevents me from thoroughly understanding how right ninepence is generally considered to be, but as I was at that particular moment sitting with a blazing sun right in my eyes, and a cutting North-Easter right in my left ear, and a wet steering-rope in each cold hand, with my boots full of muddy water, and my best trousers coated with black mud nearly up to the knees, I think I would rather not learn from a bitter experience what it is to be as right as a shilling.

Our four hours' row, which, under my somewhat trying circumstances might have proved just a trifle monotonous, was agreeably varied by the necessity under which we found ourselves of running ashore on two other occasions for the purpose of again emptying our leaky boat. On remonstrating somewhat severely with the eminent boat-builder from whom we had chartered our treacherous craft, he coolly informed us that "as it was the werry first time she had been out since she was laid up for the winter, he was half afraid as she might just weep a little."

We left him and his weeping outrigger, looking as indignant as it is well possible to look with one's boots and trousers smothered, so to speak, with Thames mud, and again sought refuge in our friendly inn, where a liberal tea warmed and refreshed us, and enabled us to make light of our threefold escape. My young friends seemed to think it gave the one touch of adventure necessary to a perfect day's amusement, and I have but little doubt that repeated experiences of the same kind might at length succeed in convincing me that, to walk seven or eight miles on a stretch, and then to sit for four mortal hours in a small, leaky boat, without even the ordinary luxury of a cushion, in a bitter Easterly wind, pulling with unaccustomed hands at two small ropes, with your boots filled with muddy water, and your best trousers plastered with Thames mud, and with all the anxiety necessarily resulting from the responsibility of knowing that you are the only one on board who knows which way you are going, or by what dangers you are surrounded, at once satisfactorily answer the oft-repeated question, "How to spend a Happy Day."

AN OUTSIDER.

THE DUTCHMAN'S BIG DOG.

(EARL GREY'S VERSION.)

Boer sings—

Oh where and oh where is my big Bulldog?

Oh where and oh where can he be?

With his Su-ze-rain-ty and his Con-ven-ti-on,

Oh where and oh where is he?

They set him to watch me, my tricks for to stop;

Oh where and oh where can he be?

But I guess he will never catch me on the hop,

And his bark is all fiddlededee.

I call him my dog, he would scare me, but can't;

I whistle, he'll come, you will see,

With his tail 'twixt his legs, and his ears on the slant,

As docile a dog as can be.

My big Bulldog cannot know what he's about,

He seems in a bit of a fog.

If the dog were the stronger, he'd rule me, no doubt.

As it is, I shall just rule the dog.

Oh where and oh where, &c.

A LITTLE GAME OF CROKE, EH?—The Archbishop of CASHEL, DR. CROKE, has subscribed handsomely to the "Parnell Testimonial." His Grace's title should be, Archbishop of Cash-ill applied. The Thirteenth Leo will roar; but not with laughter.

D. S. (erasing). Then it seemed to me that, perhaps, if Aërated Waters—

Mr. P. Oh, leave "the Mashers" alone for the present. I have dealt with them.

D. S. (erasing). Then I thought if we taxed the Advertisements, especially those on the hoardings.

Mr. P. You wouldn't do much harm? Well, it was tried years ago, in the papers, and wasn't popular. Cross it out.

D. S. (erasing). And then it seemed to me that, as there were such a lot of them, if we taxed the Volunteers—

Mr. P. Why, you would set the country in a blaze! Out with it, Sir; out with it! I suppose you couldn't get the War Office out of your head! Well, go on.

D. S. Please, Sir, I can't go on. I have crossed out everything.

Mr. P. Well, GLADSTONE JUNIOR, you have made a nice mess of it! However, as I have a spare ten minutes, I will set it right for you.

D. S. (falling on his knees). If the gratitude of a life!—

[Scene closes in upon Mr. PUNCH good-humouredly altering the Budget to the form in which it is to be presented to the House of Commons.]

PLIMSOLL'S PÆAN.

SING Ventilators! popular sell
To put down spouting-shaft!
Conspiracy of the lounging Swell!
All Nobdom's cant and craft!
The working-man they do not love,
They'd stop the holes that blow,
That they may idly lounge above
Whilst labour chokes below.
Infernal stink! Infernal rot!
A mere occasional puff
Of sulphur-fume and steam-spray hot!
Out on æsthetic stuff!
They'd prig "the people's pleasure-ground,"
In which to stroll and trifle,
And whilst at ease cavorting round,
Care not that thousands stifle.
The Railway is the People's friend,
The Swell the People's foe;
So long as blow-holes he can end
He does not care a blow.
If Railways cannot breath-room give
Without park-spoiling, why,
Better that labouring men should live,
Though trees and flowers should die.
And if you say that on that "If"
All sorts of questions hinge;
Not logic plus a sulphur-whiff
Can make a zealot cringe.

HOME COMFORTS.

THE following is a puzzle which appears in the *Daily Telegraph* (March 26th):—

BOARD and RESIDENCE, South Kensington. Near park, museum, rail, and omnibus. Bath room. Home comforts. Terms for partial from 18s.; full from 21s.; married couple, two guineas. Carpet dances.

Now, partial home comforts at eighteen shillings appears reasonable, but full home comforts at a guinea is decidedly cheap. The final sentence puzzles us altogether, "Carpet dances." Does it, indeed? Is this one of the "home comforts"? Possibly the tables turn, the chairs chey one another, and the sideboard "sets to partners." It would perhaps be somewhat perplexing, all this frivolity of furniture, after a time. Possibly we have made a mistake, and that "Carpet dances" is a misprint for *Carpe diem*.



"SERVICE GOING TO THE—"

Customer. "DID YOU SEE THE NEW REGIMENT MARCH IN YESTERDAY? A FINE BODY O' MEN—" (*Barber sniffs depreciatingly.*) "EH! WHY, I'VE ALWAYS HEARD THE 150TH SPOKEN OF AS ONE OF THE CRACK—" [*Is lathered.*]

Barber. "POOR LOT, I FANCY, SIR! ALL GROW THEIR BEARDS; AND I'VE HEARD THE COLONEL SHAVES HISSELF!!"

THEATRICAL MEMS.—*The Rector* at the Court got it hot all round from the Critics. Mr. PINERO has, we hear, seen the error of his way, and has rectorified his mistake. The acting is said to be very good. We shall see.—Among the numerous *Matinées* at the Gaiety are two of considerable interest; one when *Vice Versa* is to be played, and the other is Miss LINDLEY'S *Matinée*, when this Lady is to appear as *Countess d'Autreval* in T. W. ROBERTSON'S *Ladies' Battle*, and a young Irish Gentleman, Mr. H. FITZ-PATRICK, is to essay the part of *Pat McNaggerty* in *That Rascal Pat*. A new delineator of Irish character is a rarity, and will be a great attraction for this entertainment, which should be called a *Matinée* and a *Patinée*. It is on the Thirteenth.—*Opera Comique.* *Bondage*, last Saturday, proved to be a dull translation from the French by a "well-known London Author," whose name did not appear. This was wise; had none of the Actors appeared, and the piece itself not been produced, it would have been still wiser.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."

(Adapted to Well-known Characters.)



DOMBEY AND SON.

THE SOCIETY DRAMATIST.

THE Society Dramatist has an enormous advantage over his professional brethren. He is so thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of the *haut ton*, that he can represent polite society as it really is. Mr. SOMEETAN TYDIE has forwarded to us the following specimen of refined Comedy which, he says, was played with enormous success at the Duke of BRICKWALL'S Theatre last week:—

LOVE AND WAR.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord ARDOURY.

Colonel REGINALD DUNNING LOVETON (retired).

Captain ALGERNON STASLEY.

Captain CHARLES STARCHLEY.

Lady ARDOURY.

Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES (of Pillmoney, a rich Widow).

ACT I.—July. The landing and entrance to the ball-room at Princes' Gate, the town residence of Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES. To the right is a Footman, who is announcing the guests. Mrs. R. J. is standing right-centre with a magnificent bouquet. In the centre are two large candelabra, with flowers, &c. To the left is another entrance, through which can be seen portion of the suite of rooms à la Renaissance. The band is playing, in the distance, one of WALDEUFEL'S waltzes, and the dancers can be seen. The faint cries of the linkmen heard without:—"Coming in!" "Coming out!" "Lord RIGHTLAND'S Servant!" &c., &c.

Enter, from left, Captains STARCHLEY and STASLEY.

Starchley. Do you know what time the supper-room will be open?

Stasely. One o'clock, I think. It now wants ten minutes to.

Star. I say, those are awfully good collars of yours! They are much higher than mine.

Stas. They are good. I got them in the Burlington. They have little slots at the side to keep the tie down. [Shows collar.]

Star. An awfully good dodge. Here comes Lady ARDOURY. No mistake about her being a beautiful woman.

Stas. She only made her *début* last season.

Star. Yes. Married his Lordship six months ago, and was the centre of attraction at the Queen's last ball.

Enter Lady ARDOURY with Partner (L.). She stops to speak to STARCHLEY and STASLEY, and the Partner returns to ball-room.

Footman (R.) announces "Colonel LOVETON." Enter Colonel REGINALD DUNNING LOVETON.

Mrs. Racksworth Jones (shaking hands with him). How late you are!

Col. Loveton. So sorry. Couldn't get away from the DRESS-BOROUGH'S before. The Royalties stayed so late. What a pretty ball you have!

Mrs. R. J. Yes. It is pretty.

Col. L. Who is the beautiful woman talking to STARCHLEY?

Mrs. R. J. Lady ARDOURY.

Col. L. Wife of "TIBBY" ARDOURY. I know him. He used to shoot with us at my uncle's place at Machaggis. Do introduce me to her.

[Mrs. R. J. crosses the Stage, and introduces him to Lady ARDOURY. She bows.]

Col. L. I know Lord ARDOURY well.

Lady A. Oh, yes! I've heard him speak of you.

Col. L. The supper-room is open. May I take you down?

[Lady ARDOURY bows, and exit, with Col. L. (R.), followed by Captains STARCHLEY and STASLEY.]

Mrs. R. J. (in despair). He does not love me. I am resolved! As he will not love me, he shall fight me!

[Curtain. End of Act I. (Interesting so far, isn't it?)]

ACT II.—October. Conservatory and entrance-hall at Deery Park, Lord ARDOURY'S Country seat. Through the door at back is seen a barouche. Coachman on box talking to Groom. Footmen with rugs, sunshades, &c.

Enter Lady ARDOURY and Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES, equipped for driving.

Lady A. (to Footman). KENT—fetch Connus. (Exit Servant.) Will you get into the carriage first?—I must wait for Connus.

[Mrs. R. J. exit through door at back, and gets into carriage.]

Re-enter KENT, the Footman, with Connus, a pug-dog.

Lady A. KENT, put the dog in carriage.

[Exit Footman through door at back.]

Col. LOVETON, in shooting costume, suddenly appears from behind a palm-tree.

Col. L. (to Lady A.). Make some excuse not to go. I must see you—and alone. Hush! Here comes STARCHLEY and STASLEY. Send them for the drive. I will explain all!

[Disappears behind palm-tree.]

Enter Captains STARCHLEY and STASLEY.

Lady A. Will you oblige me by driving with Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES. I cannot go. I am not well. Make my best excuses to her.

[She sits on blue-china stool, (L.). Exit STARCHLEY and STASLEY at back. They are explaining, then get into carriage, which drives off.]

Lady A. What can he mean?

Re-enter Col. LOVETON.

Col. L. Lady ARDOURY—FREDERICA—I love you!

Lady A. Love me! Oh, Colonel LOVETON, is this honour?

Col. L. All is fair in Love and War, and this is Love!

[Curtain. End of Act II. (Exciting, isn't it?)]

ACT III.—The same day. Night. SCENE—The colonnade and lawn outside Deery Park. Easy chairs, Seinde rugs, &c. carefully arranged. To the left are Captains STARCHLEY and STASLEY at small table, playing "Spillikins." To the right are Lord ARDOURY and Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES at another table with coffee. Lord ARDOURY is smoking a cigar, and Mrs. R. J. a cigarette. Through the French windows under colonnade in centre can be seen the interior of the drawing-room. Lady ARDOURY is at piano, playing "My Queen" waltz softly. Col. LOVETON leaning over piano talking to her.

Mrs. R. J. (to Lord A.). I don't think I ever thanked you for that charming box of Egyptians.

Lord A. Oh! yes; you did, indeed. I feared you would not like them, as they had no mouthpiece.

Mrs. R. J. Indeed! I don't like the mouthpiece. Well, as I was saying, Col. LOVETON is no fit guest for you. He has been compelled to resign from the Turf, and mark—even now—his attentions to Lady ARDOURY. It will end when the clock strikes eleven!!

Col. L. (to Lady A., who has stopped playing). Oh! play that again. I could listen to you for ever.

Lady A. What! when you think of RUBINSTEIN?

Col. L. But I don't! (Sentimentally.) What is his studied manipulation to your inspired feeling? He works hard—you play soft. He fancies he plays—you play his fancies. Oh, FREDERICA! he may be a learned performer—but you are simple perfection.

Capt. Starchley. You moved three or four of the spillikins then.

Capt. Stasely. No; I didn't!

Capt. Starchley. Yes; you did!

Capt. Stasely. I don't think I did.

Capt. Starchley. I fancied you did; but I may be wrong.

Mrs. R. J. Hark! (The clock strikes eleven.) The end has come!

Enter Detective, hurriedly. He goes to STARCHLEY, and takes him by the shoulder. In shaking off the Detective, the table is upset.

Detective. Colonel LOVETON, I believe?

Starch. Wrong again, old Sportsman!

Stasely. Confound you! You've upset our spillikins, and spoiled our game.

Starch. Perhaps you'll pick 'em up.

Detective. Very sorry, Gentlemen. But I see my man.

[Exit into drawing-room, and arrests Colonel LOVETON. All come forward.]

Detective. It's all over, Colonel MATCHLER, alias Captain TENTER, alias Colonel REGINALD DUNNING LOVETON.

Col. Loveton. FREDERICA—I can explain all!

Lord Ardoury. Lady ARDOURY, if you please.

Lady Ardoury. My husband, I never knew how much I loved you till now! [STARCHLEY and STASELY retire, and pick up the spillikins.]

Col. Loveton (to Mrs. R. J.). This is your doing. You promised never to betray me.

Mrs. R. J. All is fair in Love and War, and this is WAR!

Curtain.

Extract from Next Morning Paper's Criticism, or from some remarks by an "Old Playgoer."—"That Mr. SONEETAN TYDIE, the Author of this clever Comedy, *Love and War*, can write brilliant dialogue is evident from the witty passages with which this play abounds; but his aim has been to give us true pictures of the fashionable society of the day, and in this Mr. SONEETAN TYDIE, being an acute observer, and himself a notable figure in the *beau monde* which he delineates, has been exceptionally successful."

THE NEW COLOUR FOR THE ARMY.

(Extracts from the Note-Book of our Extra Special Experimentalist.)

12 NOON.—Well, here we are at Flatfoot Flats, with telescopes, spectacles, and measures complete. Obedy our orders in every detail. The Professor and myself are determined to sift the matter thoroughly, and not to accept evidence at second-hand. We have got a Metropolitan Policeman in blue, a Volunteer in grey, and a Militiaman in scarlet. Easily find out for ourselves which is the best colour. Soon see which is most conspicuous at a distance. The Professor not only scientific but thoughtful. As it is blowing hard, and feels bitterly cold, he has brought with him a large stone jar of whiskey. We have just had a mug of it each, and are all the better for it. The Policeman, Volunteer, and Militiaman are waiting for our orders.

1 P.M.—So far we have not obtained any very valuable result. We started our three colour-wearers from our post of observation, and told them to walk slowly away. To our great surprise they became invisible almost immediately. By the aid of a telescope we made out what we believed to be the Policeman at about a thousand yards' distance. Subsequently, it turned out that what we had taken for the constable was a windmill. In like manner, a goose passed for the Militiaman, and a donkey for the Volunteer. However, the test was scarcely a fair one. It appears that immediately after leaving us, our three assistants, instead of following out our instructions, adjourned to a public-house, where we found them a little later. We were very much annoyed, and would have been seriously angry had not the whiskey proved an excellent protector from the severity of the weather. It is wonderful what a lot of ardent spirit you can consume in a strong rarefied atmosphere when you have the chance—I should say when Science demands the sacrifice.

2 P.M.—Really very much annoyed. Policeman and Militiaman had to take Volunteer to station-house. This disgraceful, as Scientists should keep sober. Policeman and Militiaman came back. Both of them were more than one. Brought other people—somehow. Don't quite know why—but that's idea. Professor and I had more whiskey. Keeps out cold. Colour of Policeman, blue—Militiaman don't quite know what to say. Looked for them all over the place, then found them fast asleep out of sight. This playing fool—don't know?

2.30 P.M.—Lost Policeman. Don't know what become him. Militiaman (good fellow, Militiaman) awfully sorry. He weeps like child. So does Professor; so do I. Saddest thing in life! All had whiskey. Keep cold out. So unhappy!

3 P.M.—Dishided! Meantersay—de-ci-ded! Decided! Know what about! Shouldshayso! Likerssee man say don't! Won't be insulted! Going home! What's good staying? Finished whiskey! Keepcold-out! But say, old fla! Old fla—wan't dishision? Red's best colour! Can't shee Milishman two yards' distance! Dish-tinctly! Hang it all! Can't shee him't all! Best colour! Course! Very'tigued! Going home! Bed in boots!

[At this point the MS. breaks off.]

MOTTO FOR THE MUMBLES.—More foresight, and less "forsite."

THE SIXPENNY "WIRE."

[Dr. CAMERON carried a resolution in the House on Thursday night to the effect that the minimum charge for Inland Postal Telegrams should be reduced to sixpence.]

A SIXPENNY Telegram! CAMERON won;
It passed in the Commons, and now the trick's done;
And be any message of weal or of woe,
No shilling's required, for a "tizzy" 'twill go;
And all but the Post-Office clerks will admire
That boon to the public—a Sixpenny "Wire."

So now, when you think that you'll dine at the Club,
And out in perchance at the casual "rub,"
A sixpence is all that in future you'll spend
To make known to your wife that you're "kept by a friend,"
But she needn't sit up, for that nurses her ire;
And you'll soon say it all with a Sixpenny "Wire."

So cheap will the telegrams be, that in time
The lover will send off sixpenn'orths of rhyme:

Oh	pet	at	each	long
hour	of	absence	I	groan
Send	but	twenty	dear	words
just	to	comfort	your	own

Thus the poet, you see, sweeps the Post-Office lyre,
And he'll get it all in to a Sixpenny "Wire."

The rise and the fall of the Stocks and the Shares,
The Bank-rate, the tricks of the Bulls and the Bears,
The orders for dinners, for boxes and stalls,
For coals and for claret, for dresses, for balls,
In short all that woman or man can desire,
Will soon be obtained by a Sixpenny "Wire."

THE NEW SENTRIES.—The Sentries at the New Law Courts are posted every morning regularly. On inquiry at St. Martin's-le-Grand, our Reporter was unable to ascertain at what hour a Sentry, posted in the Strand, would be delivered in the City. One of the duties of the Sentries at the New Law Courts is to assist any Judge, when called upon to do so, in charging a Jury. He will urge upon them the legal point of the bayonet. The few remaining Serjeants are exonerated from Sentry duty.

ENGLAND'S INVISIBLE ARMY.



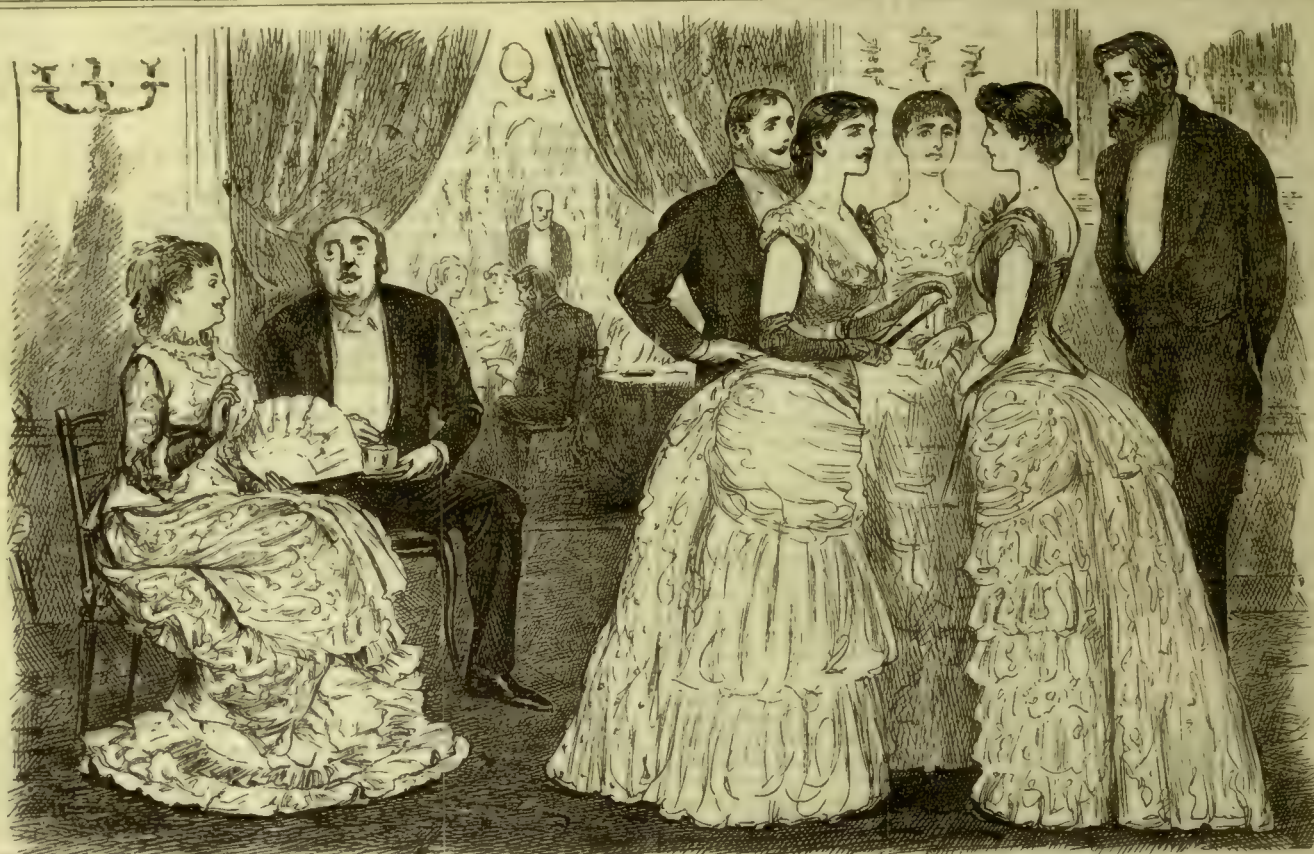
BRITISH GRENADEER.

(After a design by Professors Abel and Stokes.)

A WILL AND A WAY.

IT cannot, good Mr. PLIMSOLL, be denied that there is some justice in a portion of the plea you put forward at your Exeter Hall meetings. You said that "no doubt they were nuisances; but until a better mode of ventilating the District Railway could be found," you contended, "they should not be removed." Very well; but has not such a mode of ventilating a Railway much more difficult to ventilate than the District Railway been already found? Couldn't Sir E. WATKIN point it out to you? The proposed Railway under the Channel, if made, will have to be ventilated somehow without chimneys, and can't he tell how? If he can, let that method of ventilation for the District Railway be adopted forthwith, and then the chimneys on the Thames Embankment closed immediately.

OBITUARY NOTICE.—The Month of March expired peacefully last Saturday, the 31st, not in the least regretted by anyone who had known him. After a stormy career, his end was lamblike. Sic transit. March past.



THE ANGLO-SAXON COMPLEXION.

Frau von Schmeilgrath. "Ach! HIMMEL! MISTER CHONES! VAT PEAUTIFUL HIDES THEY HAF, THE YOUNG ENGLISH MISSES?"

ST. STEPHEN'S FERRY.

AIR—"Twickenham Ferry."

O-HOI-YE-HO, Ho-ye-ho! Who's for the Ferry?
(The Almond's in blossom, and Eastertide's o'er.)
 And I'll row ye so quick in my craft new and steady,
 And 't isn't a mile to St. Stephen's shore.
 The Ferryman's stout if he's not very young,
 And a mill-race at flood is a fool to his tongue;
 He hasn't an equal at handling a wherry,
 And well he is known on St. Stephen's shore.
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!!!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho! "We're for the Ferry."
(The Almond's in blossom, and Eastertide's o'er.)
 "It's late for a start, and you see we are many;
 And all of us bound for St. Stephen's shore.
 They are some of 'em little, and some of 'em big,
 Enough to o'erburden a long eight-oared gig,
 And they're all in a hurry and anxious—oh, very!"
 "And sure and ye're welcome,—I'll take ye all o'er."
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!!!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho! They are late for the Ferry.
(The Almond's in blossom, and Eastertide's o'er.)
 He pulls pretty quick, and he pulls pretty steady,
 But waiting their turn seems slow work and a bore.
 O-hoi, and O-hoi! he may pull with a will,
 The craft is a new one, the sculler has skill,
 Yet with room for but two in the stern of his wherry,
 'Twill take him some time ere they're all safe ashore.
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!!!

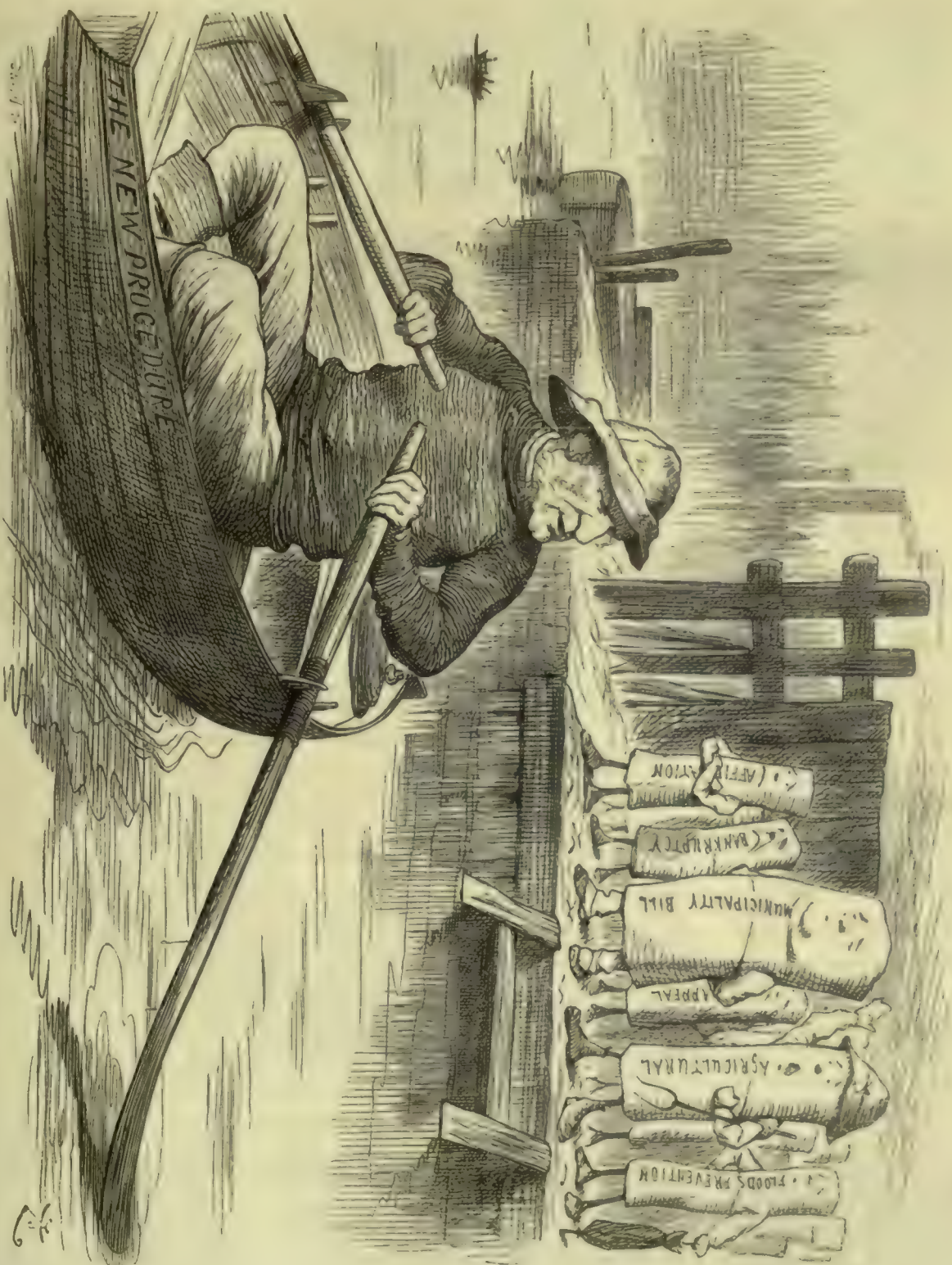
BY A WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR WHO KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THE STAGE.—Mightn't *Epea pteroenta*, "winged words," be fairly translated, or adapted, as "Prompter's cues"?

"KNIGHTS AT THE PLAY."

THIS is not *à propos* of Mr. DUTTON COOK's latest work on the Drama, but of the suggestion recently made in *Truth* that Mr. HENRY IRVING should be knighted, as "a compliment to the entire Theatrical Profession." This is, in a general way, true,—as coming from *Truth* it should be; but were a leader of the Chancery Bar to be made a Baronet, it would directly be a compliment to that branch of the legal profession; and so a Knighthood for Mr. IRVING would be a direct compliment to the Tragic and Melodramatic branches of the Theatrical Profession with which he is more intimately associated. At all events, to knight Mr. IRVING would be no direct compliment to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, whom we must take as representing the Low Comedy department; nor would it be, directly, a compliment to Mr. HARRY PAYNE, who now represents the Pantomimic Art, which, indeed, may well claim to be not a branch but the very parent stem of all Theatrical Art.

Arise then, Sir HENRY IRVING; arise, Sir JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE; and arise, Sir HARRY PAYNE, the last to wear the order of the noble House of GRIMALDI. Sir JULIUS, we believe, still has his "Benefit Concert," so in the Theatrical Profession it will not be derogatory to the new titles to advertise "The Benefit Knights." But how about the Ladies? "The spindle-side" must be recognised. Is it to be Baroness ELLEN TERRY and Baroness NELLIE FARREN? We submit the question to Garter King of Arms, and the Authorities of the Heralds' College.

At the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's Enthronisation, there were some few of the Clergy "indulging," said the *Daily Telegraph* report, "in vestments of a more or less pronounced character." What on earth does this mean? We are looking forward with interest to some pictorial explanation of these strange garments in the Illustrated papers this week. In the same account we read how "some brass instruments, in the hands of surpliced musicians, added greatly to the musical effect"—but probably not to the picturesqueness. A man in a surplice blowing an ophicleide or working at a trombone must have had rather a comic appearance, but the artful Reporter takes good care not to mention this.



ST. STEPHEN'S FERRY.

FERRYMAN (log). "WITH WHAT YOU MAY CALL A LITTLE 'DEVOLUTION' AND 'DIRIGATION,' I'LL CARRY THE LOT OF YOU—(aside)—SOONER OR LATER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

HAT ÉTUDE OF THE HOUSE.

(Before Prayers.)

House of Commons, Thursday, March 29.—Members met again to-day after Easter Holidays. Don't look so pleased as they should. At first, little gleam of joy at discovery that Head-Master wasn't present. But he came in towards six o'clock, and made a little speech on debate that happened to be for the moment; then, like a wise man, went off home.

"Just let people know I'm here, you see, TOBY," said he. "Curious it should have happened that debate on Woods and Forests going on when I looked in. Rather expected it would be something else. But doesn't matter much, you know. Give me five minutes' notice, and you may choose your own topic."

Met General FIELDEN in Library, looking more woebegone than other people.

"What's the matter, General?" I asked, cheerily. "Has someone been replenishing your speeches during electoral campaign?"

"No," said the gallant General. "Worse than that. I've gone out of the oratorical line. Haven't opened my mouth since I came into the House. But energies must find some outlet. So I've gone into literature. Written an article for the April *Nineteenth Century*, called 'What Shall I Do With My Son?'"

"Capital subject. Specially interesting in domestic circles."

"Yes," said the General, ruefully, "that's just where it's created a stir. The young dog says, if I don't withdraw it, he'll send one to the *Fortnightly* entitled, 'What Shall I Do With My Father.'"

Only cheerful man about is the lighthearted O'SHEA. Kilmainham mystery beginning to pall. Has taken up the Romance at the Fisheries. Insists upon knowing HOME SECRETARY'S candid opinion of affair.

"Home Secretaries never give candid opinions," says HARCOURT. Whereupon O'SHEA pulls out pistol of Adjournment of House holds it at HARCOURT'S head, and threatens to fire unless he replies. Sir WILLIAM'S answer very neat. "Account of the case rests," he says, "on statement of Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. Investigations of the police have not resulted in discovering any further circumstance in confirmation."

"Very neat," said Sir R. CROSS. "'Any further circumstance in confirmation' is good."

O'SHEA satisfied. Withdraws pistol, and exit Lady FLORENCE. Pretty good joke in its way. But some jokes, like every dog, have their day, and this has had a week.

Mr. SCHREIBER wants to fill up vacant panels in Centre Hall with Mosaic pictures of patron Saints of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. St. George already there trampling down Dragon, whose silver scales gleam in the gaslight, House doubtful. Who would Mr. SCHREIBER propose to represent the three countries? Mr S. thinks MORGAN LLOYD done up in coat of mail might represent Wales. Sir GEORGE BALFOUR with claymore in hand and shield on arm would represent Scotland. Whilst, of course, JOSEPH GILLIS would represent Ireland. Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK opposes scheme altogether. Mosaic-work not true Art. "It's roccoco."

"Yah, yah, yah!" cries Alderman FOWLER. "What is roccoco?" he subsequently and confidentially asked Sir W. LAWSON.

"Capital beverage," said the Hon. Bart. "Strongly recommend it to you, Alderman. Absolutely pure, made only from the nibs, don't you know."

Alderman faintly said "Yes." But really distressed at his own rashness. "Must be careful in future," he said, smiting himself on the chest. "Must restrain this too-ready cheer when Gentleman speaks from Front Bench. Rococo, quotha! I suppose that's what they'll fill the loving-cup with when the new Government of London comes in. Ho! ho!"

House feared another explosion in Parliament Street. Only the Alderman scornfully smiling.

Business done.—Discussed Civil Service Estimates. PETER great at expenses in connection with Royal Palaces. LABOUCHERE wants to know what becomes of the yearlings of the Royal stud-house. RAWDOLPH inquisitive about expenditure in maintaining and repairing Marlborough House. Pounding away from Eight till Twelve. Altogether SHAW-LEFEVER, in charge of votes, spent a bad *quatre heures*.

Friday.—Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD disclosed particulars of his Parliamentary Reform Bill to a listening Senate. Part of listening Senate undertaken, at short notice, by eleven Gentlemen on the Liberal side, and thirteen on the other, including JOSEPH GILLIS, who remains in state of deep despondency.

"Rouse up, JOSEPH!" I said. "Get thee away to some place where the company is light-hearted, and the merry jest goes round."

"No, no!" said JOEY B. "This suits me best. 'Tis soothing and quiet, and, I dare say, instructive."

So JOSEPH sat through it all, and when, at twenty minutes to eight, the dreary performance came to an inevitable close, he was one of those whom the SPEAKER counted.

"Did you see that?" he said, with something of old alyness. "SPEAKER began to count from the Treasury Bench, and HARCOURT only man there. Now we know who's Number One."

Business done.—Night wasted.

The Uniform of the Officer of the Future.

(With acknowledgments to Lord Wolseley's Committee.)

Full Dress for Service at Home.—Scarlet tunic, richly laced with gold braid seven inches deep. Bullion epaulettes, encrusted with gems. Overalls of cloth of silver. Cocked hats, with ostrich plumes of red, white and blue feathers. Real gold belts, with silver scabbarded sword. Diamond spurs. White kid gloves, with hand-painted backs. Patent leather pumps and white silk stockings. Dress stick, with turquoise-mounted handle, and gold and enamelled toothpick.

Full Dress for Service Abroad.—Sword, revolver, wideawake, grey tweed suit (as advertised), and regulation gingham umbrella.

PLIMSOLL'S PETITION

*In favour of the Underground
Blow-Holes!*

THOSE Passengers who have hitherto signed this Petition to Parliament have been—

1. Epileptic Monomaniacs.
2. Confirmed Misanthropes, who don't want to use the Embankment Gardens themselves, and don't see why anybody else should.
3. Credulous individuals who really believe that the Metropolitan Railway Company is spending its money in order to benefit the public by better ventilation, instead of to get rid of the steam which interferes with the working of the signals.
4. Sailors out for a spree.
5. The workmen employed by the ventilating contractors.
6. The second cousins five times removed of the workmen so employed.
7. Infants in arms.
8. Their nurses.
9. Infants in intellect.
10. Their keepers.
11. Young females who have nothing better to do, and who would petition for a railway to the moon if requested.
12. Males who ought to have something better to do.
13. Persons to whom being asked to sign a Petition to Parliament adds about fifty per cent. of personal importance.
14. Readers of a halfpenny evening paper, who are convinced that to be suffocated in a public garden, in order to save a Railway Company expense, is one of the proudest rights of the down-trodden working-man, and
15. Persons who, being unable to write, affix their (PLIMSOLL'S) mark!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 130.



FRANK HOLL, ESQ., R.A.

"HOLL-O, BOYS, HOLL-O! HERE'S ANOTHER R.A.!"

(Elected Thursday, 29th March.)

WATT'S THIS?

How doth the little busy House
Improve the Session's hours,
And JOHN BULL's hopes betray
and chouse,
Till JOHN BULL's forehead
lours!

How skilfully they plan their
"sells,"

How neatly GLADSTONE
"wax,"

And labour hard, with groans
and yells,
And "block" with stubborn
backs.

For works of labour and of
skill

Each takes his seat or
"screw,"

But JOHN cannot help think-
ing still
His Parliament a "do."

Black and White.

MR. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE,
lecturing on "The Martyr-
doms of Modern Dress," came
to the conclusion that the
colour of our dress should at
all times be white! One feels
disposed to exclaim, like
SCOTT (with a difference)—

"O for one hour of WALLACE
white!"

And of genuine British black
fog also,—just to prove the
exquisite compatibility of the
two!

Dames who have with WALLACE
dressed,

Dames by London smut-falls
messed,

Let your judgment be confessed.

Chorus of Soiled Ones—Theory
won't wash!!!

But the garments would have
to, or they would not long be
white.

THE GOOD NEW TIMES.

(A Cover-side Forecast for 1889.)

It certainly promised to be the best meet of the season.

Not a cloud in the sky; the earth hard as a flat-iron, and three inches and a half of good rock-ice on every bit of water within twenty miles—it was just the sort of prime sporting weather to gladden the heart of a thorough-going old hedge-row Nimrod, like Sir JORAM TANTIVVY. And as he came quietly jogging up on his familiar white clock-work cob, wound up within an ace of bursting his spring, an involuntary shout of "Yoicks, ye ho! Forrard!" went up from the assembled field. The old Baronet drew his blankets and hot bottles closer around him, and gave a friendly nod of recognition right and left with a sly twinkle in his eye. He was answered with a well-bred roar of laughter.

"Ready, as usual, for a snapped wheel, and a five-hours' stick on my side in a freezing turnip-field," he said, with a cheery wink;

"and how are you, Lady JESSIE?"
A neat little horsewoman waltzed up on a beautiful mechanical creature. FRODSHAM's well-known name was stamped over its eye, and as the fair Diana, dexterously screwed round its off ear, it gave a pretty wheeling stagger to the right, with a natural up-and-down steamboat motion that instantly elicited the admiration of the hunt. But at this moment all eyes were turned in another direction.

With an uncontrolled rush a splendid electric bay had bowled in among the riders, and knocking several over so that they lay on their sides, running down, with their legs galloping wildly in the air, landed its owner with a sudden thud, through the walls of a barn, into the midst of a haystack that fortunately happened to be standing on the other side.

"Confound it!" said the latest comer, who was no other than Lord SPAVIN on his brand-new thorough-bred, *Accumulator*, "the beast is always playing me that trick; and I thought I turned his tail the right way! By Jove, this comes of tooling out without the printed directions." The Noble Sportsman wrenched with some uncertainty at the animal's switch as he spoke. But he was again at fault. In another minute it had backed, with a shower of sparks, in a direct line straight right in among the dogs, and was only brought to a standstill against the stump of a gigantic oak, between which and itself it sharply jammed the Vicar, who had been placidly watching the lively scene on his old-fashioned steam-mare, *Boiler*. There was a smart shock or two, an upset of red-hot cinders, an oath, and some burnt fingers and calves; but the field soon settled down to business, for the Master of the Hunt now joined the party with his mahogany box.

"The new musical fox from Paris!" everybody shouted, as the welcome official carefully produced the wonderful mechanical creature, winding it up slowly as he advanced.

"It plays three overtures, two sets of quadrilles, a polka, a waltz, and the '*Dead March in Saul*,'" he observed with some pride, as he set the carefully brushed but life-like brute in their midst, "and so, if by some mischance it runs to earth, we shall at least know where it is. Besides, it has a little fountain of superior Jockey-Club Bouquet in its forehead," he added, at the same time turning on a small silver stop-cock, cleverly placed near the creature's chin. "Tally Ho! I fancy we can't quite lose the Scent." A delicious Bond-Street perfume instantly filled the crisp cover-side air, as the overture to *Tannhäuser* merrily tinkled out with pleasing precision. Some of the pack howled, but another rapturous responsive shout of "Yoicks!" showed with what a keen sportsman-like relish the field appreciated these arrangements for a glorious run. It was a moment



GRATIFYING !

Amateur Artist (to the Carrier). "DID YOU SEE MY PICTURE SAFELY DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY?"

Carrier. "YESSIR, AND MIGHTY PLEASD THEY SEEMED TO BE WITH IT—LEASTWAYS, IF ONE MAY JUDGE, SIR. THEY DIDN'T SAY NOITHIN'—BUT—LOR' HOW THEY DID LAUGH!"

of thrilling excitement, and all, as if by a common instinct, gave their mechanical hacks a final screw.

And now the pack and their medical adviser hurried to the front. They were a miscellaneous, but talented and highly-trained family, and were of all kinds and sizes. This was a natural result of the new condition of things. The old-fashioned foxhound was extinct. Declining, when the famous Bill passed, to follow across country a red-herring on a tricycle, the first roughly-suggested substitute for Reynard, he even showed greater repugnance to the more perfect and perfumed modern contrivance. So the Circus-monger had to take the matter in hand, and soon every hunting county was once more alive with the old hue and cry, though pitched in a somewhat different key. But the Skipley Poodles were famous from Warwickshire to SANGER'S.

And they were in full force to-day. Not that they all were of the famous moustachio'd and trimmed-tail breed. Among them were huge heavy-witted St. Bernards, over-fed Maltese, aged Sleuth Hounds, a retired Newfoundland or two, toothless Mastiffs, and a good average sprinkling of the common street-dog, ready to pick up a living anyhow from hand to mouth, and not above chasing a scent-bottle for a mile or two in the open, for the price of a pound of tripe at the finish.

But the Skipley were popular. There were few of them that couldn't shoulder a musket or walk on a barrel at a pinch. The Master of the Hunt gave them their tongue. They had it in the shape of sandwiches, and now they were ready. The Doctor took a last look at them. "A run this morning will not injure their health or affect their spirits," he said, cheerily, "and I can sign the requisite certificate for the officers of the Protection Society. *Houp-là!* Off you go!"

In another second the mechanical fox had dashed forward with a pleasant springy whizz that set every sporting heart in the field beating twenty to the dozen. "Farrard! Yoicks! Tally! tally-ho! There he goes!" and the pack, some curvetting, some jumping through imaginary hoops in the hedges, some even walking on their forelegs, but all rolling along in well-fed and highly-trained indifference at a comfortable pace, followed the ingenious toy with all the

intelligent regularity of a three-hundredth-night's performance. Not so the gallant sporting assemblage who hurried after them.

Headed by the hardy Sir JORAM, these showed that, in them at least, the spirit of the *Good New Days* was not yet dead. At every fence, at every ditch, at every slight inequality of the ground, some county champion had come to grief. Here a burst spring, there an exploded boiler had done their work; while further afield some unmanageable bit of mechanism had carried its helpless rider across the lawn and into the breakfast-room of a country mansion, from which he could only retire with a hearty laugh, to be followed up, however, by a threat of heavy damages from the exasperated owner.

Still the fox, true to the prospectus of the inventor and patentee, kept on his way, and turning down a spinney, and still playing *The Lancers*, headed away bravely for Combe Hanger Junction; finally running to earth in the signal-switch, and by sticking between the points, stopping the 4.50 down express for a good three-quarters of an hour.

The pack meantime, not caring much about the scent, had cleverly lost it at Friars-Minton, and making for a cat's-meat cart at Dingley Bottom, were only recovered in the course of the following week at the Dogs' Home; while Lord SPAVIN, who had kept up with them by running *Accumulator* backwards with the safety-valve down, was ultimately blown through the roof of the Town-Hall at Little Pendleton, and coming down on the head of the Clerk, had a narrow escape with his collar-bone. And so ended a day of most enjoyable and delightful sport.

THE INNS (AND OUTS) OF COURT.

It has been arranged that the great Equity society will shortly migrate from its present quarters to Lincoln, while the two Temples will return to Jerusalem. These moves will take place *after* Gray's Inn gives up its grand old site, and comes down to the Strand. But not before!

John Brown,

PERSONAL ATTENDANT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

BORN DECEMBER 8, 1826. DIED MARCH 27, 1883.

—"How well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world!"
As You Like It. Act II. s. 3.

SERVICE of Kings not always in earth's story
Has been a badge of honour; gilded glory
Of silken favourite dulls down to dust;
Devotion self-respecting, sober, just,
Lifts lowliest tendence to ennobling state.
A good Queen's faithful follower! His the fate
To wear the honours of the antique school,
Right Service, nobler than unrighteous rule.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS'S CAPRICE.

An Uncommon "Queer Story."

LORD HAROLD held open the carriage-door for his Mother-in-law. "Your boxes will be sent after you," he said in a cold, formal way. Then the barouche rattled down the street, and he returned to the house, twirling his moustache with a sinister smile.

His noble relative, however, as she was borne swiftly along by the family bays to a back street in Soho, had a different expression on her well-chiselled features. Her life in Belgrave Square had not been a pleasant one. There had been scenes. Rare china had been thrown about. Even the family diamonds had more than once been torn in half in an unseemly scuffle, and only last week, Mr. PURDLE, the trusted and confidential business adviser of the ancient house, had been thrown, together with a draft copy of his own marriage-settlement, by Lord HAROLD, into the cistern.

His Mother-in-law, who looked on, took it quietly. She merely said, "You have degraded me; but I will pay you out." Then she drove off to the back street in Soho.

Her interview with Mr. MACLIGGER, the celebrated Stage-trainer, was in every way satisfactory. "I understand your Grace thoroughly," he said; "you wish to show Society that you can not only lead but amuse it?" "Precisely." "After three months' study with me, you will be in a position to play *Juliet*—at a *Matinée*. You will probably be hooted. Still I will guarantee you a six days' engagement somewhere as *Mrs. Bouncer*. After that the matter really rests in your own hands; but unless I am much mistaken in my tutorial powers, you will finish up as a Second Chambermaid in the Provinces. I presume that your Grace will play under your own name?"

The Dowager-Duchess smiled sweetly. Mr. MACLIGGER bowed. "That will pull twenty pounds into the house *once*," he said, "and prove an agreeable and permanent surprise to your family."

From that moment the "study" went on unceasingly, and at the end of the appointed period, the eventful *Matinée* arrived. As the sagacious Mr. MACLIGGER had predicted, though she was supported by the *Romeo* of Mr. BILTON SKIERS, his fair but portly pupil was hooted well back into her chamber in the Balcony Scene. Nor did better success attend her *Mrs. Bouncer*. On the fifth night, as she was delivering her last speech to *Cox*, a huge green missile was hurled at her with telling effect by a critical patron in the Gallery. Some sympathisers who had come with paper to the Stalls cried, "Shame!" But she took the hint. The name of "HONORIA, Dowager-Duchess of Boxburgh," appeared no more in the bills of the *Vulgarity*.

Some years after this little episode in her life, she was seated in her own private boudoir at Ballochamps, and idly turning over the treasured contents of a secret drawer. She had just taken from its recesses a large withered cabbage, and was looking at it with a curious pout, when her son-in-law (they had halved the family diamonds now, and the solicitor, Mr. PURDLE, was nearly dry)—entered quite suddenly. It was too late to conceal the tell-tale vegetable, and the quick well-bred eye of the young Peer rapidly noted the embarrassment his entry had occasioned. He gave his Mother-in-law a gentle kiss.

"Let us burn it," he said, softly, trying to lift it; "that is," he added, as he felt its weight, "if it does not put the fire out."

The Dowager-Duchess dropped a restraining finger on his arm. "No—no," she said, with a well-studied calm. "No, no, HAROLD. I would keep it as a good friend—would that others like me could meet with many such!—that first reminded me not to meddle in business with which I had no possible concern. Heavy as it was, and it *was* heavy, it was but the meet reward—"

"Of your laudable ambition?"
"No—of my vulgar caprice!"

"A REGULAR OWD AN' OWD 'UN."

ACCORDING to a Police report, a speech of the good old Aldermanic sort was lately spoken at the Mansion House by Sir THOMAS OWDEN in sentencing a disorderly open-air preacher to a month's imprisonment for "creating a disturbance in the area in front of St. Paul's Cathedral during divine service, and refusing to leave when required." The excellent Alderman informed the Prisoner that:—"It was very foolish of him to preach outside of St. Paul's Cathedral, as there was plenty of preaching going on inside." This happy observation recalls the sallies, of late somewhat fallen into desuetude, by which Civic Magistrates were commonly accustomed to excite mirth in other and merrier days. The fine of a fiver, for disturbing the congregation and doing a considerable amount of damage, was another Aldermanic joke. Take care. The Seldom-at-Home Secretary has his eye on Municipal Magistracy.



MEDALS AND MUFTI.

[It has been finally decided that officers may wear all their medals in miniature in evening dress.]

SHADE of great DIZZY, if he could make shade,
Who to all shine and shimmer was so partial,
Descend, and see what vast advance we've made
In matters martial!

Gone, CASTLEREAGH's "so *distingué*" black;
When next Ambassadors are named to fib on
Their country's service, neck, and breast, and back
Shall be all ribbon.

No more we may contrast our nice and neat
Costume with that in vogue across our borders;
Disorder's coming fast when the *élite*
Stoop to low orders;

When Britons' staid sobriety of dress
Shall give place unto variegated acres
Of spangles, and our wicked sons look less
Like undertakers.

The waltz, however, may acquire new charms
For frisky matrons and for flirts single,
When, twirling in the arms of men of arms,
The Jingo jingle;

And just below, the bright eyes thus are bound,
If they're polite, to seek a looking-glass in
Their own, where there's a brightness just as round,
And marked: Kassassin.

Let no brave use a bushel for his light,
Be it but rush-light; there is no true rising
Without, for men who trade like men who fight,
Self-advertising.

AP-PY THOUGHT.

A PRIZE is to be given at their next Eisteddfod by the Cardiff Committee for the best Welsh Pantomime Libretto. Our Own Pantomimist, AP-JONES, is in this, though he says he will not compete against Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, or Sir LEWIS MORRIS if they are going in for it, so as to give them a chance. AP-JONES's first notes are sounded, and as an instalment he sends us the following suggestions, on which he is going to work his libretto:—

Bad Spirits—The Welshers, Welsh Sharpers, and Flying Welsh Harpies. *Good Spirits*—the usual ones, but not to be summoned from vasty deep cellars on Sunday. *Mortals*—AP-THOMAS, AP-MORGAN, AP-DAVID, with chorus, "We are an Appy Family; we are, we are, we are!"

Grand Procession of The March of the Men of Garlick.
Sensation Scene—The Shipwreck: Springing a Leak.
The King of the Bigheads will be Sir WATKIN PUDDING, and the female interest will be centred in the Maid of Llangollen. The Pantomime will be finally submitted to AP-HARRIS, and, if he approves, it will be produced with new scenery, dresses, and Ap-pointments. Clown by an Ap-Rhryl Fool.

ONE OF THE LIGHT-FINGERED CLASS.—A Lady with small taper fingers. This would account for cases of Kleptomania.



Irish Landlord (to his Agent, who has been to London as a Witness). "AND DID YE MIX MUCH IN SOCIETY, MURPHY!"

Mr. Pat Murphy. "MIX IS IT! FAIX I DID THAT, EVERY NIGHT OF THE WHOLE TIME, AND THEY SAID THEY 'D NIVER TASTED ANYTHING LIKE IT!"

LITTLE SARAH AND HER YOUTHFUL SALLIES.

(One or Two more of Them.)

THE highly entertaining extracts from the renowned SARAH's forthcoming "*Ma Vie de Théâtre*," furnished last week by a daily Contemporary, giving, as they do, a brief insight into the extraordinary precocity of her early years, have, as was to be expected, only whetted the public appetite for some further acquaintance with that interesting period of her life.

Indeed, if the publishers now and then allow a favoured correspondent or two to have a judicious peep at these very advanced sheets, there is no saying what the first week's sale of the book may not realise. Here, for instance, is a bit, dealing with a still more remote epoch in the career of the remarkable genius whose slightest doings are soon to be matters of European interest.

M. JULES CHARETTE merely began his fragmentary *excerpts* in the atmosphere of the schoolroom. The following little passage goes even further, and takes the reader straight to the nursery. The incidents are, of course, commonplace enough, and such as might have been expected under the circumstances; still, they are characteristic.

"The moment," says SARAH BERNHARDT, "I was installed in my cradle, my character underwent another complete and radical change. Hitherto I had merely stared at a magnificent fresco of '*Nero Playing at Skittles with Jehoiakim in the Areopagus*,' that used to hang suspended from the ceiling of my mother's bedroom, in a dreamy state of passive disgust. Now, I seemed to require aggressive action. I began by eating my coral, whistle, bells, and all. Then I clutched at everything. I had torn a few sheets and blankets to shreds, but my first regular onset was made at my nurse's front hair. Every particle of this I pulled out in firm tiny handfuls by the roots. My Great-great-grand-uncle, who was always walking about on all fours and imitating the screech of a cockatoo, with a hearthbroom down his neck, to amuse me, tried feebly to intervene. I beat him about the head with a couple of feeding-bottles, and he got quietly under the sofa. This made M. Z— laugh.

HOME-TRUTHS FROM ABROAD.

(A Long Way after Browning.)

I.

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning," in despair,
There's a horrible fog i' the heart o' the town,
And the greasy pavement is damp and brown;
While the rain-drop falls from the laden bough,
In England—now!

II.

"And after April when May follows,"
How foolish seem the returning swallows.
Hark how the East wind sweeps along the street,
And how we give one universal sneeze!
The hapless lambs at thoughts of mint-sauce bleat,
And ducks are conscious of the coming peas.
Lest you should think the Spring is really present,
A biting frost will come to make things pleasant,
And though the reckless flowers begin to blow,
They'd better far have nestled down below;
An English Spring sets men and women frowning,
Despite the rhapsodies of ROBERT BROWNING!

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—Unprecedented precautions were taken at the Enthronisation of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. It was at first proposed by an Extreme Church Party that His Grace should wear full mediæval pontifical "ornaments," but the possibility that a dynamite might be among them caused the proposition to be immediately rejected. Among other interesting discoveries connected with this ceremony, it has been ascertained with tolerable certainty that about the period of the Reformation the title of the See was slightly altered, and CRANMER, at the time when his reputation was at stake, where, by the way, it was made, was called the Archbishop of Recanterbury. This is among things not at all generally known.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.—Pluto and Proserpine.

"What shall we do with her?" he said, holding his sides, in his brutally vulgar manner, "she can't keep on her legs. What do you say to making her a Stewardess on a Boulogne Steamboat?" At that moment my mother's five maiden Aunts, pretty, airy, curly-headed, nimble-kneed little *soubrettes*, danced in, and struck an attitude round the foot of my cradle. But the Doctor (he was the oldest friend of the family) had given me the kitchen-poker to play with, and I soon made a pass or two among them that sent them cowering off to the other end of the room. So sped my babyhood away. All my happiness was in that poker, and I was always hitting somebody over the head with it, and I hit hard."

There is a further little story of how the youthful SARAH, while cutting her second front tooth, carved a colossal group of "*Hercules strangling the Infant Hydrants*" out of a simple block of Aberdeen granite with a blunt razor; and also some further details of her well-known feat of paving the Rue Rivoli with asphalté one hot summer's evening when no one was looking. Most amusing, too, is the account of the witty practical joke she at last managed to play on her would-be tormentor, M. Z—, with two quarts of boiling lead, on his eighty-third birthday. This should be read to be enjoyed. Altogether the volume promises to be a most delightful one, and by anticipation we already take off our hat to its spirited Editor, M. DERENBOURG.

Paradoxical.

SOMETHING 's wrong with the "rule of the road" out at sea,
Or else our ship-steerers are foolish and feckless.
More wreckless, perhaps, the great ocean might be,
Were those who sail on it less reckless.

NEW READING.—JOHN BULL reading the perpetual iteration of Conservative oratory, complains that "his Tory repeats himself" rather too much.

HIGH SPIRITS.—When are Spirits like Axioms?—When they are "above proof," to be sure.



TU QUOQUE.

Army Candidate. "AND I ONLY MUFFED ONE THING IN THE GEOGRAPHY PAPER. COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME THINK WHERE THE STRAITS OF MACASSAR WERE!"

Fond Father. "OH, I SAY, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN THAT. FANCY—THE STRAITS OF MACASSAR!"

Army Candidate. "WELL, I DIDN'T, ANYHOW. BY THE WAY, WHERE ARE THEY, DAD?"

Fond Father. "OH—WHERE ARE THEY? OH—ER—THEY'RE—WELL, THEY'RE —BUT DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO TO LUNCH?"

A WORD FOR THE DOCTORS.

THE Vivisection Abolition Bill was talked out the other day, and, as we do not wish to see the progress of medical science checked, we cannot regret that the proposal was lost. The whole question lies in a nutshell. Vivisection, as the law stands, can only be practised under very stringent regulations and the authority of a licence granted by the Home-Office, which in very rare cases allows experiments to be made without anaesthetics. Only one per cent. of the investigations made equals the pain of an ordinary surgical operation. And what does the world owe to Vivisection? The discovery of the circulation of the blood, the antiseptic Surgery of the present day, the famous operation by which Mr. SPENCER WELLS and others have saved the lives of many hundreds of women; all these, and a thousand other benefits we owe to the experiments which it is now proposed to abolish. As Mr. CARTWRIGHT said during the debate—we prefer to quote him instead of a medical man like Dr. PLAYFAIR—

"Professor LISTER's discoveries had revolutionised surgical science, and it was said he had reduced the mortality of man by 7 or 8 per cent., and yet on account of the restrictions surrounding the provisions of the present Act, he had been obliged to go abroad in order to prosecute his invaluable researches. In the LAMSON case the clinching evidence which brought about a conviction was derived from an experiment on a living animal . . . If this Bill were passed into law, experiments would be made on human frames and in the rudest form. In the nineteenth century the hon. and learned Member asked

them to prohibit investigation, to annihilate inquiry, and to say science was a thing that must be curbed."

No cases of cruelty under the existing Acts can be cited as occurring in this country, all the horrors of which we read taking place in Continental cities where there are no restrictions. As Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT said, the question is, "Whether man as the superior animal had a right to use animals for his benefit?" Of course that can only be answered in one way, but the Anti-Vivisectionists rush off into shameless abuse of a noble profession, and do their cause no good by it. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT well summed up the debate when he said—

"They must bring a little common sense to bear on this question. They must look at it in the light of experience, and he ventured to say that true humanity was on the side of these eminent men, many of whom were among the most tender-hearted members of society. He was satisfied that under the administration of the existing law very little pain was inflicted, and that what pain was inflicted was under such securities and guarantees that it was not only in the course of experiment, but was abundantly justified."

Mr. Punch yields to no one in his detestation of cruelty. But crimes must not remain undiscovered, our children must not die of zymotic diseases, and our wives and sisters perish for the want of the skill and the knowledge that have been obtained by humane operators from Vivisection—conducted, be it remembered, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred with the administration of anaesthetics.

KING MOB!

King Mob as ever on mischief bent,
In a land of freedom pitched his tent,
In every capital round the world,
His blood-stained banner King Mob unfurl'd.
As a cowardly cur and a secret spy,
With a treacherous hand and a devilish eye,
He stalked unseen and with bated breath,
He marked the Monarchs of earth for death.

King Mob in civilisation's sight,
Proclaimed his gospel of dynamite,
For one or other he laid his snare,
"Invincible" here and "Nihilist" there.
In reckless fashion he flung his net
That was proof against sword and the bayonet:
What matter, he said, if the innocent fall,
Be they women or children, murder all!

He came at last over land and sea,
To the home of peace and the island free.
A spirit of discontent he cast,
And tore the page from a nation's past;
He spread the terror of force and fist,
And flattered the impudent Atheist;
Having preached up crime as his soul thought best,
He was treated by law as an idle jest!

Wherever he came and whenever he spoke,
They took King Mob for an idle joke;
When he entered a church, and began to swear,
He was only considered a harmless bear;
And a Magistrate ready with courteous whine,
Let His Majesty off with a simple fine.
Red-handed caught at the dynamite store,
The House of Commons began to roar!

Beware, King Mob! for the time has come
For Britons to strike—and to strike right home.
The days are over for empty sneers
When houses tumble about our ears;
It's a little too late to hold our breath,
With a mighty Metropolis mined with death.
But rebels will tremble and laughter cease
When the Hangman's knot—is the Bond of Peace!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is delighted to hear of the establishment of the Vine Club, which she thinks is evidence of a strong Anti-Blue Ribbon Army Association. Now, she says, she begins to understand what has lately been alluded to in the papers as "The Tipple Alliance."

THERE is a small rush on to the Stage just now of talented Amateurs. Not vanity, but a praiseworthy desire to realise a modest competency is their motive. That they deserve to attain their object is evidenced by the public display of their incompetency.



THE TEMPERANCE BUDGET; OR, VIRTUE REWARDED.

John Bull. "THREE-HALPENCE! THE PRICE OF A CUP OF COCOA AND A SLICE OF BREAD-AND-BUTTER! I'VE BEEN TOO SOBER. I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE TO DRINKING AGAIN. *NUNC EST BIBENDUM!*"

OUTRAGE BY A VOLUNTEER.—They were marching down to Brighton through Horley. Noticing the gay holiday aspect of the village, said the Old Volunteer to the Young Volunteer, "What is the difference between this place and our most popular Sporting Novelist?" Before the Young Volunteer had time to think, his ruthless companion shouted out, "The one is smart Horley, and the other is **HAWLEY SMART!**" The matter is now in the hands of the War Office. But the Authorities are "At Fault."

The Channel Tunnel, if made, will be known as a portion of the Infunnel Regions. This notion struck Sir WATKIN, S.E.R., but funnely enough it had previously occurred to Mr. STAAT FORBES, L. C. & D.

NEW NAME FOR A THEATRE WHERE THE ACTORS ARE MORE OR LESS UNINTELLIGIBLE.—"The Mumbles."



A LITTLE MISTAKE.

The New Rector's Wife. "CAN YOU RECOMMEND THIS SEA-KALE?"
Greengrocer. "IF IT'S FOR THE PEOPLE ABOVE-STAIRS, YES; BUT
 IF IT'S FOR YOURSELVES, I WOULD SAY, DON'T TAKE IT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 2.—Very curious how Sir R. Cross objects to people smiling, much less laughing. Whenever he addresses the House always keeps his eye fixed upon Right Honourable Gentlemen on Treasury Bench. If anyone smiles he's sure to hear of it. DODSON always safe, but HARCOURT constantly offending, and Mr. GLADSTONE has been specially reprimanded. Last night Sir RICHARD on his legs making disjointed remarks on Criminal Appeal Bill. Stopping suddenly, with head on one side and gathering clouds darkening his brow, he exclaimed, "I hear someone smile." Terrible moment of suspense. Expected some trembling man to be given up by his affrighted companions, and soundly birched before the whole school. But danger passed over. After listening intently for a second and hearing no more smiles, Sir RICHARD went on, not quite satisfied, but baffled.

"A strangely chequered career, Cross's," Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL mused. "Heaven intended him for a schoolmaster, his neighbours made him Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and Dizzy projected him into the Home Office. But scratch the ex-Home Secretary and you find the schoolmaster."

Very interesting talk with RANDOLPH. He's been issuing another manifesto. The Count de CHAMBORD nothing to him in this kind of literature. Prince NAPOLEON not a patch on him.

"Yes," said Baron DE WORMS, ruefully eyeing my young friend as he sits below the Gangway, carefully dressed for dinner; "but Prince NAPOLEON was straightway cast into prison."

"Of course NORTHCOTE's done for now," I said to Lord RANDOLPH, "and the *bourgeois* placemen, the honourable tadpoles, the Irish lawyers, and the rest, are out of the question. Seems to me choice grown exceedingly limited. But would BALFOUR do to succeed Sir STAFFORD?"

"Afraid not," said Lord RANDOLPH. "He's rather young, and what you may call pretty. Wants backbone."

"WOLFF?"

"Ah! WOLFF's a good fellow. Speaks very good French, and knows the mouths of the Danube. But I am not sure that the Party would follow him. He'd make an excellent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In fact, I have promised him that when I—in short, WOLFF isn't thinking of the Leadership."

"Well, there's GORST. Do you think he's capable of 'agitating Scotland and arresting the attention of the Midlands'?"

"I do not," said RANDOLPH, with firmness. "GORST is a little lacking in imagination, and his humour is a trifle musty. I remember him once saying to me he couldn't understand what *BOURKE* meant by impossibility of drawing up indictment against a whole people. 'Entirely a matter of fee,' the dear old Chappie said, quite seriously."

"Then choice becomes quite too utterly narrowed."

"I say nothing about that, TONY. But a Leader is a man who can lead, and if there is a Party in this House well disciplined, it may be the one I have had something to do with."

Business done.—Read Criminal Appeal Bill a Second Time.

Tuesday.—"Cave Caine-m!" Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE whispered in Mr. LOWTHER's ear, as that gay young Knight rode forth, like young What's his name, to make a speech or two in the Easter recess. But it was no use. "I never posed as a cautious person," JAMES plaintively observed to the audience at Kirby Moorside. After which confession he ran a-muck at Grand Committees. Declared they were packed by Birmingham Caucus (of whom it seems Sir JOHN MOWBRAY is Chairman) and more than hinted that when Bills came back they must be gone through over again in the House. CAINE going to put question on subject.

"Most unfortunate tendency this of JEMMY's to blurt out things," says Mr. W. H. SMITH. "What the fighting section of the Carlton think to-day, he's sure to tell everybody to-morrow."

Quite pathetic to see Truthful JAMES waiting to be dragged up for his Caineing. "Don't know anybody of his experience and habits more fully capable of putting on air of ingenuous simplicity," says HARCOURT, eyeing him admiringly as he sits with head bent, toying with the paper on which his answer was written. "But when he looks mildest he's most dangerous. We'll see his heels fly out in a moment."

But we didn't. The SPEAKER, doubtless touched by JAMES's helplessness and pretty childish ways, interposed, and on point of order ruled question inadmissible.

Afterwards spent an agreeable evening in foreign parts under guidance of JACOB BRIGHT and Sir JOSEPH PEASE. J. B. interested on account of the Congo River. "Must remain a territory," he says, "where Missionaries and Manchester men Con-go and come as they please, without interference from Portugal."

Curious mixing-up of long-cloth and Missionary labour both in this and the even more Peacefull debate on Opium which followed. Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, in course of brief lecture, put the case for suppression of Opium Traffic with irresistible force. "Abolish Opium Traffic," says he, "and you shall make ten thousand miles of railway in China, besides giving a chance to Christianity." That fetched the House; and the Government, instead of, as usual, meeting the Motion with a direct negative, wriggled out by moving the Previous Question.

Wednesday Afternoon.—LYON PLAYFAIR's foot is on his native heath, and his style Professor. Question is, that Vivisection be abolished. LYON PLAYFAIR says "No!" and tells the House why in most charming lecture. Members been yawning all afternoon, and moaning round corridors, library, and terrace; now flock in, and listen with growing interest. JOSEPH GILLIS sat spell-bound as the Professor traced the links between Man and Animal, glancing aside for a moment to express the hope that missing one may some day be found.

"Man," said the Professor, "is only the King of Animals."

This disappointing, but might be worse.

"Let me tell the House how I killed two rabbits," continues the Professor.

"Knocked them on the back of the neck, I suppose," the irrepressible RANDOLPH murmurs. But the rest of House thrilled with anticipatory horror. Seems that late Professor SIMPSON called one morning on PLAYFAIR in Edinburgh, and asked him for "some liquor." Thought a Scotchman would instantly have produced a bottle of whiskey, and one of those little wooden cups that grow in the Highlands, and treated his friend handsomely. On the contrary, PLAYFAIR took him to laboratory, and brought out some home-made stuff. Professor, evidently mad with thirst, about to gulp it down.

"No," says PLAYFAIR; "let's try it on a rabbit."

Gave a noggin to one rabbit; dies on the spot. Half a noggin to another; lived two years a hopeless idiot. Professor SIMPSON left the House hale and hearty.

"Ah! ah!" cries WILFRID LAWSON, triumphantly, "that comes of total abstinence."

Not sure I've got the rabbit story quite right. Fancy it was some other liquor made somebody else hopeless idiot. But there certainly

was a hopeless idiot in the case. Proposal on foot to engage LYON PLAYFAIR for the Session, one lecture a week. Find him with black-board and chalk, and, if necessary, white cloth and magic lantern.

Business done.—Discussed Married Fellows and Vivisected Dogs.

Thursday.—Mr. CHILDERS introduced Budget to-night. Very good speech and very good Budget. Speech particularly artful. Conservatives been preparing all week to come out to-morrow as champions of Economy in National Expenditure. Ready to show, with tears in eyes, how recklessly present Government been going on. Meant to make it clear to tax-payer that, if he wanted to save remnant of pocket-money, must get back Conservatives with or without a Leader. To-night, CHILDERS, with most innocent expression, mentioned, *à propos des bottles*, a few figures showing how things stood during six years of Conservative Administration, and how in three years of Liberal. Conservatives shocked, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE quite pained. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON furious. Sir RICHARD CROSS indignant.

"So rude of CHILDERS," says Grand Cross, "going mentioning these things in a Budget Speech. Especially just now, when we had all got our speeches ready for to-morrow night. Would never have thought it of CHILDERS."

Mr. GLADSTONE had very pleasant evening. Luxuriously listened to Budget Statement, went off leisurely to dinner, returned at eleven o'clock in evening dress, with a rose in his coat.

"Haw! Anything going on, TOBY?" he said, slightly yawning. "Oh, of course, Budget Night. I remember; CHILDERS made speech; riled other side. Must be awful bore, don't you know, to have to make Budget Speech, and then to listen to other fellows; getting no dinner. Had very pleasant evening myself. Sorry for CHILDERS."

And the Gay Old Man, with a toothpick projecting from his eloquent lips, strolled away.

Business done.—Budget introduced.

Friday.—Great day this for PETER. Government have accepted his Amendment on Reduction of Expenditure. P. positively pervades the place. Linking arms with everyone. Two at a time preferred, as that makes the corridors more impassable. Got hold of me just now.

"All very well for you fellows to laugh at me, TOBY," he shouted in my ear. "But I've beaten the strongest Ministry of modern times. Forced GLADSTONE to his knees. United both parties under my banner. *Nunc dimittis*, TOBY, *nunc dimittis*."

"Why, certainly," I said. PETER means well, but he's a little boisterous for constant companionship.

Business done.—Decided to be more economical.

A BROKEN REID.

(A possible Episode from the Life of a Practical Philanthropist.)

THE red-coated sportsmen were eager for the hunt. The hounds could scarcely restrain their impatience, and the horses were restive from inaction. It was a lovely morning—just the very day for a grand run.

The Master, the Huntsman, and the Whipper-in were ready to start, when the report of a gun was heard. Then there was a rustling of branches, and Mr. REID, M.P., appeared. Mounting on a tub, he called the equestrians around him.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "you know I am an Anti-Vivisectionist. You know I object to cruelty to dogs and other dumb animals."

"We know you are very feeble about your facts," replied the Master, who found Mr. REID tedious, and was anxious to be off.

"But although I am an Anti-Vivisectionist," continued Mr. REID, M.P., quietly ignoring the interruption, "I have still a hearty sympathy with sport."

Here some of the Members of the Hunt audibly suggested that, although Mr. REID's words were of an excitingly interesting character, they might yet be kept for some future occasion.

"I see that you are growing impatient," continued the good man; "and I am not surprised. Although no sportsman myself, I can quite understand the keen pleasure—the intense satisfaction—of a glorious burst over a ploughed field, or a leisurely saunter through a bullfinch."

"Yes, yes!" said the Master, impatiently; "but the fox is awaiting us. So we must say good-bye!"

"You can surely stay a few minutes longer," continued Mr. REID, M.P. "The other evening, in the House of Commons, I insisted that your one idea was to kill a noxious animal."

"Yes, yes!"

"That you did it as quickly as you could. That the first who came upon the creature had the right to despatch him."

"Certainly, certainly!"

"And that being the case, as I was walking along the road I happened to come across Mr. Reynard, and—"

The field were wild with excitement. "Which way did he go?" "Where was he?"

"Knowing that you wished to kill him expeditiously, I did my best to accommodate you. I was perfectly successful. I closed my eyes, pulled the trigger, and shot the fox as dead as a door-nail!"

There was a shout of anger, a cry of hate, and—a Murder!

THAT THREE HA'PENCE!

By a non-political Tax-payer.

HOORAY! Let rival Chancellors war,
CHILDERS and NORTHCOTE snap and spar;
One thing I mark—it brings me *paix*,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

What matters whether old or new
The hand that doth relax the screw?
At least the screw it doth relax,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

A Surplus! True, 'tis rather small,
But better that than none at all.
And there's one burden leaves our backs,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

Egyptian War! Its cost is paid,
And there's a little left in Trade;
The Revenue doth slowly wax,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

A Business Budget! full of sense
Though void of the sweet eloquence
Of him, the wielder of the axo,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

A Temperance Budget? Yes, from Drink
The Revenue may shrink and shrink,
Yet in remission all go snacks;
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

Ah! that three ha'pence in the pound!
Covers a lot of faults all round.
They take, though called financial quacks,
Three ha'pence off our Income-tax!

Financial fight my mind bewilders,
But here's a health to Mr. CHILDERS!
Announcing, spite of party snacks,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

COLLOQUY ON ARMY ECONOMY.

SAFECARD and SCREW.

Safecard. More work for the British Officer—Lord WOLSELEY's work. (*Reads from a paper.*) "Each company in a battalion is to be struck off all ordinary duties for about six months in the year, and in its turn, in order that it may be passed through a complete course of drill and instruction under its own officers, instead of being exercised and taught by specialists such as musketry instructors."

Screw. Delightful task for the British Officer—"to teach the young idea how to shoot." Give them more work.

Safecard. More work, but no more pay. Expenses of living increasing too, and allowance stationary—for your Subaltern at five-shillings-and-six-pence a day.

Screw. Quite right. Competition for Commissions continuing all the same, and supply exceeding demand. Wages of military labour regulated by the rate of the labour market.

Safecard. All very well; but the employments go to those who can afford to take them. The purse gains the day. Money still makes the (military) man.

Screw. What then?

Safecard. What was the use of abolishing Purchase in the Army?

New Version of the Old Adage.

(By One who had his Throat cut by the East Wind at Easter.)

WHEN Easter falls in My Lady's lap,
Then Easter deserves a good sound slap!

PARTY EMBLEMS.—If Conservatives keep up the custom of wearing Primroses in honour of Lord BEACONSFIELD, Liberals will have to display button-holes of "Sweet William."



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER IN WATER-COLOURS.

Distinguished Amateur. "I—A—RUB OUT A GREAT DEAL. MOST OF MY EFFECTS ARE GOT BY THAT."

Old Snarle. "AH, CAPITAL PROCESS! ONLY YOU DON'T CARRY IT QUITE FAR ENOUGH!"

THE BUMPTIOUS BOY.

AIR—"The Truthful Boy."

ONCE there was a bumptious youth,
With poodle hair and fishy eye,
A boy who loved historic truth,
And never, never sold ally.

And everyone admired him so,
He was so rude, so void of ruth;
They cried, "The lad has dash and go!"
They said, "He'll rise, this bumptious youth!"

This bumptious boy, in boyish pride,
Observed the hunters in full flight,
And said, "Could I not better ride,
I'd hide my head in night-cap white!"

He sought a mount, a schoolboy's scrub
To most it seemed, and small at that.
He stood a-tiptoe on a tub,
And scrambled to his seat, and sat.

Said he, "They make a jolly fuss,
These huntmen old; the pace looks hot;
But I and my *Bucephalus*
Will lead the field and lick the lot!"

And when he trotted, smart and cool,
Off to the field, the people cried,
"The boy though bumptious is no fool,
He like enough knows how to ride."

But when in spite of warning shouts
Of "Hi! 'ware wheat!" straight on he
pounded,
Like any 'ARRY, serious doubts
About his horsemanship abounded.

The leading huntsman, wary, steady,
He challenged,—it was cheek, indeed.
Crying, "Get out, you ancient Neddy,
I'll give the lot of you a lead!"

That skilful horseman, with a wink,
Said, "All right, youngster, take your
line;

I know the Country, and I think,
If you don't mind, I'll keep to mine."

And all the people laughed and said,
"Ill-mounted urchin, bumptious mite,
You'll come a cropper, tip o'er head,
The general verdict, 'Serve you right!'"

"WHERE ARE THE POLICE?"—Why, as far as the Detectives go, and they seem just now to be going everywhere, the more frequently this question is asked and remains unanswered the better for the interests of justice and the safety of the community. The less the public knows of the whereabouts of the Police the better will they be able to do their work. But when every one of their movements is dogged by Reporters, and the results made public by the Dailies which are all struggling for the Earliest News or "Latest Intelligence," the conspirators receive timely warning and the well-arranged plans of the Police are frustrated. To the Intelligence Departments of the Dublin, London, and Birmingham Police the greatest praise is due. And—another thing—we are delighted to hear that in Birmingham the Detectives who made the dynamite captures were armed with revolvers. We trust it is the same in London.

Cave Felem!

It has been lately pointed out that, under existing statutes, offenders convicted of damaging, or attempting to damage, persons and property by the explosion of substances such as dynamite, are liable, in certain cases, not only to imprisonment or penal servitude, but also to be whipped. Could not this information be published by notices posted about in the proper places? It might save some of us the pain of seeing a degrading punishment inflicted on our (Fenian) fellow-man. For the protection of public buildings there is probably no house-dog that would equal the Cat.

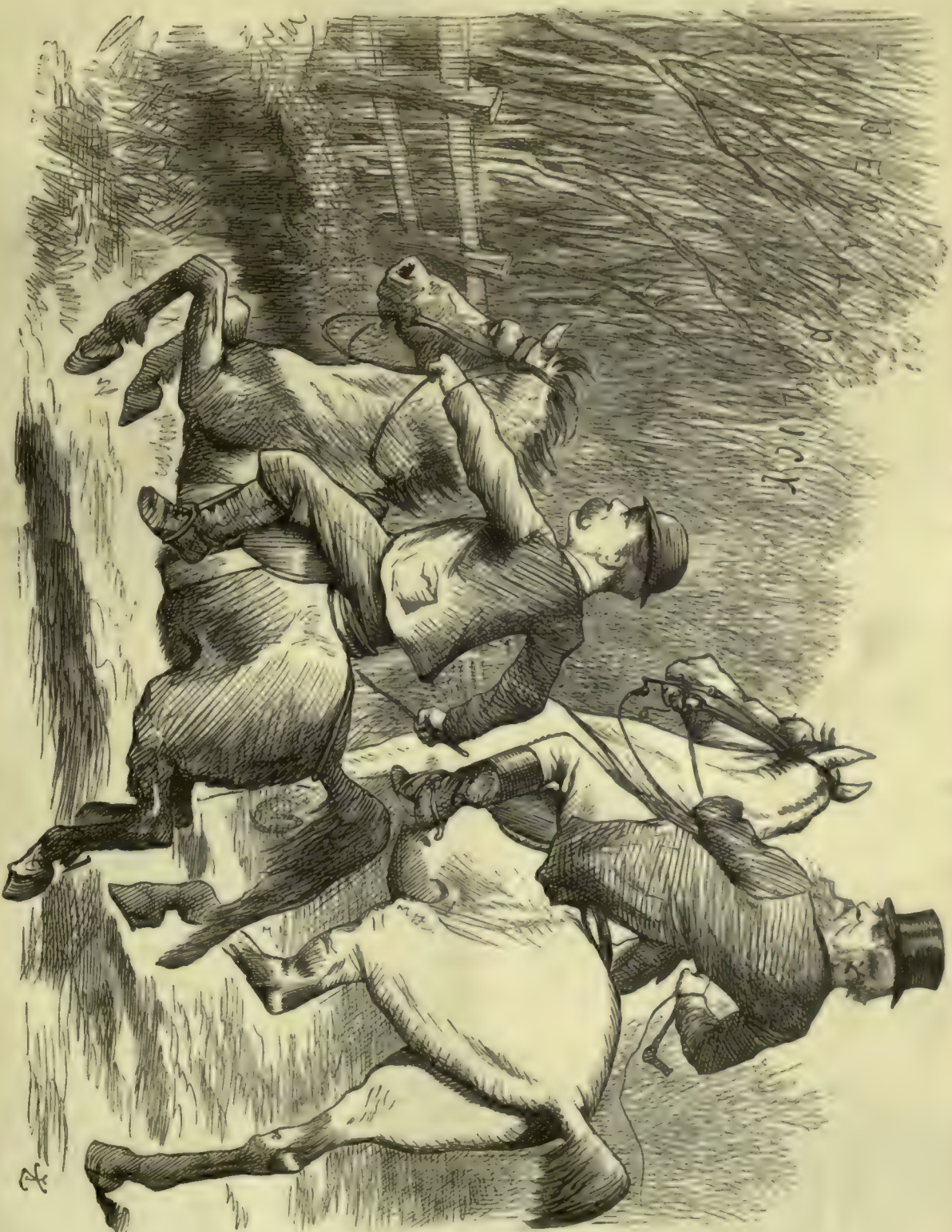
"THE PEER AND THE PERI."

If I had a Daughter what would go
On to the Stage when I'd said "No,"
Wouldn't I stop her? Yes. Just so.
Woa, there! Steady!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says two of her Nieces are going to a Fancy Ball as *Carmen*. She does not like the idea of the thick boots, smock frocks, and corduroys, and thinks they might have selected a more ladylike costume.

As an evidence of extraordinary warmth of the first week in April, the penny ice-carts are already out in the most aristocratic parts of the Metropolis, and doing a thriving business.

In view of the Divided Skirts and Fan-tail Dresses, can 1883 be termed, as far as it has gone at present, "this Year of Grace"?



THE BUMPTIOUS BOY.

LITTLE LORD B-KIND-LEP (*to M.F.H.*), "OUT O' THE WAY, GUV'NOR—I'LL GIVE 'EM A LEAD OVER!"
SIR S-T-P-R-D., "ALL RIGHT, YOUNGSTER—TAKE YOUR OWN LINE—I KNOW THE COUNTRY!"

ESMERALDA;

OR, "MEET ME AT 'THE LANE' WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES EIGHT."

CONSIDERING that Mr. CARL ROSA has only got Drury Lane for an Opera Season of one month's duration—just sufficient time to let people know that he is there—the performance of *Esmeralda* is

most creditable to the management. The *mise-en-scène* is very good, the grouping and the "business" evince careful stage-management, and the effects obtained by the simultaneous impulse of arms and hands—in the end of the Second Act, where the united Histrionocracy go wild—will remind playgoers of the German Company, and those who have seen the new Eden-Théâtre in Paris,



"All Hands" for the end of Act II.

of the striking action of the crowd in the Prologue to the Great Ballet. The only sign of anything like hurry or incompleteness was to be found in the costume of the "men in armour," belonging to the brave corps commanded by Captain Phœbus, who, intended to be armed *cap-à-pied*, were perfect as far as the ankles, where the ordinary modern walking-boot was distinctly visible—and even this might be set down to the indomitable energy and enthusiasm of the chorus-men, who would rather be on the scene with seventeenth century armour on their backs and nineteenth century boots on their feet, than sacrifice one of the grand effects of the Opera.

Mr. GORING THOMAS's music is throughout graceful and melodious, but it lacks character, as, for example, in *Esmeralda*'s first song,



"Goring Thomas."

which rather reminds us of a sea-nymph gliding through the calm water, and singing to the accompaniment of her harp, than of a dancing Gipsy Girl with her tambourine and her performing goat.

MADAME GEORGINA BURNS is better suited to the part as a vocalist than as an Actress. She is always on the scene, and, when not engaged in being fondly, or insanely, hugged by her lover, or threatened by some disagreeable person, she is at once set upon by anyone who can get at her, hauled and lugged about the stage, and generally bullied in the most cruel manner. Like Mr. W. S. GILBERT's Policeman—"When operative duty's to be done, poor *Esmeralda*'s life is not a happy one!" At the end of the Second Act, Mr. MCGUCKIN—a stalwart representative of the dashing Phœbus—takes the poor Lady's head under his protection in such a manner that he appears to have got her, as the pugilists say, "in Chancery," in which trying position she is dragged hither and thither, singing all the time. Finally he hugs her desperately, and still in Chancery, up the steps, with such vigour that we wondered she had any breath left in her body. Occasionally, when Mr. MCGUCKIN gave her a second's rest, we heard her voice making a plaintive appeal in a high key from somewhere under Mr. MCGUCKIN's arm; but directly he became aware of there being any life left in her, he set to work to hug her head more closely than ever to him, and in this helpless position he

rushed about with her, first to the left, then to the right, as though he were on the platform of some puzzling junction, vainly endeavouring to obtain information from anyone as to the whereabouts of his



Esmeralda, evidently one of the Romany or Roman nez tribe, interviewed by the Rev. Claude Frolo, of the Medieval Church and Stage Guild.

train and the time of its starting. The heroine had about as hard a time of it as any *prima donna* we ever saw.

The Reverend *Claude Frolo* (Mr. LUDWIG), whose taste for theatricals led him into the commission of some very unclerical acts, was apparently suffering either from a cold, in which case we sincerely pity him, or from a mistaken notion that, to convey the idea of concentrated passion, the singer should be as confidential as possible, and so, though no doubt he was very good and sang perfectly, we were unable to give any opinion on the subject, as to us he was almost inaudible.

Mr. LESLIE CROTTY's *Quasimodo* is a very clever performance, seeing what a difficult character it is, and how completely the librettists have washed all the colour out of it. Occasionally Mr. CROTTY, by the production of his voice and his pronunciation of certain words, vividly recalled Mr. SANDLEY. He has to sing the best and most telling air in the whole Opera; and had the situation been more favourable, the audience would have enthusiastically insisted on his taking their *encore* of "I, oursed of gods and men." Why "gods"? *Quasimodo* wasn't a heathen. The librettists have damaged the story, and the finish is ineffective. Fancy missing the grand effect of *Quasimodo* chucking *Claude* over the top of Notre Dame tower! What a splendid Wagnerian sensation this would have been, musically illustrated by a chromatic scale descent, from the topmost note in the treble down to the lowest note in the bass,—then one solemn whack on the drum, and "the rest is silence." Could *Esmeralda* have had one such song as falls to the lot of any one of her operative relatives, *Arline*, *Maritana*, *Carmen*—could poor *Quasimodo* have had something as brusque and catching as the "Piff-paff" of *Marcel*,—could Phœbus have walked to the "flote," and come out with something as stirring as the *Toreador*, or Miss PERRY, as *Flour-de-Lys*, have had a song like the Queen's in *The Huguenots*, the lasting popularity of *Esmeralda* would at once have been secured. But as it is, the public has to make its acquaintance, to get to know the Opera, and so to "learn to love" the somewhat Bizet-Wagnerish music, for which process, on account of Mr. ROSA's very brief London season, the public literally has not the time.

Colomba is the new Opera, of which, as at present advised, we can only say that the music is by A. C. MACKENZIE, and the libretto seems to be good, Whoever wrote it—no, we should say and correctly—HUEFFER wrote it.



Two of the Leading Features in the Opera.



Quasimodo; or, Bent on Mischief.

CORRECT TITLE FOR THE NEW LINE.—The Charing Cross-the-River-and-under-Water-loo Electric Railway. No ventilation necessary. This scheme can't end in smoke. There's a first-rate Board of Electric Directors, and no chance of any Elec-tricks upon travellers.

TOILERS AND SPINNERS.

THE Ministerial Member for Birmingham pitches into Lord SALISBURY as a member of a class that "toil not, neither do they spin." This is not one of the many clever things, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, which you are noted for saying. A leading politician, of whichever party, being also a Peer, whether in Opposition or Office, must necessarily toil, more or less, but can hardly spin,—unless he "spins round" with a fair partner in the giddy waltz. Or he may go out on horseback for a spin on the downs. But these are two instances where "spinning" is a pleasure, not a toil—or at least it ought to be so. For ourselves—but no matter. The only sort of lord who spins and toils at the same time, toiling as he spins is a Cotton Lord—and he doesn't personally always toil or spin very much.

"THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL"—have all been carefully guarded. Sentries are posted at all the chief publishing offices. Some explosive material was detected in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, but its effect has been carefully neutralised. . . . In spite of all precautions, the *Magazines* have all gone off, but fortunately without doing any injury. Most people have only been able to judge of their contents by the various reports.

THE PREMIER, while in London, being compelled to leave off cutting trees, has been advised by his medical man to take to cutting jokes.

MORLEY'S VERDICT ON THE OPPOSITION TACTICS.—"The trail of the Woodcock is over them all."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 131.



LORD HENRY LENNOX, M.P.,

As "MASTER SLENDER."

MRS. GENIUS.

(Song of a Sorrowful Hero-Worshipper.)

AIR—"Mrs. Johnson."

GREAT Mr. GENIUS takes a bride,
Through life to struggle at his side,
Bylaw, and her own heart-strings, tied
To mighty Mr. GENIUS.
Her task to feed his spirit's flame,
To mend his breeks, and mark his fame,
To meet all bother, bear all blame,
Oh, happy Mrs. GENIUS!

He to his desk devotes the day;
Shall he be plagued with bills to pay,
Costers or cats to scare away?
Leave that to Mrs. GENIUS!
His duty is big books to write,
Which give Society delight;
To tend the house from morn till night
Is task for Mrs. GENIUS.

To halls of light he may repair,
His name is famous everywhere;
She stays at home and suffers there,
Poor jealous Mrs. GENIUS!
Shall he stint ease or pleasure? No!
She cannot soar, then let her sew,
And sup on porridge; 'twill keep low
The pulse of Mrs. GENIUS!

He's of an atrabilious mood,
At bearing pain he is not good,
But given to grumble and to brood
And worry Mrs. GENIUS.
He growls much like a bee-stung bear,
Denouncing all in earth and air.
Sheloves—and listens; that's the share
Of lucky Mrs. GENIUS.

Among earth's stars he'll deign to roam,
Sirens his shaggy looks will comb.
Dames pet him. She can patch, at home,
The dressing-gown of GENIUS.
Of letting her make friends he's shy.
No, let her feeble fingers try
To wring wet sheets (with wetter eye)
Poor, lonesome Mrs. GENIUS!

SHOW SUNDAY; OR, QUITE A LITTLE OILYDAY.

(By Our Own Mr. Merry-go-Rounder commissioned to visit all the Studios.)

THE President of the Republic of Painters told me confidentially, while expressing, through the half-opened door, his regret at being unable to admit me into his studio, that his principal Picture would not be ready, or, if ready, only just in time, for the Academy. "Then," I exclaimed, "you are keeping up your name, and you'll be known this year as Sir FREDERICK LATE'UN." A shriek of laughter, and a heavy fall in the passage as the door slammed-to, proclaimed that my side-splitter had had its effect.

I ascertained in the neighbourhood that Mr. POYNTER's "*Queen of Sheba*," called "BALKIS is willing," will not be exhibited at the Academy. "A disap-poynter," as the funny Author of *Jocoseria* observed. At Mr. AGNEW's Gallery [always Bag news At the AGNEWs] in Bond Street I was unable to get near Mr. BRITON RIVIÈRE's *chef-d'œuvre*—(why "Briton" when he's a foreigner?); but as far as I could gather from the Policeman who was keeping the crowd off, it is something about a farmyard from which all the fowls have been taken, except one old rooster who is giving a final "Cook-a-doodle-doo!" before being carried off by the cook. So much I made out from the title, which is "*The Last of the Crew*."

While taking some slight but necessary refreshment at the soda-and-milk shop next to the Gallery, I was able to pick up a good deal about the Pictures on view from the remarkably well-informed and intelligent young milk-and-water colourist who serves the customers. From her I understood that Mr. B. RIVIÈRE's other Picture—or one of his other Pictures—illustrates a scene where the Leviathan of the

* From internal evidence, of which the reader will be able to judge, we have our doubts as to whether he visited any one of them. We were not aware that Refreshment-places and Picture Galleries were open on Show Sunday.—Ed.

Turf (whoever he may be) and a few millionaires are seated round one of the roulette-tables at Monaco: it is called "*Giants at Play*." I then inquired about Mr. MACWHIRTER's works, and was told that his great Picture was something about a young Lady at BIRCH's; being treated to a turtle luncheon, I presume.

From here I went to Mr. HOLL's. He has painted a couple of subjects,—the Queen's subjects, and both very distinguished,—which, if placed together, will, of course, be called "*Peace*" and "*War*"—the first being Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, and the second H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE in full uniform. The same talented Academician has also done a first-rate portrait of "Our Mr. TENNIEL," which, however, is going to the Grosvenor Gallery. As the latter work was not completed, it was hidden from this visitor's inquiring gaze by a curtain.

"*Ars est celare artem*," I observed to the recently elected Academician, as I tried to raise a corner of the drapery and obtain a peep. But Mr. HOLL was Holltogether too quick for me, and being in a hurry I left without seeing the Hidden Gem.

Mr. BOUGHTON has chosen an historical parallel, and has found out a resemblance between the Prime Minister of Holland and the same official in France; he calls it "*A Dutch Ferry*." If this is a success, he will follow it up with "*A Russian Gladstone*," "*An Italian Bismarck*," "*An American Salisbury*," and so on. He has also the fancy portrait of a modern playwright, called "*The Piece-maker*."

Mr. KEELY HALSWELLE's was the last I inquired about on my return visit to where the Pictures are kept in Bond Street, and a very polite Gentleman, in a velvet skull-cap, told me that Mr. K. H.'s subject is intended as an opposition to the well-known illustrated advertisement for PEAR'S soap, and is called plainly, "*Old Windsor*." "So Hals-welle that ends well," I said to my kindly informant, which rib-tickler was too much for him, and I left him cramming his skull-cap into his mouth to prevent an explosion, which might have been mistaken for dynamite and caused a panic.

Mr. TOOTH has a great draw in Sir JOHN GILBERT's picture



"Mr. Jorley our Bullar as joined us when we fust come to Eaton Square is quite a Artis and paints Oil Pictures that butiful his Pantry is a regular Sterodeo he send them framed lovely to the Royal Academy Exhibition which they generilly gets ung on the line Mr. Carver our Ed Footman is orfe jelous of him and says its all along of the Adress he writes on the back"!!—(Letter from JANE the Upper Scullery-maid.)

representing a fraudulent *hearté*-player at the very moment of detection, swallowing the king of trumps to prevent exposure. It is called "*The Trump Eater*." The crowd was so great I was compelled to take my information from the Dentist in uniform who guards the TOOTH exhibition.

Mr. J. C. HORSLEY's "*Wedding Rings*" appeals to various circles, but as the distinguished Artist only shook his head and frowned on me from a first-floor window, calling out angrily, "Not to-day; don't want you to-day," I rather imagine he mistook me for a model, and so I was obliged to obtain information secondhand; that is, for the moment. No doubt he will write to me and explain.

Pushing through the crowd in St. John's Wood, I met Mr. MARKS on his own doorstep. I knew him immediately from his having been pointed out to me on the First of April, and it was impossible for anyone who has once seen him not to recognise at a glance that tall ascetic nervous figure, that thin, pale, thoughtful face, those coal-black locks, finely chiselled aquiline nose (which a Caesar might have envied), those dark heavy eyebrows, and sweet, sad, melancholy smile. "You needn't come in," he whispered, in his low, musical voice, "I will tell you that my best picture is that of a Modern Masher, who is dressing for a ball, and at the last moment is unable to find the link for one of his wrist-bands. Need I say I call it '*The Missing Link*'? Good-bye!" And bowing courteously he turned to speak to a couple of Bishops, with whom he was soon engaged in some abstruse theological argument.

I just caught Mr. MILLAIS as he was mounting one of his own Pictures preparatory to going into the Park. "What is it my dear young friend?" asked the great Painter whose resemblance to the late EARL RUSSELL in height and general manner is remarkable. "The names of your Pictures!" I shouted as he was just moving off. "I'll tell you one of them," he returned blandly, "it illustrates a scene in a Sculptor's studio. I call it '*The Ghost Chamber*.'" And, bowing to his saddle-bow and to me, he ambled gaily away.

I was fortunate in gaining admission to the exterior of Mr. CALDERON's studio just as the shutters were being put up for the day, but the boy on duty told me that the Picture would be a figure of a fishmonger's lad carrying a fish in a small piece of the *Daily Telegraph*

"THE THIN RED LINE."

(Horse Guards Duo.)

"His Royal Highness did not welcome the change. He thought it a good thing for a soldier that, when in action, he should be visible."—*Daily Paper*.

Pro.

Who says a soldier's a thing ready made
Of a suit of grey and a service-spade?—
That there's pluck in picking a 'vantage ground,
Then digging a hole and heaping a mound?
The notion's preposterous, laughable, quizzible!
By Jove, Sir, a soldier—he ought to be visible!

Con.

I grant you all that; but when Six-foot Guards
Like ninepins go down at a thousand yards,
'Tis time to note that, if work's to be done,
A field to be saved, a day to be won,
It won't be by speeches as firework as fizzible,
But by getting well home with movement invisible.

Pro.

Pooh! Stuff, Sir! What served us at Waterloo?
Your neutral tint, or your washed-out blue?
Digging and dodging?—I rather opine
A rush with a cheer of a "thin red line,"
In the midst of a hailstorm of all things whizzible!
Don't talk, Sir, to me of a coat that's not visible!

Con.

No use, my good friend; for though you may bless
The days that departed with old Brown Bear,
If you make that "red line," that never will yield,
A target for every shot in the field,
Of your foemen you'll stir the faculties risible—
For neither your troops nor your brains will be visible!

"THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION."—Among the wonders of the deep will probably be included The "*Fishery*" on the Thames, or a working model of it, contributed by Sir BEAUMONT and Lady FLORENCE DIXIE.

Now ready, *Block on the Understanding*. By the Member for Bridport.

newspaper. "It is called," said the honest youth, as he poked my handsome *largesse*, while tears of gratitude stood in his eyes, "it is called '*The Wrapt Sole*.' And if you want to know anything further"—but I didn't, and, jumping into my cab, I urged him on at the rate of two shillings an hour to Mr. WATTS's, who, ever-mindful of his great ancestor, the "How-doth-the-little-busy-bee"-Doctor, has simply painted a boy, and called it "*One of Doctor Watts's Little Hims*."

I had yet many others to see, but the shades of night were falling fast, and my *Excelsior* cab—(title my own and patented—Why "*Excelsior*"? Because he is always on hire and hire)—was becoming weary of waiting half-hours at the doors of the best Artists, and I was anxious and hungry. "Home!" I cried, when suddenly Mrs. SEYMOUR LUCAS drove up in her well-appointed Victoria and pair. Standing on the step with the grace of an Apollo and the lightness of an Ariel, I begged to know the name of her picture, as "I can't go and see it," I said, "for I am quite—"

"Tired Out," she said.

"I am," I returned. "And as to-day I can't see more, look as close as I may,"—but ere I had finished my graceful *carambole* on the fair Artist's name, one of her thoroughbreds gave a start and in another moment I was in the arms of the Crossing-sweeper with a little piece of paper in my hand, on which was written, "*Tired Out*, by Mrs. SEYMOUR LUCAS." Then it broke in upon me, and after rewarding the Sweeper, I was driven home, had a row with the Cabman (of which you will hear more if there is justice left in the land), and went wearily in to dinner. The first thing they placed before me was a *hors-d'œuvre* (began to hate the name, I had heard so much of *chef-d'œuvre* all day) of sardines done in oil. "A perfect picture," said my wife. "Take 'em away!" I cried; "I cannot bear anything more in oil, specially if it's a perfect picture." She explained that she thought the dish would suit my palate. "Oh, don't!" I groaned. I felt I had been all among the Oils all day—quite a little Oilyday—and had worked like a man on the *huile*.

Friends dropped in to discuss the Pictures. We sat up late that night. And when they left me, at 3:30, after a protracted artistic argument, we were all, more or less, colour-blind. So ended the Show Day.

'ARRY ON HIS CRITICS AND CHAMPIONS.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I 'AD yours O. K., and the noosepaper cutting inside,*
Apparently writ by a party as puts up his dooks on *my* side,
Wich thank 'im for nothink's my arseer. The ink-slinger's plainly a flat,
And as for defending *me*—Walker! I larfed, CHARLIE, all round my 'at.

Nice sort of old mivvy he makes me. I'm "poor and ill-dressed," CHARLIE—*me*!
When Rhino-cum-KINO's my motter! It's all blessed fiddlededee.
"A ill-used"—*wot* is it?—oh, "Citizen"—sounds like a steamer, I know—
As if I was old Sir JOHN BENNETT, or Alderman "out in the snow."

He's a "don't-nail-his-ears-to-the-pump"—er, this party, dear boy, and no kid.
He says HOSCAR WILDE doesn't like me!!! Who'd care half-a-bull if he *did*?
But he's maybe a bit off the rails, Mister HOSCAR's no muggins, you bet,
And we snide'uns are birds of a feather, and wide-oh at spotting the net.

I am not quite so out of it, CHARLIE, as wot this yere Jorkins may think;
I've seen HOSCAR WILDE, yus, and WISTLER, and tipped 'em the haffable wink;
And though I'm not nuts on their notions in culler and coat-sleeves, and that,
He's a tidy bit out in his reck'ning who sets either down as a flat.

Lor', CHARLIE, *they* 're fair on the job! They are like me in one thing, old pal;
They *do* know their book, and no error. The World is arf ad and fal-lal;
I've mine, and you 've yours, and the caper is jest to play on 'em all round,
And if I'd long 'air and the skriggles, 'twould suit me right down to the ground.

Their lay would, I mean. As to WISTLER, I went to his Show. Sech a spree!
Not the Picters—they didn't count much, but the pick o' the fun was to see
The Swells gawping round at his scratches, like lunatics puzzled and flustered,
In a room like a big padded cell as they'd used for the stowage of mustard.

I earn't say I like HOSCAR's hair, and a kink in the waist ain't my style,
I'm more *ah lar militare*, CHARLIE, close cropping and plenty of ile;
But if fluffing and flopping was fetching in suckles in wich I might spin,
Wy I'd flop with the best of 'em, CHARLIE, so long as it pulled in the tin.

As to young Oxford nobbs and the Mashers, that's jest where this chap shows the
green,

Got the very wust eye for a likeness, my pippin, as ever I've seen.
He says I am "fond of a lark;" right he is, though it's jolly stale news;
And so are the Gaiety Johnnies, and ditto the 'Varsity Blues.

You see larks are larks. They're the "relish" as life ain't worth living
without,

To any young fellow of sperrit who knows his meander about.
Wot hods if it's chivvying swells with red ties, doing spoons at the "Gai,"
Or leading a rush along Fleet Street, as *we* did that last Lord Mare's Day?

It's only the jugginses grumbles at me and the Mashers, dear boy,
Young piggins too funky to flutter, old roosters too stale to enjoy.
We smart 'uns must put on the pace, that's a moral, and if in the run,
We bump or bowl over the stodgies, wy, that's more than arf of the fun.

You git yourselves up,—that's the fust thing,—it may be in KINO's "Two-two's,"
Or "claws" and a acre of shirt-front, accordin', o' course, to yer "screws."
Then go it! For 'ARRY or JOHNNY, the only safe rule or receipt
Is make fun for yerself and of others. That tottles it 'andy and neat.

Noise? Noosance? My eye and a bandbox! What nidditty-nodditty rot!
Row-de-dow is the mark of true dashers, all game 'uns who're fly to wot's wot!
Can't say as to Mohooks and sech like, but Undergrads, Mashers, or me,
We all likes a turn at the bellows when properly out on the sprees.

Wot's life? Wy, Love, Lotion, and Larks,—the three I's,—and the mark of
a man

Is to take 'em unwinking, like 'urdles. Yoiboicks! let them foller as can!
If we thought of girls' 'arts, our own 'eada, public taste, or the popular ear,
We might be gilded toffs or two-quidders, but JOHNNIES or 'ARRIES? No fear!

Tin does it, my pippin, not taste. I earn't run to the Gaiety Stalls,
Cig'rettes, *petty coopers*, and so on; but then I've the run of the 'Alls.
Penny plain, tappenoes cullered, my boy. Let me land all the luok I can carry,
And the most undefeated of JOHNNIES shan't knock many stars out of 'ARRY.

* Our young friend has evidently been reading an article in *Life*, in which he is compared—to his advantage in some respects—with our modern "Mashers," Esthetes, and University "roaring boys."

J. M. MOLLOY's new song, well tuned by the Composer and well timed by the publishers, METZLER & Co., for the opening of the Royal Academy, is entitled "*Pictures in the Fire*." Intending Burlington House Exhibitors, please take notice.

As all the Bills can't be passed this Session, we shall see a practical illustration of the Survival of the Fittest.

WHAT THEY WILL COME TO!

(Advertisements extracted from "The New Era.")

WANTED, to open at the Variety Theatre, Little Peddington, a Juvenile Leading Gentleman, or one to share the Business. Must have good wardrobe, and sobriety indispensable. The Duke of Blankshire may write.

WANTED, through disappointment, a combination Walking Lady Chambermaid who can play the piano when required. Must be a quick study, and able to work the limelight. The daughter of an Earl preferred, and none under Baronesses in their own right need apply.

WANTED, to join at once, a steady Viscount of middle age (married preferred), to augment the Champion Marionettes' Company as a figure-worker. Must have a good voice and know his business. No novice required. Will be expected to sell the programme of the entertainment when not otherwise occupied.

WANTED, a few Dukes and a Marchioness to take round the world an established, successful, and high-class entertainment. Moneyless Members of the House of Peers don't write.

MAKING A MOUNTAIN OF MONTE CARLO.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,—I write to you as I feel that yours is the proper paper in which to ventilate my grievance—a terrible one. The Bishop of GIBRALTAR has called attention to the horrors of Monte Carlo, and warned doctors not to send their patients to so health-destroying a spot. Of course he is right, as gambling *must* be injurious to people suffering from bronchitis.

But, Sir, I know of a place infinitely worse than Monaco. In this place tyrants, robbers—aye, and murderers, too—can be found by the score, not to say the hundred. In this place the most abandoned of both sexes hold a *levée* by day and by night—men as brutal as a First NAPOLEON, as false as a JAMES THE SECOND, as cruel as a ROBESPIERRE, are always there. Nay, more—men and women whose names have been rendered infamous in the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*, smile and smirk again. And amongst this awful company move young men, women, and children. I am told that the place in which the *levées* is held is particularly popular amongst the agricultural classes. During Cattle-Show week the rooms are crowded from morning until night. At other times the London public throng the *salons*, and seem never weary of gazing, with open-mouthed wonder, at the notorious characters assembled there to receive them with a hearty welcome.

What makes the matter more disgraceful is the shameless fact that the gatherings take place in apartments exactly situated over an innocent-looking bazaar! What can be more prejudicial to the best interests of the young and inexperienced? I can assure you I have shuddered when I have passed the detested portals of this pestilential Pandemonium.

I ask you, Sir, then, in the name of decency to do your best to remove the scandal. Paint the place in its true character. Tell of the criminality of a vast proportion of those who go there. Use your pages to point out the pitfalls in the way of those who run the risk of keeping certain company. It is impossible to touch pitch and to remain undefiled. In like manner, it is not practicable to go to Monte Carlo, or the spot I have attempted to describe, without sinking—sinking—perhaps never to rise again.

And protesting from the very bottom of my heart,

I remain yours most sincerely,

1st April, 1883. (Signed) A NOODLE.

The Mare's Nest, Donkey Town.

P.S.—I have just been told by a friend that the abandoned creatures of whom I complain are made of wax. Need I say that I cannot, do not, believe him? It is quite true I have never been inside the place of which I complain. But what of that? As a matter of fact, the Bishop of GIBRALTAR has never been to Monte Carlo. And see what a great—what a very great—deal *he* can write about that place!

A ROUND OF AMUSEMENTS.

Un Voyage dans la Lune, at Her Majesty's, adapted from the French of JULES VERNE into the English Verne-acular by H. S. LEIGH. A prettier effect than the Snow-Storm Ballet which concludes the *Voyage dans la Lune* is not to be found at any other Theatre in London. The scene between that excellent Pantomimist, Mlle. THEODORA DE GILLERT, and Mlle. *ÆNEA*, as the Flying Dove, is charming in every way.

The Swallows are still the characteristic feature of the Snow Ballet



Leader and the Swallows.

her dance. Miss FANNY LESLIE is a valuable acquisition as *Prince Caprice*. Mlle. ANNIE ALBU has vastly improved since she attempted *Princess Toto*. But, let her beware of certain Americanisms in action, which though supposed to denote ease and freedom, soon degenerate into vulgarity. Miss MARIE WILLIAMS has little to do, but that little is so well and artistically done, that we began to

think that *Queen Popette* was somehow or other, we couldn't exactly say how, the life and soul of the piece. OFFENBACH's music is light, sparkling, and catchy; and M. JACOB's ballet-music is still just about the best dramatic dance-music that can be composed for this purpose. You may shut your eyes, listen to M. JACOB's ballet-music, and tell exactly what the steps must be. The scenery might be improved, and the next piece should have an intelligible and interesting plot, some funny dialogue, and, at all events, one thoroughly good Low Comedian. All show and no laugh can't pay in the long run,—and, in fact, there wouldn't be the chance of a long run for it to pay in. Of course, after Mlle. ALBU, Miss

Mlle. Gillert and *Ænea*—
Depth of Winter, Height
of Spring.

FANNY LESLIE, and Miss MARIE WILLIAMS, the main success of *A Trip to the Moon* must be the Trippers.

Vice Versâ; or, *a Lesson to Fathers*. All who are acquainted with Mr. ANSTAY's original and eccentric story must have felt that its dramatisation was a difficulty, and its satisfactory representation on the Stage almost an impossibility. Mr. EDWARD ROSE, who himself plays *Dick Bultitude*, has, however, triumphed over all obstacles, and the piece, in three short Acts, playing barely an hour and twenty minutes, at Mr. GRIFFITH's *Matinée* at the Gaiety, was thoroughly successful, very funny, and well played all round. Mr. EDWARD ROSE thoroughly looked *Dick Bultitude* the boy, though his tendency to overdo facial expression, and his one monotonous action with his hands, considerably impaired the merit of his performance.

Mr. C. H. HAWTREY, in the difficult part of Mr. *Bultitude*, was amusing, and very little fault could be found with his change of manner when his son's mind has transferred itself to his body through the agency of the Garuda Stone.

Anything better than Mr. W. F. HAWTREY as the Schoolmaster, Dr. Grimstone, it is impossible to imagine. It was never once

Soft Rose; or, *Vice Versâ*.

overdone,—let us hope it never will be,—and the character, in make-up and in acting, was true to the life. It belonged to genuine Comedy. The boys, too, from the biggest to the smallest, played so naturally, that they could have given any performance of the School Scene in *Parents and Guardians* any number of lengths and won easily. Clegg (Mr. F. WOOD), Tipping (Mr. F. HAMILTON BELL), and Chawner (Mr. T. CANNAM) were simply the boys they represented. We haven't the remotest idea what their ages may be individually, but they appeared to be Comedians of sixteen and downwards.

Miss LAURA LINDEN made a decided hit in the part of *Dulcie*, in whose hands Mr. ROSE has cleverly placed the *dénouement*. We suppose Mr. EDGAR BRUCE will produce it at the Imperial. If he does so, we strongly advise Mr. ROSE to eliminate the comic Cabman, and substitute the Butler. Short as the piece is, it will still bear cutting, and ought to be reduced to exactly an hour. The Curtain should never be down for more than a minute.

The GERMAN REEDS have got a very amusing piece in the *Mountain Heiress*. Mr. ALFRED REED, as a Cockney Brigand, and Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, as a Solicitor, compelled to appear in a brigand's costume, are both very funny. Mr. BENSON's music is pretty, but nothing more. We don't forgive Miss HOLLAND for making up plain, and giving herself such a sunburnt complexion that she would be set down at once as Brown HOLLAND. She sings and acts as well as ever.

"Our Mess," Mr. CORNEY GRAIN's new song, has this fault, that there isn't enough of it, and it is so far from exhausting its subject, that it might be taken as Part the First of a series "to be

Cornet Grain, of "Our
Mess."Alf-Roed the Great (disguised as a
Mutton Pi-rate of the Sandwich Isles).Brown Holland; or, The
Merry Dutches.

continued in our next." The best thing in it is the imitation of the military band, which goes with shouts of laughter.

There is a very pretty *lever du rideau* now being played at the Savoy, entitled *A Private Wire*. Music by PERCY KREEVE, and libretto by ARNOLD FELIX and FRANK DESPREZ. There is not a bad "number" in the score, which is none the worse for preserving a reminiscence of ARTHUR SULLIVAN in the *Lullaby*. The *mise-en-scène* is most praiseworthy, such care being, we regret to say, seldom bestowed on a *lever du rideau*.

The music of *Iolanthe* improves on acquaintance: "Don't go," and "O, Captain Shaw!" are delightful. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH is very droll as the Chancellor; but plot and dialogue are not up to the mark of *Patience* and *Pinafore*. The whole Company act with the greatest possible care, and the Chorus go through their work like carefully wound-up pieces of mechanism, which is exactly what they ought to do. All the Principals wear the electric spark in their hair, and are clearly light-headed.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE is immensely funny in *Artful Cards*, and the precision with which the change of the gambling-table into a couple of semi-grand pianos is managed, is most creditable to the Stage-Management. Miss MARIE LINDEN is a most attractive Countess *Asteriski*, and Mr. WARD a capital Sir *Haircut Shortleigh*.

We are bound to finish our round with an "Obituary Notice." On Friday night last, at the Haymarket Theatre, surrounded by a host of sympathising friends, and deeply regretted by every one connected with the Management of this Company, expired, in the



LIPLEY SANDOZ - IN DEL.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MECHANISM.

MR. GEORGE LEWIS TRYING TO WIND-UP THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.

sixteenth year of his age, the Acting Right of *Caste*, hitherto exclusively the property of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT. Dr. JOHN HARE, the original of *Sam Gerridge*, was called in at the last moment, but his invaluable assistance only galvanised into brief but brilliant life the last moments of the rapidly sinking invalid; and, despite the admirable nursing of Mrs. STIRLING as the *Marquise*, the devoted attention of Mrs. BANCROFT inimitable as *Polly*, the tender care of Mr. BANCROFT also inimitable as *Hawtree*, and the solicitude of Mr. D. JAMES, great as old *Eccles*, all was over at ten minutes past eleven, when invisible music played "*Auld Lang Syne*," and the mourners strewed the stage with wreaths and bouquets. We are glad to hear that the silent baby, the infant phenomenon of the Third Act, whose face for sixteen years has been hidden from the

view of the audience, and who has never once uttered a cry, or even had a measles, has been handsomely provided for by Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT. The Canary in the cage that adorned the window of the little house in Stangate, that never moved off its perch, never sang, and whose keep was absolutely inexpensive, will, we hear, be presented to the Aviary Department of the Zoological Gardens. Sad for the BANCROFTS—to have "*lost Caste*," and, like Mr. *Bullitude*, to have to go to *School* again.

PROFESSOR ABEL and Dr. SIEMENS are the new Knights. Scientific men are delighted and electric-lighted. "*De Navy*," a Nigger Sea-Cook says, "take it as a compliment to Abel Siemens."

THE THEATRE OF THE FUTURE.

[Speaking at the Annual Festival of the Lyceum Theatre Provident and Benevolent Fund, Mr. HAVING said that "the extraordinarily large number of Amateurs coming upon the Stage seemed to him to threaten to sweep away professional Actors altogether."]

"T'will be a success, that is certain,
Reflecting the taste of the age,
A Viscount will pull up the Curtain,
And Dukes will appear on the Stage.
No pretty plebeians before us
Shall shake their auriculous curls,
But here will the Ballet and Chorus
Be culled from the daughters of Earls.

A Marquis, in trunk-hose and camlet,
Will surely attract quite a host;
A Baron shall figure as *Hamlet*,
An Earl will stalk in as the *Ghost*.
And who dare predict that we sell not
Our Stalls, where there is to be seen
A live Lord come on as *Claude Melnotte*,
A Duchess appear as *Pauline*.

Though haply the acting be "shady,"
As slang-loving critics may say,
Methinks that My Lord and My Lady
Should draw just as much as the Play.
Though Art be not here, why what matters
Its absence, for snobs will not fret,
Since those who tear passion to tatters
Have all of their names in *Debrett*.

DOING THE GRAND!

EVERYTHING'S Grand nowadays—Grand Concerts, Grand Hotels, Grand Old Men, and Grand New Committees. These last have begun well, at least the G. C. on Trade did, but there was a bit of a hitch in the Grand Law Committee. The room is stated to be "more richly furnished" than that of the Grand Committee on Trade. This doesn't look well—at least the furniture looks well enough, but it sounds as if the Grand Committees were suddenly becoming too grand. A "G. C." is just like a sedan-chair. Whether it goes along easily or not, depends, even in a high wind, on the steadiness and perseverance of the Chairmen. If they get through a Grand lot of work, the G. O. M. will be complimented on his G. C.'s, and will receive the Louis-Quatorzian title of Grand Old Mon-arque.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM'S COOKERY-BOOK.—She is making a collection of receipts. Hashed mutton and varicose beans when in season, she says, is an excellent dish.



A CAPITAL REASON.

"IT'S THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BLINDBURNE, YOU KNOW!"

"WHAT A SUBJECT! MY DEAR FELLAH, IF YOU MUST PAINT DUKES AND DUCHESSES, WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU PAINT MODERN ONES!"

"MODERN ONES! WHY, DASH IT ALL, MAN, I NEVER SAW A MODERN DUKE IN MY LIFE, NOR A MODERN DUCHESS EITHER!—AND, WHAT'S MORE, I DON'T WANT TO!"

BOMBASTES BOBADIL AT HOME.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, Monday.

I HAVE just had the privilege of a personal interview with O'D-N-V-N R-SSA, on the subject of the Dynamite Conspiracy in England. I found him in a luxuriously-furnished set of apartments in the Broadway, which somewhat astonished me, as last time I saw him he was in a grimy garret at the top of a third-class tenement in one of the lowest parts of New York.

Offering me a particularly fine Havana cigar, and ringing the bell for a couple of bottles of champagne, he sank back in his luxurious cushions, and requested to know what I wanted. Any information, he obligingly added, which he had it in his power to afford, he should take good care to keep to himself. I succeeded, however, in restoring him to something like good-humour by reading aloud to him from this morning's paper an account of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's new Explosives Bill.

O'D-N-V-N R-SSA thinks it will do "the cause," as he called it, "a power o' good, bedad." I should mention that all the time he was speaking he kept toying with a large dynamite bomb which lay on the table, and which, as he boasted, if loaded, would blow a good part of Broadway to smithereens.

"However, it is not loaded," he smilingly remarked, and added that he personally was rather timid about firearms and explosives and such things.

His language with regard to "the craven Cabinet of London"

was far too strong to be respectable. He seemed annoyed at the stupidity of WHITEHEAD and the others in allowing themselves to be caught so easily.

"They don't know the A. B. C. of the Dynamitist profession," he said; but added that they were intimately acquainted with its L. S. D. Gulping down a huge jorum of champagne, and stroking his moustache with heavily-jewelled fingers, he remarked that he sincerely hoped that his self-sacrificing example would produce an excellent impression among the starving peasantry of the West of Ireland. The agitation, he remarked in a spirit of singular candour, which is perhaps attributable to the champagne, keeps England in panic and himself in plenty,—and what better arrangement could be desired?

As for the inhabitants of London, they deserve, according to R-SSA, all that they get, for their treatment of Ireland. He did not hesitate to say that the spirit of strict equity, and even the law of mercy itself, demanded that those terrible tyrants, the women and children who happened to live near Government Offices in London, should be slain in thousands by explosions of nitro-glycerine. The dreadful ruffians who might be passing by when one of his infernal machines exploded also deserved no pity.

As for the American Government, they certainly would not surrender him to British justice. Did I think they wanted, he asked me, the whole voting strength of the Irish thrown into the scale against them? I replied that I did not know, but thought it highly improbable. Winking his small eyes, and knitting his particularly low forehead, he said he thought so too.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 9.—Dynamite Bill went through both Houses to-night like streak of greased lightning. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in charge of it in the Commons, attempted to create diversion of delay by "drawing" Irish Members. But they not to be drawn, though Grandiose Old Man frowned upon them, shook a warning forefinger in their direction, and sunk his voice to lowest tones of Tragedy when referring to the clause dealing with the British subject "who goes to France or America, and is party in any way, directly or indirectly, by word or by speech, to any of these transactions." JUSTIN MCCARTHY wanted to know what was the difference between "by word or by speech," but restrained critical faculty.

Sir RICHARD CROSS, in his sparrow-like fashion, showed disposition to chirrup and hop around the Fourth Clause with intent to show how much better a superior kind of sparrow would have done it. But Gentlemen behind him howled. Sir RICHARD aghast. Was it possible that loyal Members of Conservative Party were interrupting him with impatient cries? Couldn't believe it. Tried another chirrup. Howls again. Sat down abruptly and aghast.

In the House of Lords the Marquis unexpectedly broke out. Denounced the Bill as Party manoeuvre unworthy of Parliamentary traditions.

"Good Heavens, my Lord! What do you mean?" Lord CAIRNS asked, when the Marquis sat down highly refreshed.

"Pon my honour, don't know," said the Marquis. "Fancy I mean nothing. Fact is, been hanging about here all night to pass this Bill, having meanwhile to sit through speeches by LYTON, KIMBERLEY, and NORTHBROOK. So depressed; felt I must have a fling; though, to tell the truth, when I rose meant to cordially approve the Bill, and say that it ought to have been brought in long ago."

Business done.—Explosives Bill went off like a shot.

Tuesday.—Lord Mayor of Dublin arrived at four o'clock, in scarlet robes and chain of gold. Magnificent spectacle as he walked up the floor of the House, and took his accustomed seat below the Gangway. Many a man in his position would have ordered SPEAKER out of Chair, and seated himself therein, or perhaps shouldered Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT out of Premier's place. But CHARLES DAWSON is better bred. Great excitement in House. Members uncertain whether they ought to rise, and remain standing, as his Lordship strode to his place. Some for it, some against. Before discussion was over, the Lord Mayor was seated, and had carelessly thrown back the folds of his gown, so that the massive proportions of the shapely limb might be seen from the Ladies' Gallery.

"Splendid!" said Lord DUNRAVEN, who witnessed the spectacle from Peers' Gallery. "As compared with this, SOLOMON in all his glory was a poor white."

Subsequently, Lord Mayor entertained Patriotic party at dinner, over which he presided with mingled grace and dignity. "We're all proud of him," said Mr. SHAW, with a glow of warmth on his honest countenance. "Sim Tappetit was nothing to him."

Met JOSEPH GILLIS coming from the banquet, evidently in high spirits. Quite a contrast from ordinary manner of late. Afraid he'd been dazzled by the presence of the Lord Mayor. But it was something else that had cheered his sensitive mind.

"D'ye think, now," says he, "LABBY will *reely* be sent to gaol about this 'ere libel case?"

"You'd better go and ask him," I said, a little tartly. Can't bear spiteful men, though they're thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. How different the kindly heart of Captain O'SHEA beats at this crisis!

"Think," he says, brushing away a tear, "of EDMUND and HENRY in at the same time. Perhaps in adjoining cells. But the companionship would be some comfort. Maybe they'll sing to each other, and correct each other's little inaccuracies through a crevice in the wall. EDMUND will probably rear a fragile plant, and HENRY will cherish in his bosom a lonely mouse."

Good-hearted fellow, O'SHEA! Voice choked with emotion, as he drew this picture of the Member for Northampton making closer acquaintance with those "vertebrate animals," in whose interest he proposes to move an Amendment on Cruelty to Animals Bill.

"Cheer up, O'SHEA! If they're 'quodded"—which I'll lay a trifle against—you'll be able to go and see them. You know how to open prison-doors." Treaty-maker slightly revived at this prospect of future usefulness.

Business done.—Discussed New Scheme, propounded by O'CONNOR POWER, for Re-settlement of Ireland. Government couldn't see it.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Smell of whiskey in House to-day. Looked about for W. H. O'SULLIVAN. Thought he might have a few samples in his pocket. But he's not here. Very rarely is now. Become, in short, a "silent spirit." Noticed perfume was wafted from

direction of Galleries. Found them packed with Gentlemen, who, LAWSON tells me, are of the public-house persuasion, come down to hear debate on Sunday Closing Bill. Members chiefly arrived in four-wheelers, carrying great bundles, petitions for and against the Bill. Mr. COWEN being a man of impartial mind, presents two from Newcastle, one for the Bill, one against. Sir WM. MCARTHUR still smiles supreme. No one beat his roll of yesterday with over half a million signatures. A whisper about this afternoon that a large proportion are those of Aborigines from the East End, the Aquarium, and other resorts of those interesting people.

Debate on Sunday Closing not reached, and Gentlemen in the Gallery treated to discussion on County Government in Ireland. They listened languidly, staring at Sir W. LAWSON, pointing out to each other Mr. ONSLOW, Mr. WARTON, and Mr. CALLAN, and secretly taking nips, which accounts for pervading odour.

Business done.—Debate on Sunday Closing Bill circumvented.

Thursday Night.—Great men ever subject to aspersion. Lord Mayor DAWSON no exception to rule. It is said, and by a countryman, that Petition he presented the other night as an accessory to the red gown and gold chain, and a preliminary to the dinner, was carried by vote of a majority of Gentlemen "actually engaged in the whiskey trade."

"And why not?" says W. H. O'SULLIVAN, who has come back to-day, with his whiskers another shade darker. "If there's any persons concerned to stop Sunday Closing, it's them engaged in the whiskey trade. No one better right to sign Petition."

Turns out that Mr. BLAKE, who is responsible for the statement, is misinformed.

"Only Ten of the majority of Twenty-five of the Dublin Town Council who signed the Petition," says Lord Mayor DAWSON, drawing himself up to full height, and casting a withering glance on the ordinarily blameless BLAKE,—"only Ten were engaged in the whiskey trade."

Mr. BLAKE crushed. House expected he would rise and apologise to Corporation of Dublin and its Lord Mayor. Told me afterwards he would have done so, only so overcome that he couldn't trust himself on his legs.

"They told me there were Thirteen," he said, "and it turns out there were only Ten. I am astonished at their moderation."

Innocence and ingenuousness of Irish Members cruelly traded upon by ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Criminal Code Bill down for Second Reading. Lawyers on both sides agree that it's an admirable measure. Wanting, of course, a little trimming in Committee. Been hard at work all afternoon in Grand Committee on Criminal Appeal Bill, and so disinclined to talk. At a quarter-past eight, Debate, after dribbling along for the last hour, finally stopped. Irish Members away holding secret meeting. Eight English Members present all agreed for Second Reading. If ATTORNEY-GENERAL had got up, spoken for five minutes, and sat down, Bill would have passed. But Sir HENRY JAMES had devised deep scheme to entrap Irish Members. (At least so O'DONNELL tells me.) If he spoke long enough, they would come back, plunge into the debate, would waste remainder of night, and then *Clôture* be brought into play, Irish Members shut up, and Bill passed Second Reading.

Bound to say, seems to me Second Reading might as well have been taken at half-past eight, and rest of sitting used to get on with business. But ATTORNEY-GENERAL's sure to know best. Things fell out as he planned. Spread over half an hour what he might have said in five minutes. Irish Members came back, took up the debate, and kept it going till two in the morning. *Clôture* threatened, Debate collapsed, and Bill triumphantly passed Second Reading. Wonderful success! But business ways in the House of Commons more than ever puzzling.

Business done.—Criminal Code Bill read a Second Time.

Friday.—Spent morning in discussing Transvaal. At Evening Sitting, Mr. MONK came down, very nicely dressed, to move Resolution on the Marriage Laws. Full bench of Ministers, and things looking all right. But MONK had not taken JOSEPH GILLIS into account.

"We've had enough of Marriage Laws for one year," said JOEY B., grimly.

So he lay in wait, and Counted the House Out long before Mr. MONK, as representing the happy Bridegroom, reached the Altar.

"THE Doom of the 'Invalides' is pronounced," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM'S Nephew, reading an extract from the Parisian news in a daily paper. "Of course it is, my dear," rejoined his Aunt. "Ever since I can remember Paris, the doom of the Invalides always was most pronounced, specially when the sun shone on it, when it was magnificent."

THE Land of Misfortune. By Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. Is this where "The Fishery" is situated?

THE COMING RIBBON.

Prize Reaction Tale for the Year 1938.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ceremony at the Church had gone off with the greatest *éclat*, and now the notable event of the day, the wedding breakfast, was more than half over.

There had not been a hitch. The cake was a masterpiece. The viands were perfect. But the feature of the entertainment was unquestionably the high-class character of the cheap non-alcoholic digestive beverages with which the splendid repast had been washed down. There was but one opinion about them. They were unique. So, at least, thought Sir GORMAN WOSH, the Slophshire Baronet.

"Try another tumbler of that Hydroposphorated Gingerine," whispered the pallid, swollen, and portly old toper to his neighbour. "I drink nothing else at the cover-side. It won't hurt you. There aren't a dozen apoplectic fits in a painful," and as he spoke, like a true votary of Anti-Bacchus, he emptied a decanter of the apparently innocent fluid at a draught.

"He's drinking himself to death," whispered the spiteful Lady TIPPINS, with a malicious little twinkle in her eye. "It's a wicked age. What do you say, Marquis?"

She tapped a thin, wan, bloodless-looking Aristocrat, who had acted as her escort to table, playfully on the shoulder with her fan. He looked at her with cold, white, watery eyes, and feebly raised a tankard of sparkling *sulphuro-carbonetta* to his lips. "If, in the old days, wine and innocence went out together," he said, gallantly, "we can at least boast that, in the new, we are not without water and beauty."

It was a natty compliment; and, as suiting the action to the word, with a limp but frigid bow to his fair interrogator, he drained quite a gallon and a half of the highly-recommended nerve, brain, and lung tonic with evident effort, a momentary blush suffused her features. And she would have essayed some *saïve* and appropriate reply, but at this moment all eyes were turned in the direction of Lord FROTHINGHAM, the old friend of the family, who had at last, after several unsuccessful efforts, been propped up on his legs to do honour to the toast of the hour. There was a hush of expectation—then silence. "I am asked by my dear friend, our honoured host," he commenced in a thin, wheezing, washed-out squeak, that told only too plainly of many a wild orgy with the water-butt, "to bid you charge your flagons with a choice and special beverage that he laid down himself, with a view to this great and happy occasion, some five-and-twenty years ago."

There was an attempt at a cheer, but the effervescents had already gone round freely, and spirits were damped. It died out like the echo in a catacomb. Still, the red-plushed attendants were busy in every direction with large white china jugs; and there was a buzz of something like consternation as glasses were rapidly drained and held out expectantly for that "new brand." The company guessed the treat that was probably in store for them. One or two of the more moderate and thoughtful made instinctively for the door. But the majority, in a state of flaccid dilution, and unequal to any active protest, merely kept their seats, and smpered sadly with the reserve of well-bred dyspepsia. The noble speaker continued:—

"I will not," he went on, in a painfully whining treble, "refer further to the event of the day. It is wiser to let it alone. Weak, knock-kneed, blighted, broken as we all feel on occasions such as these, we would yet avoid the scandal of unrestrained hysterics. And after such cheer as we have had beneath this roof,—the less we try to say the better. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, charge your tumblers with the famous old family toast-and-water."

There had been a terrible scene, and it had taken seven stalwart footmen and the French *chef* to carry the kicking old Nobleman into the open air, and deposit him on the pavement in the midst of the sympathetic crowd. But the happy pair had driven off, and he was better now. They had seated him in a corner of the drawing-room, with a mustard-plaster on his head, and he began dimly to recall the events of the morning. He was still whimpering, but a kindly voice was addressing him earnestly now. The Reverend BRANDING SMASH, the respected Vicar of the aristocratic pariah, had taken a seat by his side.

"Give it up, my dear Lord FROTHINGHAM," he said, with a rich round rubicund laugh that shook a statuette off the mantelpiece. "Give it up. Look at me! I never touch a drop of water. I see the destruction that is being wrought in this unhappy country by that terrible, that pernicious, that deadly fluid, and I avoid it as a subtle and poisonous snare." And the reverend Apostle continued the usual course of vehement appeal with telling effect and illustration for quite three-quarters of an hour. The poor old Nobleman blinked.

"Give up water?" he asked. "Then of what do you make your tea?"

"Of gin," was the cheery reply.

"And it is not nasty?"

"Try it!" There was a converting and pleasant wink in the earnest speaker's eye now.

"And do you mean to tell me you drink nothing but alcohol?"

"Nothing but alcohol."

"And you are ever in good spirits?"

"Ever! Listen!" and the kindly devotee sang the weak, trembling, but now hesitating disciple several comic songs, dancing chorus and all, in rapid succession. The old Nobleman bent forward.

"And the secret of your perseverance?" he asked, earnestly.

There was a moment's pause, as the good Vicar unbuttoned his overcoat.

"I am," he said, pointing proudly to the silken little emblem, "a member of the *Yellow Ribbon Army*!"

PASSENGER-DUTIES.

AT, or about Budget time, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is generally "interviewed" on the subject of Passenger-Duties, and this year he has taken off an impost which weighed upon third-class travellers. There are many passenger-duties, however, that are not wholly connected with finance, which it may do the public good to be reminded of.

The first duty of a passenger is to have his money ready, and not to expect change for a fifty-pound note when he takes a three-and-sixpenny ticket one minute and a quarter before the train starts.

His next duty is not to insist upon having a compartment to himself when the carriages are besieged by passengers, and not to threaten to write to his personal friend, the Chairman of the Company, or to his other friend, the Editor of the *Times*, when his demand is not instantly complied with.

His next duty is, when he has entered a carriage, not to lock the door with a private key, not to plaster an "Engaged" placard upon the window, or to pretend that he is an escaped lunatic in order to keep the compartment.

When comfortably seated, it is his duty not to place his luggage on nearly every available seat, not to carry game in an advanced state of decomposition, Normandy cheese, loaded guns, or knives of sinister aspect. He has a right to read, if he likes, but his duty is not to read works of ostentatious immorality or equally ostentatious piety. He may use a reading-lamp if necessary, but it is his duty not to let the candle gutter down while he is probably asleep, to the infinite annoyance of his fellow passengers. He may take snuff, but it is his duty not to sneeze with the roar of a lion five minutes before feeding-time. He may smoke, if he gets the permission of his fellow passengers, but it is his duty not to smoke rank tobacco. He may sup or lunch in the carriage, but it is his duty to draw the line at garlic, onions, or fried fish. It is needless to say that he ought not to pick his teeth with a corkscrew. If he feeds at a railway refreshment-room, he ought to take anything the Directors or the Contractors give him, and it is his duty to be thankful both before and after the meal. Let him think of the hardships his grandfathers endured as travellers, and not make rude jokes about "horsenail soup," concrete pies, and meat supplied by GRISSEL AND PETO.

Masheric Intelligence.

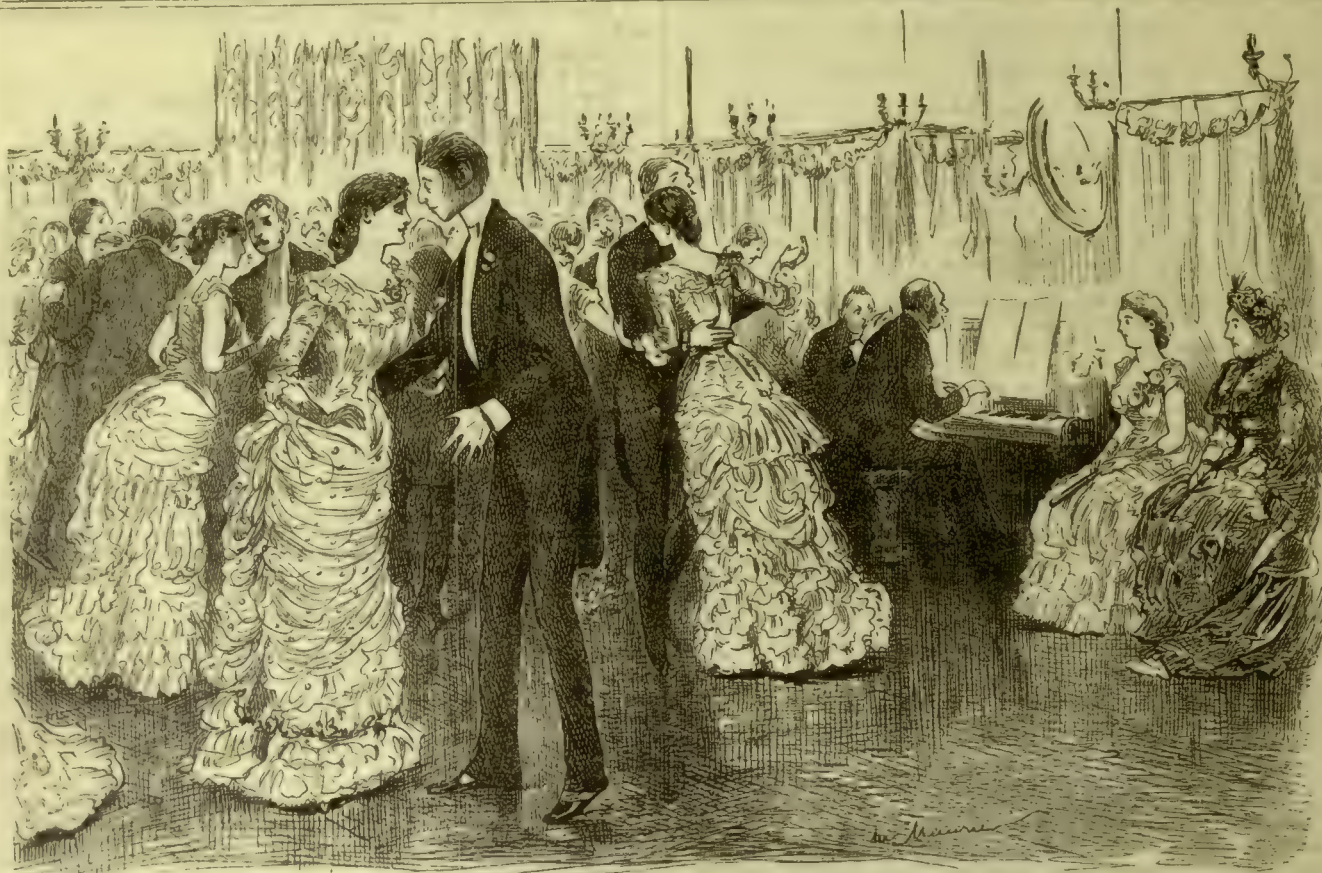
THEY have a Club now. It is called the "Masherium." All the tables are made very high, so as they shall not cut their throats with their collars more than is absolutely necessary. They all wear pinafores at dinner to prevent their spoiling their shirts. At this Club, Champagne is no longer called the "Boy." It is denominated "Masherade." Potatoes, "mashed," ready at all hours.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following genuine extract from the *Wiesbaden Tagblatt* of April 3rd:—

"A lady wish give German or French lessons towards English Conversation, from a very fine lady or from a fine Mr. Englishman."

Any of our readers visiting Wiesbaden might avail themselves of the above offer.

FRIENDS OR FOES?—The Bishops, as appears from the recent records of Convocation, are beginning to incline to the opinion that the Salvation Army is a hostile force. Very long time in finding this out. Indeed, some of our Spiritual Peers—or, as we should prefer to write it, were it true, *Pairs Spirituels*—seem to think that there is less of the Army than the Knave about these Salvationists.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

Daughter of the House (having tried her Partner, and not finding him up to the mark). "STOP! DO YOU KNOW, I SEE THAT MISS BLINKINSON ISN'T DANCING. I REALLY MUST GIVE YOU UP TO HER!"

OUR DARK BLUE LINE.

"The first line of defence that we have is the Police, and I hope I may pay my tribute to the splendid services which the Police, not only in the Metropolis, but also in the provinces, and above all in Ireland, have rendered to the cause of Society."

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Punch to the Peelers.

WE have heard of our "Thin Red Line,"
Of its battle-front steadfast and fine,
Now lyrics must raise
A new psalm of praise,
To which England's ear will incline,
I opine,
Or wrongly the Sage doth divine.
The name and the fame of our Red
Have stirred admiration and dread
In friend and in foe,
When the battle-blasts blow,
And the death-flights of pitiless lead
Are sped,
Firm stretches the fine scarlet thread!
Yet 'tis not the sole colour that's true.
That as brave hearts may beat beneath Blue,
Had we doubted before,
We have proofs by the score,
Since the Dynamite Demon's foul crew
First threw
O'er our cities chill Death's ghastly hue.
Splendid service! Sir WILLIAM, you're right,
Those breasts beneath Blue buttoned tight,
Standing firmly and still
Between England and ill,
Are heroic as ever in fight,
To fight
Put the foes of our land by their might.

Civic servants in plain woollen stuff,
Civic badge upon collar and cuff,
Yet cynics must own
Simple "Bobbies" have shown
Something more of true soldiery tough
Than enough
For mere dealing with burglar and rough.

The sleuth-hound and bull-dog in one
Is a guardian indeed. They have done,
These men in plain Blue,
What to dare and to do
Is as much as face steel-stroke or gun,
Nor run
When the death-shells are flying "like fun."

There is hell in our midst, its black band
Threats the cities and homes of our land.
These have struck on the trail
Of the Terror, with pale
Set faces, cool head, and firm hand.

So grand
State service should guerdon command.
Here's a "Our Dark Blue Line"—our Police!
May their work so well started not cease,
Their resolute grip
Never falter or slip
From the Anarchs who lengthen hate's lease,
Increase
Tophet's borders, and murder sweet Peace!

LEGAL QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

WILL the Director of Public Prosecutions take notice of any case of assault?—Yes,—if you get sufficiently Mauled.
Then what answer would he make?—He would at once say, "I'm MAULE there!"

HARCOURT'S "RAPID ACT."

SEEING how rapidly an "Explosives Bill" can become law—how both sides in Parliament agree to bury the war-hatchet, how the House of Lords agrees to sit after the aristocratic dinner-hour, and how the Sovereign is kept out of bed, or knocked up early in the morning—it is impossible not to regret that the same dynamite influence could not be brought to bear upon our ordinary legislation. Destructive forces, when properly governed, become the most useful agents of civilisation; and it has long been notorious that the only way to carry any useful reform is to establish a state of panic. Perhaps the Sunday Closing fanatics will create such a tempest of popular wrath, that we shall get free-trade in drink, drama, music, and dancing, while the draughtsmen are pottering over the clauses of the Municipal Reform Bill. (?)

Unrequited Advance.

Old Flame (in a tone of tender melancholy to OLD FOGGY, whom she regrets having rejected when he once made her an offer). Do you think, Mr. BUCKTHORN, we shall meet those we love in the next world?

Old Foggy. Perhaps, Ma'am. And, let us hope, in that part of it where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

MRS. RAM says she likes pure unadulterated coffee, no chicanery in it.



“POLICE INTELLIGENCE.”

MR. PUNCH (to HOME SECRETARY). “IN THE NAME OF THE PUBLIC, SIR WILLIAM, I CONGRATULATE YOU ON OUR—AH—‘BOBBIES’!—OUR *DARK BLUE* LINE OF DEFENCE!”

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

Case of Exhibits, respectfully offered for the consideration of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Row of Erring.



Sam on Cutlets.



Mak' her ill.



'Ook Topers.



Jack.



Fishing for Place.



A Hoister Bed.



A Merry Old Soul.

ITALIANO IN COVENT GARDEN.

THE great novelty of the ensuing Italian Opera Season will be the production of a real Italian Opera. It is called *La Gioconda*, libretto by ARRIGO BOITO—no relation, we believe, to M. ARRIGO BEANO—and the music by Signor AMILCARE PONCHIELLI, whom Signor PUNCHIELLI of Eighty-five, Fleet Street, is delighted to welcome to England as his long-lost cousin several times removed.

Madame PATTI is to give us a treat in *La Gazza Ladra*; Madame ALBANI is to be the *Santa* of attraction in the Italianised *Flying Dutchman*. The Land of Song must be hard-up for *prime donne*, as, though the names, just for the look of the thing, are Italianised, there isn't a genuine native of Italy among the lot. Is there a notice over the Stage-door of the Italian Opera in London headed, "No Italians need apply"? As to the tenors, Mr. MAAS joins them, and will sing in his usually Maasterly style. Will he Italianise his name? If so, there's an operative one ready to hand—Signor MAASANIELLO.

The Covent Garden prospects are good, if not brilliant. Mr. HALL is at his post, as usual, in the Box-office: open the front door of Covent Garden Theatre, and you come at once to the Hall. Appearing generally with a gardenia in his evening dress coat, this worthy official is sometimes confounded with the Floral Hall. To do so is a mistake. F. Hall is lower down: this is E. HALL, and—that's h-all, at present, on this subject.

But what does this mean in the Prospectus?—"Companies of Artists, with Accompanyist and Conductor complete," may be had "at prices varying from 80 to 200 guineas." How are they sent out? Packed in Private Musical Boxes? What's a "Conductor complete"? What's an "Accompanyist complete"? Are they

warranted to keep in any climate? It sounds like Professor Somebody's advertisement of an entire evening's entertainment, ready to be sent out at any minute, including Entire Box of Tricks, Dissolving Views, and Conjurer complete! Mr. GYE might have added, "Samples forwarded post-free to any part of the Kingdom on receipt of thirteen stamps."

The energetic *Entrepreneur* already complains (through us) of the applications of which the following, inclosed for publication, are, we suppose, fair specimens:—

(To The Manager of the I. O. C., Limited.)

DEAR SIR,

SEEKING your advertisement, I beg to request that you will forward a company of Artists to play the *Huguenots*, with Accompanyist and Conductor complete. We'll do it in our back drawing-room, as a little surprise to my wife on her birthday. Eighty guineas being your lowest figure, I don't mind going to eighty-two, if you'll throw in Sir JULIUS "complete." Song, but no supper. Yours truly,

Handel House (Late 32, Brown Street),

ALBERT BASSOON.

Kensington, S.W. (Late Brompton, S.)

(To Mr. Gye, Covent Garden Opera House, London.)

SIR,—We are opening the new wing of St. Florida's Church, next Thursday. Having seen your representation of The Cathedral Scene in the *Prophète*, should like to know if we can arrange for an "Entire Company" (according to the advertisement in your Prospectus) with costumes complete, including the Bishops who, if I remember rightly, are always on in this Scene, and the Choristers who sing that charming Chorus while swinging the incense. Your minimum, I see, is eighty guineas, "with Accompanyist and Conductor complete;" but, in a good cause, surely, Sir, you would make some reduction, and we can dispense with the services of the Conductor and the Accompanyist, as our own Organist (Complete) will do all that's necessary on our full-toned American harmonium. I think we can manage fifty pounds, but we are only a poor flock, and cannot bear much shearing. Temper then the wind instruments to us, and oblige

Yours truly,

CHAS. YEUBEL.

Cope Rectory.

DEAR SIR,

I'M giving a little festivity Entertainment to a few Johnnies, a bachelor party, and think it will be jolly to have one of your Companies down for the night. Your advertisement says, "Companies of Artists, with Accompanyist and Conductor, complete, from eighty to two hundred guineas." We should like a Comic Opera—something light and funny, with lots of "go" in it, good Singers, and Chorus. Chuck in a Ballet, "Complete," and I'll go ninety quid. The Accompanyist and Conductor included, of course. Send BEVIGNANI.

Yours, truly,

TITUS A. DRUMM.

Beans Lodge.

P.S.—On second thoughts, I don't think we'll have the Chorus. It will be after dinner, and we can do that part of the business ourselves.

2nd P.S.—I reopen this letter to say that, on consideration, we can do without a lot of singing Artists. One good 'un will do. A real Comic cove, with a set of first-rate songs.

3rd. P.S.—Haven't time to re-write foregoing; but on carefully thinking over what will most amuse the Chappies, I have come to the conclusion that you'd better make the entire Company Ballet. Say "Ballet complete." We can do without BEVIGNANI, and prefer Bovy of Gals. The Accompanyist may be incomplete; send anyone who doesn't go in for liquor, and who is strong in the wrists (deaf chap preferred), as we shall only want him to turn the handle of my mechanical piano, which plays a hundred tunes, with all the latest Burlesque novelties. Perhaps I'd better come up, and choose the *troupe* myself, or you send photos. The hall of Beans Lodge is plenty big enough for a first-rate Ballet. By the way, supper afterwards. Come down yourself, and Gye-no the party. Larks! Complete!

THE GHOULISH RAILWAY.

THERE was a time when Railway Directors, for the purpose of Railway extension, were content with the homes of the living; but latterly they have coveted the resting-places of the dead. The Churchyard of old St. Pancras was the first annexation, and now the Burial-ground of St. James's, in the Hampstead Road, is threatened. No ground in London is probably more wanted as an "open space" for the recreation of the poor creatures who are chained by work to a crowded neighbourhood, but as those who have had the purchase-money for it once are willing to sell it again, with the bones of the helpless tenants for whom it was bought, the chances are that the Ghoulish Railway Company will get it. Is the money to be used for the decoration of a fashionable Church in Piccadilly?

WHERE are the Solomon Islands? Well—we should say they are exactly the antipodes of the Scilly Isles.

THE TWO HUNDRED.

(A little after a famous Original.)

CHEERS to the right of him,
Cheers to the left of him,
Cheers from the front of
him

Volleyed and thundered !

That wasn't half enough,

Rude RANDY to rebuff,

Tell him his talk was stuff,

They pen to paper put,

Tory Two Hundred !

"Pooh ! let young puppies

yell,

We know you lead us well,

Scorn faction's low bray !

'Gainst jeers to mock you

meant,

Letters to shock you meant,

Just put *this* document,"

Says Sir JOHN MOWBRAY.

Quite so ! Your health, Sir S. !

WOODCOCK has made a mess,

Finds he has blundered ;

Long may you lead your lot,

Give it your foemen hot,

Out by Lord R., but not

Not your Two Hundred !

In Earnest.

THE portrait of Mr. ERNEST HART was presented to Mrs. HART by the leading members of the Medical profession, in recognition of his great public services, particularly in connection with the British Medical Association. The names of Sir HENRY THOMPSON, Mr. SPENCER WELLS, Dr. QUAIN, and others of the same eminence, show that it was a genuine tribute to the work of one ERNEST HART from many Earnest Hearts, aided by Cool Heads and Steady Hands. The address itself was read by the Gentleman who bears the appropriate name of NOBLE SMITH.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 132.



CHIEF-SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAMSON,

AT THE HEAD OF THE DYNAMITE-DETECTION AND FENIAN FERRETING-OUT
DEPARTMENT.

"*Palmar qui meruit—FERRIT.*"

RATHER CRAFTY.

WHILE taking our "refreshment" after "labour," we read the following:—

"His Royal Highness the Duke of CONNAUGHT yesterday afternoon laid the foundation-stone of St. Ann's Church, at Bagehot, with Masonic rites. . . . The Bishop of WINCHESTER officiated during a portion of the service."

Odd this. Is St. Ann in the Freemasonic Calendar? We can understand "Masonic rites" at the foundation of a Temple dedicated to HIRAM of Tyre, of which HIRAM Masons must be a little tired. The Bishop of WINCHESTER seems to have struck. Perhaps it occurred to his Lordship that "Masonic rites" on such an occasion were not quite in his line, so he would "either letter it or halve it"—and he halved it. By the way, Past Grand Master *Punch* has it on record that the last ecclesiastical Grand Master in England was CARDINAL WOLSEY. It is commonly said that it is so useful for a tradesman to be a member of the Craft; but, we ask, what well-known partner of an old-established firm is decidedly *not* a Mason? The immediate answer must be "*Fortnum.*"

"COUNTS OUT."—The place *par excellence* for "Counts Out" is Italy. Any number of Counts out there, being often Counts out at elbows, Counts out of employment, and Counts out of luck generally.

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS' DUTY.—To see that the Directors are up to their work.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

WE'VE bin a-jogging on verry comfortably at the Manshun House for the last two or three munse. We ginrally has a Royal Prinse or a Dook or a couple of Markisses every week. Nothink keeps 'em away for long. If they ain't asked to dinner to eat and drink, they comes to meetings to talk, and to recommend other, and of course commoner peepo to subscribe their money, which is, I think, verry kind on 'em. That's wot I calls a verry fair diwision of labour. The swells does the talking and the snobs finds the money, and both fullfills the nateral law of their waried existense. I allers gits a peep at 'em if I can possibly manage it. I likes to see the fond and almost reverenshal look with which the middling orders gazes upon a reel live Prinse, and how they hangs with perfect rapshur on every word as falls from his Royal Lips.

We have had all our reglar Bankwets as usual, and they've all been apperiently enjoyed as usual, but there was nothink speshal about 'em to call for remark, until last Wensday, and then I'm enclined to think as our nobel Egipshun All saw such a sight as must have gladdened and estonished its werry eyes if it had happened to have any. Fancy the sublime idear of asking All the Egipshun Officers to come to the Egipshun All and have some dinner! And not only the Commanders and the Kernels and the Captings, but even the werry lowest of the low, even the deputy Surgeons wasn't left out in the cold, but had reel turtle and Champain just like the rest.

Almost the fust thing as struck me was the gratifying fact that the members of the old Copperashun wasn't a-going for to let theirselves be out out by their scarlet gests, so every one of 'em, as it seemed to me, who could either borrow or higher a red coat, put it on for this

speshal military occasion. I herd one on 'em who had got a red coat on that was quite big enuff for two, explain that he came in that wonderfool garment eoz the ticket of invitation said Uneform. The LORD MARE set the egsampel, and looked like a reel Major-General, nearly all the Court of Aldermen followed sute, and then came the Deputy Leftenant Common Counsilmen, and a werry striking display they made, you may be sure, speshally two or three remarkably stout Deputys who seemed to have been getting reddy for an enlarged Copperashun. Then again, to match the two field Marshalls as came with the other gests, we had our own City Field Marshall, Major CAMPBELL, looking as solgerly as the best on 'em, and the Sheriff's Field Marshall, PONTIFEX, looking the appiest of the lot, because he had his own Field Marshallless with him looking as bright as a sunbeam.

The trubbel I had to explane to the reel solgers all the unyforms of the sham solgers was sumthink quite strawnery, and I am afraid in sum cases I had to shoot the long bow. Of course I may be sumwot predjudished, but to my mind, of all the splendid unyforms in that noble All, commend me to those of the 4 Royal Waiters in attendance on the 2 Royal Princes, and in attendance on nobody else, with their butiful scarlet coats, and their golden epperlets with their real solid gold fringe, and their stately and horthy demeanor! I had quite a frendly chat with one of them after the Bankwet, of course paying him propper respect, and he told me, quite in confidence, while he langwidly puffed his Siggaret, that not only his own Royal employer—they never use the word Master—but also his Elustrus Brother the P—e of W—s have exprest theirselves werry strongly indeed against the abberlishun of the Grand Old Copperashun, not only so, but their equally Elustrus Unkel the D—e of C—e expressed the decided opinion that it would be a *dashed* shame to do



HE MIGHT HAVE FORESEEN IT FROM CERTAIN SIGNS, HAD HIS DULL BRAIN BUT RECOGNISED THEIR SIGNIFICANCE. HE THOUGHT 'T WAS BUT THE THRIFTY MAID BIDDING TIME TO PASS AND LEAVE HIS CLEANLY FOOTSTEPS OVER ALL. ANON HE OBSERVED FURTHER INDICATIONS, BUT HEEDED NOT THEIR PORTENT! AND NOT TILL ITS SCATTERED GERMS WERE GATHERED IN FULL FORCE, AND WITH A WILD FURY LET LOOSE UPON HIS BED-ROOM—AND FINDING ALL THAT WAS, WAS NOT!—DID HE REALISE THAT HE WAS IN THE VERY MIDST OF A SPRING CLEANING!!

so, as to his thinking the only place in which to get a really great dinner was the Manshun House. Of course I don't pretend to know much about how important matters like these is managed in the Pollytickle World, but I should think that such revelashuns as these would settle the matter at wunse, and shut up the Firth of Forth like a werry hard frost.

I wish sum of our bitter foes could have herd the LORD MARE's speech. Didn't he tell 'em just all about the Egephun Champain! Why there was sum things as he told 'em as even I hadn't heard on afore. And what did Lord GARNET WOLSEY say in reply, and this ought to be writ in gold in the memory of every friend of the old Copperashun, "I ask for no greater reward, however long I may live, than that I have received to-day."

It's the custom of many unthinking people to laugh at the old Copperashun because they indulges themselves and their friends pretty often in all the dellycases of horspitality, but the nex time as any such ungenerous thort comes across what they calls their minds, let them remember the grand old history of the grand old Copperashun, and let them also remember, that one of the coolest as well as one of the bravest solgers this great country ever produced not only said the words quoted 'above, but also said at Gildhall that werry same morning, as I herd with my own ears, that the recet of the Telegram from the LORD MARE and Copperashun immediately after his great victory gave him the greatest and most intense pleasure.

And why, because for ages and ages, no great man who has dun his country good service thinks he's had his full reward till he's made a honnerray freeman of the oldest the richest the charitablest and the horsepitalest City as is to be found in Urop in Asia in Africka or in Ameriker.

ROBERT.

THE Proprietors of the Illustrated Weekly Papers must have trembled last Saturday morning when the *Daily Telegraph* came out with a couple of Pictures of "No. 1." If "Your likeness in this style" be frequently repeated, it will be fatal to the existence of the *Police News*.

A CAST-IRON EDITOR.

[A Journal, devoted to the cotton, wool, and iron trades, asks if "someone will only get up a patent, automatic, self-adjusting, double-backed, cast-iron Editor!"]

WANTED, a double-backed, cast-iron Editor,
One who's as strong as a full-armoured ship,
Who, like a spendthrift when greeting his creditor,
Faces the world with a sneer on his lip.
He must have works like a patent automaton,
Grinding out leaders in regular way,
Tackling all dry correspondence, say from a ton
Up to a truck-load of letters a day.
Then, when the public is terribly down on him,
He can preserve a mechanical grin.
Little he'll care if opponents should frown on him;
Wind him up well and he's certain to win.
Folks too may always be sure of his attitude;
Springs of cast-steel never vary an inch;
He'll reel off epigram, paragraph, platitude—
Such is an Editor good at a pinch!

Hope for All.

"LAW bless us!" a very natural exclamation when we read in the *Morning Post*—

"Mr. R. S. WRIGHT has been appointed to the post of 'Devil' to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL."

The deuce he is! Had ORIGIN lived to see this day, how delighted he would have been; so also the Poet BURNS, who shared his Original opinions. Eh, mon! just to think that the Devil should come to be Wright at last! Poor Sir HENRY JAMES! A forensic *Faust* with a *Mephistopheles* always at his elbow! Is Sir HENRY "The Devil's Advocate"? How, in view of this fact, can Mr. BRADLAUGH remain an *Adiabolist*?

THE WHITEY-BROWNING SOCIETY.

(Communicated—by our own very serious Joker.)

April 1, 1883.

THE Annual Meeting of the above Society was held this month on the aforesaid usual inaugural date, and was in every respect a most successful gathering.

After recapitulating the delightful waste of time, temper, and intelligence that the Society, through its efforts to further involve and confuse the obscurities of Mr. WHITEY-BROWNING's capital conundrums, had effected during the course of the past year, the Chairman proceeded forthwith to read the following list of subjects selected by the Vice-Presidents for the present discussion:—

1. *Whitey-Browning as a substitute for cheap Champagne.*
2. *His Narcotic Teaching.*
3. *Ready-made Clothing and its Psychological Disadvantages, as gathered from the Philosophy of Whitey-Browning.*
4. *His Estimate of Concrete Clog-Dancing.*
5. *The Inductive value of his after-dinner Adjectives.*
7. *Whitey-Browning regarded as an Omnibus Conductor.*
8. *His subjective love of Marmalade.*
9. *The Secret of his Abstract Influence at Colney Hatch.*

On the applause that followed the reading out of this capitally-selected list having somewhat subsided, the Chairman proceeded. He said: "He thought that the time had now come when, from a sufficient acquaintance with the foggy—he might say—the inexplicable phraseology of their illustrious Master, they might themselves, in their own humble discussion, freely indulge in an obscurity that would render their remarks quite as unintelligible to themselves as they had, he was proud to believe, hitherto proved to the outer world. (*Applause.*) That manifestation encouraged him. It would be his endeavour, in future, not only not to cultivate the art of expressing himself in ordinary English, but he would go further,—he would do his very best to get along without any grammar. (*Applause.*) There was, as their great exemplar had well taught them, a wonderful profundity of thought associated with a brick-wall sentence; and the illustrious thinker, who was able to command an army of interpreting disciples, all of whom knew a good deal better than he did himself what on earth he meant when defying LINDLEY MURRAY, became the unconscious Author of a side-splitter so rich, so racy, so rare, that they could hardly hope to follow in his killing footsteps. Still they would try.

The Chairman then proposed, as subject-matter in illustration of their first *thesis*, "Whitey-Browning as a Substitute for cheap Champagne," to read and examine what he described as one of the illustrious master-singer's "stiffest little posers," and proceeded to declaim the following, amid a hushed and respectful merriment:—

BROWNING IS—WHAT?

BROWNING is—what?

Riddle redundant,

Baldness abundant,

Sense—who can spot?

Playing with wisdom, yet fiddle-de-dee,

Telescope waiting an eye that can see;

What of the cow that jumped over the moon?

Dishes enspooning with naught to enspoon!

Come, then, unstrung strangulation, O fiddle,

Scrape through the baldness, shy at the riddle!

Guess it again

Over your grog,

And aught that was plain

Grows thick, grows fog,

Grows fog!

The discussion of the above was then commenced, and led, as usual, to the customary displays of irritability and ill-temper on the part of the withered and worn-out disputants, the Deputy-Secretary being specially aggressive in his attitude as to the exact psychological significance of the expression, "fiddle-de-dee." Matters, moreover, were brought somewhat to a crisis by the proposition of a new member that the meeting should close its proceedings appropriately with a game of blind man's buff.

Upon the Chairman, who seemed to take to the task cheerfully, putting the Resolution to the vote, though there was a good deal of hasty feeling manifested by a small minority, who insisted that "they still had their heads tolerably clear," it was carried at once, and the further discussion of the rest of the programme was adjourned almost unanimously, amidst cheers of evident relief.

After a little desultory and nagging conversation as to the advisability of entering into a contract with some respectable local buttermilk to purchase the surplus numbers of the Society's Papers by the hundredweight, the proceedings terminated.

N.B.—Mr. Punch, being conscious of the existence of a Society established by some very well meaning and worthy people, that

nevertheless appears to him to have certain vague, yet kindred points of resemblance to the institution with an account of the proceedings of which his seriously jocular correspondent has here furnished him, wishes, while passing little judgment on either, to do full justice to both. No one has a greater regard and respect for a great name than Mr. Punch. But knowing that the injudicious and exaggerating adulation of over assiduous disciples will often not only make genius itself look ridiculous, but sometimes even flatter and delude it till it wanders unconsciously from the pathway of its own loftiest purpose, he publishes the above for what it is worth—a hint to be taken, *cum grano*, no doubt, but still he thinks—to be taken.

PROSECUTING—A SEARCH!

(Extract from the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's sharpest Detective.)

9 A.M.—Got my instructions. Thought the task a most difficult one, but determined to succeed. Laid in compressed provisions, and chartered a fire-engine, so as to get from place to place with the greatest possible celerity. Started.

10 A.M.—Have been to all the Police Courts. Many interesting cases. Brutal assaults, successful attempts at fraud, &c., &c. However, in spite of all my efforts, could hear nothing of him. He didn't seem to be known anywhere.

12 Noon.—Attended all the County Courts now sitting. Again found lots of work which he might have undertaken. But no, they hadn't even heard his name. Officials thought I was joking when I asked for him. General impression was that he had never been appointed.

2 P.M.—Been to all the Private Inquiry Offices. Plenty of matters there ripe for his manipulation. Was informed that he never interfered. Could get no question about him answered. Consensus of opinion that he was a myth.

4 P.M.—Have spent the last two hours in the Royal Courts of Justice. Seemed for a moment to be upon the scent. His name had been mentioned recently in a case which had come before the Lord Chief Justice. Apparently he had been "inquired after" (like things in the City), but had not been found. Many trials were going on in which he might reasonably have taken a part. But not a vestige of him to be seen. Baffled everywhere. Think, after all, he must be a "legal fiction." However, will not give up. Shall run him to earth if my life is long enough.

6 P.M.—Tried at all the Police Stations. Nearly got "run in" myself in consequence. Inspectors on duty thought my inquiries were "a lark." Assured them that I was in earnest. Inspectors convinced, but told me that "information had not been received" about him by them, nor by anyone else.

8 P.M.—Attended by a Constable, visited all the Pawnbrokers' Shops in shady neighbourhoods, and offices of receivers of stolen goods generally. None of their proprietors had ever heard of him. They said, however, that if he *had* been appointed, they did not object to him if he did nothing more in the future than he had done in the past. Constable, in taking leave, advised me to give up my search. Observed that he was evidently invisible. Rather disheartened. But courage! courage! courage! Once more yoiiks!—hark away!—I will have him yet!

10 P.M.—Looked in at all the Vestry Meetings. Labour spent in vain. Asked the Clergy of all denominations "if they had ever come across him?" They answered, "No—they had plenty of work for him, but, as a matter of fact, they had not seen him." Galloped in my fire-engine to all the Gaols. Governors very civil and obliging. But one reply, "Did not know him." None of the prisoners seemed to have any recollection of him. Utterly defeated! Weary and sorrowful, returned home.

12 MIDNIGHT.—Hooray! Eureka! Have discovered him at last! Took down an "Almanack for 1883," and spotted him at once! Here he is, accompanied by an "Assistant (£1000)," a "Chief Clerk (£380)," and costing, with the rest of his staff, £3821 (presumably) a year! Behold him, "Director of Public Prosecutions—Sir JOHN BLOSSER MAULE, Q.C.—£2000." I have found him in *Whitaker*, but out everywhere else!

BLESSINGS OF THE BUDGET.—Nobody much the worse for it. Some few rather the better. Sixpenny Telegrams, and (preparation for repeal of Silver Plate Duty) slight boon to Silversmiths. Reduction of Passenger Duty for poor Railway Directors. Arrangement towards redemption of National Debt, with some advantage perhaps to posterity at large, and without much present injury to individuals. Proportionate gun-licences for accommodation of occasional sportsmen. Remission to Income-tax payer of partial impost by three-halfpence in the pound—for the present. Any longer—don't you wish you may get it? Thanks due for small mercies. No new burdens and curses.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Adapted for the Use of the Royal College of Music, by Dumb-Crambo Junior.

A leg-row.



Bass-o!



Skirts-row Movement.



Pew lent-o!



Cap reach he-o! So.



Press Toe.



Portamento.



Ten-oary Row-bust-o!



Forty (or thereabouts).



Cantab ill, eh!

ARRIVING AT AMATEURITY.

MR. PUNCH, having been informed on good authority that the unfettered enthusiasts who hold that a special training is by no means necessary to professional competency, and have, as a consequence, latterly been taking the Stage, if not the Public, by storm, are so angry with Mr. IRVING, that they are about to emigrate *en masse*, for the purpose of founding a Colony where their own fresh and airy ideas can have free and fair play, desires to recommend the following to their notice.

It is merely a chance page taken at random from a little useful handbook (*A Complete Letter-Writer*) Mr. Punch is compiling, that will, he thinks, be found invaluable to the neophyte in any such Society as his young friends have in contemplation. There are, of course, in Mr. Punch's collection, models provided for "Amateur" Soldiers, Sailors, Doctors, R.A.'s, Lord Chancellors, and others, but the one he has selected from a distinguished Ecclesiastic will serve very well as a specimen of the rest.

Letter from an Amateur Archbishop to his Maternal Aunt, announcing his Elevation, and asking Counsel and Advice.

MY DEAR AUNTIE,

The Palace, April 1.

KNOWING that only a week since it was finally settled that I should go into the ironmongery business, I dare say it will to some extent surprise you to hear that I am now an Archbishop, having been consecrated, with great pomp, only yesterday afternoon. I think I may venture to say that the ceremony went off fairly, and considering that I am so fresh to the work, I am glad to tell you that I really get on remarkably well. Beyond holding my pastoral staff upside down, forgetting my apron, leaving out a collect or two, putting on my lawn-sleeves inside out, and bestowing an apostolic benediction on the Verger by mistake for the Sub-dean, there was, believe me, nothing to distinguish my discharge of my functions from the bearing of a veritable St. Anselm. By the way, when you next write, will you just tell me who St. Anselm was? Also St. Dunstan? Is not one of them referred to in the *Ingoldsby Legends*? Of course, it isn't very important, but still I think it will be as well, now I'm an Archbishop, to be a little up in Church History? And that reminds me of a small commission I have for you. I want you to try and get me a good, nice, showy, second-hand mitre. I am told there may be some technical difficulty raised to my wearing it in the Cathedral itself. But this is clearly absurd. To tell you the truth, my chief reason for entering the Episcopate at all was a conviction that I should look uncommonly well in a mitre. So, Auntie dear, do go to Nathan's, and see what you can do. Remember, an Archbishop's one. And I should think it so kind of you if you could come round some day next week and have a little ecclesiastical chat over a cup of tea. I feel I rather want it. The fact is, I have a heavy confirmation on soon, and I should like to be sure of my own Catechism first. You see I have taken to the Church at such a regular rush, that I hardly know where I am. The salary is first-rate, and I find the gaiters comfortable—still, I should like to have something to say when I charge my Clergy. You can understand that sort of feeling, can't you, Auntie dear? I shouldn't like to have to back out of it now, and take to a crossing. So mind you

come early, and give a helping hand to your always affectionate nephew and spiritual father,

W. J. NEW SARUM.

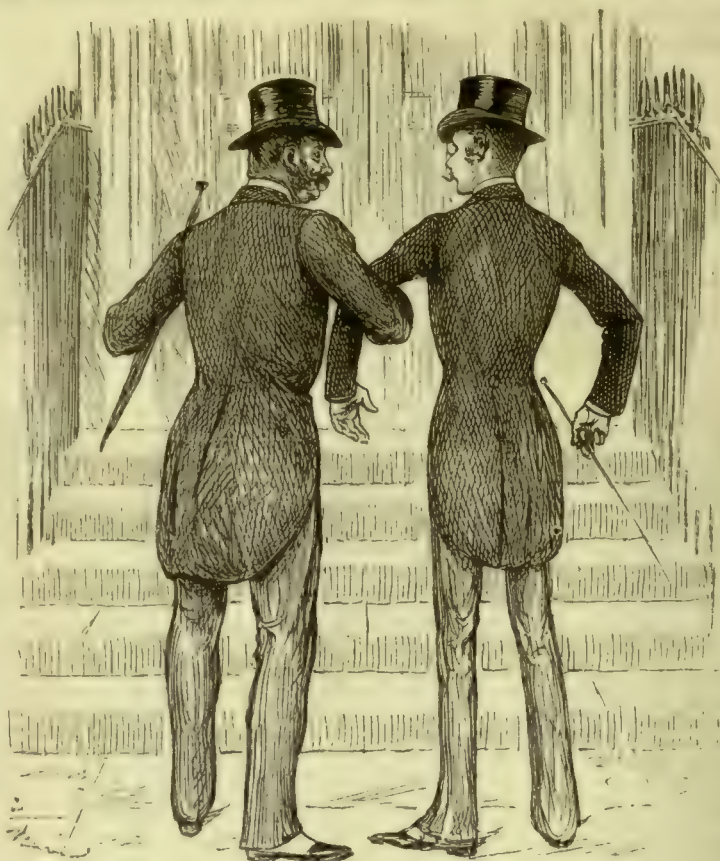
It will be seen readily, from a glance at the above, how very useful a carefully compiled little volume might prove; for it is to be presumed that other Amateurs, like the Amateur Actor, or Archbishop, may sometimes find that they have overrated their powers. But a sober word in conclusion. Mr. Punch takes off his hat to Mr. IRVING for the highly sensible rebuke he has had the courage to administer to a very foolish, but, it is to be hoped, an equally ephemeral fashion. Yet the cultivated Mentor and Manager himself, makes one mistake. His calling, except in a certain modified sense, cannot be regarded as a "profession." A man who has been called to the Bar,—and is acknowledged, *ipso facto*, as having gone through all the drudgery of preparation—becomes, at once, a Barrister. The same process holds good in Medicine, the Army and Navy, and the Church. It is this process of preparation that distinguishes a "profession" properly so called. For an Amateur to rush into a prominent position on the Stage is much the same thing as if a mere Law Student were to force his way into Court in the outward trappings of a Queen's Counsel, brief in hand, having literally taken Silk, without anybody having offered it to him.

But in dismissing the matter, Mr. Punch would move an Amendment on his friend Mr. IRVING's Motion. He would not scatter the Amateurs like chaff. On the contrary, he would welcome as many of them as felt the histrionic call to the stage-door. But he would let them pass it only with this proviso—that they should go through a regular apprenticeship. They should have only a word or two—or perhaps a walk on—and off. But no pupil of three months' private study should be permitted to appear in the leading rôle of any piece. Professors of their Art like Mr. RYDER or Mr. NEVILLE should not lend their names to such inartistic attempts, which can do neither themselves nor their pupils any sort of good. The public is becoming weary of these exhibitions of amateur incompetency, and of what use is it to the neophyte to appear as *Juliet* or *Julia*, and then be engaged, if at all, as a "walking lady" or third-rate chambermaid?

Mr. Punch fancies that his counsel, as given above, would solve and settle the matter once for all, and speedily too. So there is Mr. Punch's advice. And now let some enterprising Manager try it.

"SUPPLY."

Two hundred dozen of Pommery, the *World* informed us last week, is ordered for the National Liberal Club at the Aquarium, which, the Conservatives would naturally remark, sounds like rather a fishy place for a banquet. It is sincerely hoped by all lovers of Pommery, whether Liberal or Conservative, that this large order will not exhaust the present stock. We should be deeply grieved if Pommery ran dry,—though, in another sense, provided that it only keeps on "running," it may run as "dry" as it likes. There will be two thousand *convives* present, so that this gives one bottle and one-fifth to each person. If the Waiters are all selected from the Blue Ribbonmen, and if a fair proportion of the company is teetotally inclined, the liberal drinkers may get a couple of bottles a-piece. After dinner the Banquettists will feel in just the proper humour to "inshpeck what'ver's to b' sheen at Quar'um."



MAKING SURE.

"COME INTO THE CLUB, OLD MAN. I'VE GOT A BET ON THE RACE, AND IF I WIN, I'LL STAND A BOTTLE OF PIPER!"

"BUT IF YOU LOSE?" "OH, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO KEEP OUR SPIRITS UP."

"BUT WE MAY BE TOO EARLY TO KNOW, YOU KNOW."

"OH, WELL, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO PASS THE TIME!" "ALL RIGHT!"

MORE WAX THAN HONEY.

As midnight struck in the Bazaar below, the figures at Madame TUSSEAUD'S began to move towards the great hall in which their Anti-Moscow-Wax-works demonstration had been arranged to take place. By universal consent the Russian Giant (holding General TOM THUMB in the palm of his hand) was called upon to preside.

The Chairman said he felt the honour conferred upon him very deeply. No doubt the distinction had been bestowed upon him from a sentiment of generosity. ("Hear, Hear!" from General TOM THUMB.) The grievance they complained of had been forced upon them by Russians, and so they had selected a Russian to take the Chair on this occasion—although it was personally difficult for him to find a seat large and strong enough to support him. (A laugh from General TOM THUMB.)

At this point considerable confusion was created by an excited deputation from the Chamber of Horrors insisting on taking a part in the proceedings. King RICHARD THE THIRD objected to the presence of these figures. He said that they must keep the meeting select, and a line must be drawn somewhere. He would draw the line before the Room of Comparative Physiognomy.

King JOHN and the effigy of an Anonymous Policeman were understood to be of the same opinion.

A member of the deputation (whose name was suppressed by universal consent) said that the opposition was absurd. As a matter of fact, they were one of the chief attractions of the Exhibition—"No, no!" from the effigy of an Irish Home-Ruler—and to exclude them was an insult to the Public to whose amusement it was their aim to minister. (Cheers.)

The Chairman suggested that the deputation should be allowed to remain on the understanding that they took no part in the proceedings, a proposition to which the meeting ultimately consented to agree. The speaker then continued. They all knew the purpose for

STRAY SUNBEAMS.

(A Lay of Our Lazy Minstrel.)

AWAY with great-coats and umbrellas!
Put all furry garments away!
Let glossiest hats—all you fellas—
Gleam bright in the light of to-day!
The air it is balmy and vernal,
We feel a new life has begun:
For gone is the weather hibernal—
And here is the Sun!

The genial sunbeams, in-streaming,
Flash bright on my pen as I write!
The paper is glowing and gleaming—
My eyes are quite dazed with the light!
No longer I growl or I shiver,
Nor each fellow-creature I shun:
I dream of the joys of the River—
For here is the Sun!

For England, the atmosphere's splendid,
We live and we breathe now again!
We fancy our trouble is ended,
For gone is the fog and the rain:
I laugh and I sing and I chuckle,
I rhyme and I dance and I pun!
I knock on the pane with my knuckle—
For here is the Sun!

What portents of pleasure I fancy
Return with these bright sunny rays!
What visions of lazing I can see,
Of languorous, sweet Summer days;
Of yachting and sea-side diversions,
And getting as brown as a bun:
Of rambles and Alpine excursions—
For here is the Sun!

I think of long days at lawn-tennis,
Of dreams in my bass-wood canoe,
Of gondola-lounging at Venice,
And skies sempiternally blue!
I muse o'er the pleasures of playtime,
Of laziness, laughter, and fun;
Of lime-scented zephyrs and haytime—
But where is the Sun?

[Sun retires behind clouds, rain patters on the pane, and the Lazy One goes to bed.]

PARLIAMENTARY PARADOX.—A Standing Committee formed of Sitting Members.

which they were gathered together. They were there to protest against the establishment of the Wax Works of Madame NAUWALD of Moscow at the Westminster Aquarium. (Cheers.) They had no objection to competition, as their collection was the best and largest in the world. ("Hear, hear!" from General TOM THUMB.) But they did object to the degradation of the Profession. (Loud cheers.) It was said that Madame NAUWALD's Collection of Odd Fishes—(Laughter.) He begged pardon, he should say effigies; but really, when Wax Works got into an Aquarium, it was not easy to distinguish them from the sojourners in the tanks. (Renewed laughter.) When he heard that the largest group was to consist of one hundred and ten figures, representing the recent massacre of Jews at Balta before a background formed by an enormous canvas presenting a vivid panorama of the scene, he could not sufficiently express his indignation. (Loud cheers.) It was ultra-sensational. ("Hear, hear!" from the effigy of a Gentleman seated in a bath.)

Mr. CORBETT declared very forcibly that the new-comers would have no chance against the present company. Those around him had the honour of being men of wax, and, considering their would-be rivals came from Russia, no doubt—he said it without meaning any disrespect to the nationality of the great man—(a laugh from General TOM THUMB)—who was acting as their Chairman—no doubt, he repeated, the new-comers would be merely things of tallow. (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr. CORBETT said he liked to be practical, and, as a sign of their disapproval of Madame NAUWALD's Show, would propose that "this Meeting protests against the holding of the approaching Exhibition, and, as a mark of their displeasure, declines to patronise it even as visitors on the free list." This Resolution (which was seconded by Sir FRANCIS BURDETT) was carried by acclamation.

When our Reporter left, the figures had resumed their normal expressions and positions, and seemed to be giving unlimited satisfaction to a highly appreciative Public.



THE COLONIES.

Traveller (to Squatter). "HULLO, McDONALD! I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS OF YOU! ALL YOUR MEN WORKING ON A SUNDAY!"

Mac. "THIS IS NAE SUNDAY, MUN!—IT'S WEDNESDAY—"

Traveller. "NOT A BIT OF IT! THIS IS SUNDAY, I ASSURE YOU—"

Mac. "AWREEL! THINK O' THAT, NOO! WE HINNA SEEN A SOWL FOR THREE MONTHS, AN' THERE'S NAE AN ALMANACK I' THE HOOSE, AN' WE'VE GOTTEN JUMMELT UP A' TH'GETHER!!"

AN EXTRAORDINARY PLAY-BILL.

THE Earl of ONSLOW's Play-bill, thanks to common sense in the Upper House, will not become a Dramatic Act. The scope of the Bill seems to include the encouragement of Amateur Vanity, the discouragement of genuine Dramatic Art, and the defrauding Dramatic Authors of their fees.

The idea of an attempt to exempt Stage Plays from the usual restrictions where the performance, by Amateurs, is for a Charity! Monstrous! Why, the excuse of a Charity is a perfect boon to theatrical Amateurs for airing their vanity, and precious little do they give beyond their priceless valuable time.

If Amateurs and Professionals do not have to pay Authors' fees for performance when playing for a Charity, then Charity would be made to cover a multitude of sins, and Charitable performances, in which the only sufferers would be the Authors, would be given daily all over the country. The Amateurs who play for a Charity cannot get their costumes, their scenery, their gas, their theatre, hall, or their music gratis; why then should the Author, to whom they probably do the grossest injustice by their ridiculous attempts at acting his piece, be the only one unpaid? The Author, if the case be a deserving one, can hand back his fees, or can pay them into the Charity's account as a donation, but he must not be forced to surrender his dues on every occasion when the Charitable Amateurs choose to gratify their vanity at his expense.

The Dramatic Authors' Society has fought very hard to enforce the rights of its members, and has succeeded. All this labour would be simply thrown away, and several Authors whose plays, written long ago, now, bring them, or their heirs, a small annuity, would themselves have had to appeal to a Charitable performance, should this Bill, by any unhappy chance, have become an Act.

A *propos* of a charitable performance, a most deserving case is that of Mr. EDWARD ROYCE, whose drollery has amused us so many times

at the Gaiety. Illness has suddenly deprived him of the means of earning his livelihood by the exercise of his profession, and, besides a handsome subscription which has been already started by his brother professionals, a Benefit is to be given for him at the Gaiety Theatre on the Fifteenth of May. Everyone will give their services, the Authors will give their pieces, and *Mr. Punch* strongly recommends this case to the charitable playgoing Public.

Mr. PENNINGTON, the Gladstonian Shakspearian Actor, is to appear next Friday at a Gaiety *Matinée* in the play of *Ingomar*. The following week he should balance it by performing something called *Outgopa*. The pictorial wall advertisements could represent the old barometrical toy, with *In-go-mar* and *Out-go-pa* for the wet weather signal.

SEASONABLE THEORY.—The original of all such really strong expressions as have since been the cause of innumerable tears to the "Recording Angel," must have been something uttered by the progenitor of the human race when, after his expulsion from Eden, he encountered, for the first time in his life, just as he turned a corner, a blast of the bitter North-East Wind.

PASTORS OF THE PANTRY.—A certain Reverend Footman has written a book on *Modern Unbelief*. If for this work he is now promoted to the Episcopal Bench, will he take the title of the celebrated Bishop Butler?

"MR. WILLING'S QUIRE."—This doesn't sound so much like music, but like twenty-four big sheets of advertisement over the Metropolitan hoardings.

MATERIALS FOR EXPLOSIONS (from the List of a Female Home-Ruler).—Club-Dinnerites and the glistening of Latch-Keys.

COLOMBA; OR, SOMETHING LIKE A LIBRETTO.

WHEN this notice appears, energetic Mr. CARL ROSA and his capital Opera troupe will have disappeared from London, to fulfil their numerous and hitherto deservedly successful Provincial engagements, which will in all probability occupy the remainder of the year. So full of promise (and of performance) has been this short, far too short, season at Drury Lane, so ready has the musical and theatre-going public been to recognise the merits of the Operatic Company, that, if a committee of distinguished and wealthy amateurs of music, with the support of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, were now to take in hand the institution of a subsidised English Opera House in London, under the thoroughly practical and experienced direction of Mr. CARL ROSA, the present year would not come to an end without seeing the commencement, and, we will venture to assert, the satisfactory commencement, of such an undertaking. The materials are ready to hand, and a scheme,—by the kind permission of Mr. GEORGE GROVE,—carefully matured and judiciously developed, without fear, favour, or fanaticism, would serve all the purposes for which the new Royal College of Music has been set on foot.

The latest novelty produced by the Carl Rosa troupe was *Colomba*, an Opera in Four Acts, music by Mr. A. C. MACKENZIE, and book by Dr. FRANZ HUEFFER. The latter we will consider presently.

The undeniable success of this "Lyrical Drama" (as it is styled in the published book) in Four Acts must have been most gratifying to the Composer, who, not to be beaten by Dr. HUEFFER's wonderful words,—and he has given him some twisters,—has triumphed over all difficulties of language and plot, and has given to the world a work of which WAGNER, in his best *Flying Dutchman* time, might have been justly proud.

The Overture is charming. There is not a dull scene (musically) in the whole Opera, of which, as far as melody goes, the gem is certainly the "Corsican Ballad" in the Third Act, prettily sung by

Miss PERRY as *Chilina*, to whom, though hers is comparatively a small part, fall the two airs to which the Opera will owe its popularity, and through which it will become widely known to the Concert-going and outside public.

Dr. HUEFFER has written a modest preface to his libretto, in which he fairly acknowledges his inability to surpass the poetry of ALFRED BUNN, or to rival the dramatic force and knowledge of stage-effect, possessed by the late Mr. FITZBALL. As to the first-named, Dr. FRANZ HUEFFER has done himself an injustice. In some instances he has beaten Poet BUNN on his own lines; but, on the other hand, he has still much to learn from the works of E. FITZBALL.

The "accompanied" speeches are a decided improvement on the old Italian recitative and the English spoken dialogue, singers being rarely good as elocutionists. When we saw *Colomba*, an apology had to be made for Mr. POPE, who, although suffering from absolute extinction of voice, yet, with commendable pluck, came on and played the part of *Count de Nevers* in dumb show. Mr. POPE proved himself to be an able pantomimist, accurately conveying Dr. HUEFFER's meaning to his companions on the Stage and to a sympathetic audience, by the simplest but most expressive gestures. We missed his valuable assistance in concerted pieces, but we fancy we did not lose very much by not hearing him say, for instance,

"While I attend to the affairs of State,
And vainly try with diplomatic affability
To win the King some hearts; I grieve that your ability
Of public speech has left me to my fate,
Being, it seems, engrossed by some grave subject
Of philosophic import."

Which lines, spoken in a Gilbert-Sullivan eccentric Opera at the Savoy, by Mr. GROSSMITH, who would at once proceed to tell us in a song how he became an affable diplomatist, would have been received with a shout of laughter, and welcomed as real genuine humour.

But Dr. HUEFFER, who is, of course, a humorist in disguise, simply means to convey that the *Count's* daughter and a *Captain Orso* have been talking together, and not taking him into their confidence; a slight that has somewhat nettled him, though he restrains his feelings of just annoyance, and expresses himself with a "diplomatic Hueffer-bility."

Chilina says,

"I'll sing you the song, in spite of the law
And all the gendarmes of Corsica."

Dr. HUEFFER, it is rumoured, has been already engaged to write the next Gaiety Burlesque. Then:—

"Where the shadiest seat of your choice is,

Shall we whisper with mingled voices."

Here is quite a Shakspearian couplet, with a kind of Two Dromios' smack about it:—

"I will conduct you where no one will find us.
Lean on my arm; they will walk behind us."

Then there is a stage-direction,—most of the stage-directions are worth reading—"Exit rapidly, with a smile on her lips." Where on earth would the subtle humorist, Dr. HUEFFER, have her smile? On her nose? *Orso*, addressing *Lydia* "distantly," and yet calling her "dearest lady," explains that for "your father's child" (which is the Hibernian-Huefferian-puzzle-poetic-expression for "you") it is "not seemly to meet in this wild place a friend of brigands, Whose head is threatened by the law." Here the secret-punster hints that an attempt is on foot to get *Orso's* head into Chancery.

On one occasion *Lydia* exclaims, "passionately":—

"Let not the fire I saw in your glance
Be kindled to flames of passion wild
By the idle words of a reckless child."

The "Reckless Child" in question being Madame VALLERIA as *Colomba*. Quite a suggestion for a subject for a song by Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, with Madame VALLERIA on the title-page, "*She was such a Reckless Child*."

Colomba is killed at the finish, and very badly killed too. Her death is ineffective, but the final hymn—the hymn which is "all for her"—is admirable, and we forgive HUEFFER and bless MACKENZIE. But this murder of *Colomba*—which sounds like pigeon-shooting in Italy—is wanton cruelty on the part of Doctor FRANZ HUEFFER, who ought to have done his best as a Doctor to keep his patient alive. However—beg pardon—HUEFFER, *Colomba* will live by the aid of Dr. MACKENZIE. *Colomba* will not be relegated to the Co-lumber room of forgotten music.

Who killed *Colomba*? I, said FRANZ HUEFFER. And why did she die? This way, says *Chilina*:—

"This precious life fell a sacrifice
To her brother's safety. We could not withhold her.
Until she was struck
By a bullet, and lifeless sank on my shoulder."

Bravo, Poet HUEFFER! And how did she die? Thus—

"*Colomba*. I die contented. My task is done!"

—Like TOM MOORE's Peri—"Joy! joy! my task is done!"—

"My father is revenged, my brother free.
When you are happy, remember me!"

There's a reminiscence of BUNN about this couplet in the "remember me" which we regret, as suggesting a comparison prejudicial to the fame of the Author of *Colomba*.

We quit the book with regret. There are so many Huefferian gems to which we should so much like to draw public attention. Here is a couplet:—

"Have I not watched, and wept, and waited by night and day
For the coming of thee who to me of all is the dearest?"

Isn't "the coming of thee" beautiful? Any ordinary bard would have written "For your coming," and made up his metre in some other commonplace manner. But not so our Humorous HUEFFER.

And now farewell, Dr. HUEFFER! and "if for Hueffer, fare thee well!" Success to *Colomba*! which we hear is to be done in Germany, where, no doubt, the libretto will be intensely appreciated.



Master McGuckin as Orso-and-so. Pools-cap extinguisher pattern.



Design for the Two Barracini Extinguishers.



Count de No-I-Nevers—did-you-evers?

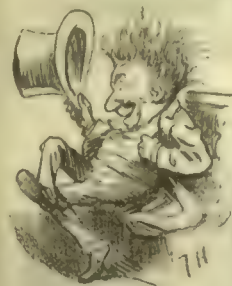


Colomba the Corsican Sister; or, Hueffer's "Reckless Child."

MORE REMARKABLE STATEMENTS.

From Mr. Bertie Phibber, of Somerset House, to his Official Superior.

SIR,—My absence from work for five and a half days may, I fear, have appeared to you somewhat irregular, but I feel sure that when I explain the fearful, and indeed appalling, events through which I have passed, you will ascribe my non-attendance to its right cause. I have been the victim of *Dynamite Conspirators*! Like Mr. GUY, of the Telegraph Department, I have been waylaid by Fenian emissaries.



On Saturday afternoon last I was walking down Piccadilly (on my way home to Brixton) when I was accosted by a person who seemed to be quite a Gentleman. He asked me if I had recently heard any news from my second cousin in Australia. This appeared to me so remarkable a knowledge of my private affairs, as I have no second cousins at all, and therefore none in Australia, that I was induced to accompany the gentlemanly stranger into a rather low public-house close to Leicester Square. After treating me to one or two glasses of wine, which I am convinced were drugged, he expressed a desire to see the view from the top of the house. He therefore led me up several flights of stairs, then up a ladder, and into a dark garret, where I was immediately gagged, rendered insensible with a chloroformed handkerchief and several terrible blows on the head, and heavily manacled and strapped to the floor. In this situation I was left for four days and nights; and I can assure you that I felt the position a really trying one.

On the evening of Wednesday my inhuman captors returned. I assured them that you would be getting quite impatient at my prolonged absence. They merely laughed, but allowed me to sit up a little. Then placing several dynamite bombs to my head, they ordered me, on pain of instant death, to reveal the whereabouts of the sentries, the thickness of the walls, the locality where the cash-box was kept, and other details relative to Somerset House. I threw them off the scent as much as possible, and I invented a secret passage leading under the Embankment to Westminster, which I fancy they intend to blow up when they find it. I ought to have said that the men had most remarkably livid faces, half green and half orange in hue! The miscreants then bandaged my eyes, knooked me on the head, and must have taken me in an insensible condition down to Brighton, because, curiously enough, I found myself lying just outside the Aquarium there, in the gutter, on Thursday night, with no money at all in my pocket. My medical adviser says there can be no doubt at all that I have been in some unusual situation, and advises me not to return to duty for a few days longer.

From Mr. Augustus Flighty to Miss Jones, London.

MY OWN AMANDA,—Can you ever forgive me? You will, I know, my love, when you hear my *romantic* tale. It must, indeed, have been an unexpected surprise to you to arrive at the church-door on our wedding day, and for me not to appear after all! I hope your dear father has not been put to much expense about the wedding breakfast. Tell him that the tradesman can send the bill in to me, if they think it worth their while to do so.

The cause of my absence, my love, was, I need hardly say, simply an *overpowering necessity*. Nothing else could have kept me from the Hymeneal Altar. Shortly after that conversation with your father, just before our marriage day, in which he told me that an unfortunate speculation of his on the Stock Exchange would prevent his settling anything whatever upon you, I was returning home, buried in pleasing dreams of our future bliss, when no fewer than fifteen determined-looking Fenians rushed upon me, each brandishing five-hundredweight of nitro-glycerine in his right hand. A terrific explosion at once occurred, which actually *blew me into the middle of next week*, this, of course, rendering it impossible for me to be present at the nuptial ceremony.

You will doubtless notice, my love, that I date this letter from New York. How I came here I really have no recollection whatever, but I attribute it solely to the nitro-glycerine, which is sometimes very peculiar in its operation, and I shall, of course, return as soon as possible. However, as the Fenians took my purse, I am quite destitute, and should therefore be glad if your dear father would send me £50 at once. Yours, with unalterable affection, though in a rather shattered condition, AUGUSTUS.

From Master Bobby Larker, at Dr. Grimshaw's Academy, to his Parents.

DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,—On my way back to school yesterday, I met with a terrible adventure, which Dr. Grimshaw is cruel enough to say is *all a sham*! All the fellows here say I must have been

hounded, but Dr. GRIMSHAW says it is not a question of *hounding* but of *hoazing*. I know you will believe me when I say that I fell in with a lot of Fenians in the railway-carriage, who cleared me out of all that money you so kindly gave me. Can I have some more, dear Papa and Mamma? I think it is dreadful that boys cannot go in carriages without being blown up. I have not been blown up, except by Dr. GRIMSHAW; but I am sure I should have been, as well as being robbed and half murdered, and I know that "No. 1" was there, because the man looked *just like him*! I will not trouble you, dear Mamma and Papa, by describing how I was attacked, but I should be glad of some more money, and the Fenians, I was forgetting to say, also took away that jolly hamper you gave me with the tarts and things. May I have another? Your ever affectionate BOBBY.

FOR JOE!

(Nonsense Verses on some Nonsense in Prose.)

THE Junior Member for Birmingham
Flouts Earls, Dukes, and Marquises, terming 'em
Mere inurement-winners,
Not toilers and spinners,—
Smart facers—were facts found confirming 'em.

Not toilers and spinners! Come, J. C.,
A Lord has no call to be lazy.

Although PUSSEY GRANVILLE
Mayn't toil at the anvil,
His labours are many and mazy.

Were all "unearned inurement" taken
From Trade's little perks, Trade might waken
To find that her hoard
Had half gone by the board,—
Nay, even your own might be shaken.

To rashly and blindly abuse, JOE,
Is foolishness. Men win and lose, JOE,
By toil not their own,
And by spinning unknown
To the hands that own Acres—or Screws, JOE.

You consider political lilies
To cumber the earth, and your will is
To put in the sickle!
That's trash, JOE, to tickle
The ears of crude Radical sillies.

You Radicals often are crude, JOE,
Too boyishly cocky and rude, JOE,
The "root of the matter"
Is yours, but pert chatter
Suggests that the judgment is "screwed," JOE.

Even Trade has its cankers—so terming 'em—
Into other folks' blossoms sly worming 'em,
Its "corners" and "rings."
You have heard of such things,
Though not—oh! of course not—in Birmingham!

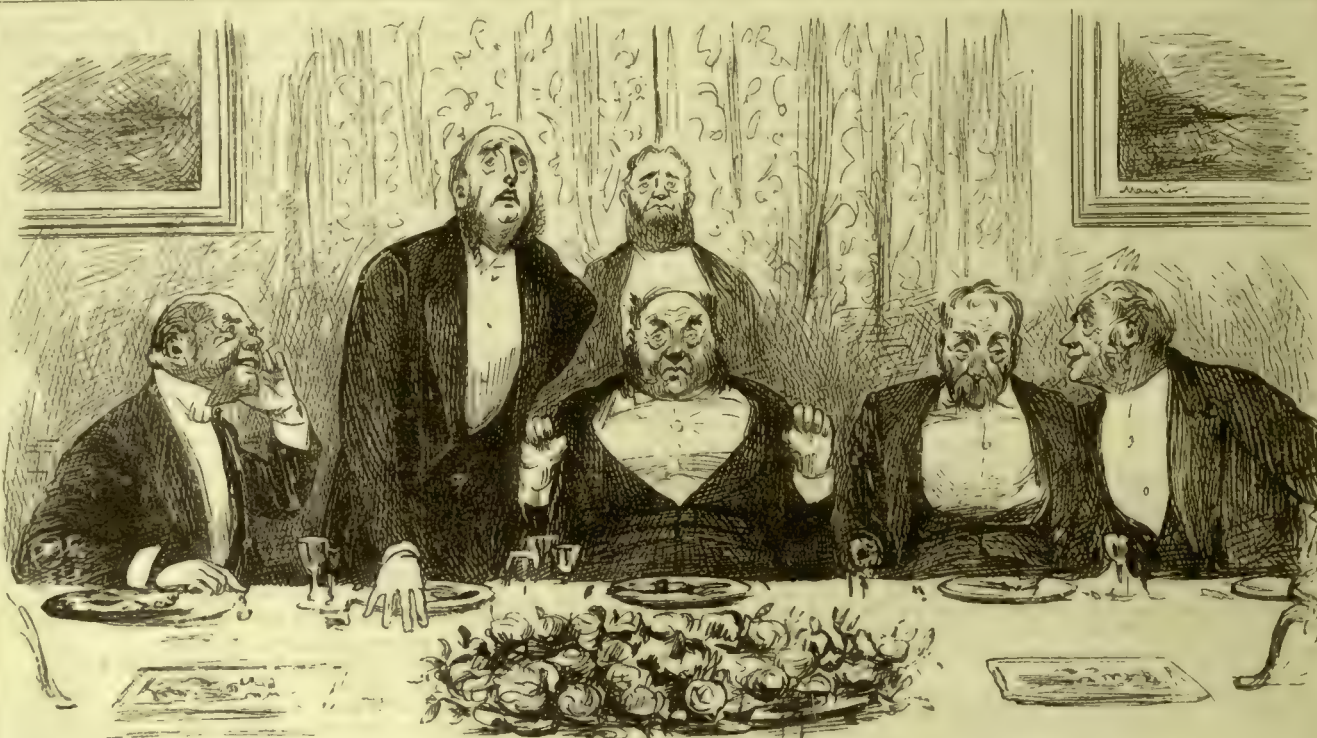
Take more "liberal" views, JOE, and wider.
The rôle of a cocky derider
Is much *infra dig*.
He who markets will rig
Is a spinner—and so is a Spider!

MR. JAY GOULD, the Mammoth Millionnaire, with his hundreds of thousands of Gouldean sovereigns, can throw away a couple of thousands a month, says the *Spectator*, and be all the richer for it. Poor man! We wish we were somewhere near when the money is flying about. Yet when he goes yachting round the world, this man made of money will often find himself in some Straits.

FARMERS who have anticipated making a good thing out of their lambs, will now advertise to exchange them for sheep. The advertisement will be headed, "New Lambs for Old Ones." *Ficat Regina!*

MR. BRADLAUGH has been successful in keeping himself out of prison; but hasn't he somehow managed to put his FOOTER in it?

"THE ROLL OF THE AGES."—The Penny Roll at Railway Refreshment-Rooms.



ARCADES OMNES.

"SIR GORGIUS MIDAS IN THE CHAIR."

Toast Master. "PRAY SILENCE, GENTLEMEN, FOR SIR POMPEY BEDELL!"*Sir Pompey Bedell.* "SIR GORGIUS—AND—GENTLEMEN——"*Grigsby (aside to Ponsonby de Tompkins).* "AH, A VERY PROPER DISTINCTION!"

SOME DAY.

WOODCOCK'S VERSION OF WELLING'S SONG.

Small Boy sings—

I know not what you think of Me,
 I know not as our glances meet,
 Whether yours gleam with mockery,
 Or with approval warm and sweet.
 It may not be till years have passed,
 Till this moustache is touched with grey,
 The world's a lottery, but at last,
 As statues we shall meet—some day!
 Some day I shall meet you.
 I don't quite know when or how,
 Only this, I'm game to beat you,
 Though our leaders flout me now!

I know not what of *them* you think,
 Of SALISBURY hot and STAFFORD cold;
 I know not whether that's a wink
 Of sympathy with WOODCOCK bold.
 But when we meet, some day, some day—
 As statues (I'll have one, you'll see)—
 I rather think the world will say
 That I've the pull—'twixt you and me.
 Some day I shall meet you,
 I don't quite know when or how,
 Only this, I'm game to beat you,
 Though your followers flout me now!

CERTAIN Liberals are already discussing the floral tribute which shall adorn their buttonholes in honour of the G. O. M., and as we have recently suggested "Sweet William," which was not jumped at, we will now give another, which will recall the features and the characteristics of the Great Premier—and everyone will acknowledge its appositeness when we name "The Collar-flower," or as it may be called, the Shirt-Collar-flower.

NEW PICCADILLY WATERWORKS.

ON Friday the 27th the new Galleries belonging to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, will be opened by the Prince and Princess of WALES. The "New Departures," instituted by the Institute are first that the Exhibition is thrown open to all water-colour painters without exception; and secondly, that a School is started where instruction in this particular branch of Art is given free.

Anybody with a taste for water-colours, and having a spare half-hour may look in, *en passant*, and ask for instruction. It is not yet decided whether brushes and paints will be found for the beginner, or whether the applicant must come provided with his own materials. The supply of water will be unlimited, and for those who are only brandy-and-water or wine-and-water colourists, there will be, we believe, an excellent *buffet*.

The music on the opening night will consist of appropriate selections from the works of Composers who have chosen such water-colour subjects as "*Lurline*," "*The Naiads*," "*The Waterwitches*," "*The Ancient Mariner*," and so forth. Fireworks being quite out of character, the Entertainment will conclude with a splendid display of Waterworks, the fountains of Trafalgar Square and the Crystal Palace having been kindly offered for the occasion. Most of the Pictures are said to be gems of the very first water. *Nous verrons*, and in the meantime Mr. Punch wishes every possible success to the Institute in its new home in Piccadilly.

THE Bancrofters, who have no sympathy with the Skye-Crofters, and when they strike "strike ile," ask, "What can the public want with a Dramatic School of Art, as long as they have got their *School* at the Haymarket?" Quite so; and even after their *School* has been shut up, we still don't see, and never shall, the necessity for a School of Dramatic Art. A good all-round education as a basis, a talent for acting, perseverance, and, as Sam Gerridge says, "strict attention to business," will turn a promising Amateur into a performing Professional.

THE Invincibles can quote Scripture to their purpose. Their single selection is, "Love the Brotherhood." By this time their affection must be a trifle impaired.



A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

LITTLE LORD R. "AH! THEY'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME A STATUE—SOME DAY!!"

AT BOW STREET.

(Among the Dynamitists, April 19th.)

I PAID the Cabman his exact fare, and he drove off quite cheerfully. I knew that for once I had had the best of him, that the locality and the local colouring,—chiefly blue, with silver buttons



and stripes,—would be too much for him, for it was Bow Street, and he had deposited me at the Police-Court door, within view of the Police, within immediate hearing of a Magistrate. On such an occasion I boldly paid that Cabman his exact fare, with such a sense of confidence as I have never previously experienced. But this feeling was to be of brief duration. Once within the precincts of the Court, though armed with a card to the Chief Magistrate, I became suspicious of everybody; but, strange to say, chiefly of myself. I presented my card to the Policeman at the door. Only one Policeman visible, and yet there was a crowd of ragamuffins outside, and the Dynamitists were within! I knew that extra precautions had been taken, yet every moment I expected to hear an explosion. The Constable did not eye me suspiciously, he did not ask me my name, age, station, when last vaccinated, why I wanted to come in on that particular day, and so forth, but merely let me pass in, and told me to go to the third room on the left. Just as if this were an ordinary day, and as if no extra-ordinary scrutiny was requisite!

Then it occurred to me that everyone about, whether bustling or apparently doing nothing in a listless way, in the passages, was a Detective in disguise. I began to suspect myself of treason, of complicity in something or other, I didn't know what; I felt a dread of myself, and somehow began to keep an eye on myself, and watch my own movements closely. If anyone in plain clothes had suddenly walked up and arrested me, I should not have been in the least astonished, but should have said, "Certainly—I don't know what it's about—but probably you're right—I admit I oughtn't to be here—I acknowledge I have no business here, I dare say I am in disguise—take me away, search me"—and if they had found nitroglycerine, done up as pills, in one pocket, and a revolver disguised as an anti-stylograph pen in another, I simply should not have been surprised. In such a place, it is exactly what I should have expected. Outside, I should have protested; inside, it was quite a different matter. The atmosphere of the place did it; it was my first visit to the chief Police-Court. I was in a sort of dream, and seemed to be Criminal, Magistrate, Counsel for Prosecution, Solicitor for the Defence, and Prisoner at the Bar (guilty, of course) all in one. If I had been left long alone in that passage, I should have given myself up in sheer despair, and requested anybody to make some sort of charge against me and have done with it.

Nervously I entered room Number Three, which at once suggested to me that I was only separated by a couple of walls from "Number One." Here I had expected to see the Gaoler of the Jack Sheppard era, illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, with jangling keys at his waist (for I had got the scene mixed up with Newgate of the past), and several beetle-browed, lynx-eyed Inspectors in full uniform, armed, standing with folded arms, watching every new-comer.

To my intense surprise, there was no one there except a small boy—a very small boy in knickerbockers—who was apparently doing sums on a slate. Was this a Detective's boy in disguise? Was he a young Detective in training? Was he put there to engage the unwary in conversation, and then run out suddenly and denounce him? I viewed him with distrust. If he had looked up from his employment, or amusement, I was prepared to have given him a civil nod by way of salutation, in a mean spirit (I admit it) of currying favour with even the smallest representative of the Executive. But, like the "Good St. Anthony" in the old song, he "never took his eyes off the old black book,"—I mean, in this instance, the slate.

Keeping my glance fixed sideways on the boy, I sat down and began my game, too, of pretending to be interested in the advertisement sheet of the *Daily Telegraph*, which was lying on the table. I had scarcely settled myself into the assumption of an easy attitude when a pleasant-looking person (Usher, I believe) came in, took my card, examined it carefully, then looked at me as though failing to associate me with some description he had had of the individual to whom the card really belonged. (I shouldn't have been in the least angry, indeed I should have taken it as quite a matter of course, had he handed the card back, shaken his head knowingly, and observed, "It won't do—this has been tried on before here, you know—you ain't the person you represent yourself to be"—and I should have acquiesced, bowed politely, and gone away, only to wake up when once more in the open air, and alive to the fact of my own identity. After remarking that the case would not begin for another quarter-of-an-hour or so, he retired with my card, returning

in a few minutes to inform me that he would show me into a seat as soon as I liked to go in. In the meantime the calculating boy had disappeared—a mysterious bell had sounded somewhere, and the boy had vanished.

As I went down the passage I caught a glimpse of him laughing and talking to a black-bearded Inspector, with an intelligence and a free-and-easy manner far in advance of his years. I have no shadow of doubt about it,—that boy is the future English *Léocade*, and he is here in training for the Detective Department. If I had been taken up and charged there on any count, no matter what, the evidence of that boy, I am convinced, would have been damning.

I was, as the papers say, "accommodated with a seat on the Bench." I was painfully wide awake to everything that went on, but for all that I was in a dream. I seemed to recognise all the prisoners: I seemed to be familiar with every face in Court, no matter where he was, or who he might be, or what he was there for.

People annoyed me by sneezing and coughing at the most interesting moments. A Police Court should be the quietest place possible, so that the attention of all may not be distracted by any "irrelevant issues." But to begin with, there are as many doors in the Bow Street Court as there are in a bustling scene in a Criterion Farce, where everybody hides all at once, and each person comes out at the wrong moment. All the doors being perpetually opened and shut—until even the patient Sir JAMES INGHAM could stand it no longer, and had, at all events, one of them locked,—constituted of themselves so many irrelevant and distracting issues. Then the whispering! Heavens! it seemed as if everyone had come in here for the express purpose of whispering to everybody else,—not necessarily about the case, but about anything. The sneezing, too, was most distressing, causing the Usher to rise up, and call out "Silence!" in his loudest voice, while looking daggers in the direction of the sneezes, which seemed to come from somebody in the crowd near the door in the furthest corner. The sneezer—a most irritating person, who broke out spasmodically at quite irregular intervals—remained invisible; and, in spite of the presence in Court of a select body of Detectives, the sneezer remained undetected. The only man in the Court who had reduced sneezing, coughing, and the use of the pocket-handkerchief to a perfect art was the Usher, who, when afflicted in this manner, suddenly disappeared below the edge of his box, buried his face in his handkerchief, as if overcome by a burst of irrepressible emotion, and, so, to speak, kept his spasm to himself without annoying anyone, recovering so quickly as to be up again with the rapidity of a spring-toy figure, fresh as ever, a trifle red in the face, perhaps, after the struggle, but ready to attend to the Chief Clerk, and to shout "Silence!" once more to the invisible sneezer, to whom he had just been setting so excellent an example.

Of the Preliminary Examination itself, of the links in the chain of evidence slowly and surely forged by Mr. POLAND in his cool, unimpassioned manner, of Sir JAMES INGHAM, ready to listen to and to answer courteously and wisely any objection, of the marvellous precision of the Clerk of the Court in taking down, and, more wonderful still, subsequently deciphering his own handwriting when reading over the evidence to a Witness, of the fainting of the Witness, of the demeanour of the Prisoners, of the faces of the Prisoners themselves individually, of their Counsel, of all this I can only say that it was a very vivid night-mareish dream from which I awoke once, partially, for luncheon, and to which I went back immediately afterwards, and took up the dream where it had left off.

When it was all over for the day, and I was quite awake again, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could tear myself away from Bow Street. I tried to shake it off—I went for a walk—but, as in SHELLEY's poem, there seemed to be "a spirit in my feet," which insisted on taking me back again—no matter in what direction I had started, or how far I had got on the road away from the place—to Bow Street.

I walked about with assumed boldness, with a sort of vague feeling that I was either a Criminal escaping from justice, or a Detective in disguise. On the whole I think the latter sensation predominated. In everyone I met I fancied I recognised either a Prisoner or a Policeman. The lineaments of three of the Prisoners I couldn't get out of my head. They seemed to be photographed on my eyes, and were perpetually mixing themselves up with the features of friends and acquaintances. Wherever I went I was a haunted man, and saw Prisoners everywhere. They seemed to have got into the Club; they lurked about the street; I came upon them unexpectedly round corners. The Police appeared to regard me ally, as much as to say, "All right, I know *Aim*: he's just come from Bow Street. Pass, friend, and all's well."

With the hurry of dressing for dinner, and after the first glass of Champagne—the dream had gone. But I can recall it all,—and shan't in a hurry forget my first Dynamite Day at Bow Street Police Court.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

1. PORTRAIT of "the Gentleman who came here last Tuesday week and caught four dozen."

2. Autograph of a civil Thames fisherman.

3. Fancy model of "the biggest fish I got hold of all the day, and played for two hours, and then the line broke."

4. Sketch of a truthful Irish keeper.

5. Case of flies constructed by an Amateur—the Bedlam, the Colney Hatch, the Earlswood, and the Broadmoor. All warranted not to kill in any water whatsoever.

6. Bust of a watering-place boatman who once informed a visitor that the weather was not perfectly suitable for fishing.

7. Biography of a puntsman who refused beer and tobacco.

Declaration and 'Davy.

A TRUE man, of exactness fond,

As good his word as is his bond.

The affirmation of a knave, it

Is also worth his affidavit.

He on his conscience that an oath

Affirms to be no obligation,

Should we, my Luds, be nowise loth

To trust that fellow's affirmation?

Æs TRIPLEX.—A Three-penny Bit.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 133.



SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN,

"THE PRINCE IN WALES."

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

PRIMROSE DAY.

(April 19, 1883.)

A YELLOW Primrose on the river brim

Touched not the heart of stolid PETER BELL.

A river of Primroses in full swell

Through London's streets, perchance, had moved e'en him.

And, be it party heat or modish whim,

Or honest homage to the great departed,

That moves the most, some few, frank,

simple-hearted,

Gazing upon the dainty, delicate, dim

Pale gold of the Earl's blossom, put away

Question of policy, memory of fray.

Cynics or rivals may rebuke; 'tis sweeter

To greet the flower not in the spirit of PETER.

"Spring's Delights."

A PERSON named SPRING publicly avows his opinion that the Embankment Blowholes are things of beauty! Envious SPRING! His æsthetic susceptibility must be of the subtlest sort, and his life in London one long rapture. But SPRING's delight will hardly banish the Winter of the public discontent. Though, by the way, if anyone can reconcile the Public to them, it is Mr. STAAT FORBES, who has already styled them the "Æsthetic Blowholes," and has shown himself not averse to ventilating the subject. Will this cannie conciliator teach us in time "to learn to love 'em?"

WANTED A TEST ACT?

(Private Communication from Our Own School boy.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE read a letter from a Dr. DUDGEON, advising people to taste—(oh! what a lark!)—Nitro-Glycerine. He calls this "testing" for it. But here's a cutting from his letter:—

"If we put on our tongue not more than one-tenth of a drop, we observe, after one minute, more or less throbbing in the head, especially the temples, aggravated to pain on shaking the head, a feeling of constriction in the neck, as though a band were tied tightly round it, and a quickened action of the heart, the pulse rising to 100 and even 120 per minute."

You see this is evidently meant for a bit of fun, but not much comes of it, does it? Pulse at 120, with a band round your neck? Why, a tablespoonful of common Cayenne pepper put in the soup at a dinner-party, will do as much as that for a dozen people. You try it. But as to having a game with Nitro-Glycerine, I've been thinking out a dodge or two after reading the papers. Look here, now: if you want some real good "tests," and no mistake, here you are. Here's three to start with:—

1. Make a quart of the regular stuff, from a 'good receipt, then when you've let it stand long enough, give the baby a tea-spoonful. If the first time he falls down he blows up—then it's all right.

2. Take a tumbler full and do it up with fuller's earth and blacking till you've made a bit of dynamite of it. Now look out for a house in a fashionable square (an uncle's does best) having in coals. Then pitch your lump into a sack and watch. If in about five minutes

the pavement is shot clean into the drawing-room windows and the roof comes off—then you know it's all right.

3. Take all you've got left of the stuff loose in a carpet bag, and get into an omnibus where the road is in bad condition. Bet all the people they'll get out *without paying their fares*. Now wait for a jerk—and they'll do it. If there is nothing left of the omnibus but you and the conductor's badge—well, then, you know it's all right.

I could give you some more, Mr. Punch, but I dare say this will do for you to start with. Suppose you just try them. Anyhow, there's more fun to be got out of them than out of that stale old plant of taking your breath away. No, Dr. DUDGEON may think it prime, but I can tell him it isn't a patch on the conclusive settlers of yours scientifically,

TOMMY.

'Ware Heroes!

Oh! no, we never pension them,

Our warriors and our tars;

Our game's to use and then condemn

The men who fight our wars.

Oh, would-be heroes pause on

Your careers, the times are shabby;

You'll be jawed against by LAWSON,

And be joked against by LABBY!

THE Official chiefly affected by Her Majesty's command as to not eating Lamb this season, is, of course, the Master of the Mint.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 16, Midnight.—W. E. G. still here, though it's time he was home in bed. In high spirits, too, at progress of business. Criminal Code Bill referred to Grand Committee; Patents Bill read a Second Time, and will be referred to Grand Committee before SPEAKER leaves the Chair.

"*E pur si muove*, TOBY," he said, playfully pulling my ear.

"Yes, my gay old GALILEO (if you will allow me to call you so), it does. But at pretty cost to us. I have been on Grand Committee on Criminal Appeal Bill to-day. Met at noon; ground away at work till quarter to four; had a couple of meat biscuits and saucer of milk, then into House to be at prayers, and secure seat. Since then helped to pass two big Bills. Now it's midnight, and darsay it'll be two in the morning before I get home. That's fourteen hours' work, which is pretty well to be going on with. Tell you what,—I shall bring in a Ten Hours' Bill for application to House of Commons. Will get Inspectors appointed, as in other factories, and have work put on proper footing. It's all very well to go on at this rate for a bit. But look at cost. You lose some of your best men. BOBBY SPENCER already laid up, with merely hearing how hard CAVENDISH BENTINCK works. Constitution, it is true, a little weakened by intense mental strain in connection with visit to Ireland. But others will go, and average of bye-Elections will be quadrupled."

"Nonsense, TOBY, nonsense. You young dogs are a degenerate race. I worked fourteen hours a day for fifty years, and look at me!"

Hadn't prolonged opportunity. Off like an antelope down the Corridor, in behind the Speaker's Chair, and so back to his seat. Terribly afraid he'd lost something during brief absence. Wonderful Old Man! But he's killing us all the same.

Business done.—Criminal Code [Bill] referred to Grand Committee. Patents Bill read a Second Time, and sent on to Grand Committee. Grand Committees working capitally.

Wednesday, 2 A.M.—PELL just brought Lord HENRY LENNOX up on charge of voting in wrong Lobby. Noble Lord blushes and simpers, as if he were being led to the altar.

"How's this, young man?" says SPEAKER, sternly.

"Please, Sir," simpered Lord HENRY, "I fell asleep, and didn't hear you put the question. WYNN told me to be sure to be down and vote. Saw a lot of Members going into Lobby. Went with them. Horrified to find myself in such company. Tried to get out. Doors locked, so had to go and vote against PELL's Motion. But didn't do it on purpose."

Evidently mistake, so let Lord HENRY off. Don't wonder he fell asleep. Wonder is that anybody's awake, though just before

Division had a good rousing shout at M'KENNA. Sir JOSEPH, who is sure he'd make a good Chancellor of the Exchequer, been popping up since ten o'clock last night, when he came in from dinner. But Front Bench men had then taken up the running, and no chance for men below the Gangway. But the blood of the M'KENNA's up, as anyone might see by looking at Sir JOSEPH's face.

"Go on! go on!" he murmured, when, rising for the third time, the SPEAKER gave the preference to Mr. GOSCHEN; "you may delay me, but you Kenna stop me."

So, when GLADSTONE sat down a little before two o'clock this morning, Sir JOE rose once more. So did cries from the House. Quite howling, roaring, and hooting not been heard for many days. Such refreshing and inspiring after level flow of night's debate. It was then Lord HENRY LENNOX was disturbed in his sleep. Dreaming he was at last First Lord of the Admiralty in strong Conservative Government, and thought 'this was shout of the Dockyard men, whose wages he had been reducing.

"Must do it!" Lord HENRY murmurs. "Must do it! Awfully fine fellows Conservative working-men, and that sort of thing. But Radicals looking closer than ever after demnition coppers. Must save them!" And Lord HENRY, turning over, went to sleep again.

Sir JOSEPH continued his speech for ten minutes. Deeply interesting. Full of facts, crammed with figures, pellucid in style, convincing in argument, charming in eloquence; only not a single syllable audible above the uproar. Sir JOSEPH's peroration delivered with fine effect, he sat down. House cleared for a Division, and Lord HENRY LENNOX rubbing his eyes, and pleased with hazy recollection of having "been firm with the Dockyard men," went out to vote against his own party.

Business done.—Mr. PELL's Resolution in favour of Immediate Settlement of Local Taxation Question defeated by 229 Liberals and Lord HENRY LENNOX, 216 voting for Motion.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Business of this House not well regulated. After recent prolonged sittings, with the Division on Local Taxation taken at two o'clock this morning, the conflict with Irish Obstruction, and Affirmation Bill coming on, it is cruel to impose on what should be the peace of Wednesday afternoon the breathless excitement of debate on Scotch Parochial Boards. Even the hardened constitution of JOSEPH GILLIS could not stand it. At four o'clock tried to Count Out House, and nearly did it.

"Why did you interfere, Mr. BIGGAR?" the Lord Advocate asked, with blandest manner. "Doesn't the Bill meet your views?"

"I don't know what's in the Bill," JOSEPH answered with his fine simplicity. "But if there's one thing I hate more than an Englishman, it's a Scotchman; and when I found you enjoying yourselves, making speeches as long and as dry as half a mile of oatcake, I thought I'd stop you. That's all."

Am afraid JOSEPH's naturally genial temper has been soured of late.

LYON PLAYFAIR hovering round the debate as became Scotch Member, but took no part in it.

"I like something that leads to samples, Tony," he said, "or lends itself to diagrams on a black board. Then I'm your man. But you can't produce a portion of a Parochial Board in a pot like Oleomargarine, nor dissect a Poor Law pauper as if he were a rabbit. So I left it to them."

PLAYFAIR tells me that now he's K.C.B. he's more than ever glad to be out of the Chair of Committees. "Those Irish Members," he says, "would of course have called me 'Sir LOYN,' and from that to 'SIRLOIN' is a very short step."

Business done.—Two hundred and ten Gentlemen voted on Scotch Parochial Boards Bill. Estimated that the odd ten (average of attendance during afternoon) know what it was about. Everybody, including the Division-bell, brought to ultimate state of exhaustion by five hours' Scotch speeches. Bell, when called upon to announce Division, feebly tinkled out a single call, instead of four as usual, SPEAKER led into open air; Sir ERSKINE MAY leaning feebly on shoulder of Mr. MILMAN, got as far as corridor, and there fairly broke down. Scotch Members quite cheery.

"A brow afternoon," says Mr. RAMSAY. "Pity they couldn't suspend Standin' Orders, an' let's mak' a night o't!"

Thursday Night.—Questions to-night whether Our Only General and Our Single Admiral shall be made hereditary. Mr. LABOUCHERE puts the case with great clearness. Lord ALCESTER, he says, has let us admit it, deserved well of his country. Make him a Peer, and give him a pension. But, whatever may be the merits of the father, the son certainly has not done anything. Then why give him a pension? That is the point. But House having eight hours to talk in, wandered over many subjects, including Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS and Battle of Trafalgar.

Late at night, Lord EUSTACE CECIL presented himself, and, holding on to box with his elbows, delivered a speech. Profoundest distress of noble Lord lest he should say anything to hurt anybody's feelings. What he did say was, that GLADSTONE had behaved meanly to Sir F. ROBERTS. That, grateful to WOLSELEY and SEYMOUR for having

saved his policy in Egypt, had overpaid them at the expense of country. Didn't say this out in so many words, but, with hints, innuendoes, and statements of what he'd heard or what other people believed, managed to make it clear.

"Did you ever," said LYON PLAYFAIR to Mr. FORSTER, "make vinegar out of the plant?"

"No!" growled the Right Hon. Gentleman, who was just going to sleep.

"Most interesting," the Professor airily proceeded. "Must show you some day. You put plant in jar, pour water over it, seal it up, and there you are. Excellent vinegar. If you take the same plant afterwards, do it over again, you get some acidulated wash. CECIL reminds me of this experiment. The style of his brother, the Marquis, is the real vinegar, and his resembles it just as second brewing from plant resembles original liquor. Must get you a plant and illustrate my meaning. Sorry haven't one in my pocket at the moment."

Business done.—Passed Second Reading of Pension Bills.

Friday Night.—In House of Lords, Lord CARNARVON asks can Colonial Secretary tell anything about annexation of New Guinea by Queensland? Certainly, Lord DERBY would tell everything. Quite interesting narrative, conveying vivid picture of Queensland passionately pleading for acquisition, and Lord DERBY coldly pointing out absolute inability of forming opinion till he had received despatches.

"Haven't formed an opinion now, one way or other," he says, and House thoroughly believes him. What a mind it is!

Business done.—Congregation in other House, after listening to STANFELD's sermon, declare against C. D. Acts by 182 against 110.

A FOOTMAN'S GRIEVANCE.

THE *Times* of Wensday contained an appeal from a West End Footman which I think is one of the most affecting things as ever I read. It seems scarcely possible but it no doubt is the fact, that Gentlemen as fills the werry highest positions in West End Families as Footmen, and even Butlers, has to go with their employers to dinners to wait at Table without no perquisites, just to save the shabby hosts and hostesses the werry trifling expense of perfunctory waiters.

As he so pathetically says, after being confined in-doors so many hours a-doing of nothink, he natrally wants a little fresh air and a little recreation, instead of which he aashally has to wait at table peraps for ours! Poor Feller! better be a mere Ewer of wood like pore Mr. GLADSTONE or a drawer of water like Mr. HOOKEY, R. A. And how unjust to me and my perfunctory! Why should Nobblemen and Nobblewomen take the bred out of our mouths by making unfare use of their own gentlemen? Many and many a time have I ofshyated at swell dinners at the West End. They all nose where to send to when they wants anything A wun or Fust Class, whether for a dinner or for a Waiter, and that's in the City.

My engagements at the West End has fallen off very much of late, which I natrally set down to poverty, little thinking it was meer meanness, however, as the pore Footman werry wisely says, now as the *Times*—of which he pollytically says he is a grate admirer—has bin kind enuff to put his letter in, his shabby employers will be ashamed out of their meanness. The one thing in which he makes a fearful mistake is in speaking of the duties of a Waiter as most unpleasant and even mean. How so highly respectable a member of one highly honorable perfunctory can condesend to speak so disrespectably of another equally honorable perfunctory, does astonish me, and I can only account for it by thinking that the recellessun of his own serious troubles made him for once somewhat unjust to those whose important duties he is so improperly called upon to fulfill.

ROBERT.

Free Trade for Farmers.

"ARE you considering any Measure for permitting the Agriculturists of the United Kingdom to grow tobacco for sale?" No impertinent question this, which Lord JOHN MANNERS the other evening asked the Government. On every principle of Free Trade which the farmers suffer by, surely they ought to be free to grow whatever they profitably can. If it doesn't pay them to grow wheat, they are in effect *sine Cerere*. Not being allowed the alternative of cultivating Nicotian crops, they are also *sine Baccho*. No wonder, then, that *Friget Agricultura*.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

(By Our Own Merry-Go-Rounder, who interviewed 'em.)

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. *Chez lui*. Think I've got some first-rate speeches for this occasion. Better than anything I've ever done before. Looked up a splendid selection of new words all of at least three syllables, and have still power to add to their number. Have been studying the best models,—I mean my own speeches and those of other great orators of the past. I am sure H.R.H. the Prince of WALES likes listening to a real flow of eloquence. I know he does by his rapt attention, and the graceful bowing of the head with which he greets my points, when His Royal Highness's eyes are slightly closed in deep thought, and the cigar is at his lips. Regret much that several Kings, Foreign Princes, and Hereditary Dukes will not be present, as I shall not have an opportunity of showing how perfectly I can master their styles and titles, and give them several times over, without the slightest hesitation, or the very smallest mistake. It is quite a lesson to some of my Academicians in foreign pronunciation. Should like to hear my dear old MILLAIS trying anything of the sort. I can't help—you'll excuse me, *caro mio*,—but I really cannot help smiling when I think of it. I shall speak for half-an-hour, or so, at a time, and though every sentence will have been well considered, yet most of my hearers would be ready to swear that it is all impromptu. *Ars est celare*, you know. Excuse me. I must now leave you, to try on my new suit which has this moment arrived. So very, very glad to have seen you. *A bientôt*.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (at Marlborough House—just going out). Oh—tell Mr. FRANCIS KROLLS to look up some of my other speeches. Shape out something neat and complimentary in a general way. Shan't speak for more than five minutes, to set the example of brevity. Drop a line to Sir FREDERICK, and say they can all talk as much as they like—(though there's no necessity to tell 'em that!)—when once the cigars have commenced. But we must come to cigars sharp after dinner. Time and Tobacco wait for no man. If I see EDINBURGH this morning out riding,—(why does he ride? Sailors ought only to ride at anchor)—I'll tell him not to make a long speech about the Navy. By the way, I'll take the opportunity of mentioning the Royal College of Music, and EDINBURGH might allude to it too. Just work it in quietly. Suppose Mr. GEORGE GROVE will be there. He might respond to "Music." Now I'm off.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. Hum—ha—confound it! Yes—of course. Hang these painter fellows!—(Had to sit to that chap HOLL for hours—got awfully tired—but deuced clever fellow, and capital portrait: very like. Suppose I must say something about it. Say how tired I was. Hate sitting: if I were a hen might like it. Ha! ha!—or hang their pictures! That's what they do, by the way. Might bring that in, only they don't relish a joke. Must say something about the change of uniform, and the "thin red line." Dash it, that's a good idea—"thin red line." Must compliment Sir FREDERICK as Colonel of Volunteers. Ought to bring in joke about "no man better able to draw a sword." Anyhow, will stick to "thin red line"—sure to tell on such an occasion.

H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh. Let me see; I shall have to reply for the Navy or Music, or the Navy and Music. Probably the Navy only. (To Private Secretary.) Just make out the statistics of the past ten years, with historical references to last century,—general notions of English Naval History from the time of HENRY THE EIGHTH, and details of our latest improvements. Oh—and Happy Thought—will say something about the Marines. They're popular just now, and that will do to wind up with. Shan't speak for more than forty minutes. Only got three days to practise in. Must practise violin. Sonata first. Wire for Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

[Tunes up.]

Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone (overheard by Our Merry-Go-Rounder). Please tell Washerwoman shan't want these extra-starched collars home for Saturday night, as I'm not going to the Academy Banquet. Don't fancy I come out as brilliantly as I ought to on these occasions. Haven't got what BRIGHT calls the "confectionery" for this sort of after-dinner cake. BEACONSFIELD enjoyed it; don't think I do. However, not got to bother my head about it. So perhaps shall have a quiet evening at home with HERBERT (who can tell me all about the Dynamiters he saw at Bow Street), Mr. J. L. TOOLE (with a song about the Speaker's Nose which I have not yet heard), Mr. PENNINGTON, who might recite—or—no, he might sing, and let J. L. T. recite—or—no—I'll sing and recite, and they shall listen. Foresee a pleasant evening. Grog.

Earl Granville. Yes—let me think—what did I say last year? Must avoid that little anecdote about myself as a Painter and some eminent hand rejecting the sketch. I made 'em laugh in a quiet sort of way, and took the wind out of LOWELL's sails. I've got something neat, I think—something to do with the Foreign Policy of the Academy, and graceful allusion to ALMA TADEMA, and—let me see—(To Private Secretary.)—kindly send round with my compliments to Burlington

House, and inquire what names there are that look foreign on the Academy list, and ask on what kind of understanding the Academy is with the Paris Salon. Shan't speak for more than a quarter of an hour—less, probably—short and very sweet. Must practise smile for the occasion. [Exit to dressing-room.]

Mr. R. B. Browning. They've got me instead of MATTHEW ARNOLD this year. He prosed, so I must poetise; not too much; light and semi-humorous vein, in the *Jocoseria* style. Shall explain the word "*jocoseria*" to the guests: good advertisement for self and book. Shall touch, of course, on the sister Arts, Poetry and Painting, and show how one inspired the other, and how Painting owes everything to Poetry,—or, if that isn't exactly polite, I'll put it t'other way, and wait till we have a Poetry Dinner, with myself in the Chair and the Painters as guests, to put the matter in its right and true light before the world. *Jocoseria* wants a little lift. Shall allude gracefully to the President. Ahem! Think they'll like my speech. President mayn't care about it (in spite of allusion)—rather too much in the same line. Knowing I'm there, he'll probably quote something from me. Excuse me leaving you, I must go and get inspired and shaved. Hairdresser's waiting.

Lord Mayor. Let me see—ah—yes—Discount—no—I mean Decant—no—discant or descant (tell HARKER to look out word in Dictionary for me) on the Liberal Arts and the City. Must get a Latin quotation about Liberal Arts. City always Patron of Arts. LORENZO the Magnificent. Look him out, and see what he did. Fancy he was a big City Magnate. If HARCOURT's there, opportunity for me to "magnify my office." It wants magnifying. Might point to Lord Mayor's Show, the Coach, the costumes, &c., &c. The only thing like Venice in England. Never perform out of London. Got half my speech done. Forget if they always drink Lord Mayor's health, or not. Must go on asking the Artists to Mansion House.

Mr. Lecky. Shall give them something solid. People like listening to something solid. What will my name be proposed in connection with? Literature? Or will BROWNING answer for that? Must get up something—The Rise of Painting.

Mr. Huxley. Am getting up my speech. Idea that Painters were born, not made. Flattering, this. Shan't include Poets. Don't know whether TYNDALL won't have to reply. If he does, will keep this notion back for another time. Hope Sir GEORGE MIVART will be there. If he is, hope he won't be asked to speak—after me.

Sir John Lubbock. Yes. See my way. Artists, busy bees, Bank half-holiday. Can work 'em all in. Hope my turn won't come too late.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. I shall have to reply for the Law. I wish the Last of the Barons were to be there. But, anyhow, he'll read the report of my speech in the *Observer*. Might bring in a few subtle allusions to the Belt case. Of course, the Last of the Barons gave up all his chance of being asked to the Royal Academy Dinner on that celebrated—too celebrated—occasion. I can let in a few quiet hints about Experts. Do it very nicely, of course, as I wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings on any account. Might also comment upon the distinction between Free Thinking and Free Speaking.

Lord Chancellor. In the absence of the PREMIER, I can say a good deal, and mean very little. Speak about the Artistic Decorations of the Upper House, of which the Peers are the ornaments. Will just give a look round at the frescoes in the House of Lords; see how they are getting on, and ask who did them.

Our Merry-Go-Rounder was unable to interview any other celebrities, as they were all hard at work composing their speeches for the occasion, and could not be disturbed. He wishes to add that, should this meet the eyes of the distinguished persons named above, he is afraid that they will alter their subjects, or the treatment of them, and that some who are down on the President's list for a speech will be cut out in consequence of this anticipatory notice. Perhaps, too, at the last moment Mr. GLADSTONE's washerwoman may send home the collars extra-starched by mistake, and he'll be compelled to go. In case of any little *contretemps* of this sort, our Merry-Go-Rounder says, it is no fault of his, and the Public mustn't blame him.

Cheek and Colour.

Grumphy. No young Ladies now any longer blush. In my young days they did.

Goodchild. Yes, but wasn't that only because you used to say things that made them?

Grumphy. Humnook!

A VAUGHNING VOICE.—Miss KATE VAUGHAN on Thursday afternoon Benefit, May 3rd, is to essay the part of *Amy Robarts*. We hope that she is not yet going to give up her "poetry-of-motion" line of Art; otherwise, though by her *Amy Robarts* she may add to Art in one direction, she, unfortunately, robs Art of a burlesque Actress.



“ ! ”

Mistress. “WELL, I’M AFRAID YOU WON’T QUITE SUIT; BUT I’LL PAY YOUR FARE. LET ME SEE—DID YOU COME BY OMNIBUS OR BY THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY?”

Cook. “OH NO, MA’AM, I DROVE UP IN A HANSON WITH MY YOUNG MAN, AS I’M ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO. THERE AND BACK IT WILL BE FIVE SHILLINGS, MA’AM!”

ODE TO SPRING.

(By Landeau.)

MISS SPRING, I will sing you a welcome in quite an original strain,
Which I am sure you will find a relief, dear, because it is rather more sane
Than the annual drivel that’s written to herald the primrose and swallows,
The hyacinth blue, and the snowdrop—the sure stock-in-trade of Apollos.
In my way I’m as true an admirer of you as the poets who sing
Of the flowers at a shilling a-piece, and the bees that most painfully sting.
Sweet Spring, I admit I don’t love you because “the wan Winter is dead,”
Or the violet and primrose and crocus are flaunting a flare in each bed,—
Nor because every bird in the country is pairing and building its nest,—
For when nightingales keep one from sleeping, I admit they are rather a pest,
Nor because the black hawthorn as usual bursts forth into white bridal blossom,
Nor because some poor moulting cock-robin gets a gaudy new crest on his bosom.
But I love you, sweet time of the Roses, ’cause you bring back the *beau monde*
to town,
When each matron, each maid, and each widow will flaunt in diaphanous gown,
When the Grosvenor is something to talk of, and the season of racing’s commenced,
When it’s jolly to shave with cold water, and not even prudes are incensed
If you hint they look cool as cucumbers as they sit in the Row ’neath the trees,
All watching intently the walkers, the riders, the drivers, the “gees.”
Ere Eton and Harrow is over, and the Derby blue-ribbon is won,
When Gardenias are common as daisies, and peaches are sold by the ton,
When one lunches off strawberries and cream at GUNTER’S, and dines off an ice,
And sups off a out of pine-apple—my mouth waters now for a slice.
When one tows down a coach to the Orleans, or purloins someone’s sweetheart
or glove,
When my NOBA comes back from the country to play at lawn-tennis and love,
When one’s mornings and evenings are spent in cob-riding, cab-driving, or walking,
When invitations to dinner are rife, and it’s even too sultry for talking;

When one’s nights are some spent at the Opera, and
lounging, and supping, and dances,
Making love at Botanical night *fêtes*, or watching young
lovers’ romances.
When on Saturdays Hurlingham’s crowded, and Sun-
days are piously spent
Up the River at Richmond or TAGG’S, or lying in ham-
mock or tent,
With an iced lemon-squash at one’s elbow, and a hand-
kerchief over one’s face
That’s scented with *Eau de Cologne* that came from
one’s lady-love’s case,
Or puffing a cigarette punctured with “P. M. and Co.”
at one’s ease,
A Ouida-like hero, that nothing but midges and girls
dare to tease.
It’s not that I bear any malice to flowers—I rather
admire them,
I believe that they grow in the country—I know that
from WILLIS we hire them!
But you see I’m not much in the country, except in the
Winter for shooting,
And London’s the best place in Summer, beyond any
kind of disputing.

I’m always unhappy in Winter, and Autumn’s deplor-
ably slow,
But in Springtime and Summer, while sitting in my
pretty green chair in the Row,
I own I am happy, and therefore I love you, sweet
mother of flowers,
In spite of your Leonine March winds, and your
treacherous April showers.
And the cause of my loving—I know it is horribly weak
when admitted;
But Truth, like Murder, will out, and it’s awfully nice
to be pitied!
Is simply and solely, sweet Spring-time—don’t Lynch
me, ye Poets, for treason—
Not because fields are in flower—it may be bad taste—
but the reason
I love you, sweet Spring-time, is really ’cause you herald
the London “Season.”

A DUTY ON DOCTORS.

THE Conncil of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln’s
Inn Fields, dear *Mr. Punch*, has issued a circular,
addressed to Fellows and Members, pointing out certain
provisions of the Medical Amendment Bill of which they
suggest that so many Amendments should be made.
The clauses they denounce are four in number, Sir, and
the fourth clause threatens those Fellows and those
Members with a penalty so unmerited that the menace
of it ought really to enlist on their behalf the sympathy
of every other fellow endowed with any fellow-feeling.
Vivacious friends will, therefore, excuse a quotation
which is indeed no joke. The Council object, fourthly,
to the Bill above named:—

“That power would be taken by Clause 38 of the Bill to
levy on every Practitioner already registered a vexatious annual
tax, the non-payment of which would involve the liability to
removal of his name from the Register.”

Consequently, *Mr. Punch*, disqualification to practise
his profession. In effect, dispossession of his diploma.
Professional ruin, Sir. Wouldn’t that be rather too
heavy a forfeiture for a Practitioner’s failure to pay a
fine on a practice whence the income may be all “in
supposition”? Would it not be a truly vexatious
superaddition to a poor Practitioner’s Income-tax?
Can the Legislature possibly mean to saddle poor
Pilgrarlie with a Profession-tax as well, *Mr. Punch*?

The Medical Profession altogether, as you know, Sir,
has long discarded the practice of bleeding, except in
very exceptional cases. Have the “Leeches” no friends
in the House of Commons who will preserve them from
being themselves bled at such a rate and in such a way
as that in which the framers of the new Medical Bill
propose to stick it into them? Talk of barbarity, what’s
vivisection to such venesection as that?

Excuse, dear Sir, this too, too arid appeal for sympathy
and succour in the name of

SAWBONES.



Pupil. "IS IT KNOWN, SIR, WHETHER EUCLID PERSONALLY BORE THE CHARACTER OF A TRUSTWORTHY MAN—CAREFUL OF HIS STATEMENTS?"

"Coach." "WELL, I CANNOT SAY THAT HIS PRIVATE LIFE IS A MATTER OF HISTORY, BUT——"

Pupil. "BUT FROM HIS WRITINGS, SIR, WOULD YOU SAY HE WAS TO BE DEPENDED UPON?"

"Coach." "AH—YES—CERTAINLY—I SHOULD—BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?"

Pupil. "WELL, IN THAT CASE, SIR, DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT ACCEPT THIS PROPOSITION WITHOUT FURTHER DISCUSSION?"

ANNEXATION MADE EASY.

(A Page from the Future Journal of the House of Lords.)

LORD C-B-N-R-V-N wished to know if there was any truth in the newspaper report that the whole interior of Equatorial Africa, including the Great Sahara and the sources of the Nile, the Niger, and the Congo, had just been annexed to the British Empire by the Deputy-Governor of Heligoland.

Lord D-B-Y assured the Foreign Lord that the Foreign Office was in its usual convenient state of utter official ignorance, and complete actual knowledge, of the circumstances alluded to by the Noble Lord. It was true that a telegram had been received from the Deputy-Governor of Heligoland, in which that official stated that, in the temporary absence of the Governor from his post, through toothache, it had been decided by the Executive Government of the inland to annex all Africa, or as much of it as remained to annex. The Executive Government, consisting of himself and an Office Boy, had arrived—so the Deputy-Governor telegraphed—at the above resolution unanimously, and the Office Boy had consented to head an expedition to Africa for the purpose of taking formal possession of the regions which were now an integral portion of the British Empire. There was every reason to believe, the telegram added, that the expedition would be successful, as the Office Boy was provided with a tolerably seaworthy boat, some antique fire-arms, and twenty-five shillings and sixpence, being half the Heligoland revenue for the current year; but nothing (Lord D-B-Y said) had yet been heard of his arrival in Africa. He (Lord D-B-Y) was not prepared at once to state whether he approved or disapproved of the annexation. Africa, no doubt, was a large country, and Heligoland was a small one. He would wait and see exactly how much opposition the annexation occasioned, both at home and abroad, before deciding whether it was a grossly immoral or a highly patriotic step for the Heligoland Government to take. He was sure his noble friend would

not expect him to give a definite opinion one way or the other just at present. The House would agree with him that they must await the further development of events, and that until the arrival of the Office Boy in some part of the annexed dominions it would be premature to discuss the matter, and such discussion might even tend to embarrass the action of the Government. He believed that the calculation made by the noble Lord was tolerably accurate, and that it was true that the population of the annexed province might be put at somewhere about ten or twenty millions, while the population of Heligoland was under one thousand. The climate of Central Africa was not so bad as it had been represented. However, the House would of course understand that he was not attempting to defend the annexation at present, though he could not tell what view he might not adopt after the proper amount of Papers had been laid on the Table, and if it were really ascertained that no serious opposition would be made to the annexation. At present the Deputy-Governor had acted entirely on his own responsibility, as also had the Office-Boy, and both could be thrown over and dismissed if the thing turned out a failure. He might add that the Deputy-Governor had telegraphed that Despatches, explaining the whole occurrence, were on their way to England, but that—in order that the Foreign Office might not have an opportunity of meddling in its usual idiotic manner before the annexation was complete,—he had taken the precaution to send the Despatches round by the North Pole, so that they would not reach England for three months or so. This, Lord D-B-Y said, was extremely thoughtful of the Deputy-Governor, as it saved the necessity of coming to any immediate decision, and three months was ample time for the Office Boy either to found a new Empire in Africa, or to get comfortably drowned on his way out there.

THE Bishop of MONACO—no, we mean GIBRALTAR—objects to his English co-religionists "serving tables." This is rather unprimitive, isn't it?

MISTAKEN IMPRESSIONS.



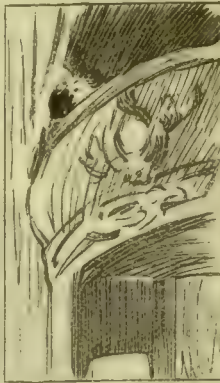
No. 58.—Impression in a Jockeylar Vein.



No. 56.—Depression.



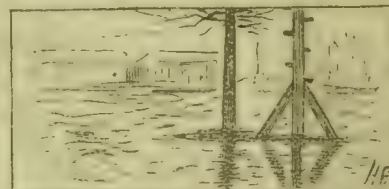
No. 14.—The Limpressionist, or a Plea for the Channel Tunnel.



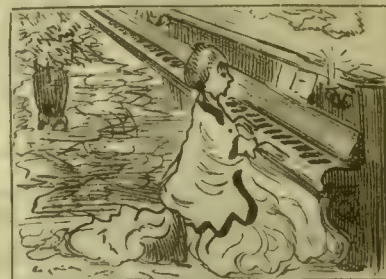
No. 61.—“If you're waking, call me early,” or the Bed Impressionist.



No. 59.—Fly-paper Impressions.



No. 45.—Pegwell Bay Impression.



No. 13.—Giving a Valse Impression.



No. 46.—Nihilists Trapped, or Imp-russianists in Prison.

I THINK I may fairly say that the generally-mistaken “Impressionists” have come to the right place at last. They ought to leave an indelible mark on New Bond Street—at least, for the rest of the season. I had been induced to look in at their Collection by an artistic friend who advised me to go and see it, because he was told it was “horrid funny.” So I looked in. I had been posted up in the principles of the School. “The idea is, the first impression the picture produces on you, you know. They don’t care how they get the effect as long as they get it,” I heard somebody say, as I was creeping along a narrow passage that gave me my first impression—that of having my head in the way in a rifle-gallery. Still, I was quite prepared to be further “impressed” when I got into the room. And I was. I was impressed by the impressive manner of the self-contained attendant, a melancholy young man, who seemed so anxious that the pictures should produce a favourable impression on intending purchasers, or, indeed, on anybody, that he moved about quite sadly, evidently much pained by the unsuppressed jeers they somehow provoked. Then I took a hurried look round, and received another impression. It was that I had wasted a shilling.

At first I thought I had got into the “Children’s” Gallery by mistake, and that they had been getting up a little Exhibition of their own for my amusement. However, I turned to the Catalogue to see what it was all about, and found I had really got among the Impressionists, and that it was all right, and that “the connoisseur would recognise in the wonderful effects of light, the complete command of colour, and the faculty of delineating the more fleeting aspects to which landscape and the human figure are susceptible, a very interesting and distinctive factor in the Art-work of modern times.”

Certainly, some of the effects of light were most wonderful. I never saw anything like them before—anywhere. And as to the “complete command of colour,” several of the Artists seem, unquestionably, to have had an unlimited run on “Reckitt’s Blue.” The “Art-work of modern times,” however, afforded me one pleasing impression—I noticed that there was not much of it.

But as everybody ought to see what there is, here are a few rough “impressions,” illustrated above by our extremely impressionable Artist, and jotted down “hot”—just as they were received—that will help out a reference to the Catalogue:—

No. 13. “*Femme au Piano*.” RENOIR. “Cottage” landscape. Distant view of flats. Woman playing a *Trip-to-the-Moonlight Sonata*.

No. 14. Another “*Femme*,” this time “*dans un jardin*.” Might be called “Folkestone to Boulogne.” Impression produced. She has got

the Artist to sketch the whole of her in three colours, because she has, very unwisely, eaten all the rest of his box—paints, palette, and all, before he began.

No. 45. “*Le Bac de L’Isle de La Loge*.” SISLEY. First impression produced. “If this is the back, perhaps it’s a trifle better in front.” Second impression. “Arrangement for drying clothes. Artist determined to be hung on his own line?” Precisely.

No. 46. “*Thirteen Bars’ Rest*,” or, “*Victims inside a Cage at Feeding-time*?” or what? Can’t make it out. Sole impression produced (by style of dress)—that it has been on the Artist’s hands about three-and-twenty years. Yet M. MANET only asks £400 for it! Won’t go off. *Manet*. Too bad of it, a great deal!

No. 56. “*Chapeaux*.” DEGAS. No mistake here. Impression, this time, clearly on the Hats—that have been sat upon. Poetry of the idea evident. Felt as soon as seen. Might have had a quotation in *Degas Metre*?

No. 58. “*French Polo*.” M. DEGAS. (A regular illumination of gas on this wall)—calls it “*Le Départ Jockey’s*.” Why? Because he has taken more than half a horse off his canvas? Why didn’t he content himself with cutting it off at the Mane?

No. 59. “*Femmes Appuyées sur une Rampe*.” Further supply of DEGAS! Better though if this DEGAS had been turned out. More like a symphony of backs. Or are they moths? Melancholy colouring. Only three of them.

No. 61. “*Femme dans une Loge*.” Final flare-up of DEGAS. But not much light here—should be called, “*Before Seven; or, an Order for One to the Upper Boxes*.”

With No. 65 the Catalogue ends, but if the “Connoisseur” is anxious to be still further impressed, and also a little puzzled, he can push on into a dark room at the back, and be requested to put his name down for an Artist’s proof of Mr. J. FORBES ROBERTSON’S Picture of the Church Scene in *Much Ado About Nothing*, “painted,” as the Catalogue informs him, “expressly for HENRY IRVING, Esq.” The point of this interesting work appears to be the subtle and ingenious art with which the identity of everybody concerned has been carefully concealed. No room for jealousy. Even the legs of all the Gentlemen are much alike. Why not call it either “*Who’s Who?*”—or “*A Prize Puzzle—Find the Manager*”?

’ARRY’S LATEST CONUNDRUM.—Why is a title-page like Charity?
—Becos it always begins a tome. (Begins at ‘ome, don’tcher see!)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 23.—Affirmation Bill on to-night for Second Reading. Everything dreadfully dull.

"Nothing like the old times, TOBY," Captain GOSSET said, mournfully regarding BRADLAUGH as he sat under the Gallery. "Once used to come up like a man, and have it out on the floor of the House, regardless of his stylographic pen. Now sits there like an ordinary Member, and I've got no work to do. Fancy I rather cowed him last time. Gave him enough for the duration of this Parliament. If I'd thought of it, would have dissembled a bit."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL made nice *Nisi Prius* speech. Sir R. CROSS chirruped round the question more than ever like a Magisterial sparrow. But couldn't get up excitement. Once, indeed, House burst into a roar of laughter when Grand CROSS caught another smile. It was the ATTORNEY-GENERAL who was this time detected. G. C. was reading a long extract from paper. Right Hon. Gentlemen on the Treasury Bench relapsed from the condition of ostentatious good behaviour preserved when he fixes a small but glittering eye upon them. But old schoolmaster instincts not to be overcome. Lulled them into security for a few moments; then suddenly looked up, and caught Sir HENRY JAMES "*flagrante de smilo*," as Mr. BARRAN, who knows a little Latin, says.

"The ATTORNEY-GENERAL smiles!" Sir R. CROSS cried in severe warning tones; whereupon the House went off into fit of laughter that lasted for several seconds, Sir RICHARD angrily regarding Members, and wondering what he had said to amuse them.

Business done.—Second Reading Affirmation Bill moved.

Tuesday Night.—Mr. WIGGIN down early to-day, moving busily about House and Lobby.

"Look out for a storm, TOBY, my boy," said Mr. PULESTON. "WIGGIN's Last was not a great success. But he's not likely to make another mistake."

Storm sure enough. Question of the Blowholes on, and the House trembling with excitement. Dramatic meteorological effect arranged by the Wary WIGGIN. Wind turned on at the East blows down Embankment sending fumes into Palace Yard. Smells as if it were washing day in the City. Members hastily cross yard with handkerchief to nose, determined to vote early and vote often against Blowholes. Funny part of business is, that the Waggish WIGGIN turns out to have been engaged on other side. Speaks in favour of decision of Committee.

"What is the meaning of this?" Sir EDWARD WATKIN says, coming up with evident intention to give the Member for East Stafford a Wiggins. "What do you mean by turning on the storm so as it blows the smell right into the House. You've spoiled the whole case—ruined us."

"Very sorry," says the Worried WIGGIN. "Not my fault. As the Poet says—

I did think at least,
With the wind in the East,
The smell would not travel due West.

Nothing can be clearer than that; can it, Sir EDWARD? But there's no accounting for storms and winds, and I mean to go out of the business."

ARTHUR BALFOUR, who was on the Committee which sanctioned the Blowholes, very wrath at demonstration against them. Speaks scornfully of taste in the City, and heaps words of contumely on the Metropolitan Board of Works as represented by Sir JAMES HOGG.

Sir GEORGE ELLIOT, caressing his waistcoat with open palms as if he were cautiously searching for a pin, takes House into his confidence. Sir GEORGE so exceedingly confidential that there is great difficulty in hearing him at a distance of ten feet. Members near through round to catch his words. Right Honourable Gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench crane their necks. Excited Members out of hearing angrily cry, "Speak up!" But Sir GEORGE, still gently rubbing his waistcoat, with look of profound wisdom on his shining countenance, goes on in confidential whisper. Creep close up, and find Sir GEORGE relating how when Blowholes first projected he "told 'em they wouldn't do." Should put up "a tall chimbley," somewhere,—"an unobtrusive chimbley," Sir GEORGE adds, in lower whisper, and with a confidential nod to the SPEAKER. "A chimbley as tall as the Shot-tower, that would have made a draught and taken all the smell away." House doesn't seem to be enchanted with the chimbley idea. It is, moreover, plainly too late to build it this afternoon, so go to a Division, and the Blowholes clean blown out by a majority of 200 against 110.

Wednesday.—Fresh claimant for Leadership of Conservative Party turned up from an unexpected quarter. HENRY RICHARD brings in New Burial Bill. Grand CROSS, having considered it and heard HARCOURT on behalf of Plaintiff, gives judgment for Second Reading. Mr. SALT put up to announce this. Faithful Con-

servatives accept instruction. Bill about to pass when BERRSFORD HORP appears on scene, and moves rejection of the Bill.

At first sign of revolt, the Party leaves Grand CROSS, to whom Parliamentary life is growing increasingly puzzling. Did not the Party, only the other day, impatiently howl him down when he proposed to make a prosy patronising speech on Explosives Bill? Time was when all his thoughts were considered wise, and all his words beautiful. Getting a little frightened at turn events are taking. Wishes he hadn't interfered. Fortunately did not make a speech. Only put up SALT. Rises now; says Bill might pass Second Reading only for the 7th Clause. But, with the 7th Clause, wild horses shall not tear from him consent.

Implacable and inconvenient Lord RANDOLPH wants to know whether 7th Clause has been added within last twenty minutes? Wasn't it in the Bill when SALT, on part of Front Opposition Bench, assented to Second Reading?

Fine opportunity this for RANDOLPH, and he makes most of it, chaffing two Front Benches, making Sir RICHARD very Cross indeed, and quaintly commenting upon various absences. Maddens Grandiose Old Man, terrifies OSBORNE MORGAN, amuses the House, and has a high old time. Having pursued the joke for a quarter of an hour, gave time to GORST to see it, and presently "Old Six-and-Eight-penny," as JOSEPH GILLIS, with characteristic levity, calls the learned Member for Chatham, rises and goes through it all over again, with a "Where's this Member?" and "Where's that Minister?"

"Where are the Law Officers of the Crown? Can you produce a Law Officer of the Crown?" he says to HARCOURT, as if the HOME-SECRETARY were in the habit of keeping an assortment in his waistcoat-pocket.

Business done.—Cemetery Bill talked out, in spite of support of Front Opposition Bench. RANDOLPH showed once more who is the real Conservative Leader.

Thursday Night.—House crowded from floor to ceiling. GLADSTONE expected to speak on Affirmation Bill. General impulse when anyone else announced to speak on subject to get away as quickly as possible and remain away as long as convenient. Everyone sick to death of it. Only interesting portion of Debate at any time was that in which Sergeant-at-Arms took part. Cut out of the play now, and leaves it wearisome beyond description. Supposed to be Debate on question of Abolishing Parliamentary Oath. Really, Debate on BRADLAUGH.

"Like the Forest of Arden, in *Orlando's* time, had 'Rosalind' carved on every tree, so," says ARTHUR BALFOUR, "we've 'Bradlaugh' staring us in the face at every turn of the debate."

Still believed Grand Old Man equal to infusing the debate with fresh life and vigour. So he does.

"Magnificent!" Mr. GIBSON says, as the Old Man Eloquent sits down after a spin of an hour and a half. "Magnificent, but not votes. Every man has made up his mind how he'll vote. Might as well have divided on Monday."

"Then why didn't you?" I asked.

"Ah! go away, now, TOBY," said GIBSON, in his mellifluous tones. "You're too young and too innocent altogether for this place. This is your first Parliament. I daresay you'll improve, if you live long enough. How're things down in Berks now? Got a Caucus your way?"

When the Grand Old Man sat down there was a pause. No one seemed quite to like to suggest comparisons by immediately following him. Presently pair of arms seen waving from below the Gangway on Conservative side, and a familiar voice heard.

"It's STANLEY LEIGHTON," murmured STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, feeling for his hat behind Lord JOHN MANNERS' legs. "Truly there's only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous;" and Sir STAFFORD, falling in with the stream of Members pouring out, left "The Man from Shropshire" gesticulating and bawling as if he'd discovered some fresh evidence about his property in Chancery, and believed the time had come when the LORD CHANCELLOR should hear him. *Business done.*—Customs and Inland Revenue Bill read a Second Time.

Friday.—Another open question closed to-night. Local Option Resolution adopted by Government and carried by large majority. Grand Old Man advanced by three courses. First (three years ago), voted against Resolution; Secondly, abstained from voting; Lastly, voted for it. Grand CROSS wild and a little incoherent. Wants to read to House a few columns of PREMIER's speech on the subject. House politely but firmly declines.

"Everything an open question now," said STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, with unwonted bitterness. "They'll leave us nothing to yield upon when we come in."

"GREAT fuss being made about this Prince CRACKPOTKIN," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. She had heard one of her Nephews on the Stock Exchange singing "*The Crackpot in the City*," and thought that this had something to do with it.



HOW FRIENDSHIPS ARE KEPT WARM!

Mrs. Jones. "OH, I'VE LEFT OUT THE BROWNS! MUST WE INVITE THEM?"

Jones. "HANG IT ALL, IT'S A BEASTLY BORE, BUT I SUPPOSE WE MUST!"

Mrs. Brown. "AN INVITATION FROM THE JONESES, LOVE! MUST WE ACCEPT?"

Brown. "CONFOUND IT! IT'S A GHASTLY NUISANCE—BUT I SUPPOSE WE MUST!"

"DOUBTFUL."

Chief of Council loquiter—

HUMPH! Exactly! Quite so!
Splendid composition!
Colour good, fine light! So!
But our Exhibition
Is so crowded really,
That so large a picture,
Treated so ideally—
Not that *that* means stricture—
Fogs us to find room for it;
Won't reject it wholly,
That were sorry doom for it.
Very melancholy
Is our present duty;
We its strength admiring,
Conscious of its beauty.
Ah! our task is tiring.
Space so straitly bounded,
Canvasses so many,
Getting quite confounded!
Every daubing zany
Anxious for a place.
WILFRID'S water-colour—
Harshness *plus* grimace—
Fills our souls with dolor.
STANSFELD too. Ah me!
Not the great Sea-scaper!
C. D. painter, he,
Praised in shrieking paper.

BRADL—grr! Avaunt!
His coarse brush—confound it!
Hideously doth haunt
All our councils; round it
Earthquake and eclipse
Ever seem to hover.
Duffers' farthing dips
So much wall-space cover
Which to Light and Sweetness
We would see assigned,
Vigour, taste, completeness
Crowded out we find.
It is this constricture—
Trust us nothing less would—
Makes us "shelve" this picture.
'Tis what "G. A. S." would,
In his lofty diction,
Call "most magisterial,"
'Tis no fudge, no fiction.
We are very weary, all.
We'd not write "*Hic jacet*"
An Art-work so fine on.
If we can we'll place it,
Yes, Sir, and the Line on!
'Twere a task most pleasant.
But, as we're about full,
It must, *for the present*,
Stand aside as "Doubtful."

RATHER IRREGULAR.

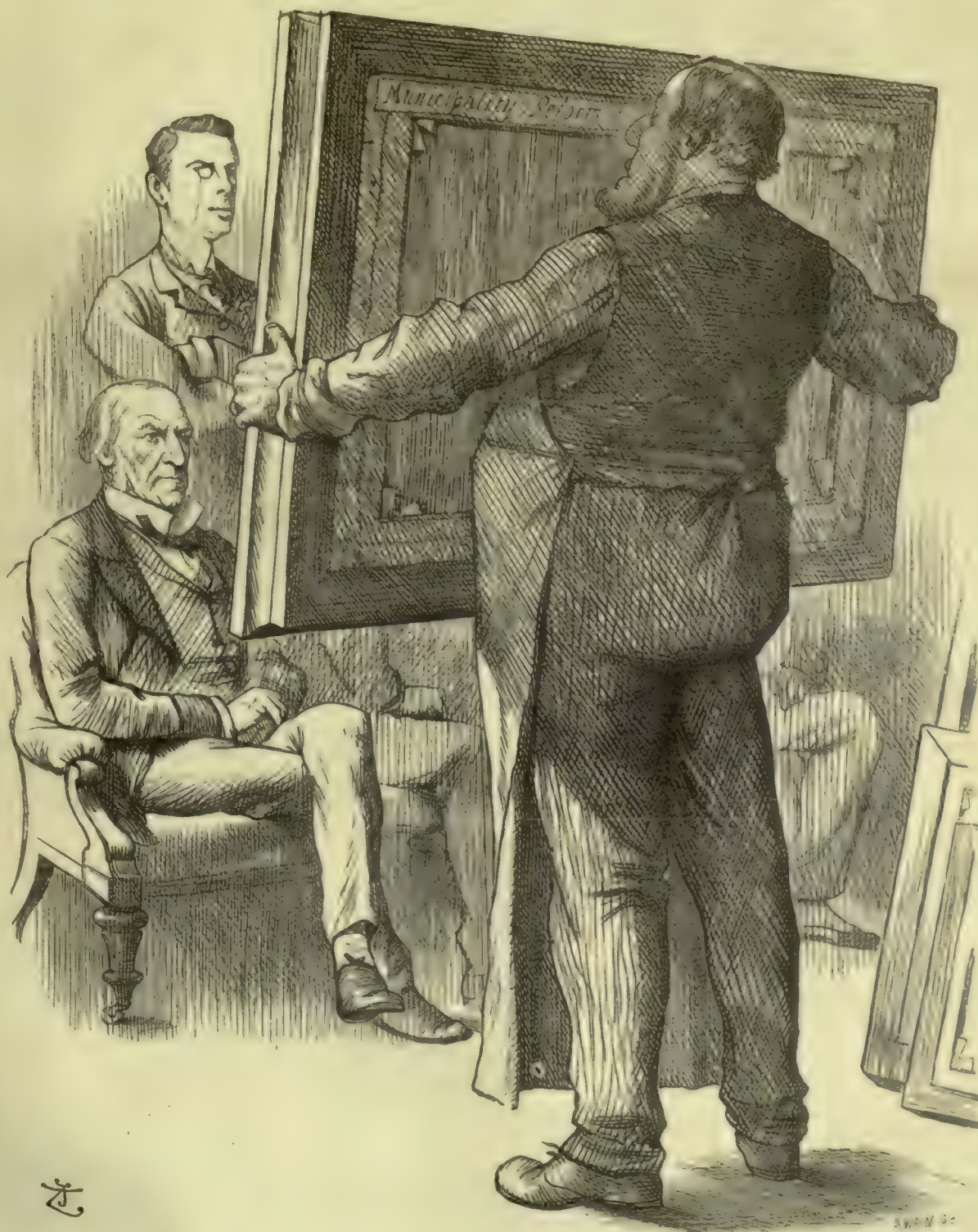
WITHOUT our *Morning Postal* "Arrangements for To-day" regularly every morning, we should be nowhere—not in it—or, to put it poetically, we should be all abroad—"anywhere, anywhere out of the world," and, certainly, not at home all day. But, apologising to the Editor in the most Lord-Chief-Justice style, we would humbly suggest, that for the sake of the fashionable but unintelligent foreigner who is not *au courant* with our times and seasons, the "arrangements" might be set in chronological order. Thus, why should the Catalogue be as we give it below, observing the order, but slightly altering the names:—

ARRANGEMENTS FOR TO-DAY.

Mrs. Bunnion's First Dance.
Races—Claremarket Spring; Currah.
Chuckingham Club—Collars and final ties, April Foolscap last day.
Scientific Societies, &c.—Royal Constitution, 2; Royal Society, Café Royal, Regent Street, 3; Mashers' Lecture, 6.
May Meetings or May not—Buddhist and Bloomsbury Missionary Meeting.
Companies' Meetings, Associations, &c.—Jo-Millerites Meeting at Asylum for Idiots, Earlewood, for discussing "Shall India have a comic song; or, who's going to hinder yer?"

The details are unimportant. But why commence the day with a dance? Of course, to a great many Belgians the first thing to be thought of when they wake in the morning is, where are we going to-night? But the Foreigner above-mentioned would form, from these published arrangements, a curious idea of our English customs. He would write, "They begin the day with a dance, which, being regularly *affiché* in the papers, is, of course, open to all persons. So far more truly Republican are they here, under a Monarchy, than we in Paris under a Republic. Then after the dance they go to Races. Then back to town to see Athletic Sports, and in the afternoon they tranquillise themselves with some Science, some Church meetings, &c., &c. Such is life in London, without mentioning the theatres and public-houses." *Mrs. BUNNION*—who certainly deserves her "first dance"—poor thing!—might have it down for the usual time at night instead of making it the commencement of the Arrangements for the Day.

THE Blue Ribbon Army must, of course, be in favour of the Abolition of Capital Punishment (or Encouragement of Crime) Bill, as they probably consider that an Execution is a drop too much.



“DOUBTFUL.”

PRESIDENT OF COUNCIL. “‘MUNICIPALITY REFORM.’ AH!—GOOD SUBJECT! YES—WE’LL PLACE IT—IF WE CAN FIND ROOM FOR IT!!!”

A VERY PRIVATE VIEW OF THE GROSVENOR.

(By Ollendorff Junior.)

HAVE you seen the Pictures? I have not seen the Pictures. I have not seen the Pictures, but I have seen the People. I shall lunch. Shall you lunch? I will lunch with you (at your expense). Thank you! (*merci!*) Has the *Æsthete* cut his hair? The Hair-dresser has cut the *Æsthete's* hair (i. e., the hair of the *Æsthete*). I like (*j'aime*) the Picture by (*par*) KEELEY HALSWELLE, but I will not purchase (*acheter*) the Nocturne by WHISTLER (*siffleur*). WHISTLER be blowed! (*siffle!*) KEELEY HALSWELLE's Picture is called (*s'appelle*) "*Royal Windsor*." Is it true (*est-ce vrai que*) the Soap-man (*l'homme aux savons*), PEARLS, has purchased "*Royal Windsor*" for an advertisement (*affiche*)? VAL PRINSEP has painted something like an Artist, but (*mais*) Mr. HOLL has painted somebody who is something like an Artist. What is his name? His name is (*il s'appelle*) JOHN TENNIEL. It is very hot. It is crowded. When it is crowded it is hot. How many people are there here? I do not know: I will count them. I should like some lunch. You can lunch at the Restaurant below. Will you lunch there also (*aussi*)? With pleasure, if you will pay for both of us (*tous les deux*). I have a hat, a stick, an umbrella, a catalogue, a ticket of admission, and an appetite, but I have no money. I am afraid (*je crains*) that no one will give me luncheon. I will (*je vais*) go down (*descendre*) into the Restaurant.

Waiter! (*garçon*) have you some bread, some outlets, some beef, some preserved strawberry jam-tart (*confiture aux fraises*), and some good wine (*du bon vin*)? Yes, Sir; here they are (*voilà*). Ah! my dear friend (*mon cher ami*), sit opposite (*vis-à-vis*) me. Call the Waiter, and tell him we lunch together (*ensemble*).

The wine is good, the bread is excellent, the beef is appetising. Excuse me one moment (*un moment*) I see Madame X—going up (*monter*) to the Gallery. I must (*il faut*) speak to her. She has asked me to show (*indiquer*) her Mrs. JOPPING's pictures and Miss MONTALBA's (*ceux de Mlle. MONTALBA*). You are coming back (*de retour*), are you not (*n'est-ce pas*)? Yes; I shall come back.

Waiter! the Gentleman who was with me will come back and pay for his own share. No, Sir (*Non, Monsieur*), you must pay for the two. It is too bad; I will speak to (*m'adresser*) Mr. COMYNS CARE, or to Sir COUTTS. All that is nothing to me (*tout ça ne me regarde pas*); you have (*il faut absolument*) to pay for two soups, two fish, two beefs, two vegetables (*legumes*), one bottle of the best (*le meilleur*) wine, two breads, two butters.

There is the money. I am angry. I will not give anything (*ne-rien*) to the waiter. The pictures are in the Gallery above, but his friend is no longer to be seen (*visible*). Where is that gentleman (*ce monsieur*)? He is gone (*il est parti*). Did he say when he would return? No; he did not say when he would return. He has taken my overcoat (*par-dessus*), my catalogue, and my new umbrella (*paraphasie*). I will hasten (*me presser*) to seek (*chercher*) him. Another day I will look at the pictures.

LAW VERSUS HONEY.

How to make Things pleasant to the Defendant.

PLACE—The High Court of Justice. TIME—The Present Day.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, after an exhaustive history of caricature in all its branches, from the time of the Flood up to the Nineteenth Century, then addressed himself to the subject-matter of the case. He said—Mr. LEGG I am sure will forgive me if I misrepresent him, but I certainly understood him to observe, "Some of my work is admirably artistic, but the remainder is certainly crude, not to say coarse." This he has put forth in an extremely able manner, and what he says is well worthy of your attention. He adds, with much cleverness, that some of the caricaturists of the past century were equally severe and coarse. Now, I am sure he will forgive me if I say that I should not have made any difference between these caricaturists of the past century and himself. Had those caricaturists been brought before me (as I am heartily glad they were not) I should have sentenced them (I ask Mr. LEGG's pardon) as I may have to sentence him. Mr. LEGG says that many people pay a very large price for caricatures. I do not doubt it, and I cannot sufficiently compliment Mr. LEGG upon the great research he has shown in collecting the facts he has so exhaustively and clearly set before you. But I can only say that the Artists of these works will find that I will punish them, although the first to admit their talent and wit. Mr. LEGG must forgive me if I say that in the event of a verdict being found against him, he will find me the reverse of lenient. It will pain me excessively to have to cause inconvenience to Mr. LEGG, who is an admirable scholar and a most accomplished linguist, but business is business, and a misdemeanor (Mr. LEGG will pardon me) can only be atoned for by fine and imprisonment. Still, Mr. LEGG's arguments are deserving of every consideration,

and I assure him that should he, unfortunately, be compelled to retire for awhile into seclusion, that he should be able to add to their force by mature and astute and uninterrupted reconsideration. But Mr. LEGG must forgive me for saying that it is not an argument in his favour to urge that other caricaturists have escaped punishment. Supposing that a Duke were to steal a mantelpiece (Mr. LEGG will excuse the analogy), it will be no argument in the burglarious Duke's favour to declare that other Peers of equal rank have escaped discovery, and consequent punishment. In conclusion, the matter must be left to the Jury. They would decide wisely. The issue was a simple one. Mr. LEGG would either be permitted to continue his truly admirable work in peace and comfort, or he would be forced (Mr. LEGG would forgive him the suggestion) to spend all his leisure for many weeks in the cell of a prison.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, after bowing for several minutes to the Prisoner in the most courteous and respectful manner, then dismissed the Jury to consider their verdict.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE Water-cure in Pall-Mall seems to be as popular and successful as heretofore. The bright, vigorous, healthy character of the productions of the inmates of this establishment is steadfastly maintained. Sir WILFRID LAWSON should certainly be elected an honorary Member, seeing the brilliant and extraordinary effects that water seems to be capable of producing. Sir JOHN GILBERT is as versatile and Rubenesque as ever, Mr. T. J. WATSON has some truthful landscapes, Mr. H. M. MARSHALL some wonderful transcripts of life in our London streets, "Our" Mr. DU MAURIER a piquante picture of Society, and Mr. BIRKETT FOSTER some pleasant country scenes. There is a charming drawing by Mr. JOHN RUSKIN, truthful studies by Mr. G. P. BOYCE, and delicately rendered figure-subjects by Mr. E. K. JOHNSON. There are also contributions by Mrs. ALLINGHAM and Mr. HOLMAN HUNT, with drawings by Messrs. S. P. JACKSON, E. BUCHANAN, A. P. NEWTON, H. S. MARKS, E. J. POYNTER, A. W. HUNT, CARL HAAG, A. D. FRIPP, and others which call for especial attention. A capital collection in all of over three hundred pictures. So successful is this hydropathic establishment, that its Members might well sing an adaptation of an old Temperance Song, "O, water for me! Bright water for me! Give oil to the tremulous debauches!"

On a Certain Debate.

TORNADOES of rancorous nothingness showered,
'Midst which a great name—ah! irreverence—tosses!
Debate at St. Stephen's seems hopelessly lowered
To a game of "Noughts" and (Sir RICHARD) CROSSES!

SIR JOHN BENNETT lost his watch last week. He says that in future, for the benefit of those who would "take away the means by which he lives," he will keep a better watch over his pocket, and a worse one inside it. "J. B. is sly, Sir, devilish sly"—but the prisgs got the better of him. Why, they'll be taking the *Clockmaker's Hat* next!

"CONVERSION OF RENTES."—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM has seen this heading every day for a fortnight past in all the papers. She wants to know who "Rentes" is, and to what, and from what, he is converted? Was the conversion effected by a Church Missionary Society, or is it a Salvation Army affair?

T'OTHER AND WHICH.

DID "Local Option" find *unfeigned* voice,
'Twould prove another name for "Hobson's Choice."

THE AFFIRMATION PRINCIPLES.—A Constable, ordered to search the cellars of the Houses of Parliament for explosive material, on being presented with a safety-lamp, refused to carry it, saying that he had a conscientious objection to taking his Davy—or anybody else's.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM's New Cookery Book is progressing. She says the best French soup in ordinary use is "a good *brouillon*."

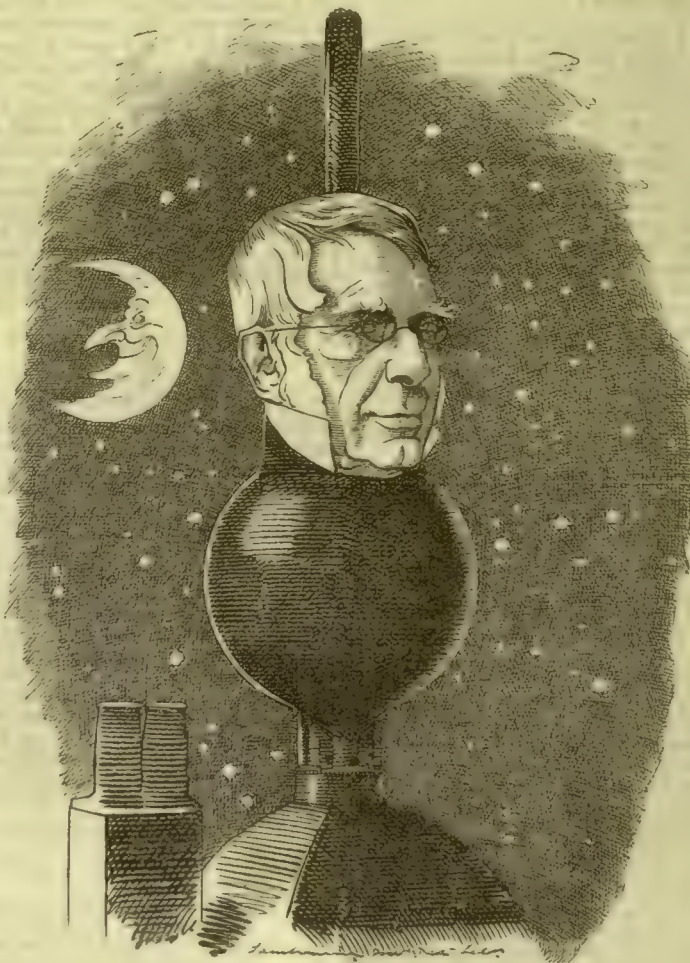
"ROUGH" PLACES.—Our Parks and pleasure-grounds—as at present managed.

FLORA'S PROTEST.

O DAYS of party-heat, Art-fads, gush, triplets,
All hollow artifice in heart and Art,
Pray leave my primroses, may-buds, and violets
To play their unsophisticated part.
As Nature's commoners, catholic of blessing,
Not badges of mere party, clique, or cult.
To pose my flowers as partisans, professing
Allegiance, save to me, is to insult
Impartial Beauty, freest of all dowers.
Æsthetic Noodledom has played its tricks
With lilies and the golden-rayed sunflowers,
Now Noodledom political would fix
Upon my blossom-world its foolish fingers,
Make *Perdita's* catalogue a party-list.
But whilst some love of Flora with you lingers,
Let gentle heart and fancy warm resist
The cold intrusion. Word-world is your own,
For badge and battle; leave my flowers alone!

"THE Origin of Figures" has hitherto been hidden in impenetrable obscurity, though the secret is known in many cases to Ladies'-maids and Corset-makers. The other day, however, it was stated that "The Mother of Number One" had been found and interviewed. Here is evidently the long-sought elucidation. The Lady in question must be of a very advanced age.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 134.



SIR GEORGE B. AIRY, K.C.B., F.R.S.,

THE ASTRONOMER-ROYAL WHO DESERVED THE GRATITUDE OF HIS COUNTRY FOR HAVING "CORRECTED THE ATMOSPHERIC CHROMATIC DISPERSION."

"TWO TO ONE ON THE FIELD!"

WE wish more cases were ended as Mr. Justice FIELD polished off one Mr. HIND, in an appeal case, *Hind v. Brand*, a trouble of some ten years' standing. Mr. HIND commenced with an unfortunate remark, for which he was justly rebuked by the Judge, and then the case went along rapidly until—

"Mr. Justice FIELD said no cause for action was shown, and if, notwithstanding that statement, the plaintiff continued to waste the public time, he should exercise the power vested in him, and cause his removal from the court."

"Mr. HIND said he had not been heard, but he would submit to the application being dismissed without costs, and he could go to the Court of Appeal."

"Mr. Justice FIELD—We shall dismiss it with costs, and you can go where you like."

"Appeal dismissed, with costs."

Isn't that magnificent? "I shall go to the Court of Appeal," cries Mr. HIND. "You can go—" replies Mr. Justice FIELD, "where you like." Which suggests rather a court below than one of the courts above. But, anyhow, exit Mr. HIND, and a saving of public time is effected.

Song of the Youthful Rideist.

TIT tat toe,
My first go
With the Equestrians
All in "the Row."
Canter up,
Canter down,
That's the way we ride in town.

HALF-SEAS UNDER.

(Impression created by reading the Evidence given before the Channel Tunnel Committee.)

THAT the project is the one thing that can save England from invasion, starvation, and ruin.

That it is an idea that will, if carried out, destroy the British Empire.

That it will be a great financial success, having about eight hundred trains a day, with some couple of dozen million passengers.

That it will entail bankruptcy upon all who touch it, and will have not more than two trains *per diem*, with about twenty passengers.

That it will cost three millions. That it will also cost twenty-eight millions. That it will also cost nothing.

That it can be constructed in two months. That it will take twenty years in excavation. That with vigour it ought to be finished in a fortnight.

That it should belong to Sir E. WATKIN. That it should be bought by the Government. That it should be open to everybody. That nobody should use it.

That it could be easily defended by a fort built by Sir E. WATKIN, whose knowledge of Military Engineering would thus be put to the test for the first time. A Sergeant's guard would be an ample garrison for this earthwork.

That it would take the whole of the Fleet and the entire Army, Militia, and Volunteers to man a series of absolutely necessary fortifications for its defence, which would extend from Folkestone to Windsor.

That commerce would increase a hundredfold, as goods from the Continent would be brought at a third of the price to England from abroad.

That no goods could be sent by the submarine route, as the expense would be too great for such a means of transport. In fact, it would be cheaper to send a package two thousand miles by sea than one hundred yards by rail.

That all the world would go by it to escape the sea-passage.

That nobody would give up the steamers, preferring them to the dangers of a tunnel.

That the scheme is a triumph of civilisation, and should be carried out immediately.

That the plan is as pernicious as it is idiotic, and should be knocked on the head once and for ever.

J. S. FORBES TO HIS "ÆSTHETIC BLOWHOLES."

"Blow, blow, thou sulphuretted wind!
Thou art not more pestiferous
Than Parliamentary ingratitude."

PULMONARY OBSTRUCTION.—Result of excessive Railway Extension and consequent inroad of Speculative Builder on Suburban Open Spaces, producing deposit of bricks-and-mortar, and congestion of the Lungs of London.

"THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE."—Awarded by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE (as a N-w-d-g-te Prize):—A Fool's Cap.



A BAD FIVE MINUTES.

AWKWARD POSITION OF AN EQUESTRIAN AT MID-DAY MAKING FOR THE MARBLE ARCH, WHEN THE POLICE HAVE TEMPORARILY DISAPPEARED, THE WOOD PAVEMENT BEEN RECENTLY WATERED, AND EVERYBODY IS IN A HURRY GENERALLY.

A NEW THEATRICAL REGULATION BILL.

If the Earl of ONSLOW wants to bring in a really useful Bill for regulating Theatrical matters, we beg to present him with a few suggestions:—

That it shall be made an offence at Common Law, or indictable for any person to continue practice as a Theatrical Amateur in any line after he or she *shall have passed the age of twenty-five*, without a special licence having been previously obtained from a Committee constituted, according to the terms of the present Act, of Dramatic Authors, Professional Actors, and one Common-Law Judge.

That the cost of obtaining such an aforesaid special licence shall be not less than £50 and not more than £300, according to the condition of the applicant, which sums shall go to such charitable purposes as the Committee may appoint.

That all Amateurs professing to play for any Charity shall only be permitted to do so on payment of ten guineas to the Treasurer of such Charity.

That the Dramatic Authors, or Authors and Composers whose pieces are represented by Amateurs shall be compelled by Law to demand exactly three times the amount of their ordinary fees for each representation, whether such representation be for charity or for no specified object.

That no licence be granted to any Lady Amateur over forty, nor to any Gentleman Amateur over forty-five.

That no licence be granted for more than a year.

That all such licences expire finally, for Ladies, at the age of forty, and for Gentlemen at forty-five.

And any Lady or Gentleman, over the above-mentioned ages, playing in any performance whatever, except as a properly engaged and salaried member of a regular Professional Company, shall be fined for the first offence £50, for the second £100, and for the third imprisonment for not more than two years.

That any Professional Actor bringing out a novice to play *Juliet*, or any leading part in any piece whatever, shall be fined £100 for the first offence, shall be imprisoned for the second, and banished the country for the third.

That any Amateur, Lady or Gentleman, whether acting under advice, as a pupil, or otherwise playing any leading part in any piece whatever at an evening performance, or at a *Matinée*, shall be indicted by the Director of Public Prosecutions for the murder of such Stage-character, and shall be proceeded against as the Act directs.

That designs for new Theatres be forthwith laid before a Council of Professional men, including the principal Metropolitan and Provincial Managers (but no architects or builders) under the presidency of Captain SHAW.

That all existing Theatres be gradually pulled down and rebuilt on the places agreed to by the Council above-named.

That every Theatre having existed under one and the same Management for over three years shall be taken to possess a *répertoire* of its own, from which it shall select two pieces to alternate with the nights of any new production, so that there shall be a variety of performances every week, the new piece being played for four nights and one *Matinée*, and the old pieces for two nights. This will keep the Actors in good working order, will induce a number of people to revisit the Theatre, and generally advance the interests of Dramatic Art.

Dramatic Authors' fees shall be fixed at a certain scale of percentage for all pieces whether new or old, and four tickets for the stalls, and two dress-circle tickets or one box shall be at their disposal on the nights when these pieces are played.

That no Actor or Actress in receipt of a salary at the rate of £1000 per annum shall take a benefit.

That any Actor or Actress introducing any words, phrases, speeches, commonly called "gags," of their own into any piece whatsoever shall, on the case being clearly proved against them before the nearest sitting Magistrate, be fined two weeks' salary for the first offence, four for the second, and so on.

Should the Actor plead that he or she has the Author's permission for such "gag," the permission in question must be in writing, duly witnessed, stamped, and produced in Court.

That anybody proved to be a member of any Church-and-Stage Guild shall be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure in Hanwell, St. Luke's, or Colney Hatch.

"THE SILVER STREAK."

"It seemed to him that if we had no way into or out of the country except by sea, our position was a most dangerous one. We ought not to be content to go on living in this fools' paradise, dependent for everything on the sea."

SIR EDWARD WATKIN'S *Evidence on the Channel Tunnel.*

We have sung very oft Britons ne'er shall be slaves,
And boasted BRITANNIA rules o'er the waves,
But now, if we trust EDWARD WATKIN, it seems
We've all been indulging in dangerous dreams:
That Railway Colossus declares it to be
Quite shocking that England's surrounded by sea.
We had thought we were strong, but he swears we are weak,
And it's all on account of the Sea's Silver Streak.

We had fancied this tight little island of ours
Was better untouched by all neighbouring Powers,
That, as an observer could note at a glance,
The sea made us safer than Spain or than France;
That while on the Continent all flew to arms,
The Ocean preserved us from foreign alarms;
But it's quite a mistake, we are shockingly weak,
And it's all on account of that Sad Silver Streak.

'Tis of course just your game, good Sir EDWARD, we know,
To back up the Tunnel and fight for your Co.;
To vow that we shall be more prosperous far,
When close-linked to France, than as just as we are.
The Sea's not a danger, Sir EDWARD, that's flat,
And England can't swallow such twaddle as that;
'Tis the Tunnel will make us most probably weak,
And there's safety we'll swear in the Sea's Silver Streak!

GRAND OPENING OF THE NEW PICCADILLY WATERWORKS.

(Two First Visits, Thursday and Friday, April 26 and 27.)

OH, didn't I hear of these jolly Young Watermen! and didn't I determine to be in my place and at theirs for the opening ceremony! Rather! The idea haunted me. I had restless nights, and thought at last that I should be prostrated with Water-colour on the brain.

But Thursday morning came at last. An uncertain day—a water-coloury sort of day, which—may the omen be propitious!—turned out remarkably fine. I was determined to be the first on the scene. My cabman, with a watery-coloury eye, but gin-and-watery voice, took advantage of my being deeply immersed in an article on the Impressionists by one of the *Morning Postmen* to drive me to Holborn, because he said he had understood me to say the "New Buildings," which he took to mean the First Avenue Hotel with the scaffolding up, and, on my explaining to him his mistake, he was for driving me to the Aquarium (a nearer approach to the Water-Colours), had I not risked my neck by putting my head out of the window—it was a fourwheeler—and shouting at him the exact direction, which at length brought him up at the entrance to the New Galleries of the Institute in Piccadilly.

Here everything showed me I was among the Painters. They were hard at work, brushes in their hands, and paint-pots by their side, at the doors. A warning with regard to "Wet Paint" was the first thing that caught my eye at the foot of the staircase, and made me at once distrustful and uncomfortable. Whatever it might be up above in the Galleries, below it was "Varnishing Day," and the Painters at work were all "Artists in oil,"—very much in oil. This was an odd beginning,—English work, and Italian oil.

The Galleries had a bright, fresh, and wholesome look, and were well open to the daylight. Pictures with loftiest aims did not appear to me to be "skied," but were all well placed, and the general appearance decidedly attractive. "The Press," at that early hour, was represented by two Gentlemen who were doubtful as to where to place their great-coats and umbrellas, and who apparently experienced some difficulty in keeping clear of the upholstering men engaged in laying down new carpets by the aid of a sort of miniature pitchfork, and a small edition of a Nasmyth hammer, and over whom the Critics, shading their eyes and making lorgnettes with their hands, as they backed to focus their "private views," were perpetually stumbling, and not distinctly apologising. It didn't take long, however, for the Busy Bees to select the flowers where the best honey was to be found, and which would prove most attractive to the general Public, with whom, during the Season, these saloons will be a favourite resort.

Aestheticism is but soantly represented. Here and there some unhealthy group of stiffly-outlined figures may, like JOHN LEECH'S "Gent a-blowin' of his baccy" on the drag, "spile the lot." But this is quite exceptional. Life and health are fully represented; and the visitor is not depressed by sickly tints and unwholesome effeminate beings, first cousins of ghouls, and closely connected with vampires and churchyards, nor by the effeminate creations of a spasmodic,

Colney-Hatchney sentimentality, where all is Mystery, Melancholy, and hopeless Muddle. Brightness, lightness, a pervading healthy tone and truth to Nature, and somehow a feeling of English Home-steadiness, seem to pervade the atmosphere of the New Galleries of the Institute of Waterworks in Piccadilly.

Then came the opening ceremony on Friday night. We were all in the Prince's Hall or Concert Room—a good place for sound, and fitted up with the most perfect taste, except the balcony at the back, which can only be admired by those with whom open jam-tart is a passion,—at the appointed time, and then punctually arrived Their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of WALES, delighted to take part in anything tending to promote the cause of Art, with their distinguished party, whom all rose to receive as Mr. ARTHUR CHAPPELL ushered them to their seats, with musical honours (he hummed the accompaniment to the National Anthem in an undertone), performed by some respectable full-grown cherubs, of a serious turn, packed up aloft,—they were members of the London Vocal Union, and, this ceremony being over, the Harmonists in black and white commenced a melodious invitation to somebody to "Strike the Lyre," which challenge not being accepted by anybody in particular, the Respectable Warblers retired in excellent order, there being clearly no Lyre present to be struck.

Then Mr. FRED COWEN played an accompaniment for Miss SANTLEY, who sang a couple of songs charmingly and unaffectedly. Then Signor PIATTI played on his violoncello a Fantasia on airs from *Sonnambula*, with Mr. COWEN still at the piano, who, however, had quite a little holiday of it when the Signor came to the inevitable variations. A simple tune has no chance with Signor PIATTI; he won't let it alone. He hunts it into corners: he moves up and down stairs over it, dances on it, but up it comes again fresh as ever, in spite of his attempts to crush it. Then he has a game of pursuing his bow with his left hand up and down the instrument, the bow only narrowly escaping being caught each time and getting off with a frightened squeak (like a mouse), when the left hand, evidently very nervous, rushes up to the top of the instrument, scuttling away like a spider from a stinging fly, and doesn't venture down again for at least another twenty seconds or so. Finally the Signor is led off exhausted by Mr. COWEN.

The absence of all water-colour from the programme was remarkable, considering the occasion. We ought to have had "*The Jolly Young Waterman*" in praise of the New Departure, "*The Battle of Trafalgar*," "*Hearts of Oak*" by Mr. SANTLEY, and a fountain or two might have been engaged to play. However, so it wasn't, and on we went.

Madame PATEY then sang SCHUBERT'S "*Ave Maria*," giving a version considerably at variance with the printed words in the programme, so that, after the first four lines, those who were following the book found it better to close it at once, and listen to the singer, which was a real treat. Then came a M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN, who, in consequence of his long hair, and a bulkiness about his waist and coat-tails suggestive of concealed fish-bowls, to be presently produced from under a handkerchief, I at first set down as a Conjuror. He wasn't however, being a Pianist of considerable skill, with an overpowering propensity for getting the most out of every note, and listening in rapt admiration to its dying away in the distance, and then slowly raising his left hand as if pronouncing a blessing on the instrument as he went along, which I am bound to say was by no means so rapidly as some of us would have wished. However, he played himself out at last, didn't do the fish-bowls or the eggs and cannon-ball in somebody's hat, and retired to make way for Signor FOLI, who burst upon us with a *bravura*, in which he asserted that he "was a Roamer"—which though a musical name, is nowadays more associated with a Queen's Counsel than with "four-eight" in a bar.

The Roamer having wandered away, the first part was brought to a conclusion, the Stewards, with red rosettes, disappeared, and presently the Chappell of Ease returned, and begged their Royal Highnesses to ascend to the Galleries, declare the New Building open, see the Pictures, take some refreshment, and enjoy themselves. With which request their Royal Highnesses complied, and then proceeded to inspect the Pictures. So did everybody else. Space will not permit of our giving extracts just now from the Catalogue, which, *à la mode Parisienne*, is illustrated, and is a most useful souvenir of the visit. Sir FREDERICK, P.R.A., kindly looked in just to give a touch of Oil to the Waters, in case they should be troubled.

The opening of the New Piccadilly Waterworks was a brilliant success, on which the Council of Ten, including the President, Mr. LOUIS HAGHE, the indefatigable Secretary, the Curator EVERILL (may he be Always Well!), Mr. LINTON, and the Members who have stook manfully to the work, are to be heartily congratulated.

N.B.—Look in at Nos. 825, 817, 771, 491, 500, 380, 352, 864, and Mr. J. D. LINTON'S 484—"The Admonition; or, a Regular Cuss." The Princess BEATRICE is an Honorary Member, and contributes 838 and 840. Catalogue later on. Admission on Opening Night was by illustrated cards as tickets. These are the Institute's *Water-Cartes de Visite*.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH!

Old Friend (with unnecessary surprise and effusion). "WHAT! SOLD YOUR PICTURE!! NNO!!! You DON'T MEAN TO SAY SO!!!!"

AN AMATEUR PLAY-BILL.

(Turned from "the Conventional" into "the Plain Truth.")

ON such and such a date, to suit the convenience of the Chief Performers, who are usually lazy Clerks in disorganised Government Offices,

A GRAND EXHIBITION OF INCOMPETENCY

will be held, nominally for the Benefit of some obscure Charity, but really

IN GLORIFICATION OF THEIR OWN SELF-CONCEIT, admittedly by a band of "Amateur Actors" (Actors, save the mark!) calling themselves by a high-sounding title, but really

By a Body of Fraudulent Donkeys,

who, by announcing that they can "act" some popular piece, induce the Public to pay their money to come and see them. The performances will commence with

THE BUNGLING OF A FARCE,

in which some brainless idiot, brimming over with mistaken self-confidence will have the

UNBOUNDED IMPUDENCE,

displayed in get-up, business, and other details picked up with the assistance of a professional Coach, of

FREELY IMITATING MR. J. L. TOOLE!!

The Programme will end with a second attempt at damaging the Dramatic Authors' Society, by

MURDERING A MODERN COMEDY.

This dark deed will be accomplished by a number of numskulls of both sexes, with the organs of self-esteem and love of approbation abnormally developed. The whole will conclude (as it has commenced) with a grand display of

VANITY, FRIVOLITY, JEALOUSY, AND ALL SORTS OF UNCHARITABLENESS.

AFTER THE PRIVATE VIEW

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY LAST FRIDAY.

First Lady. Oh, it was delightful! so amusing!

Second Lady. Such a crush! the heat something too awful; but everybody there.

Third Lady. I was in the Academy from eleven till six. We lunched there. Mr. X— pointed out all the celebrities to us.

First Lady. Yes. It was most interesting; and what wonderful costumes!

Second Lady. Weren't they! I saw Miss ELLEN TERRY and Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. HAEE, and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON. But I couldn't see Mr. IRVING. I was told he was there.

Third Lady. I just caught a glimpse of him as he was leaving.

Second Lady. No! did you? I wish I had. I've never seen him off the stage. JENNY pointed out Mr. TOOLE to us.

Fourth Lady. Yes, dear; but I found out afterwards that I had made a mistake. It wasn't TOOLE, it was Sir VERNON HARCOURT; but they're both so much alike.

Second Lady. And then the Artists, you know! Mr. FORKS HOOD was with us most of the time, and he pointed them all out to us. There was Mr. CALDERON, you know, who always paints *Châteaux d'Espagne*, looking anything but a Spaniard with his long curly flaxen hair and youthful face of true Saxon type.

Third Lady. Yes, and Mr. MILLAIS! Why, he looks quite a small boy.

Fourth Lady. But, Mr. STOREY, who was the architect of Story's Gate! He might be, as Mr. HOOD said, a Life-Guardsman.

First Lady. They were all there. We were badly off for lunch, but we made up for it with cake and lemonade.

Second Lady. Ah! there's nothing in the whole Season I like so much as a Private View Day at the Royal Academy.

Enter Gentleman.

Gentleman. Royal Academy! So, you've been to the Show. What did you think of the Pictures?

All (surprised). The Pictures! Oh, we hadn't time to see any Pictures.

(Curtain.)

DRAMATIC NOTES.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS has revived his *Youth*, which will now have its fling for some considerable time. We shall have a word or two to say later on about the new Battle Scene, which occurs—as battles will occasionally—in the middle of what still promises to be a lasting piece.



An Artful Card.

At Toole's Theatre, Mr. J. L. TOOLE tells a wonderful story—an 'orrible tale—about his being set upon by ruffians with gleaming teeth, wild eyes, and fearful weapons, on his way home one night—when his wife didn't know he was out—in Piccadilly. A Sly Dog was there to corroborate the tale; but the little dog laughed to see such fun, and Mr. J. L. TOOLE went off with the trombone.

The Merry Duchess, by Messrs. SIMS and CLAY, has, it seems—or it Sims—made a hit at the Royalty. All about this in our next after next. As to the tunes, somebody said that "the music of CLAY is werry putty."

Fedora, at the Haymarket last Saturday, was a success for the Management. Mrs. SARAH BERNHARDT-BLENE astonished everyone by her cleverly-managed line-upon-line tracing of the original portrait. Mr. COGHLAN, being unable to make a servile copy of PIERRE BERTON's *Loris*,—and Art forbid he should ever dream of trying it,—could only mechanically obey stage-directions and move with the other principal figure. Full notice deferred.

THE QUEEN's prohibition "as to lamb" having been removed, the following will be the new Royal motto—"Revenons à nos Moutons."



ROYAL ACADEMY MAY-POLE DANCE.

MUSICAL NOTE.

WE regret having been unable to assist at Mr. SIMS REEVES's Concert, last week. Our Musical Man went, and reported that the Concert was a first-rate one, and that Mr. IRVING's song, accompanied by Mr. J. L. TOOLE on the trombone, was the gem of the entertainment. Mr. SANTLEY has never been in better voice than at the Concert—not SIMS's, but another's—and he was cheered to the echo, and by the Echo (there is a very objectionable one in St. James's Hall, and the Police, assisted by Mr. ARTHUR CHAPPELL, ought to find her out, and bring her up with her sister at the Albert Hall before the nearest Magistrate, charged with disturbing the audience)—in his splendid rendering of

Oh, many have told
Of the Monks of old
What a glorious race they were;
But 'tis not true,
As told to you,
That I'm off to a Monastère.
That is a sort
Of false report,
At which when it I hear,
I laugh "ha! ha!"
'Tis chaff, "ha! ha!"
What I as a Monk! No fear!
Some folk would be shocked
To see me frocked
With girdle and shaven crown;
My tailor would sigh,
My shoemaker cry,
And my hairdresser go out of town.
I may, you know,
To CHAPPELL go
With TERRY of Gaiettee.
We chaff and quaff,
He makes us laugh;
Never knew such a mon-as-TERREZ.

After this musical and vocal explanation, the truthful person who took the trouble to set the *canard* flying about, may now at once beg pardon, and for ever afterwards hold his tongue.

THE CONSPIRATORS' CHORUS.



SING a song of Dynamite,
pack it up in bags,
Rattle it in railway
trains, drop it on the
flags;
Let it go in luggage vans
'mid all harmless loads;
Never mind the conse-
quences if the stuff ex-
plodes.

Here's to Nitro-glycerine! store it in a cask.

Making it, says Chemistry, is an easy task;
Though it's reckoned dangerous, let it
flood the floors,
Startling the detective coves prying at the
doors.

Fulminating Mercury goes off with a noise,
Fit for little Fenians like a baby's toys;
Chlorate of Potassium's not exactly placid,
When it's mixed with sugar, Sir, and sul-
phuric acid.

This a merry business is, but your cruel
laws

Say we shan't use Dynamite to advance the
Cause;

Yet we'll mix our fulminates underneath
your eyes,

While the gay Conspirator blows you to the
skies.



A SOFT ANSWER," &c.

Stout Lady Passenger (winning—he had trod on her best corn). "PHEW!—CLUMSY—"
Polite Old Gent. "VERY SORRY, MY DEAR MADAM, BUT IF YOU HAD A FOOT LARGE
ENOUGH TO BE SEEN, SUCH AN ACCIDENT COULDN'T OCCUR!"

POCKET BOOKS.—*À propos* of Royal Academy subjects, the most useful little books and most appropriate presents just about this time are those forming the series of *The Great Artists*, published by Messrs. SAMPSON LOW—which always seems to suggest a gentle publisher's name, to be fitted to the air of "*Soft and Low*"—and, with this hint, he that hums may hum it, and if he hums it wrong, he can comfort himself with the reflection that—

"To err in humming is a gift divine."

But to return to our books: they are excellent for reference, usefully illustrated, and adapted to an ordinary pocket, being half-a-crown or three-and-sixpence a-piece.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY MIRACLE.—But twelve months since to have suggested the possibility of causing a statue to feel emotion, would have been treated as the utterance of a lunatic who had seen *Don Giovanni*. And now—what has happened? The Duke of WELLINGTON's Statue has been both touched and moved!

OUR ACADEMY GUIDE.



"No. 1." Up a tree: taken at last.



No. 28.—Catching a Mermaid; or, the Judicious Hooker.



No. 37.—Une Grande Dame; or, A Little Big-wig.



No. 58.—Gone Wrong.
(See description below.)



No. 163.—PRIVATE FRITH'S VIEW.—Members of the Salvation Army, led by General Oscar Wilde, joining in a hymn.

Of course the Academy Exhibition must begin with the celebrated "No. 1," as shown above.

No. 3. "*Baby on the Rock*." ARTHUR STOCKS. Buyers recommended to invest capital in the Stocks.

No. 5. "*The Double Entendre*." Evident situation: Old Gentleman has just said something which brings a blush to the cheek of "the Young Person." Fancy what the "cheek" of the old person must be! MARCUS STONE, A. Not, perhaps, quite the gem of the collection, but still a precious Stone.

No. 13. *Memories*. By ARTHUR HUGHES. Treated above, so no Hughes repeating it here.

No. 28. *The Judicious Hooker*. *Vide supra*.

No. 29. On entering Gallery No. 1., the eye—anybody's eye—will be immediately caught by Mr. MILLAIS' *Hook*. It is without exception the finest picture in the entire Show. It is saying a great deal, but all will agree that this is the picture of the year, and that a finer portrait Mr. MILLAIS has never painted. There is just one disappointment in this picture: the nose is almost Grecian. Now, however exact the likeness in other respects, it must be clear to everyone that Mr. MILLAIS' brother Academician must have a Hook nose.

No. 30. *Apples*. By Mr. MACGREGOR. We regret to say we have to "crab" *Apples*.

No. 37. *Une Grande Dame; or, A Little Big-wig*. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. She can say "Pa" and "Ma," and should be labelled, "A guinea, dressed and complete."

No. 58. *Gone Wrong; or, a Mysterious Passage in the Life of Lady Jane Grey*. J. E. MILLAIS. The picture tells its own story. Lady GREY was staying at a hostelry, and returning late from an evening party she forgot the number of her room, couldn't find the candle, and lost her way in the corridor. The unfortunate Lady is represented at a critical moment, when, afraid of meeting a stranger's gaze, she shuts her eyes, so as not to confront the stairs.

No. 60. *A Real Centenarian*. E. ARMITAGE, R.A. Intended as a companion picture to a portrait of "Old Parr," to be called "Old Ma'."

Nos. 91 and 97. EDWIN LONG, R.A. Twin Sisters. "Linked sweetness,—Long drawn out." Go on—can't stop Long.

No. 87. *Taking the Chair*. Nervous elderly Gentleman, evidently frightened at being in somebody else's seat, from which he will probably be ejected. C. GREENVILLE MANTON. Couldn't have made his mark more distinctly if he'd been a "Jo Manton."

We will return to Gallery No. I. another day. At present, on our first visit, we must just skim the cream of the Show, and so, on entering Gallery No. II., we walk straight up to—

No. 163. *Mr. Frith's Private View*. The Artist is, of course, as much entitled to his private view as is Mr. BRADLAUGH, or General BOOTH, or as we are ourselves. Like *Daniel* in the celebrated Newdigate poem—

And when we saw the picture on the wall,
At first we couldn't make it out at all.

But a few moments' reflection will help the spectator to the Artist's meaning. It is clearly this:—A number of celebrities have joined the Salvation Army, and, having hired a room in the Academy for a Sunday Camp Meeting, have brought their hymn books, and the majority of them are joining heart and soul in a hymn, which is being led by the aesthetic Mr. OSCAR WILDE, while Mr. SALA, having lost his place in the book, is giving echoes in the background. Mr. MILLAIS, only half converted, feels uneasy, and is rubbing himself sideways against the corner of a frame. Mr. MARKS is anxiously waiting for the hymn to be finished, in order to preach on his own conversion, and point to himself as a Frightful Example. Mr. HENRY IRVING looks pale and nervous; he is probably about to yield to inspiration, and to address them in the unknown tongues. The prominent members are of course Generals, Captains, and Lieutenants, while "Private" View himself is modestly at the back taking notes.

The distinctive mark of this Corps of the Salvation Army is the shape of their hats; they have all been compelled to observe uniformity in this respect, and have, no doubt, all dealt with the same hatter. The President's, Sir F. LEIGHTON's, clothes will give his tailor fits. May the tailor do the same for Sir FREDERICK!

On the old system adopted by the stage-managers of the Elizabethan era, who called a spade a spade, and wrote up "This is a House," "This is a Tree," and so forth, Mr. FIRTH has most con-

siderately placed the names of the celebrities represented underneath, so that, after the first ten minutes, there is no possibility of mistaking Sir FREDERICK for Mr. IRVING, ELLEN TERRY for NELLY FARREN, Mr. GLADSTONE for Mr. TENNIEL, or Sir W. V. HARCOURT for Mr. W. AGNEW, M.P., and so on. It will be a most valuable picture long after the Salvation Army craze is forgotten, and most interesting when all photographs of the persons here represented shall have faded away, and their likenesses everywhere been destroyed,—excepting always those in *Mr. Punch's* unique collection, which will ever exist to answer doubts, decide bets, restore certainty, and correctly teach history.



An old Subject frequently "Treated."

After this we have not time or space for much. Just look at—No. 191. *Psyche*. R. J. POYNTER, R.A. "The property of the Corporation of Liverpool." A portrait, of course. Ahem! Naughty Corporation. Fie!

After this we have not time or space for much. Just look at—No. 191. *Psyche*. R. J. POYNTER, R.A. "The property of the Corporation of Liverpool." A portrait, of course. Ahem! Naughty Corporation. Fie!

GOLDEN WORDS FROM A MAN OF METAL.

(From a M.S. preserved in the Office of Works.)

THE Chief Commissioner and the Secretary stood still and looked at one another in wonder. It was just before daybreak and exactly opposite Apsley House.

"Thank you again, Gentlemen," repeated the sharp metallic voice. "Where does it come from?" asked the Chief Commissioner, in a frightened whisper.

"From me," was the immediate answer. "From F.M. the Duke of WELLINGTON."

"The strangest sight I have seen since I left the Legation in Japan," murmured the Secretary, regarding the statue with awe.

"A very good site, indeed," observed the Iron Duke, with a smile, as he glanced around him at the new roads. "I am sure I have to thank you both for the trouble you have taken in getting me down. When I make my acknowledgments, I must not forget Mr. R. J. CALLENDER, who, before he went to the Office of Works, did capital service at the Admiralty and in Ceylon in positions of the greatest responsibility."

"The Assistant Secretary is, and has been for many years simply invaluable," said the Chief Commissioner.

"Hear, hear!" heartily echoed MITFORD, C.B.

"Quite so. And now that I have come to land safely, the sooner I get to the Horse Guards the better."

"You will find the place rather changed, your Grace," observed the Chief Commissioner, who was now regaining his composure.

"No doubt," returned WELLINGTON. "I know perfectly well that GEORGE—the other Duke—was marched off to Pall-Mall with headquarters' staff. It was a forced march, and GEORGE liked it no better than he liked the anti-scarlet grey."

"Oh, you know about that controversy?" observed the Secretary.

"My good friend, I know everything. From my elevated position I have seen much, but, until you were kind enough to lower me, I had no opportunity of airing my opinions. A trifle too much air, perhaps; but anything I might have said would have been over the heads of the people. I was saying," continued the Iron Duke, unbending a little, "although I saw a great deal up there, I had no opportunity of getting at anybody until you let me down. However, my experience has been serviceable. I have had this advantage over other people in exalted positions—that I have been allowed to see matters for myself. My view has been perfectly clear (except in a London fog), and I am able to give you good advice now that I am standing beside you on a footing of equality."

"You are very kind," said the Chief Commissioner.

"I will address myself, if you please, more particularly to your colleague," replied the Duke. "To Mr. MITFORD—to whom is chiefly due the present alteration."

"No, no," interrupted the Companion of the Bath, modestly.

"But I say 'Yes, yes,'" replied the Great Commander; "and I am not accustomed to make a statement without due consideration. To you, Sir, then, I address myself, and ask—You have moved me, why don't you move t'other one?"

"T'other one?" echoed the Secretary.

"Yes, t'other one. T'other one who now is as great a nuisance as I was. Who hadn't the excuse that I had. Who can help being the cause of an eyecore when I couldn't. In short the Duke of—"

"MUDFORD!" cried the two officials, thrilling with horror.

"That is the person," said the Statue. "You have pulled me down, pull him up. You are making room on my site for hosts of flowers. Make room on his site for battalions of vegetables!"

"But surely, Duke, it would be slightly disrespectful," ventured the Chief Commissioner, timidly, "to take a sight—"

"No flippancy, Sir!" thundered the Iron Duke, who seemed to regard Mr. SHAW LEFEBVE as rather an interloper in the presence of Mr. MITFORD. "Why not go to Covent Garden and ask t'other one to do something. Insist upon it, Sir; insist upon it. Make a clean sweep of it—orange-peel, cabbage-stalks, market garden baskets, slush, mud and all! Clear it out, Sir, clear it out! Nowadays sentiment goes for nothing, and there is not much sentiment in that neighbourhood. Pull down everything. Cause a market to be built on a site bounded on the North by Long Acre, and on the South by the Strand. Carry it East to Drury Lane, and leave the West alone—only on account of Sir CHRISTOPHER and his barn. Then, Sir, open the new building with an International Vegetable Exhibition. Splendid advertisement, which should give the improved market a grand start, and throw into the shade the fishy show at South Kensington! Come, Gentlemen, do your duty! Down with MUDROD and his market! Up, Guards of London, and at them!"

The man of metal perfectly glowed with excitement. "We will do our best," returned the Chief Commissioner. "And now, your Grace, is there anything more we can do for you?" "Well, yes," replied the Duke, gazing at the coming dawn. "I must be brief with my remarks, as at daybreak I lose my voice. You can do for me an act of justice. But first shake hands." The officials respectfully clasped in turn the iron palm. "Again I thank you. And now for my act of justice. When I am placed in my final site opposite the Horse Guards—which I hope will be soon?"

"It shall be soon," assented the Chief Commissioner.

"I should like to have another statue to balance me, as a *vis-à-vis*. This should be a statue of one of the greatest Warriors of the age."

"To be sure," murmured Mr. SHAW LEFEBVE; "Lord WOLSELEY?" "No, Sir, not Lord WOLSELEY. Not only is this hero a great Warrior, but a great Judge, a great Artist, an eloquent Advocate."

"He must mean Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON," whispered MITFORD, C.B. "You know the P.R.A. commands a battalion of Volunteers."

"I do not mean Sir FREDERICK, who has yet to learn what to do with a brush—with the enemy," replied the Iron Duke. "No,

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The Statue at Large.

Gentlemen, the illustrious individual to whom I allude is a personal friend of my own. It is to his exertions, extending over a long series of years, that I owe my present position. He insisted that I should be permitted to descend. He is the greatest man of this or any other century. He is the hero of not a hundred but a thousand fights."

The dawn began to break, and the voice of the great Commander grew faint.

"He is the grandest Roman of them all. Need I say that I mean—I mean—"

And then came daybreak, and the Duke was silent.

The two officials looked at one another, and repeated, "'The greatest man of this or any other century.' Why, the Duke must have meant"—And they whispered the name of the most renowned Sage the world has ever known. And they were right—the Duke did mean Mr. Punch!

In last Saturday's *P. M. Gazette* there is an account of how, years ago, Mr. DION BOUGCAULT wrote and produced a Passion Play, himself playing Pontius Pilate, bedad, Sorri! This sounds as if the Irish Dramatist had out-heroded *Hérodiade*.



THE NEW CRAZE.

Provincial Manager (to Scion of Aristocracy, who has come to commence). "SO, MY LORD, YOU'RE HERE AT LAST! WE'VE HAD THREE REHEARSALS WITHOUT YOU, AND IT'S PRODUCED TO-MORROW. I SUPPOSE YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE!"
Lord Plantagenet (pleasantly). "OH—AH—NO, I'VE NOT BEGUN YET. THE FACT IS"—(still more pleasantly)—"I'D NO IDEA THAT PLUMBOROUGH WAS SUCH A JOLLY PLACE!"

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

A LAY OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

A little à la Ingoldsby.

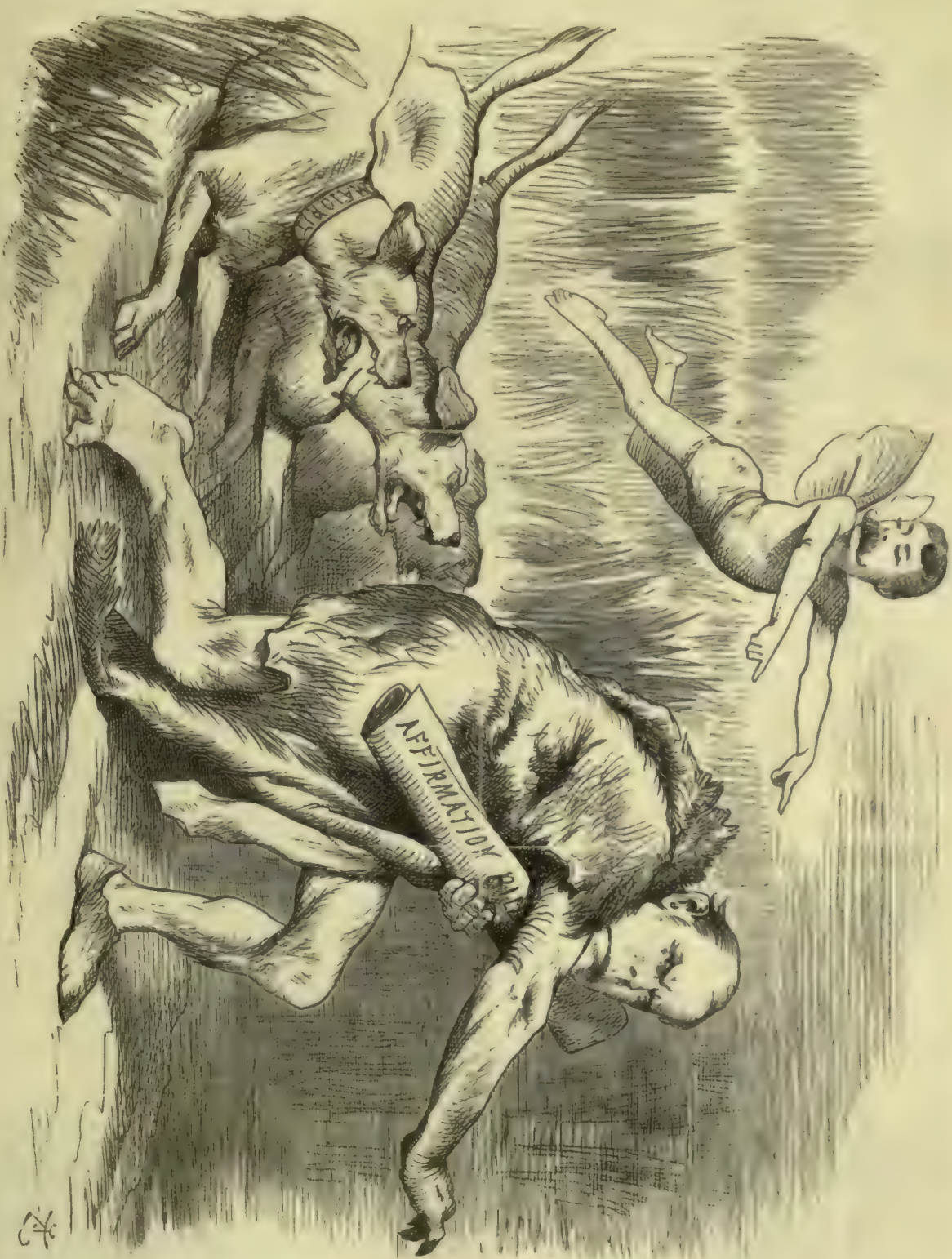
"Look at the Clock!" quoth W. G.
 (As the Two Thousand Liberals crushed in a block).
 "I will give our good Tories a piece of advice,—
 'You slowcoach Reactionists, look at the Clock!'"
 The Two Thousand Rads had been dining like one,
 Pitching into the piles of cold victuals like fun,
 The biggest of Babels,
 With miles of long tables,
 Stretching out in square acres of red, brown, and drab,
 Till they looked like a Salisbury Plain of "dressed crab."
 There were Rads from the North, there were Rads from the South,
 All united and strong—in the matter of mouth.
 There were Rads from the West, there were Rads from the East,
 Who were all of one mind—as concerning the feast.
 Northcountryman "jannock" from Tyne or from Humber,
 Or Southron, as cool as fresh cut cucumber,
 All one, all in war-paint, all "dead on" the dishes,
 Most down on the bottles; the oddest of fishes
 That e'er the Aquarium
 Held, and to vary 'em.
 Ladies, aloft, like the "Cherub" of DIBDIN,
 Yet not in such cage as their sisters are cribb'd in
 At stuck-up St. Stephen's.
 But hold! "Odds" and "Evens,"
 Deserting their tables, and leaving their grub,
 Crowd, cluster, and clamber on chair, stool, and tub.
 The exuberant collar, the sparse silver shock,
 Are up! Cries the Orator, "LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

There are Clocks of all sorts and all sizes we know,
 And some are too fast, and some are too slow,
 And some go too quickly, and others *won't* go.
 They licked CHARLES THE FIFTH, the great Monarch; but oh!
 The Political Clocks are the wildest of all,
 And to "synchronise" them is a task far too tall
 For the Grandest Old Man or the Grandest New Club.
 The Conservative Clock is too slow. But the rub
 Is that Liberal Clocks will not go all together,
 Two Thousand co-feeders may seem well in tether.
 But just east before them Contention's big bone,
 And you'll find that each clock keeps a time of its own.

Ah, me! the Great Orator's self must now know
 The Conservative Clock's not the *only* one slow.
 There are others a bit "behind time"; on that night
 They seemed going together, and all going right,
 But the next, at 1'30, St. Stephen's chime
 Marked what he had rightly called "accurate time,"
 Yet the Liberal Clocks who struck steady and true,
 Stood at Two Eighty-Nine against Two Ninety-Two!
 And the Orator, manfully bearing the shock,
 Must have found a new meaning in—"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

A FOREIGNER visiting London for the first time, thought he was doing the right thing in directing the Cabman to take him to Lincoln's Inn, as he meant to order a room at one of the "Inns of the Court," which he presumed were hostelries patronised by Royalty.

EXTRACT from Mrs. Ramsbotham's New Cookery Book:—"I cannot too strongly recommend for household use the common Potiphar, without which, always on the fire, no French family exists."



EXIT CALIBAN

(After "The Tempest").

CALIBAN . . . M^r. BR-DL-GH.

ARIEL . . . LORD R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.

[Act IV. Sc. I.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.—Think we know a man when we've had him with us daily through three Sessions. There's RANDOLPH, for example. Anyone asked what sort of a man he was, would probably answer, "Amusing, interesting, audacious, pert, but shallow." That shows danger of hasty judgment. To-night RANDOLPH presented himself in new character. Exceeded ATTORNEY-GENERAL in legal lore, Mr. GLADSTONE in philosophical research, and Mr. BERESFORD HOPE in ecclesiastical knowledge. Late Lord MACAULAY nothing to him for world-wide erudition. Showed himself intimately acquainted with all Fathers known to scholars, and one over. This was ORY-GEN.

"Thought I knew 'em all," the PREMIER murmured, fixing admiring gaze on youth opposite; "but who is this? Unearthed him from some ory-ginal source. Must look him up."

RANDOLPH's triumph eclipsed, later, by that of JOSEPH GILLIS, equally remarkable in its way. At midnight proposed to adjourn debate on Affirmation Bill. Conservatives objected. This makes refreshing change. Ordinary custom is to object to prolongation of Adjournment when Government want to go on for another hour or so. Now, under necessity of proceeding with Customs Bill, Ministers agree to adjourn early. J. B. asleep when fun commences. Generally gets an hour or two's snooze about this time. "The question is, that debate be now adjourned." The Conservatives, having had their little fling, desist from Opposition. Then JOSEPH comes to the front, and takes natural position of Leader. Shouts out, "No!" Friends and countrymen near him attempt to stop him. Shake him, punch him in the ribs, shout expostulation in his ear. But JOSEPH only the more loudly cries "No!"

Sir ARTHUR ORWAY thinks in circumstances he may declare Adjournment carried, and does so, simultaneously vanishing from Speaker's chair, where he has sat in the absence of Sir HENRY BRAND. Then storm bursts forth. Deputy-Speaker evidently made a mistake. JOSEPH GILLIS radiant, ARTHUR O'CONNOR argumentative, Mr. O'DONNELL sarcastic. Irishmen insist upon Sir ARTHUR ORWAY coming back, and doing penance. Either that or his head on a charger. After long wrangling, first alternative accepted. Deputy-Chairman explains mistake, expresses regret, and JOSEPH GILLIS soothed and triumphant, the more so as by this time it is too late to do any business.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—"I have been in this House, man and boy, for forty years, TOBY," Mr. NEWDEGATE said to me in the Library just now, where I found him looking up LUCRETIUS; "and, though I say it what shouldn't, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I've opposed most things that are now a part of the daily life of our constitutional system. One thing I have noticed is, that whenever a distinguished Member makes Latin quotations, there is for next fortnight or three weeks a run upon the Latin poets. Greek's different. There's only GLADSTONE, and was LOWE, who could manage that. But if it's a Latin tag, we're sure to have a shower of them. Fact is, I was just looking up one myself."

This prophecy from Our Own JEREMIAH abundantly verified. Young DAWKAY dawned upon the House this evening with quite a collection of Latin exercises, more or less well done. Mr. O'DONNELL inspired new feeling of respect in bosom of JOSEPH GILLIS by trotting out a couple of lines. But the great success of the evening was Dr. LYONS. This eminent person, who combines prescription for the State with advice to private patients, bestowed much care upon oration.

"You needn't mention it, TOBY," he said to me (and of course I won't), "but I've spent three hours among old prescriptions looking up a few lines suitable for occasion. Rather think I shall fetch the House."

Unfortunately, no House to fetch. Members properly horrified at suggestion of curtailing the debate, but they won't remain to hear it. Only five Members present when the LYONS' oration delivered. Fine effect. The extracts from the prescriptions judiciously dropped in here and there. But plum saved for the last, and sympathetic cheers came from the five Members as Dr. LYONS, with outstretched hand and voice tremulous with emotion, declaimed these magnificent lines—

"Magna est vis consuetudinis! Naturam expellas
Furem, tamen usque recurret. Labor omnia vincit,
Et litera scripta manet. In totidem verbis—
Lex loci; lex scripta; lex talionis; lex terræ!"

Pity GLADSTONE not present to hear this. Been away most part of night, like ordinary people. Towards midnight, having spent a cheerful evening, DRUMMOND WOLFF came in. Very angry to find Ministers absent.

"They ought," he says, in voice that made Deputy Chairman tremble, "to be in their places to hear the arguments of Honourable Members."

Feeble laugh from Radicals below Gangway. But probably no laughing matter. DRUMMOND means to look up precedents, and see if he can't impeach Ministers on this indictment.

Business done.—None.

Wednesday.—House of Commons continues to be model of business assembly. On Monday night debate on Affirmation Bill stopped at twelve o'clock in order to make progress with Customs Bill and other Orders. From twelve till two occupied in considering whether Bill should or should not be considered. At two o'clock thought it time to go home, and went. To-day, House should have met at twelve. Forty Members not forthcoming till ten minutes past one. Then Motion made that Committees sit to-morrow at two instead of twelve. Argument thereupon, and division, which took up an hour.

Shall get on nicely at this rate. Mr. BRIGHT says, in his pleasant way, it's all the Conservatives. "Set of men, TOBY," says he, "who profess to worship God, and desire to worry the Government."

Business done.—London Parochial Charities Bill read a Second Time, and referred to Select Committee on distinct understanding that there shall be no hurry about considering it.

Friday, 2 A.M.—Met Lord HENRY LENNOX crossing Lobby after Division, holding right hand out as if it didn't belong to him, and was carrying it off to drop it over the Terrace into the river, or in other safe place.

"What's the matter, my dear HENRY? Cut your finger?"

"No demmit," said Lord HENRY, looking at offending member with comical expression. "It's that fellow CALLAN, doncha. Happened to be standing near him at Bar when figures announced. Most extra'ary man. First of all jumped up into air as if dynamite had exploded in unintended quarter, then seized hold of me, and insisted upon shaking hands. Not pleasant, doncha, especially as didn't happen to have a glove on. Shall be more careful in future. Always wear gloves when any chance of Government being defeated with help of Irish vote. Never know what'll happen. Ta, Ta! Just going over to lavatory, doncha. Suppose it isn't closed yet?"

And Lord HENRY still holding out his hand as if he'd picked it up somewhere, and wasn't quite sure it wouldn't go off, ambled off.

Glad this Debate is finished on any terms. Been deadly dull, but flare-up in last moments made up for fortnight of depression. Biggest House in my time, and maddest. KENSINGTON in first. Been telling in Ministerial Lobby. Plain to see from his face that Government had lost.

"Whoever scores three hundred will win," RICHARD POWER said before dinner, and I find no man who takes sounder view of chances than RICHARD. Resigned office of Whip fortnight ago, but is himself again to-night in prospect of big Division.

Tellers from other lobby still tarried. Every minute should mean half-a-dozen votes, and for nearly three minutes Mr. MILMAN standing at the end of table with figures of the Opposition waiting for night or Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR. The last arrived first, handed in his cheeks, and bore away slowly to the right. Then the Conservatives and the Irish knew they'd won. Fell on each other's necks; bellowed in each other's ears; waved hats and handkerchiefs; and seemed on the whole gone mad. It was then Mr. CALLAN leaped into the air, and coming safely down, insisted upon shaking hands with Lord HENRY LENNOX, whose responsive smile was something memorable.

Business done.—Affirmation Bill thrown out by 292 votes against 289.

Friday Night.—Never saw Sergeant-at-Arms in such low spirits. Generally the cheeriest of men. To-night, met him walking slowly off to dinner.

"Nice state of things this, TOBY, dear boy," he said, in hollow tones. "Here's BRADLAUGH comes up, stops at the Bar, delivers a speech, walks away quietly, no hands across, and up the middle to the Mace. No struggle on the floor of the House, no battering of hats, tearing of coats, and breakage of stylographic pens. No more good old times. Don't care how soon I go now, if things are to be sneaked through in this way;" and, with a profound sigh, that once Gay Old Warrior marched on.

Business done.—Mr. BRADLAUGH provided with splendid opportunity of advertising himself and his works.

POOR Brother BRUSH! His picture was hung right away up at the top. On Vanishing Day he thought it had vanished entirely. But, having mounted the loftiest ladder in the room, he found it, and began touching it up. He said that the "ile" he used on this occasion was the "ile of Skye."

THE AFFIRMATION DEBATE IN A NUTSHELL.

First to rise is "Truthful JAMES,"
Stating Ministerial aims.

Next the House with dulness
drenches

One who speaks from the "Cross
benches."

Then emphatic Mr. ILLINGWORTH
Adds of reasoning a poor shilling-
worth,

And by jibes that scathe and burn
Shows that even a WORMS will
turn!

Soon the veteran G. O. M.

Tries the twaddle-tide to stem,
Quoting—to make matters wuss—

VOLTAIRE and LUCRETIVS.

Then the doughty Mr. GIBSON
Shows buffets BRADLAUGH'S
ribs on;

And Lord R., without apology,

Joins bad law to worse theology;

Proving, by his modest merits,

That the "mantle" he inherits

Of the boys who, so to speak,

Gave the bald-head Prophet
"check."

Follows next the scranneling

Of Northampton's "second
string."

STANHOPE wiles an hour away
Saying, "Here's nothing left to
say."

CHAPLIN airs his erudition,

And O'BRIEN talks sedition.

NORTHCOTE fires his parting gun,

Answered by Lord HARTINGTON.

End is—Cabinet is beat,

BRADLAUGH cannot take his seat.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM understands
the Bradlaugh business perfectly.
She says that she herself has some
sympathy with him, as she always
finds a difficulty in saying the
Affirmation Creed in the Prayer
Book.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 135.



SIR JAMES T. INGHAM,

THE EAGLE BEAK OF BOW STREET.

DUTIES TO DUMB ANIMALS.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, in the
House of Commons, once pro-
claimed that "Man's Duty to
Man is greater than his duty to
beasts." Certainly, says every
carnivorous (if rational) human
creature. If my duty towards
my beast were equal to my duty
towards my neighbour, I could
eat no beef, or any other butcher's
meat, or poultryer's meat, or fish-
monger's meat either. I could
not be a party to the slaughter
of any kind of animal for my
food. I should have a duty
towards my pig, and be bound to
do to him as I would be done by;
but sometimes, in playful earnest,
I give my neighbour "a regular
roasting." So would I treat my
pig.

LOCAL OPTION.

"LOCAL Option," yes, its meaning
Is indubitably clear;
If a man has any leaning
For a tankard of cool beer,
After any arduous labours,
He'll be rudely told to drop it
By his sour Teetotal neighbours:
Local Option's sure to stop it.

You may wish in moderation,
Claret, sherry, or champagne.
If the folks in your "location"
Choose it, why you must abstain.
With Teetotal "fads" we're re-
bitten,
This tyrannic law's adoption
Would make slaves of every
Briton,
That's what's meant by Local
Option.

NAME FOR THE LICENSED
VICTUALLERS' DEFENCE ASSOCIA-
TION.—The Tipple Alliance.

THE NIGHT OF WATERLOO (PLACE).

(Extract from "Childe Masher's Pilgrimage.")

THERE is a sound of devilry by night,
And England's capital has gathered then
Her weakness and her wantonness, and bright
The lamps shine o'er rouged women and pale men;
A thousand hearts beat feverishly, and when
There saunters by the slim stiff-collar'd "Swell,"
Hard eyes look venal love on him whose brain
Is dry and void as an old walnut-shell.
But hush! hark! a big boom sounds like a sudden knell.

Did you not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind,
Or the swift Hansom rattling down the street.
On with the orgie! Late? Oh, never mind.
"We won't go home till morning." Life is fleet,
And happy rhymes with "Chappie." Ah, that's neat!
But hark! that booming sound breaks in once more,
And the colossal "chuckers-out" repeat
"All out! all out!" and point towards the door.
All out! Twelve-thirty. Yes. By Jove, a beastly bore!

And there is aimless rambling to and fro,
And satyr laughter, harpy eagerness;
And cheeks are cool which one short year before
Had blushed at sight of loud lasciviousness.
And there are sudden whispers in the press,
Sinister signs, and laughing low replies
Which may not be repeated; all may guess
The evil meaning of those mutual eyes.
Upon so curst a night what hideous morn shall rise?

And there is mounting in hot haste, the steed,
The obsequious driver, and the "two-wheel-ar"
Go clattering westward with impetuous speed;
And cads half-drunken close in wordy war,
And the deep-throated "Peeler" sends afar
His "Pass along, please!" and the hiss and hum
Die slowly out, till the last Swell's cigar
Trails off, and home to den in square or slum,
Low cursing through red lips, slink Babylon's Kahab scum.

Authority looks on, and calmly leaves
The open orgie, the nocturnal mass
Of flaunted profligacy. VIVIEN weaves
Her spells right well or MERLIN is—an ass;
BULL the most patient ox that e'er munched grass.
Such shameless scenes what other cities show?
Would Dogberry and Verges have let pass
Such saturnalia of the social foe,
Whose breath so many hopes hath blasted and laid low?

SEÑOR SARASATE, the violinist, has been a brilliant success—
thanks to his relations with his musical Cousins—the Eng-
lish Cousins, not Cousins German. At first great interest was
aroused from the pronunciation of the name. People heard that
SARA SARTY was going to play the violin, and got their ideas mixed
up on the subject, confusing SARA BERNHARDT and CARLYLE's *Sartor
Resartus*, which last, for aught most of them knew, might have
been an oratorio, a fiddler, or the Latin for Hashed Venison.

WHEN does a Musician go in for a game of chance?—When he
plays BACH.



VARNISHING DAY. ROYAL ACADEMY.

The First Man I met on the Stairs—

"HOW 'DO? 'PON MY WORD IT'S THE BEST EXHIBITION I EVER—YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED! OH—MINE ARE ALL ON THE LINE IN THE FIRST ROOM!"

The Second Man I met on the Stairs—

"OF ALL THE COLLECTIONS OF MISERABLE (&C., &C.) DAUBS THAT EVER—HUNG!—CONFOUND!—(&C., &C.)—THEY'VE SEVED ME, SIR!"

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. X.—THE HAIRDRESSER.

Q. What is a Hairdresser?

A. A compendious proof of the imperfection of Nature and of the inadequacy of Art.

Q. Is not that answer more oracular than intelligible?

A. Possibly. A reply at once clear and concise cannot, in the nature of things, be given. The subject is one to be approached rather by description than by definition; to be dealt with, like a heavy dinner or a large army, rather in detail than *en bloc*.

Q. Why, then, do you consider Hairdressers to be evidence of the imperfection of Nature?

A. Were Nature, in the human sphere, perfect, our hair would not require cutting any more than the coat of a dog. On the other hand, were Art equal to supplying the deficiencies of Nature, it would long since have devised some means of divesting us of our superfluous hirsute growth other than that ordeal of hideously unpleasant processes suggested by the very name of Hairdresser.

Q. Is there not some exaggeration here?

A. The tortures of *tonsure* are incapable of exaggeration.

Q. Perhaps you will proceed to justify these sweeping assertions a little in detail.

A. The processes of the Hairdresser's art are, from beginning to end, necessarily destructive of those two things which alone render life endurable.

Q. What are these?

A. First, the feeling of Comfort; secondly, the sense of Dignity. The profoundly sensible ideal "*otium cum dignitate*" is absolutely incompatible with the actuality of being shaven or shorn—at least as men from time immemorial have submitted to be shorn or shaven.

Q. How is this?

A. The sense of dignity departs from the victim on the very threshold of the Hairdresser's entry. Human courage—nay, even that far stronger thing, human assurance in its highest flight—is not equal to the task of walking into a Hairdresser's "saloon" with the

calm and unfeigned confidence with which a man may—for example—approach a battery, or pass through a pest-house.

Q. Why should this be so?

A. The sense of impending humiliation is so strong upon him. It springs into birth at the first disquieting thought "My hair wants cutting!" It doubles in force when—after long delay—he is forced to the conviction, "I *must* have my hair cut!" It is at its crisis when, with furtive blink or self-betraying swagger, he enters the tonsorial torture-chamber. After crossing that Rubicon of ignominy, it continues, but it cannot increase. It is perhaps even lessened by the dull callousness that comes of self-surrender to shame.

Q. How is this sense of humiliation engendered?

A. By experience of two things:—

1. The character of the Hairdresser.

2. The nature of the professional "processes."

Q. What are the characteristics of the Hairdresser?

A. Those naturally produced in a man who has your personal comfort and dignity at his mercy, and your ear, as a channel to your pocket, absolutely at his command.

Q. Absolutely, did you say?

A. Practically so. You may leave a theatre, or even, in emergency a church. You may tear yourself away from a button-holding bore, or a nagging woman. But you cannot escape from a barber's chair. Once seated and swathed therein, once snipped by shears or scraped by blade, you are committed to endurance of all the personal indignities, and all the mental tortures that the most blandly impertinent, ignorantly loquacious, and intrusively "pushing" Hairdresser can inflict. And these are many and sore.

(To be continued.)

MORE JUDGES required. We don't want to hear so much of Chancery Division as of Chancery Multiplication.

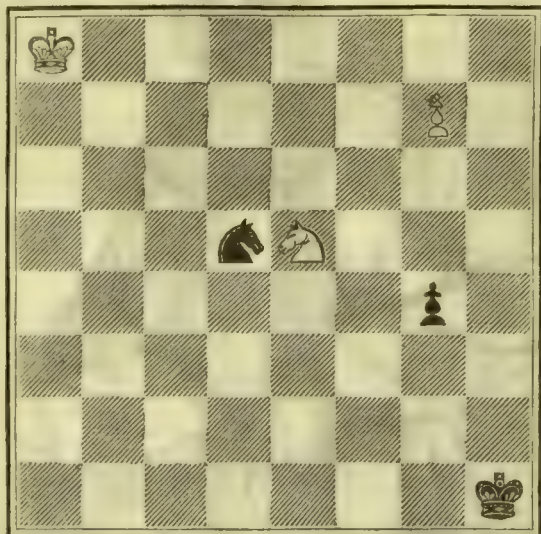
MOTTO FOR THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.—"*Pommery soit qui mal y pense.*"

"RIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL."—A tipsy Teetotaller.

CHESS; OR, ALL ON THE SQUARE.

"There's many a true word said in chess."—*The Merry Dutch-Chess.*

At this moment, when the Chess Tournament is tournamenting so many minds, we publish our *Prize Problem*, involving a Romance of Chess,—in fact "the same old game":—



BLACK TO MATE WHITE IN ONE MOVE, IF WHITE LETS HIM.

K's first move. K pawns (five pieces).
K with K T move from B. sq. (No. 29).
K with K T at Q.
K takes B and S.
K T with K to Castle. Forced-mate; White-mate; Black-mate.
K executes a Steinway Gambit with K T, to a Giucco Piano.
K offers to mate K T.
K T takes K.
K T mated by White Bishop to K at ch., and K is kept in perpetual check ever afterwards.

RESEARCH WITH HUMANITY.

WHAT could the excellent Earl of SHAFTESBURY, speaking *ex cathedra* at the last Anti-Vivisection Meeting, have meant when he told his hearers that "they did not find in the Bible any authority whatever for that hideous curiosity which prevailed so widely in Germany, and, he believed, to a very great extent in this country"; and what did they understand the noble and venerable Earl to mean when they received that declaration with shouts of "hear! hear!"? They could hardly have wanted to be told that the Bible contains no authority for any curiosity at all, as such, to say nothing about curiosity of a hideous nature. What sort of curiosity is it that good Lord SHAFTESBURY detests so extremely that he calls it hideous? Is it the sort of curiosity which prompted JOHN HUNTER to make those experiments and observations that led to so many improvements and advances not only in Anatomy and Physiology but in practical Surgery; the curiosity which likewise moved Sir CHARLES BELL to investigate the nervous system, and, for example, to discover the distinct origins and connections of the sensory and motor nerves? Is the curiosity of wanting to know the secrets of animal life, with a view to the promotion of medical and surgical practice, "hideous" in the sight of a Nobleman who, celebrated as a friend of his species, may be presumed to be a friend of his own species first, and the lower creatures afterwards?

Somebody tell the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, as to Sir CHARLES BELL's great discovery respecting the nerves, that it "required an extensive series of experiments on living animals which long deterred him from carrying them into execution." This, however, he was at length enabled to do through having invented "humane methods of procedure," for the gratification of a curiosity which surely no one but someone with such a very fixed idea, or fad, as Vivisection on the Brain can possibly account hideous.

Given humane methods of procedure, and is scientific Vivisection any more cruel than Vivisection as practised in killing a pig? We do, as a nation, kill a good many pigs daily; but the Doctors may really say:—"We don't kill a guinea-pig every day; or, if we do, we kill him by a comparatively very humane method of procedure."

NEW BOOTPOLISH FOR MASHERS.—"Mashtic Varnish."

THE MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.

(*Little Tragi-Comedy, now in Active Rehearsal.*)

"The Royal College, in developing the musical genius of the country, will do a great work; but its establishment at once directs public attention to a supplementary and scarcely less pressing need, and that is the foundation of a permanent Metropolitan home for National Opera."—*Daily Paper.*

ACT I.

A Public Street in the neighbourhood of the Royal College of Music. Enter Victorious Composition Scholarship Candidate, accompanied by Fond Parent and enthusiastic Friends.

Fond Parent (embracing him). Heaven be praised, my dear boy, for this successful issue! Strange that a Bathing-Machine Driver's child should suddenly have lighted on such a glorious future!

Victorious Candidate. It is, my good father, most strange. But, thanks to your discrimination, and to your noticing the peculiar fact that, even at the tender age of three, I could pick out one of BACH's fugues on the kitchen tumblers with a coal-hammer, I was despatched in good time to this glorious Institution, where now £150 per annum, board, lodging, a suit of clothes, and instruction, stimulate my genius, and make me worthy to bear the promising name of WAGNER DONIZETTI SMITH with which you, in my infancy, so judiciously and appropriately christened me.

Fond Parent. True, my clever modern Orpheus! However, now you may indeed, as you say, be worthy of your modest name. And I shall live to see not only your first but your twentieth Opera take this vast Metropolis literally by storm.

Enthusiastic Friends. And so shall we! Heaven bless you! Only send us plenty of paper for the Upper Boxes, and we will rally to support you, we promise you, right heartily. Three cheers for the College and for the triumphant genius it is about to foster. Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!

[*They chair the Successful Candidate, making way for five-and-forty others, equally successful, who also emerge in triumph from the College as the Act-drop falls.*]

ACT II.

An interval of seventy-five years is supposed to have elapsed since Act I.

The Scene represents the Interior of a Police-Court. As the Act-drop rises, an Aged Offender is helped into the Dock.

Magistrate (angrily). What! here again! And on the old charge, I suppose, Mr.—what's your name?

Aged Offender (breaking down). SMITH, your Worship! WAGNER DONIZETTI SMITH.

Chief Clerk. The usual thing—begging. He has been up over and over again. And he's not the only one. We have had twenty-seven of them this last week.

Magistrate. Yes, I know the nuisance is getting intolerable: and I must make an example. Fortunately, the "Indigent Composers Act," passed last Session, enables me to do it with effect.

[*Refers to it.*]

Aged Offender (in tears). Have pity, Sir, on a poor, worn-out, deluded, disappointed, despairing old Musician. I didn't mean any harm—indeed, I didn't. I was only trying to sell a few of these about the streets, and singing some of my own *scenas* to help 'em off. (*Produces nineteen original English operas, with orchestra scores complete.*) But nobody will have 'em!

Magistrate (irritated). Certainly not, Sir. Who do you think is going to take an English opera when there's no house at which to produce it? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sir, at your time of life, for writing them.

Aged Offender. At my time of life! Why, I'm only two-and-ninety. I may still have my chance!—still have my chance!

The Clerk. That's what they all say. The College turns out a lot of them, every blessed year, able to do nothing else—but music; and as there's nothing but the Chinese Opera House on the Embankment for them, they're no good; so they wander about in shoals and starve. Why, there were three hundred of 'em carted off by the Emigration Commissioners only last month.

Magistrate. Well. It is a very bad case. Really the College oughtn't to do this. However, Society must be protected. Six months.

Aged Offender. Thank your Worship. Thank you. But it isn't the fault of the College. And many years ago there was one praiseworthy effort, I know, to help us. But if the Government or somebody had only started a proper National Opera in the heart of London on a sound and permanent basis, an English dramatic composer need never have come to this. No, he never need.

Magistrate (more kindly). Very likely not. But, as I said just now, Society must be protected. And now, I'll take the next case.

[*Aged Offender is removed, to be brought up again on a similar charge that day six months as Curtain falls.*]



AN IMPRESSIONIST.

BINKS ALWAYS WEARS BLACK GLOVES FOR THE SAKE OF ECONOMY.

MRS. GAMP ON THE "ROYAL RED CROSS."

DEAR me, BETSY PRIG, times is altered; as alter times will, in a wale, Which sich "projess" is too much for me, as am old though still 'arty and 'ale, As I says to my friend Mrs. HARRIS, we used, you and me, dear, to nuss Long afore that Miss NIGHTINGALE's days, but no Queens didn't decorage us.

The Royal Red Cross! Goodnidge gragious! it took all my breath away, slap. As is all very well for a sojer or 'igh milingtarial chap. But Nusses! Lor' bless us and save us, our buzzums I'm sure should expand To see our profegion so honoured along o' the fust in the land.

Wich I read it last night in the *Standard*, a paper to wich I am partial, A Cross, my dear soul, and a ribbing, as grand as some dook or field-marshal, Enamelled in gold and in crimsing, Her Majesty's portriok, you know, With ciphre and crown all permiskus, and tied on the breast with a bow.

Ah, BETSY, it's plain we was born, you and me, arf a centry too soon; If we two 'ad bin nussing to-day we'd 'a piped to a different toon. Wich the worrits of monthlying, BETSY, was was than the wust that's bekknown To the 'orty young orspittle chits as 'll claim this 'ere cross as their own.

Wich "Faith, Hope, and Charity"'s writ on the arms, so they say. Ah, my dear,

We needed the three on 'em constant, and suthing chucked in, in our speer. Wot with wile aggerawacious pashents and mississes given to soold, We two 'ad our crosses, ah, yes! though they wasn't in crimsing and gold.

Then Nusses was Nusses; not bragian, trim, tidied-up young bits o' things. We took to it nateral-like, as the young sparrers takes to their wings; We 'adn't no "training" nor "stifficates," BETSY; we knowed what we knowed,

And the rest wasn't nothink to nobody. "Projiss," my dear? that be blowed!

It's drattedness, that's wot it is. Wot with skience and sanitory stuff, Their soaps, CONDY's fluiges, Cloryform, 'orror of darknige and fluff,

There can't be no cumfort in nussing; sech ways I could never abear, So it's well we are out of it, BETSY; it's well we're clean out of it, dear.

Nussing Sisters, forsooth! Nussing fiddlesticks! Stuck-uppy, slim-waisted gals, As a coting umbrella would shock, with their natty print gownds and fal-lals.

No snuff, and no snacks, and no snugness! Jest fancy, my dear, me or you

With a chit o' that sort for a pardner! My sweet creetur, wot should we do?

And they're to 'ave crosses, and ribbings, and bows, and good gragious knows wot,

Wich we never get none of no sich, my BETSY, oh, suttlingly not.

The profegion seems turned topayturvey, and every-think 's going contrairey,

As may be called "projiss," my dear, but seems all stuff and rubbidge to

SARNEY.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

FOLLOWING the example set by some of our contemporaries last week, we hasten in their own style to give the interesting historical particulars of the latest Knights on record:—

MR. GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L., was born at a place commonly known as Clapham. He constructed the Chester and Holyhead Railway with the assistance of Mr. STEPHENSON, directed the entertainments at the Crystal Palace, hence his degree of D.C.L.—"L." standing for Palace,—wrote a dictionary of Musicians from A to Z, and while exploring Palestine and inventing the soup which still bears that name, he occupied his leisure in editing *Macmillan's Magazine* and revising the Old Testament. He sings three songs in excellent style, and, in order to encourage him to add to their number, he has been made President of the Royal College of Music, where his various crotchets will come in usefully, and is now Sir GEORGE GROVE the Good Knight.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN, chosen for the honour of Knighthood, selected London for the place of his birth, and was reared on Macfarrenacious food. He was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, has composed much excellent work. He may prefer to be a Knight Out.

DR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN (according to the *D. T.*) was not born at all to begin with, but returned to England about nineteen years after. He has written the oratorios of *Box and Cox*, *Trial by Jury*, *Patience*, *Pinafore*, &c., but it is with compositions of a loftier character that his name will be linked. He played Poker with the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and composed *The Silver Trumpington Street March*, for which he was made D.C.L. and M.D. His hymn to the Trustees of the Doughty Estates, commencing "*If Doughty Deeds*," was highly popular with the "Gentlemen of the long robe" who used to sing it as a catch, three in a (Chancery) Bar. He is still a Bachelor of Music, though wedded to his Art. Rise, Sir ARTHUR!

MAY-DAY.

(A Dirge for any Number of Voices.)

SPRING'S delights are now reviving,
Hoar-frost hangs on each green spray;
Horrid fogs are late arriving,
Welcome fires, 'tis nip-nose May!
Ont-door pastimes need opposing,
Hail is falling chill and drear,
Cricketers their woes disclosing,
"Maiden overs" view with fear.
Chorus—Cricketers, &c.

These delights that mark the season
Make a man of poets tire;
These chill hours, if spent with reason,
Should be spent beside the fire.
Come, then, watery "creases" leaving,
From the damp grass turn away;
For East winds our hopes deceiving,
Make us curse this beastly May!
Chorus—Come, then, &c.



MOST ASSURING.

Brown (who is nervous about sanitary matters, and detects something). "HUM"—(sniffs)—SURELY—THIS SYSTEM OF YOURS—THESE PIPES NOW—DO THEY COMMUNICATE WITH YOUR MAIN DRAIN?"

Hairdresser (with cheery gusto). "DIRECT, SIR!"

[Tableau.]

OPENING OF THE NEW FISH-MARKET.

I THOUGHT how much the old Corporation was in earnest in pretending to build a new Fish Market in Smithfield in opposition to blooming Billingsgate. As I said to JIM, the Whitechapel Coster, was it likely as they would go for to oppose their own old Tennants who was a-paying on 'em threepence a foot a week, in order to support a lot of new 'uns who was only to pay tuppence? Why, of course the thing was absurd, and I quite agrees with the LORD MAYOR that nobody but a stupid could believe it, so I spose as he saw through it from the beginning. But I did think as they'd have done a little summat more than they did, just to set the pot a-boiling, if they didn't mean to keep it going for long. But lor bless us, it was just a lark! About eleven o'clock in drives the LORD MAYOR in his Coach and 4 and the 2 Shereffs with him, and one Under Shereff, as a Policeman told me, tho' they all looked much alike, except as the Under-un had the biggest Coach, with 2 policemen and the City Field Marshall in front of him, and with the 2 swells in the Coach with him to carry his sword and his septer, and there he finds a lot of common counsellors all a-waiting for him to open the New Fish Market, which had been opened ever since 4 o'clock! And how many shops full of fish and how many stands full of fish did he find

there? Why, of course I hardly expects to be beleaved, but I'm gormed if there was more than six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

I think as I've heard that at dirty, scrowged, swearing and tearing, but yet jolly old Billingsgate, that we generally gets between four and five hundred tons of fish a day. Well, I think I can give about as good a guess at the weight of a lot of fish as many people, and if there was a nounce more than Five Tons, blowed if I wouldn't bind myself to live on fish for a whole week, tho' it's a article of food as I don't much patronise, preferring chops and steaks and such like.

The poor LORD MAYOR looked I thought rather ashamed of the whole affair. He didn't say much, how could he after he had called all the Committee a lot of stupids, and they all looked grumpy and down in the mouth, and all got away as quick as they could, not one of 'em as I believe even so much as buying a bit of fish just to give the new Market a bit of a start. There was several of our jolly old Billingsgate boys a grinning away like mad to see what a reglar Sham the whole thing was. Old JACK BENNETT, as we calls him, was there of course, he's always everywhere I'm told wherever two or three hundred people are gathered together. My friend the Policeman told me as he lost a beautiful gold watch last week at some meeting, while he was chatting with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and that he has offered 20 Guineas reward for it, and Bobby added with a grin as it would be about the best advertisement as he had ever sent out. Of course I don't know what he means.

Well, presently the LORD MAYOR and the Sheriffs and the Under Sheriff and the Common Councillors they all stands in a row and Sir JOHN BENNETT he goes and puts himself right in front of 'em all, and sure enough they was all photographed and then away they all went.

But lor to think of the difference of what it was when they opened blooming Billingsgate after rebuilding it some few years ago! There wasn't even a flag or a band of music or a blue silk Common Councillor there on Thursday, and if it hadn't been for jolly Sir JOHN who was all over the place, there wouldn't have been a single bit of fun in the whole dreary business.

Ah! I always said as they'd find our Billingsgate boys rather a hard nut to crack. "They've got the Men, they've got the Fish, they've got the Money too!" Our only fear is that the public are not quite such fools as some people think they are; and if once they find that they can come to this nice, clean, tidy-looking Market, without getting all their clothes spoilt, and without hearing any of our very powerful, but rather fishy language, and without being shoved about all over the place, and can buy their fish pretty reasonable, praps things won't be quite so comfortable like as they have been for many years past for the Billingsgate Salesmen, the Billingsgate Bummaree, or for such as me and my palls.

JOE MUGGINS.

SIGNORINA TUA, a charming and most graceful violinist, has made a successful debut this Season. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN at once pronounced his opinion that SIGNORINA TUA was a winner; but Madame NORMAN NEBUDA seemed inclined to compare the young Lady's style with her own, and observed that there was "all the difference between Mea and TUA."



OUR ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC AND INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES COMBINATION CARTOON.

H.R.H. ARION PLAYING THE SCALES TO THE FISHES.

FEDORA ON THE "TAPPY."

A BERNHARDT-BEERE OR HALF-AND-HALF CHRONICLE.

M. SARDOU's *Fedora*, carefully transferred from French to English by Mr. HERMANN MERIVALE, has been produced, as all the London Theatre-going world knows, at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, having confidence in the Victorious SARDOU, purchased the acting-right of *Fedora*, and had then to discover an English equivalent for SARA BERNHARDT, *Fedora*'s original representative, for whom, and for whose eccentric idiosyncrasies the part was written.

The Haymarket Management pitched on Mrs. BERNARD BEERE for their *Fedora*, and we are bound to say that, judging from her first night's performance, this Lady has thoroughly justified the confidence placed in her by the Bancrofters, who in the first instance may have selected her on account of a certain vague facial resemblance to SARA, mainly due to the touzled fashion of hair, so that they may be said to have been taken by that refreshing mug of Beere.

Fedora is a translatable, but unadaptable play, for *Fedora* adapted would cease to be the *Fedora* created by SARDOU, and vivified by SARA BERNHARDT, in whose hands SARDOU'S creation became a living, moving—very moving—creature, endowed with all the Sara-Bernhardtian gifts, graces, tricks, and manners. Whether *Fedora* had to be transferred to the American, English, Dutch, or German Stage, it was absolutely necessary, in order to insure the same success already achieved at Paris, to procure an Actress who was willing to allow herself to be prepared, as is the photographer's plate, to receive an exact impression, and reproduce a true portrait of the great original. An Actress so constituted was found in Mrs. BERNARD BEERE, henceforward to be known as Mrs. SARA-BERNHARDT-BEERE, who, as SARA cannot learn sufficient English to play *Fedora* herself in London, becomes her substitute at the Haymarket, where we had the pleasure of applauding every pint of Beere, and "chalaking" it up to her account.

Those who have never seen SARA will probably be quite satisfied with the excellent imitation which Mrs. SARA-BERNHARDT-BEERE, by close study, thorough appreciation, and earnest work has been able to give. Appearance, to a certain extent, is in her favour: voice, style, and want of experience are against her. Had we ourselves never seen SARA'S performance in this or in anything at all, we fancy we should have recognised in Mrs. S. B. BEERE'S rendering of *Fedora* a struggle between Nature and Art, which had resulted in a temporary compromise. A deep-toned masculine voice is not "an excellent thing in woman," and inability to modulate it or to infuse into it the true tone of pathos, must produce a monotonous effect; while perpetual restlessness, unreasonable and inexplicable changes of attitude (for which the audience has not been prepared by any description of the *Princess Fedora*'s characteristics previous to the Second Act) weary the spectator, and distract his attention from whatever the real serious interest of the situation may be at the moment. SARA can do all this perfectly: like the dogs that "delight to bark and bite," it is "her nature to." But though Beers is associated with hops, Mrs. BEERE is not at home in skips and jumps, which seem rather the result of unrolled mechanism than of natural impulse.



Act IV. Beere rather Flat.

Were we seeing Mrs. SARA-BERNHARDT-BEERE for the first time in our lives when she was playing *Fedora*, we should have said this Lady is fashioned by Nature to be an exceptionally powerful *Lady Macbeth*: she is masculine, commanding, deep-toned, tall, hard; she has not any of the tenderness occasionally evinced in the purring manner of the feline *Fedora*, but she has all the characteristics of the Thane of Cawdor's wife.

Revenge is the key-note of the play, which is unrelieved by any display of passionate love, or strong motive of generous self-sacrifice. There is in it no honest, wholesome love-interest; for though *Loris* and *Fedora* become lovers, yet, as presented by Mrs. SARA BERNHARDT-BEERE, and Mr. COGHLAN, we may well exclaim, sure such a pair were never seen so totally unfit to meet by Nature, except they come together for a jolly good row.

Loris, as played, or walked through, by Mr. COGHLAN, on the first night—he has "not been the same man since," but has considerably improved the performance—appeared to be rather bored, and, we own, very naturally so, by the gushing Russian

Lady who so flops, and falls, and bumps, and bounces, and clings, and pulls, and hauls; and who, regardless of the proper uses of furniture, perches herself on the sofa-back, tucks herself up on a chair, and is so badly brought up—(she is a Princess, don't you know, poor thing!)—as to be perpetually putting her elbows on the table, and apparently sitting on one leg and showing one foot, that we wonder poor bewildered, quiet *Loris* does not exclaim, "My dear creature, do sit still for one minute! Do remember that you are not the diaphanous, lithe, electric



Army Evolutions (Mrs. B. B.) and Reserved Force (Mr. C. Coghlan).

belle, SARA, and it doesn't suit you, you know—it really doesn't!"

Though Mr. COGHLAN is worth two of PIERRE BERTON, yet, as *Fedora*'s lover, who has to make it, as Mr. JOHN CLAYTON would say, "All for her," a copy of PIERRE BERTON was really required as a companion picture to the copy of SARA BERNHARDT.

Now, take Mrs. BANCROFT as *Countess Olga*. Was it possible for this inimitable Actress to be anything but original? Her originality is herself; and she would have refused point blank to copy the French Actress who was the lively original of *Countess Olga*. She plays, as she dresses the part, in a wonderful manner, and is an amusing but really useless personage.

Again, Mr. BANCROFT did not think it necessary to reproduce the individualities of the French Actor who played *Jean de Siriez*, *Fedora*'s confidential friend and chorus, but quite unrecognisable in his wonderful 'make-up,' he seemed to be somebody else giving a clever imitation of Mr. BANCROFT.

Miss JULIA GWYNNE, late of the Electric Savoy Light-headed Corps, shone as *Dmitri*, the picturesque Page-boy, or Russian Buttons.

Mr. BROOKFIELD seemed to be speaking excellent Russian as the Comic Detective *Gretch*, whose appearance would attract a crowd of little boys in any thoroughfare; Mr. FITZPATRICK—bedad, Sorr—was quite at home as a guest, and Mr. SMEDLEY as *M. Rouel* appeared as a Haymarket old-stager, playing with ease and elegance. The piece altogether is placed on the stage in such a style as leaves the Parisian *mise-en-scène* nowhere. It has been a plucky venture on the part of JEAN DE SIRIEUX BANCROFT to invest in Russians; no expense, trouble, or pains has been spared; and as a great curiosity has been aroused by its Parisian reputation, all London will go and see it; and that will be a good enough result for some time to come. As for the play itself, the First Act is a long way the best, depending on the melodramatic interest of the situations and the general excellence of the *ensemble*. Here too Mrs. BEERE is at her best when she exclaims, "Take him then, you are bound to do so!" There is not another line in the piece suits her so well as this. The plot will not bear ten minutes' calm consideration: probability has been recklessly sacrificed to the necessity of inventing situations for SARA BERNHARDT. The situations, consequently, are effective, the piece ineffective.

NEW BOOK.—*Black Draught in Books*. By the Author of *Physics in Pictures*.



Countess Olga (Mrs. Bancroft), a most engaging person.



Sir I. X. imitating Mr. Bancroft.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PAPERS.

SCENE—Interior of a First-Class Railway Carriage on a Suburban Line. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—BROWN and JONES, who have hurriedly glanced through their respective journals.

Brown. Not very much to interest one in to-day's papers, Sir!

Jones. No, Sir, you are right; but one or two items seemed to strike me. I see that in the *World* case they have obtained a decree nisi.

Brown. So I saw. And CHARLES RUSSELL showed cause why it should not be made absolute. Now what effect will that have?

Jones. Well, that is a difficult question to answer: and I may mention, as a matter of fact, that they report these law cases in such an extraordinary manner, that it always puzzles me to know which side has gained the day. Now, what is a decree nisi?

Brown. Wasn't it a rule nisi?

Jones. A decree and a rule are the same, I think. Are they not?

Brown. I do not know. But it doesn't matter. A rule or decree nisi is a rule or decree nisi until it is made a rule or decree absolute.

Jones. Exactly. Then a rule or decree absolute is a rule or decree absolute after it has been a rule or decree nisi.

Brown. Precisely so.

[Silence.]

Brown. Bad business this about the Beuanhas.

Jones. Shocking. But what can one do?

Brown. The very question I have asked myself. Does the question lie in a nutshell?

Jones. Of course not, my dear Sir, or you and I would not be puzzling ourselves over its solution.

Brown. Admirably argued. What will the Government say?

Jones. BISMARCK.

Brown. Ah, if he puts his foot down it is all right, but will he?

Jones. There it is. If he does, there is peace in Egypt.

Brown. Egypt? I had an idea that the Beuanhas were the natives of Madagascar.

Jones. I won't be certain.

Brown. More will I. At any rate, we must wait and hope.

Jones. That is my motto too.

[Silence.]

Jones. Good speeches those at the Royal College of Music.

Brown. First-rate. MILLAIS and LEIGHTON and FRITH in great form.

Jones. One moment. Those were the speeches at the Private View of the Academy.

Brown. Of course, of course. But I was confused between the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Surgeons—

Jones. Music.

Brown. Ah yes, of Music. How carefully you do study your papers, and what a memory you have! I am no use at all.

Jones. Don't run yourself down. I certainly try and master the contents of my daily, but I gather from your conversation you do the same.

Brown. But unsuccessfully. What do you, now, consider the aims of this Musical School?

Jones. To encourage Music.

Brown. And a very good object too! How will it be worked out?

Jones. The details are hardly to hand, but the general idea is good.

Brown. None could be better. I was very much struck with it, speaking for myself.

Jones. I too was highly pleased at its originality.

[Silence.]

Brown. Are you much of a theatre-goer?

Jones. Not very much. Are you?

Brown. Moderately so. Is there anything else worth seeing?

Jones. I believe that that fellow—what's his name, I always forget it—is extremely good.

Brown. So I have been told. And I hear that the piece at the—tut, tut, I shall not remember my own address next—is very funny.

Jones. So I read.

[Silence.]

Jones. So they have got another of these Irishmen.

Brown. So I am glad to read. It serves the scoundrel—'see, it is TIMOTHY, isn't it?

Jones. I think so. No; isn't it JOE?

Brown. 'Pon my soul, I think you are right; but these Irish names are very troublesome, being all so much alike.

Jones. They are; and the trials are so very long. Anyhow, I am glad to know that justice has been done.

Brown. So am I, heartily.

[Silence.]

Jones. There has been horse-racing at Newmarket this week.

Brown. Yes. It is astonishing how these meetings spring up. Were you there?

Jones. No. I only care for the great races of the year.

Brown. That reminds me the "Derby" is at hand. Next week, is it not?

Jones. Or the one after. Ah! a grand race! I must have my five pounds on my fancy!

Brown. Well, once a year I do the same. Do you think any horse is certain to win?

Jones. It is hard to say. And you?

Brown. I haven't quite made up my mind. Hullo! here's town! Good morning!

[They separate.]

Brown. A remarkably well-read man! I shall cultivate him!

Jones. An admirably-informed and close-thinking person! I shall try and travel with him always in future!

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER ON THE NILE.

MY DEAR TEWFIK,

I HAVE now the pleasure of forwarding you my General Report on the present condition and future prospects of Egypt. I might have communicated it to you, accompanied simply by one of those Official Despatches, of which I fancy you have received a good many since my arrival in the country. Our friendly intimacy, however, enables me to address you through the medium of a private letter, which has the great advantage of not actually binding Her Majesty's Government to the views expressed in it, while if every thing turns out satisfactorily, they can then claim the full credit of the policy which I am about to expound.

I cannot, of course, expect that your Highness will endorse every sentiment in my Report; but as I have no desire to be held personally responsible for all the recommendations which it contains, I am anxious that people should think that the projected reforms mentioned in it are exclusively the outcome of your own generous and enlightened nature, although I dare say that many of them will occasion you and CHERIF PASHA just a little surprise!

It is, of course, a source of deep regret to me that I should be obliged to run off to Constantinople, and spend a week or so in London *en route*, instead of remaining to witness the intense gratitude of the Egyptian "Fellaheen" for the unexampled blessings which they now enjoy, which include the payment of the Bondholders and of an indemnity of somewhere about a million sterling. I confidently anticipate that in a short time your Highness will be enabled to drive through the streets without much fear of instant assassination.

Already I have to congratulate you on the progress which has been made. It is true that gross official corruption, the misuse of arbitrary power, and a thousand injustices prevail. What of that? Your Highness must have noticed before now, the cheering fact that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that everything is for the best in it. The material tranquillity of the country is absolute from one end to the other, if we except the rather dangerous tumults which have recently occurred at Port Said, the consequent excitement at Cairo, and the open rebellion of the False Prophet in the Soudan. This tranquillity is entirely due to your Highness's beneficent measures, and not in the smallest degree to the presence of a British garrison capable of crushing a revolt at its very outset.

As for those Fellaheen, who are still inconsiderate enough to complain of oppression, the knowledge that the use of the "kourbaah" has been declared illegal, should surely console them for any actual floggings they may have undergone. Should they still have the bad taste to continue complaining, then I feel convinced that an announcement that in a few weeks the elaboration of a *New Civil and Criminal Code* will be completed, ought to draw tears of heartfelt joy and penitence from their eyes.

Your Highness's generous bestowal of free and Representative Institutions is just what I should have expected, considering the very strong hints I have frequently dropped upon the subject, and the fact that it will be perfectly easy for your Highness to disregard any recommendations which your Representative Assembly may take upon themselves to make. The solution of most of the other problems in Egyptian reorganisation will rest with the distinguished Europeans, whom you have so kindly—again at my suggestion—attached to the various Departments of State. It is impossible to suppose that with such *powerful coadjutors*, your Highness should ever for a moment feel a doubt as to the perfectly independent position that you so ably fill.

Finally, I do not hesitate to assure your Highness—but, as I remarked before, quite in an unofficial sort of way—that the present arrangements are intended by Her Majesty's Government both to succeed, and, what is still more important, to endure, an intimation which I am sure your Highness is quite acute enough to comprehend in all its significance.

D-FF-R-N.

THE LIVING CHESS TOURNAMENT AT HENGLE'S.

TURN about and walk about, a rare fine Show,
Make your figures stalk about and play Chess so!

QUALITY AND QUANTITY.—The three new Musical Knights are quite equal to a Score.



A FELT WANT.

Eligible Young Aspirant. "AND DO YOU REALLY APPROVE OF GYMNASTICS FOR YOUNG LADIES, MRS. PRENDERGAST?"

Proud Mother. "I DO, INDEED, MR. MILDMAY, AND ALWAYS HAVE. I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THERE IS NOT ONE OF MY DAUGHTERS THAT COULDN'T KNOCK DOWN HER OWN FATHER!"

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA;

Or, Father Neptune's Sermon to the Fish-eaters.

NEPTUNE *loq.*

WHEN worthy Saint Anthony preached to the fishes
(Of course I was present to hear the discourse),
They listened intent to his words and his wishes,
Expressed with such unctation, applied with such force.
But alas! as we're told by his poet-reporter,
Although so impressed, so delighted were they,
The fish did not follow their saintly exhorter,
Because, after all, "they preferred the old way!"

And men are like fishes. *Verb. sap.* 'Twere irrational
Much to expect from a sermon alone.

But there is a text in your great International
Fisheries Show that a Sea-god must own.

A Show so colossal, so grand, so complete, is
Quite worthy a visit or two, I'll be bound;
I should very well like to step over with Thetis,
And one or two Tritons, and take a look round.

But I am not a shore-going fellow; my function
Is wholesale purveyor. I leave it to you
To fetch and distribute. I see with compunction
You make a poor job of it—save for a few.
Great hopes are aroused by your great Exhibition,
They'll utterance find on the opening day;
But some thrive on things in their present condition,
And they, like the fishes, "prefer the old way."

It's a very bad way, marked by greed and stupidity,
Wicked monopoly, prodigal waste.
You want common-sense to contend with cupidity.—
Isn't it time that you gave 'em a taste?

I've bounty for all, but your Rings intercept it
Before it can reach those who need it the most.
They've the rule of the sea, when you ought to have kept it.
A thought that should check my BRITANNIA's proud boast.

Here's largess! Just look at it! Ocean is teeming
With quite inexhaustible harvest of fish,
In number past counting, in worth beyond dreaming,
And free to the world; such at least is my wish.
But the harpies of Commerce are ever beforehand
With poverty helpless, with dulness inert.
They take triple tithe e'er the wealth reaches your hand.
You've now a fresh start. Shall it be a mere spurt?

The poor, ah! poor souls, how I pity them, standing,
To chaffer for refuse; the dregs of my wealth,
When the pick of my board they might all be commanding,
Snatched from them by Capital's sinister stealth.
The harvest is bountiful, opulent, stintless,
And none need be gleaners—there's plenty for all;
Miraculous draughts from my sea wide and printless
Are yours,—if you'll only respond to my call.

St. Anthony's eloquent sermon was bootless;
Will men be as dull as the stock-fish or cod?
Shall Neptune's well-meaning remonstrance be fruitless?
Will Sense shut its ears to the ancient Sea-god?
Remember, when shouting in mighty applause of
Your big Exhibition just opened this May,
You have one other task—'tis to shut the huge jaws of
Trade's big greedy sharks who "prefer the old way."

"THE DAVEY CASE," recently brought before the sitting Magistrate at Bow Street, has nothing to do with Mr. BRADLAUGH and the Oaths Bill.



THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

FATHER NEPTUNE. "THERE'S PLENTY FOR EVERYBODY!—HUMPH!—IF YOU COULD ONLY GATHER IT!"

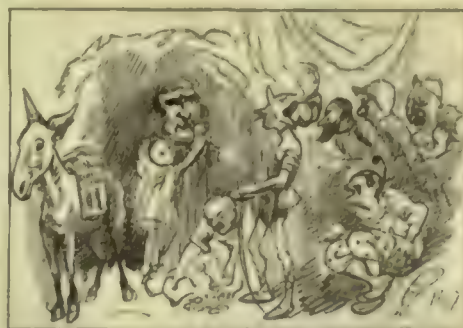
OUR ACADEMY GUIDE.



No. 170.—Fiddle-de-dee. We are a Merry Family.
Private Parties attended. Arthur Hughes.



No. 342.—Guy Fawkes' Day in the Mountains. "Holloa, Boys here's another Guy!" W. P. Frith R.A.



No. 341.—School of Dramatic Art. Pupils rehearsing.
Chief Pupil on Stage right. John Pettie, R.A.



No. 842.—Singing Tiger at a Monster Concert.
Herbert Johnson.



No. 13.—A Booty-ful Person. To be Hughes'd as
a Waukenphast Advertisement. Arthur Hughes.



No. 267.—Mlle. Enea practising a
Leap-Frog Ballet. James Clark.

No. 156. An Election subject, which might be called "*A Blank Canvas*." H. FANTIN.

. It may have been intended by the Artist as a hint to one of the Academicians, whose work is in the same line, suggesting how much better it would have been had he left the canvas on his easel as he first found it.

No. 240. Lord WOLSELEY regretting that he had not been cast for a part in Mr. HARRIS's *Youth* at Drury Lane. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

No. 249. Performing out of St. James's Hall; or, Half Hours with the best Lunatics. J. B. BURGESS, A.

No. 250. A Stout "Red Line." FRANK HOLL, R.A.

No. 299. A Collapsible Imitation. Portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE on the morning after the rejection of the Affirmation Bill. He looks Affirmationally Billious. J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

No. 302. "*The Haunt of the Moor-Hen*." Suggests that the Artist, Mr. W. W. CAFFYN, should paint a companion-picture to this, and call it "*The Huckle of the Spring Chicken*."

No. 324. The use of the rod to children. J. C. HOOK, R.A.

No. 330. *Early Days*. Child after her first glass of wine regards the kitten, and determining to be a member of the Blue Ribbon Army, whose decoration is round Kitty's neck. Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

No. 334. Eminent Amateur rehearsing *Hamlet*, with property-Skull. JOHN COLLIER.

No. 344. Feeble old party in his second childhood has been permitted to play battledore and shuttlecock by the hour. Having exceeded his time, he is putting grandfather's clock back. H. S. MARKS, R.A.

No. 370. *Nymphs and Fauns*. P. R. MORRIS, A.

No. 390. "*Jol sor o' chap. Shall take pledge 'morrow: join blue rib—all ri'*." J. HANSON WALKER.

No. 391. A Beater. P. R. MORRIS, A.

No. 436. *My First Toothache*. CATHINCA AMYOT.

No. 476. Reverend Gentleman preparing for extempore preaching. Closes the book and says, "How can I recollect that *verbatim*?" Dedicated to Stokes on Memory. W. W. OULESS, R.A.

No. 484. *What's the least I can give without being considered stingy?* H. T. SCHÄFER.

No. 748. *Disturbing a pic-me*. A. W. BATES.

No. 883. *An Awful Bore!* R. ANSDALL, R.A.

NO BALL!

LORD HARRIS, the most energetic of men,
Desires the enforcement of Rule Number Ten
In Cricket;

Insisting—a thing our Obstructives might stare at—
That they who bowl straight and bowl swift shall bowl fair at
The wicket!

Oh, pride of the emerald swards of green Kent,
Could you bring the "fair play" of the field and the tent

To St. Stephen's,
Perhaps it might lead to a pleasant revival,
And parties might battle as fairly as rival
Elevens!

The difference there betwixt "bowling" and "throwing"
Appears clean forgotten, the mischief is growing
Appalling.

Of manly fair-play there is scarcely a tittle.
It's oh for a Rule Number Ten, and a little
No-Balling!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is astonished to hear that the Count de CHAMBORED is suffering from Fleabites. Her Nephew showed her the paragraph in the paper, but she only told him that "Phlebitis" was the French way of spelling it.

Fancy at the Great Fish Show.

THAT fish increases our supply of brain
We've oft been told by Sages. Well, we wish
The Sages' schemes may show the converse gain,—
That brain increases our supply of fish.

MEM. AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.—A picture may be "capitally executed" without of necessity being "well hung." And *vice versa*.

THE NEW BARONET.

THERE are those who win
their laurels victors in the
deadly fray,
Those whom all the people
welcome with the peans of
to-day;
There are those too who win
triumphs in the piping
times of peace,
As law-givers, or as scholars
in the lore of Rome and
Greece;
But who now has gained the
Red Hand, what may be
his style, and claim
To a place upon the roll of
Honour, whence can come
his fame?

Not upon the field of battle,
nor amid our human strife,
Did this man gain fame and
honour, though his right
hand bears the knife;
Yet 'tis his to dare a combat
while spectators hold their
breath,
His a never-ending warfare
with the forces of King
Death;
His the Surgeon's wondrous
science which that grisly
tyrant quells;
Fitting is it that we hail him
henceforth as Sir SPENCER
WELLS!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that
the first time they play Gou-
nod's March of the Marie An-
toinettes at the Monday Pops,
she will be there. She says
she has only heard it once,
but it struck her that the
style was so exactly suited to
the subject.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 136.



SIR SPENCER WELLS, BART.;

OR, SIR DISPENSER WELLS.

VENUS AND MARS.

"The planets Venus and Mars
are now very near each other."—
*Astronomical Notes in the "Athe-
næum."*

You're right, my most sage
Athenæum,
For surely to every man it's
Quite plain that whenever we
see 'em,
They always are near, those
two planets.
When soldiers come home from
campaigning,
With spoils from Egyptian
bazaars,
Old sweethearts with ease
they're regaining,
For Venus is true to her Mars.

No matter though loves Ori-
ental
Have beckon'd the warrior
to rest,
He sails back to England, con-
tent all
His faith to repose in one
breast.
No other can'er come between
us,
He cries, as he wins in the
wars,
For Mars is still constant to
Venus,
And Venus is true to her
Mars.

As to the right of persons
to hold public meetings on
the open common of Peckham
Rye, it has been decided that
no Peckham Rye-oting can be
permitted.

UNPOPULAR GAME AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.—"High-
sky-high!"

ATTRACTIVE BAIT AT THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES.

LAST Saturday saw—though not very clearly—the Official Opening of the International Fisheries Exhibition. It poured till nearly ten, and then the streets were filthy. But inside the building the arrangements were as perfect as possible. Uniforms—the naval predominating, of course—stars and garters, ribbons—very few blue ones—and decorations everywhere.

The leading points of the ceremony were a well-delivered speech by the Prince of WHALES—(Ten Thousandth and last appearance of this absolutely necessary joke this week,)—with a hearty finish about an English welcome, which elicited some real English cheers. The æsthetic Archbishop, looking as if his long locks were still damp after coming out of his own See of Canterbury, then read a prayer containing some appropriate Scriptural allusions—not a very difficult matter on such an occasion, though his Quite Too-Too Grace forgot to make mention of JONAH and the Whale. The orisons being ended, the choir struck up the Ancient Hundredth, "All people that on earth do dwell," which isn't at first sight suggestive of anything to do with the sea, specially as most people who on earth do dwell are probably indifferent sailors, and would rather remain where they are. They should have sung "The Sea, the Sea, the Open Sea," which would have been a fine Free-trading Canticle, and as for the religious part of the ceremony, they should have engaged a few Sar-deans to do it. However, his Too-Too Grace is to be congratulated on not having seized the opportunity for a punning discourse on the Value of Soles, Shellfishness, and so forth.

Then the Prince declared the building open; then more music; and then the Procession returned as it came; and the spectators returned, gradually, not as they came, thank goodness, which was with a good deal of scrooging and pushing, but quietly wandering about in the different Courts, inspecting the Chinese models in what seemed to be one of the most complete and interesting of all the departments, and being, in another place, much exercised as to whether a black sailor standing with an oar in his hand was a model, or real flesh and blood. Personally, it struck me that he was both, as, in

spite of a crowd round him, half afraid to touch him or to ask questions, he never moved a muscle, and even when it occurred to me to test him with a silver coin, which I held up at some little distance from him, but distinctly visible, he did not budge an inch; though this might have been accounted for by the thought having flashed across his mind that if he moved to take the coin, and so spoil the illusion, I should have moved, too, at a rapid pace, and in an opposite direction. I will not affirm that I should not have done so; but I can testify that he remained statueque to the last, and that I left him the centre of attraction to an admiring crowd.

Visitors being hungry and thirsty, thronged the fish dinner, at sixpence a head, which I could smell at a distance (there is a good deal of flavour about the Fisheries), but into which I could not squeeze, as it was "full up." The refreshment-rooms and the bars were crowded.

The Fish-Market was an object of interest to many, who thought they were going to take home the best fish a bargain, but who found that as a rule they were selling at West-end prices, and only offered an inferior article at a less figure. This was a great disappointment to all who had anticipated pointing a moral from a fish's tail.

When in working order, the place ought to be a big success, and if Greenwich dinners can be done for a shilling a head, the Trafalgar and the other hotels may shut up for the season.

The Scotch Fisher-girls were in great form, and doing a good trade in photographs. There were Norwegian Fisher-girls, and a dummy fisher-girl from Boulogne, watching over a dummy fisherman lying helplessly on his back. Plenty of amusement, including Picture Gallery, Aquarium, culinary apparatus, and working machinery. In the Picture Gallery the portrait of the celebrated ANN CHOVY in oil is well worth seeing. Further detail on the earliest opportunity.

WITH two Cartoons about the Fisheries, with Verses on the subject, and an account of the Opening of the Exhibition, this is a Fishy number of *Punch*. Quite an exception, of course.



CONSCIENCE.

U. P. Elder. "THE MEENISTER NEEDNA' 'BEEN THAT HAURD EN HES DISCOORNE. THERER 'PLANTY O' LEEARS I' PEEBLES FOREBYE ME!"

TRYING IT ON.

"If Lord BEACONSFIELD's spirit could for a moment animate his Statue!"—
Lord R. Churchill, in his Article, "Elijah's Mantle," in *Fortnightly Review*.

SCENE—A Public Place. TIME—The small hours after the House's rising.
Present—A Bronze Statue and a Small Personage in a big Cloak.

Small Personage. Ha! There's nobody looking! No! House dark! G. O. M. just turned the corner of Downing Street. Give him a corner he won't be able to turn one of these days, or my name's not— But no matter. Peeler's footstep dies away in the distance. Nothing about but shadows and sleepy Cabmen. I will! (*Carefully arranges cloak around him, and strikes an attitude at foot of Statue.*) Ah! Judging by my shadow on the ground, it's like—very like. A little long, perhaps, but that's only a question of draping, after all. If only this Statue were like the Vocal Memnon, now, and could— What's that? Sounded like a metallic chuckle, or as if one of LANDSEER's lions were trying to roar, and couldn't quite manage it.

Voice. A thing that sometimes happens to other—lions.

Small Personage (*aside*). By Jove, it is! Well, I mustn't be taken aback. Shall one who stands the braying of so many live donkeys be shaken by the voice even of the biggest of dead lions? No; brass against bronze. Here goes! (*Aloud.*) My Lord, as I have said elsewhere, "Your phrases will bear any amount of microscopic examination"; the meaning of this particular one—

Voice. Apply the microscope at your leisure. What is that you are—may I say smothered up in?

Small Personage. Ahem!—it is—a—well, in point of fact, a cloak.

Voice. Your own?

Small Personage. Well—a—yes.

Voice. Then I should—change my tailor.

Small Personage. Thanks. But I—ah—like the cut, and—I may grow to it in time.

Voice. Provident, very! Second-hand, perhaps, and bought cheap?

Small Personage. No; had it made for me, after a favourite pattern.

Voice. It is one which, like Charity, would cover a multitude of—but you're hardly a sin, perhaps. More of a peccadillo, eh?

Small Personage (*swellingly*). Anyhow, some of 'em hate me as though I were sin.

Voice (*softly*). Not original sin, at any rate!

Small Personage (*aside*). Confound him! Can't cheek him—like CROSS, or sit upon him—as though he were STAFFY. (*Aloud.*) Well, my Lord—if that is your title in your—ahem!—present sphere,—you know imitation is the sincerest form of—

Voice. Impudence. DAUBITON, R.A., imitates Nature—at least, he says so—as Hamlet's players imitated humanity. I need not quote; you are doubtless as well versed in poetic as in patriotic lore, and know your SHAKESPEARE as thoroughly as your—how do you put it,—ORIGEN?

Small Personage. Ah! my Lord, your life inspires even whilst your lips deride.

Voice (*genially*). Better! That life you say—elsewhere—"may be painted in a sentence."

Small Personage. Ah! you have read my article in the *Bi-Monthly Review*?

Voice. I will not say read. But there is a sentence therein which paints you.

Small Personage. Which?

Voice. "Whenever, by an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances, an Opposition is compelled to support the Government, the support should be given with a kick, and not with a caress."

Small Personage. And what do you say to that?

Voice. Only that borrowed garments seldom fit well, and that ourrishness is not courage.

Small Personage. Will you explain?

Voice. No. You are not dull, and explanations are.

Small Personage. Since your departure, the party—election affairs, organisation, everything—has been going to the dogs.

Voice. Will that be remedied by relegating it to the puppies?

Small Personage. But you yourself, were vigilant, bellicose, tenacious, unsparring!

Voice. I fought with lions. But not by snapping and snarling at their heels. To imitate *Launce's* ill-conditioned Crab, is not to imitate me. In politics there is a wide difference between young *Ishmael* and a *gamin* of the gutter, between the sling-and-stone and mud-flinging. The Mantle of ELIJAH is too big for you—at present, but youthful cleverness may fight a good fight under the "Mantle of Fidelity." You know your *Percy's Reliques*: *Verb sap.* [*Silence.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 7.—Had a chat with STAVELEY HILL to-night about the Far West. Hon. and learned Gentleman one time thought might be made SOLICITOR-GENERAL. But a grateful Government stopped short at making him Judge-Advocate of the Fleet.

"If it had been Lord High Admiral," he says, "I wouldn't have minded. But other thing a little obscure. So turned my attention to ranching, and now own flocks and herds innumerable. Rough lot of men out there; hard to deal with. Threatened outbreak sometimes. Always quelled it in one way. Put on my wig and gown, carry in right hand patent as Judge-Advocate of the Fleet, and go among them. Effect instantaneous. Roughest among them quelled. No more trouble for weeks."

What I want to know from the learned Ranchman is as to prospects out there of useful Dog not afraid of work. Early riser; washing put out, and children not objected to. Seems to me the sooner we're out of this country the better. Did believe our Fleet was pretty well, considering. Learn to-night this is quite a mistake.

Lord HENRY LENOX ambling round the subject for an hour, "like Mr. Mantlini in the bonnet-shop," Sir THOMAS BRASSEY growls, in that sea-dog voice learned on board the *Sunbeam*. Couldn't make much out of Lord HENRY, except "how very kind—nothing could be kinder—than everybody had been to him." This, coupled with little reminiscences of the time, nearly two years all told, when he was Secretary to the Admiralty, together with what he said to his noble friend on a particular occasion, and what the Right Hon. Gentleman said to him at some other time, made up an agreeable hour and a half.

Quite at sea with Lord HENRY. But afterwards a chorus of dismal foreboding from Sir JOHN HAY, Sir EDWARD REED, Mr. W. H. SMITH, and other great sea Captains. All pointed to one conclusion. We have no ships worth speaking of. Too fast, or too slow, armour too heavy, too light, or in the wrong place. Guns burst. Coal won't burn. Steam won't "get up" in the morning. Dockyards inadequate. In short, we shall be knocked into a cocked hat, if Switzerland, Portugal, or any other Naval Power declared war against us.

Before that day dawns I mean to be settled down on my own rancho. *Business done.*—None.

Tuesday.—House of Lords debating question of Opening Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays. Lord DUNRAVEN pleaded cause of intelligent working-man in moderate and lively speech. But majority of House shocked at notion, and Motion rejected by three to two. The Bishops turned out in great force, making a fine show of law on the Bench below Ministers.

"Looks as if it was washing-day, and they had got the clothes out early," RANDOLPH says, gazing upon the scene from the Gallery. New Archbishop present. Looks *Æsthetic*. Got his speech ready. Intended when he came down to deliver it, but so nervous couldn't get it off.

"Pity your Grace should have had all this trouble," I say (always like to be polite to an Archbishop); "sure great loss to the world so much eloquence, argument, and common sense."

"Don't think it will be lost," said his Grace, sweetly. "Preaching shortly on the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; shall be able to use up a good many of the passages." His Grace ought to carry a lily or a sunflower. Notice his Grace wears his hair parted down the middle, like his predecessor. Suppose this is part of Archbishop full-dress. Ask Lord ROSEBURY.

"Yes," he says; "you see it would not do to have in the Primate a man of strong ideas and masterful ways. When you find a man who has reached middle life and has never been able to decide on which side he shall part his hair, he is in the running for the Primacy. '*Au juste milieu*' is the motto for CANTERBURY."

Lord CAIRNS much pleased at result of Division.

"It's not, TOBY," says he, "as if I asked working-man to do what I wouldn't do myself. Never go into my own picture gallery on a Sunday. Look it up on Saturday night. Also, after midnight every Saturday, turn round pictures on dining-room walls, in passages, library, drawing-room, or wherever they might catch the eye on the Sabbath." *Business done in the Commons.*—None.

Wednesday.—"I knew what would happen, when I let PLAYFAIR bring in those pots of Oleo-Margarine," the SPEAKER said this evening, as Lady BRAND gave us a cup of tea. "'They're only little ones,' PLAYFAIR urged. 'Yes,' I said, 'that's true enough. If they were the size of a sponge-bath, of course you wouldn't bring them in.' But I weakly yielded; and now here's BROADHURST brought in a nail-making machine, which he calls an Oliver, and works away, to illustrate the Motion for the Second Reading of a Bill to amend the Workshops' Act."

"Couldn't you have got WINN to have given him a Rowland for his Oliver?" I said, seeing the SPEAKER was really distressed.

"No," he answered, sadly, "that Winn-a do. The thing must be met by an Order of the House. It'll grow, till place becomes sort of workshop, and we'll have to build a shed on the site of the old Law Courts to keep the materials for illustrating speeches. We shall have LABOUCHERE next! bringing in a cobbler's stall, and showing how they make boots in Northampton, whilst he pleads the right of the constituency to have two representatives."

House a little startled when BROADHURST first produced his machinery. Thought it might have something to do with explosions. But only made nails. Most interesting process. You put a piece of iron-piping in at one end, turn a handle, and tenpenny nails flow in abundance from other end.

"Dear me!" said BOBBY SPENCER, who over the ring-fence of his collar watched process with childish delight. (Subsequently, in cloak-room, tried his hand with the machine, and made a few nails for private circulation only.) "Really charming; but should have thought it would have brought down the price of nails. Tenpence apiece seems a good deal, don't you know?"

Thing sure to spread. Daresay, in moving Agricultural Holdings Bill to-morrow night, DODSON will have a collection of spades, mowing-machines, steam-ploughs, and a few drain-pipes. Interesting in its way. Makes the House a sort of superior Polytechnic; but likely to become inconvenient as custom grows. SPEAKER's quite right. He ought to have put down his foot on PLAYFAIR's pots.

Business done.—Miscellaneous. Threw out BROADHURST's Bill, Oliver and all, by swinging majority.

Thursday Night.—Grand Old Man in grand old passion to-night. Came upon him after Division on Clause 13 in Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, thrown out by a majority of seven. Tried to get out of his way. Thought it would be pleasanter to have a chat with him some other time. But he "was not to be denied," as they say in prize-ring literature when one Gentleman succeeds in planting his fist in particularly uncomfortable relation to the other one's face.

"I want to know, TOBY," says he, his shirt-collars flapping in the emotion of subdued rage like the mainsail of a yacht when you're luffing, or tacking, or doing something that makes the sail wobble.

"What I want to know is, who is to conduct the business of this country? Is it me and my colleagues, or is it a few Gentlemen below the Gangway, who are what they call Independent. Here's a case affecting detail of administration in Tax-gathering Department. CHILDERS, on his responsibility, says it will work well, and save £30,000 a year. Objection taken on score of vested interests. Objection fully met by modification of scheme. The Conservative Opposition looking on, prick up their ears. They can't defeat us out of their own ranks, but count on Land-Leaguers, and if they can get a dozen or so of our men, they're safe to run us close, or even defeat us. That's all very well for them, but not for us, or for me. I can't carry on Government on those terms, and, what's more, I won't," and the Grand Old Man, with his head very high in the air, and a red spot on either pale cheek, strode off before I could explain that it wasn't my fault. Glad to be safe out of it on any terms.

Business done.—Another Government defeat. Early to-morrow morning, DODSON, looming dimly out of the Fog, explained details of Agricultural Holdings Bill.

Friday.—Spent afternoon more or less agreeably in foreign parts. Grand CROSS on first about Cuban Refugees; then WILFRED LAWSON on Egypt. Finally, and appropriately, ASHMEAD BARTLETT on India. ASHMEAD would have undertaken either of the other parts with equal readiness, but the others getting in first, took what was left. Grand CROSS got on pretty well, no one daring to smile. In fact, scarcely anyone present either to smile or weep. General impression House might as well have adjourned yesterday. But let us go now.

Business done.—Adjourned till Monday, 21st. Derby Day the 23rd. So what's the use of meeting, except at Epsom, till the 24th?

A BRACING ATMOSPHERE.

SPEAKING of Mr. GLADSTONE at the dinner of the National Liberal Club, the London Correspondent of the *Sussex Daily News*, says—

"A storm of cheering swept through the hall, and then the pale face and the leonine front, which have been seen in the van of Liberal progress for so many years, were hailed with thunderous acclamation. The tossing sea of table napkins visibly braced Mr. GLADSTONE's spirits."

Why all this praise of the "leonine front," and no word about the leonine collars? The "leonine front" in the van, savours, too, a little of the menagerie. We have heard of the bracing effects of sea-air, but possibly a "tossing sea of table-napkins" may brace even more tightly.

The cheers, the shouts, the hearty rapkins,
The tossing sea of table-napkins!

But where was the Poet Laureate?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE TURF GUY'D.

RACY SKETCHES BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



Summer Meeting.



Ar-rivals and Latest Scratchings.



Taken and Off.



Wait for Age.



Maiden Plait.



Juvenile Selling Stakes.



A Gallop on the Downs.



Cannon went off with a Burst.



A Waiting Race.



Archer called upon his Horse.



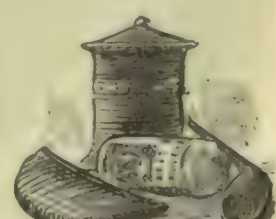
Pulling up at the Bend.



Beaten at the Distance.



A Sweep's Takes.



Backers.

SO MUCH IMPROVED!

Little Vehicular Farce now being performed with immense success every afternoon not a hundred miles from Hyde Park Corner.

Mr. and Mrs. BURLINGTON BROWN, who have taken a four-wheeled cab near the Marble Arch, in order to be in plenty of time to attend a Conversation in Grosvenor Place, discovered enjoying the freshness of Park Lane as they proceed leisurely towards Piccadilly. TIME—A little before 4 P.M. at the height of the Season.

Mr. Burlington Brown (continuing discursive and enthusiastic panegyric on the local improvements). The change is positively wonderful. You wouldn't know the place; and coming up from Knightsbridge, I'll really defy you to tell where you are. (Warming with the subject.) You seem to be entering a lovely well-wooded garden, winding deliciously away right to Westminster Abbey. And then if you're going West, BLOOGAM—and he knows a lot of Artists and fellows of that sort, you know—says there's not a finer bit of architectural landscape in Europe than the corner there. You have the Hospital facing you, and those blocks, scaling—or whatever they call it—right away down to the left. You should see it, as I do, coming home from the Club at night! Why, BLOOGAM says it beats the Piazza della Signoria at Bologna, or Venice, or somewhere, all to shivers. And he's right.

Mrs. Burlington Brown (pleasantly impressed). Dear me, how very clever of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to have managed it so nicely! (Noticing a sudden alteration in the pace of the cab.) But what a great number of carriages there seem to be out this afternoon! I hope we shan't be late for the GUNGOYLES?

Mr. B. B. Oh, no! lots of time. (Looks at his Watch.) Why, we've seven minutes yet. You're thinking of the old state of things, you know, when there always used to be that beastly jam at the corner of Grosvenor Place, that made you late for everything. All changed now. That's the point of all this improvement: carting off the Old Duke and all the rest of it. (Again warming with his subject.) Oh, it's capitally managed! You'll see presently. They've cut one road somehow clean across, you know; taken a piece off the Corner, with a nice slope, and a curve right down to the top of Thingummy Street that goes into Belgrave Square, don't you know? and then they've made another that curls the other way, to take all the back traffic; and then there's one to relieve the Park entrance,—awfully well dodged, that! And so you see it doesn't matter where you're coming from or where you're going, there's

no waiting, and jamming, and letting you through a turnstile, and all the rest of it, as there used to be; but there's lots of room for everybody, and you just fall into your proper stream, and there's no more hitch than there is if you were on the Embankment. (Cab comes to a dead halt.) Hum! I don't ever remember to have seen it so crowded.

[Looks out, and watches seven-and-thirty omnibuses, carriages, coal-waggons, cabs, drays, and tradesmen's carts pass from somewhere to somewhere else at right angles, while a Policeman, who is superintending the procession with a sense of proprietorship, puts the back of a white Berlin glove at intervals deprecatingly into the cab-horse's eye.

Mrs. B. B. (after three minutes and a half of it). My dear, I'm sure we shall be late. Why, it seems as bad as ever it was. (Coming to the point.) Worse, I think.

Mr. B. B. Oh no,—it isn't worse. It's all right. It's only temporary, whatever it is. There must be some Volunteers, or something. (Nettled; with suppressed anger to Cabman.) Confound it, why can't you get on?

Cabman (not unreasonably). Get on? I should like to see anyone get on in this here jam.

[Advances his horse by way of experiment into neck of Proprietary Policeman.

Proprietary Policeman. Now then. Back, will yer! What are you up to? Where are you a drivin' to?

[Was about to let him move on, but, on rapid reflection, again places the back of a white Berlin glove at intervals deprecatingly into cab-horse's eye, and allows another procession of thirty-seven more omnibuses, carriages, cabs, coal-waggons, carts and drays to pass on from somewhere to somewhere else at right angles in obstructive ease.

Mr. B. B. (after another six minutes of it, in which he has taken with more or less inaccuracy the numbers of three separate Proprietary Policemen, an Omnibus Conductor, a couple of Cabmen, together with the addresses of the owners of seven private carriages and of a butcher boy,—recanting with warmth). It's scandalous, infamous! D—d bad management, that's what it is! [Glances at a landau.

Mrs. B. B. Well, it's no use exciting yourself now, whatever it is—for we're late for the Conversation,—as I said we should be!

(And she's right, for spite the descent of the Iron Duke, the disappearance of his familiar arch, a perennial smell of pitch, and the wonderful relief of the traffic at the "Corner," there's something yet wrong at Hamilton Place, and the sooner it is set right—the better.)



SOPHISTICAL.

Reveller. "‘TISHL’T TH’ WHISKY S’MUSH—ISSH TH’ ILLABILITY T’ CALLY IT
MAKESH A MAHL ‘PPEAR—"

[Sits down!]

OUR OFFISHIAL GUIDE.

PART I.—PRELIMINARY AND ARTISTIC.

FIRST catch your Catalogue, which, containing, as it does, only about eight hundred pages of printed matter, is admirably adapted for the pocket of any waistcoat large enough to admit it. Having secured your Catalogue, remember that you are in search of fish. Produce the excellent plan you will find at the commencement of the tiny little volume, and, if with a companion inclined to punning, beg him to let off all his side-splitters about the names of fish, such as "sole ideas," "getting a comfortable plaice," "taking to his eels," "herring and straying," at once, and have done with them.

On your road to the land which was once known as Brompton, but which now boasts an infinitely "genteeler" title, you will discover that the local colouring is unquestionably nautical. You will meet boatmen by the score; and whenever you get to a cab-stand, there you will find an attentive waterman. On the pavement you will notice that a fair proportion of the passengers are "half-seas over," and further observe that the houses have all their blinds down, no doubt to keep out the gaze of the public, "gaze" being used here as an alternative word to avoid a tautological repetition of the noun substantive "see." Finally, to generally suggest ships, there is not a single shop on the line of route without its sales. So much for side-splitters, and now to business.

You pass the turnstile, and find yourself in the department devoted to "Fine Arts." For a moment you are lost in wonder. On both hands you see the most beautiful designs in fresco, which you are told, in bold gold letters, are all painted on "Willesden paper." Here is a charming view of the Sewage Works of the Native Guano Company, in which two contented cows are introduced with perfectly startling effect. Close by this specimen of Fine Art are some exquisitely gilded roasting-jacks, or hooks. They are so cleverly painted, and so very much like screws, that you come to the conclusion that they would have been more appropriate in a horse-show than where they are—a hall devoted to Pisciculture in all its branches. Next to this great painting is an announcement

about somebody's Marmalade (a quaint sort of fish found in Spain and Scotland), which faces a spirited drawing of a Lady in a long cloak dancing a friendly jig with a Bear. But there are not only frescoes in this department, but framed paintings. Strange to say, these are not water-colours. However, as some of the exhibits come from a long distance, no doubt the Artists elected to preserve their works in oil. Amongst the best are several specimens from the Fishmongers' Company. But private individuals have also been generous in their contributions. Amongst the rest is a Mr. TARGET, who rather lays himself open as a mark for a joke by dubbing himself, in large letters, a "Piscatorial Artist." He has sent a picture of a fish, which is infinitely better than some of the rougher chalk drawings so frequently discovered on the London pavements. As he modestly asks £52 10s. for this specimen of "piscatorial" art, no doubt there will be a rush of bank-note holders to the office. By the way, it is amusing to note how some of the pictures have been valued by their owners. Two productions by Mr. DANDY SADLER, of nearly the same size, are valued respectively at £800 and £120. The contrast in price is very marked, as the two paintings hang close together. However, as in the higher-valued design a number of monks are represented fishing, possibly the price of this work of Art may be connected with a cell.

At present the pictures are not very well numbered. A label attached to the frame gives the only information, and in some cases the label is wanting, so that you have to fish for the subject, which, by the way, in such a place, is a very appropriate occupation. This omission is noticeable in a very fine work on the wall facing the British Sea Department. Fortunately, the subject explains itself. The Artist has commemorated an occasion of no small historical interest which, hitherto, has altogether escaped the attention of our modern chroniclers. After a hard and not very successful day's angling, three fishers have come to take their rest in their Inn, and to while away the time with some strange game of cards before the appearance of dinner. The three companions are no lesser persons than the late CHARLES DICKENS, CANON OAKLEY, and Mr. BRADLAUGH—all admirable likenesses. The Canon and the junior Member for Northampton have been drinking some compound, to the character of which a glass, containing the shreds of a lemon and some melted sugar, humorously furnishes the clue. All three are smoking long clay pipes, but Mr. CHARLES DICKENS has been taking snuff instead of whiskey. The Artist has seized the moment when the Maid of the Inn waggishly produces some bread, cheese, beer, and a lettuce with which to frugally regale her three hungry visitors. Mr. BRADLAUGH denounces this outrage with much animation, while the celebrated Novelist regards the author of the *mauvaise plaisanterie* with vigorous indignation. Even the white-headed Canon seems annoyed at the unseasonable drollery. Altogether this is one of the most interesting pictures in the Exhibition, and should be purchased for presentation to the National Portrait Gallery, which is conveniently situated next door.

Another little work, also unlabelled, in this department is assuredly a perfect gem in its way. The Artist has depicted, on a small canvas, a glass nearly full of wine, which has been sipped and left hurriedly, some shell-fish of a weird character, and a dyspeptic-looking lemon. In a few vigorous touches he has thus suggested a tragedy. Need it be said after this that the missing title must be, "A Bad Oyster?"

And now, having cast a first glance at the wonders of Art in the Exhibition, a pause can be appropriately made before considering, on a future occasion, the beauties of Nature.

A Bold Roman Hand.

(From the Pope, who has shown himself "the noblest Roman of them all," to the Archbishop of Cashel.)

DR. CROKE, upon reflection,
Make no Parnellite collection.
What you've done you've not done well,
Robbing PETER to pay PARNELL.

Said LEO THE THIRTEENTH, "I am inclined to adopt a hopeful tone about Ireland, as at all events there is no necessity for a CROKE."



THE NEW CRAZE.

Her Grace (to the Heiress, with pardonable pride). "YOU MUST LET ME PRESENT MY SON, LORD ALGERNON, TO YOU, MISS GOLD-MORE. HE CARRIES THE BANNER IN THE SECOND ACT OF THE KING AND THE COCKCHAFER, AT THE PARTHENON, YOU KNOW!"
[Defeat of the Army, the Church, the Bar, Diplomacy, Literature, Science, and Art—even young Gorgius Midas will have to hide his diminished head!]

BOUND FOR MOSCOW.

(From a Nervous Special.)

SENT for by the Editor of the *Boomerang*. Not always a delectable experience to be sent for by the Editor of the *B.* The reason is generally that you omitted two epigrams of Lord RANDOLPH's in your Parliamentary Report, or wasn't quite up in the subject of herrings (having put them all down as red) in that Leader on the Fisheries Exhibition. This time, however, I wasn't conscious of a comma left out, and so faced the Chief without a tremor.

There was no doubt about the honour conferred. Our Own Special at a Czar's Coronation is a somebody in journalism. You can't come down to describing living Chess Tournaments after that; and the chances are that Printing-House Square may receive you when you are somewhere about sixty, and are an authority on statistics connected with the Dutch doll-trade.

The Chief is amiable, too amiable, for there is a certain tender tone of commiseration in his explanations that is not encouraging. It is Moscow—it is the Coronation; my foot is in the stirrup, and the Fourth Estate is my own. There is a certain diffidence though, about the Chief, which is rather disquieting. I am not used to the Chief being diffident with me. As a rule he is rather the contrary. He asked after my wife and family in a way that, while it touched me, was a little disturbing. And I couldn't quite see why he emphasised the fact that the Life Insurance Company, the Phoenix, was a safe and accommodating one, and had advertised in the newspapers for the last fifteen years. Still, I am to have the place nearest the CZAR; and the Chief wants to know if I shall be satisfied with Half a Million.

I am satisfied; but I didn't know that the preparations were so costly. I find that it costs ten thousand pounds to insure my life for a hundred; I must make my will; my wife insists upon two years' income in advance (in case of Siberia); there is a regular procession of friends to bid me good-bye in a disgustingly affectionate manner; and my bomb-proof breastplate has just come home with a

bill for three thousand pounds. When it comes to the steel gaiters and boots, I don't think there will be much left of the Half a Million.

Almost wish I hadn't accepted the Half Million. I have just discovered that all the staff of the *Boomerang* declined the post, except an office-boy, who is too consistently beaten by a brother addicted to rum hot; he was tired of his life, he said. The Railway Companies want to know whether I will indulge in an iron-clad carriage. I will. It appears to be the thing, but ironclad railway carriages aren't cheap; and the Half Million is going down rapidly.

The Half Million is gone. The last protection, a body-guard of Detectives and Prize-fighters finally exhausted the subsidy; and now if anybody will give me a nice quiet County Court reporter's place, Muscovy knows me not, and the *Boomerang* may send its office-boy.

"O Tempora!"

To malign the Equator was held a bold action,
 St. Stephen's can show a more mischievous crime;
 He, surely, has fathomed the depths of detraction
 Who's ready to talk against Time!

CHECKMATE!—The gigantic Plaids that Ladies are now wearing for dresses are said to last for a long while. Let us hope the extravagance of the check may prove a check upon extravagance.

ROE, BROTHERS, ROE!—The Fishermen who are up for the Exhibition, seem to be having a jovial time of it. They have been all day and every day driving about town in vans like a jolly set of Van Trumps. The thirteen vehicles pulled up in line at the entrance of the Ride, and the Fishermen gave three hearty cheers when they saw our Rotten Row. Odd thing for Fishermen to be pleased. They might as well have hurrah'd on seeing a bit of bad fish!

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.



No. 440.—The Enthusiastic Chiropodist in the East. Lady, whose bare foot is about to be operated upon, is nervously turning away and looking out of the window. Walter C. Horsley.



No. 232.—A Plea for the Channel Tunnel. After a severe crossing, Maidens arrived at Dover, have missed the Boat-Express. F. Dicksee, A.



No. 13. This Shoe's By Arthur Hughes.



No. 523.—Portrait of Sir R. Cross. Losing his head. Hubert Herkomer, A.

No. 238.—*Selling her Chickens.* By J. CLAYTON ADAMS. The Artist has not carried out the idea suggested by his title. The Henwife should have called her chickens to her, and then not given them anything to eat. This would really have been "selling her chickens."

No. 296. *The Way to the Temple.* L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. A work of pure imagination. Where's the Griffin? Where are the New Law Courts? Of course some excuse may be made for a foreigner strange to London, but there can be none for the Hanging Committee, who permitted the picture to bear this title.

No. 460. *A Fleet Marriage.* CHARLES GREEN. "A marriage made in haste and repented at leisure was called a Fleet Marriage."—WALKER.

Here we pause to recommend to all who keep their Catalogues a new game, which might be called the Romance of the Pictures. Take the titles and connect them by two or three verbal links. Here is a specimen:—Take p. 6, No. 20 and following numbers; out of these may be constructed Stories of the Academy, thus:—

Don Quixote and Sancho at the Castle of the Duke break The Studio Mirror, and, with the Tide on the Turn, they board The Vessels leaving Harbour, and reach a spot On the Thames below Medmenham.

Again, begin with No. 44, &c. Coast Scene, Brittany, Penelope at A Lobster Supper is having A Row on the East Coast with A Spanish Duellist, after which they went to her Father's Dinner at The Entrance to a Villa near Carrara, Italy, where Storm and Flood swamped A Queen's Scholar, Westminster, who, after catching A Turtle Dove was taking a little Rest with An Old Fatalist, painting the Portrait of a Lady.

Again, starting with No. 58. The Grey Lady was thinking of Crossing the Desert with a A Real Centenarian, When the Summer Leaves are flown, while Our Eldest, Tired Out, was Going Home to St. Sebastian, Bruges, to pay a Morning Visit and play A Quiet Pool with Bebelles.

Begin again with No. 26. Once, on A Quiet Noon, John Collins, Esq., Senior Past Master of the Worshipful Company of Butchers, got into The Merry-go-round with Mrs. Rodolph Hankey, Far from the busy Hum of Man.

Taking No. 205, &c. An Arab Girl asked What of the War? of someone in A French Kitchen Garden, which she left to carry on a Flirtation with Topsham-on-Exe, at A Spanish Mill, in the Strictest Confidence.

Here, in Gallery No. III., is a simple story in six numbers, from No. 229 to No. 234. Joey was in the Woodland haunts A Trumpeter, Too Late After to Pish for Wild-Duck Shooting.



No. 271.—Meeting of Magistrates; or, Dinner of the Beaks. STORY.—The Comic Bird of the party has volunteered a recitation, and the indifference of his brother Beaks angers him. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.



No. 392.—The Dainty Dog; or, Where shall I take a little bit out of him first, just to begin with? Briton Rivière, R.A.

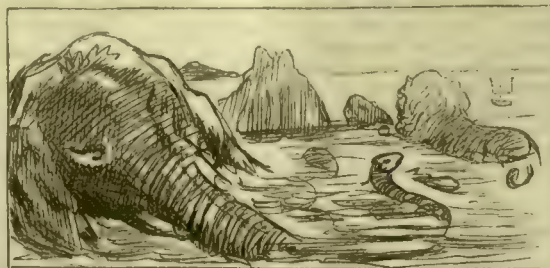
Same Gallery. Story in Nos. from 250 to 258. H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge, with his Companions, sat Under the Greenwood Tree, waiting for Jim, Grandson of Sir James Anderson, who was staying in one of the Roadside Cottages near Jedburgh Abbey, where the Still Waters run Deep, during the Evening on the Hills in North Devon.

Nos. 270 to 280. The Marquis of Salisbury and Voltaire were Watching the Stalkers in a Lonely Country at Low Tide, while Richard T. Pickersgill in the Fading Light of a Sunbeam was asking The Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., to assist him in Gathering the Flock.

No. 294, and sequence. It was Moonrise on a Teesdale Moor when two Sisters on their Way to the Temple at Windsor on Returning from the Pasture presented the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., with a Winter Bouquet culled from The Gull Rock, Cornwall, which is The Haunt of the Moor-Hen, when they had parted with The Hon. and Rev. E. CARR GLYN and some Daughters of EVE in a Brook in the Meadows, from which they could clearly see The Vega of Granada, The Alhambra in the Distance, and the Countess of DALHOUSIE.

Nos. 311 to 319. A Stranger in the Monastery saw Count FERDINAND DE LESSEPS eating Muffins, which suggested Tender Thoughts to a Mortally-Wounded Bandit Chief exhorting his Comrades to return to an honest living in the Morning, when they could take a Love-Token and go in for Measuring Hops in a Kentish Garden with My Great Grandmother.

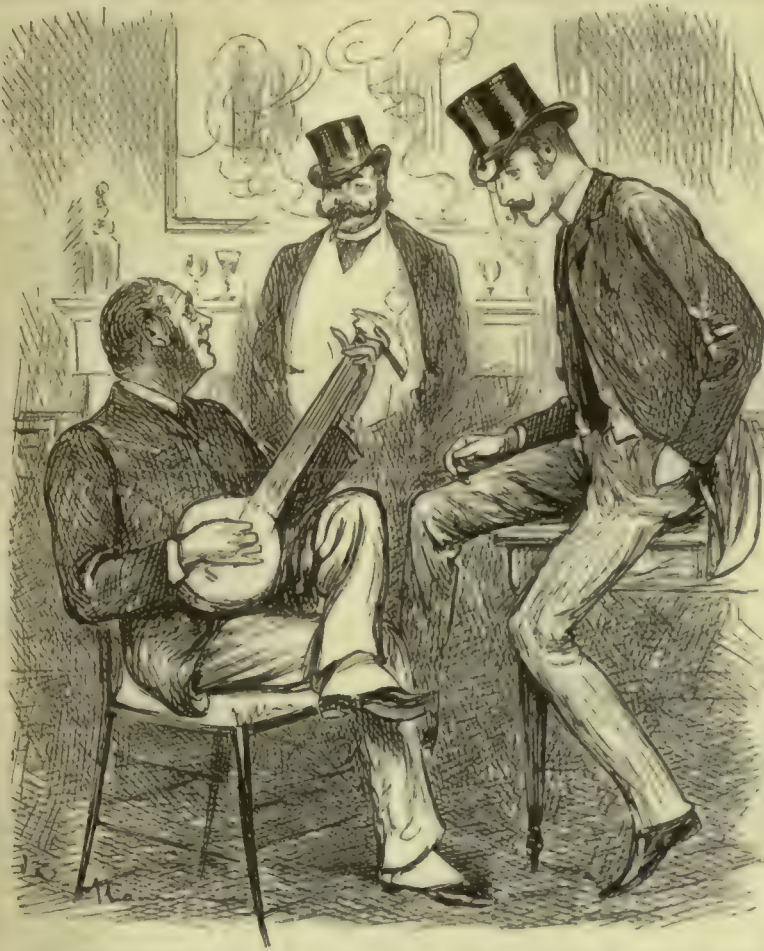
Of course this New Game of Catalogues is endless, and can be played by any number. The best story to win the prize.



No. 809. The Menagerie Afloat. John Brett, A.



KS.



GRIGSBY GIVES UP LAW AND BECOMES A WINE-MERCHANT.

SCENE—His West End Office.

Grigsby. "WHERE DO YOU DINE TO-NIGHT, POMPEY?"

Pompey Bedell Junior. "WITH THE GOVERNOR."

Grigsby. "DON'T TOUCH HIS CHAMPAGNE, OLD MAN! I WARN YOU!"

Pompey Bedell Junior. "HOW ABOUT THE CLARET?"

Grigsby. "CAN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HIS CLARET. DOESN'T GET IT HERE, YOU KNOW!"

A SHY AT THE STICKS;

OR, POLITICAL KNOCK'EMDOWNS.

Proprietor (ironically). Play up, Gents! Play up, Gents!

Small Boy (cockily). Oh, never you fear!

We mean having the lot.

Assistant (aside). You may find 'em come dear.

Proprietor. All serene, noble Sportsmen, lots more in the sack!

First Noble Sportsman (to Second ditto). STAFF, you do not play hard enough. Look at me! Whack!!!

[Shies big stick furiously, and misses.

Second Noble Sportsman (blandly). Ah! you see those hot shots are so likely to miss;

Just a delicate tip in my style. Look at this!

[Sends in a gentle underhand, and misses.

First Noble Sportsman (sardonically). Your curly ones don't always pay, my dear chap.

Small Boy (scornfully). What a pair of old crones! Ah! I'll show 'em. Ker-slap!

[Shies smartly, and knocks over a cocoa-nut.

Hooray! That's your style! Had their eye on that one

For no end of a time, and I've copped it. What fun!

Other Small Boys in Chorus. Brayvo, little RANDY! You've got one at last.

Second Noble Sportsman (tartly). I say, my dear CECIL, that youngster's too fast.

THREE FISHMONGERS.

THREE Fishmongers looked for a sale down West,
In the heart of the West, when the world's in town,
Each thought of the neighbourhood paying him best
Where the prices go up but never come down;
For fools will pay when they can't buy cheap,
So back to the sea every day goes a heap,
While the Public look on groaning.

Three Stores were set up some miles from the Tower,
And the fish got West all over the town,
And the Middlemen cried, "We're in for a shower,
If this goes on! Why, the price will come down!
For men will dine, and—if they can—cheap,
And the Public seems waking at last from its sleep—
It's so precious tired of groaning!"

Three Bankrupts are showing their empty hands,
And all that they get for their pains is a frown,
And a "Serve you right—why, 'twas your demands
That for years have plundered and starved the town!"
But fools grow wise, and fish can get cheap,
Three halfpence a pound anywhere in the heap,
And the Public has done with its groaning!

POETRY AND PATHOLOGY.—MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL says, "There is no such tonic as DANTE." This opens up a new field for Art-hobbyists. "The Poetic Treatment of Disease" would be a taking title for a paper in the "Transactions of the Omnivagant Society." "DANTE as a tonic" is sweetly suggestive. Equally so would be "TUPPER as a sedative," "BROWNING as an irritant," "TENNYSON as a demulcent," or "OSCAR WILDE as an em—" Well, Mrs. RAMABOTHAM might use the word by mistake for æsthetic.

EPSOM EPIGRAMS.

THE STRAIGHT TIP.

"HERE's the straight tip," he cried, and raised his head,
"The Winner could be spotted by a baby.
I never lose." "Why then, my friend," I said,
"Do you look so unconscionably shabby?"

THE LOSER.

He's sick, so he says, of the Season,
And longs to be off, that is queer:
I think I could tell him the reason—
He's not backed a winner this year!

NEXT MORNING.

Oh, my poor head feels a load a
Man can't carry! Bring the soda!
If result is this dyspep—some
Other chap may go to Epsom.

First Noble Sportsman (smilingly). Ah! think so? (Shies again vigorously.) Oh, hang it! It's dropped in the bag.
Assistant (replacing nut). Aha! my fine swell. Won't add that to your swag.

Lor! what duffers they are. Only toilers and spinners
Have strength and sure sight at this game to be winners,
That is,—in the long run.

Proprietor (coolly). Play up, Gents! Play up!
They are all sound and milky ones! (Aside.) Shies like a Krupp,

That black-a-vised fellow. I know him of old.
Not much of an eye though he's dashing and bold.

That tittuppy chap with the pantaloen beard,
Straighter aims, but falls short. Oh, play up! Who's afeard?

Small Boy (vociferously). Play up! Have 'em down!! Shy at everything!!!

First Noble Sportsman. Yes.

If we pelt long enough we shall break him, I guess.

Assistant (aside). Humph! The Guv'nor is taking it easy! All right!

Only,—well, we should show a good balance at night,
Or the game may be crabbed.

Proprietor (confidently). Don't you kick up a fuss,
The more they shy—wildly—the better for us!

SONG FOR THE STABLE.—Horse Chaunting. Would equally apply to a Vocalist with a cold.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

In the Spring the Sporting Prophet once again begins to smile,
 In the Spring the Junior Clerk procures himself another "tile."
 In the Spring the Willow-wielder thinks again of GRACE and SHAW,
 In the Spring the Spouter's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of "jaw."
 In the Spring the pail domestic haunts the hall and blocks the stair,
 In the Spring the scrubbing-brush is worn down to its latest hair.
 In the Spring the chivied Briton finds his house a damp Gehenna,
 In the Spring the mind maternal dwells on thoughts of salts and senna.
 In the Spring the blushful maiden sits in sentimental dreams,
 In the Spring the impecunious is aware of shiny seams.
 In the Spring the callow poet tempts again the soft iambic,
 In the Spring 'e'en the "Times" leader drops into the dithyrambic!

Sensible Advice.

"BUT I am anxious to have a Stake in the country," said a pompous young Politician. "Then go down to the Red Lion at Henley, and order it at once, with broiled Mushrooms and Pommery Sec," said Mr. Punch, "and let me know when it's ready!"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 137.



THE WINNER OF THE DERBY,

AS BACKED BY OUR SPORTING ARTIST.

SORTES DERBYANÆ.

PROCURE a Correct Card or list of the horses. Write the name of each horse on a paper billet. Fold the billets up singly, and put them into a hat, as for an ordinary sweep. Shake the hat, shut your eyes, and take out two billets at random with your left hand. Open your peepers; write "heads" on one of the billets and "tails" on the other. Now sky 'a copper, and if it comes down heads, back the horse named in the billet marked "tails"; but should the coin turn up tails, then put your money on the quadruped indicated by the lot with "heads" inscribed on it.

Before extracting the billets from the hat (some advise you to) throw three pinches of salt over the left shoulder.

The foregoing formula for infallibly spotting the right steed is said to have been derived by tradition from the betting-ring of the Isthmian Games.

WE are sorry to hear our old friend Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM has been suffering from a bad sore throat. But it is to be hoped that the "contingent gargyle to be taken frequently, and the imprecation to be rubbed well in night and morning," as prescribed by her Medical Attendant, will have a beneficial effect.

MODERN TRAVEL EPITOMISED.—HURRY, WORRY, and MURRAY.

HOLIDAY PLOTS.

Lord R-and-lph Ch-rch-ll. Think I see my way to inflicting another crushing defeat on Government after Whitsuntide. That decision of House with regard to Income Tax Collectors was a regular knock-down blow for GLADSTONE. Quite wonder he's able to be so cheerful at Hawarden after it. Speaking personally, I should call it not merely a defeat, but a disaster. Strange that CHILDERS doesn't see it in that light and resign at once. However, the next blow of this sort must finish the Ministry. Have arranged with GORST that he is to move *artful amendment* to Tenants' Compensation Bill—"House considers that Law of Distraint, if treated at all, should be dealt with in a separate measure." This will gain votes of Radicals, who are wild with Government for not abolishing Distress altogether; Whigs, who are glad of any decent excuse for shelving the subject; and Home-Rulers, of course. Don't quite like mixing with latter. Haven't yet subscribed to Parnell Testimonial Fund. Still, they are useful sometimes, and I can chuck 'em over easily when our Party in power. With help of ordinary Opposition, led by their very ordinary leader, STAFFY, who'll follow me into Lobby like a lamb, as he always does after little speech to show my motion not in the least necessary, believe I can easily beat GLADSTONE! However, if that dodge fails, WOLFE's got another. In Supply, when few Members present, means to move to reduce Deputy-Doorkeeper's salary by ten shillings yearly. Below-Gangway Radicals will be with him to a Professor. Fancy I can finesse a triumph, and then a glorious future opens before me! Impossible for any Ministry to carry on government of a country when defeated on question of salary for a Deputy-Doorkeeper.

Mr. Boanerges Timoleon Cobden Smith, M.P. Don't care what GLADSTONE thinks of me. Principle before Party, I say. If WOLFE does really propose reduction of Deputy-Doorkeeper's salary, shall certainly vote with him. "Fiat Economy, Ruat GLADSTONE!" Don't relish voting against Government, but what on earth is the good of having principles, if one doesn't assert 'em at most inconve-

nient time? Then there's GORST proposing to deal with Law of Distress in separate Bill. Cordially approve of the idea, though not of GORST. Let's abolish Distress altogether! Distressing, of course, to vote with Fourth Party, but can't be helped.

The Parnellite Member. Down with the Tyrants of the Treasury Bench! CHURCHILL is really quite polite to us, occasionally. Can't we get up debate on recent executions? Don't approve of murder—oh dear, no! Still, should like to worry old MARWOOD a little. HARCOURT bound to defend him. There's WOLFE's Motion about Deputy-Doorkeeper. Rather a nice fellow, I fancy. Found him quite tender when he's been conducting me out of the House on the frequent occasions of my suspension for insulting language. Sorry to do anything to injure Deputy-Doorkeeper's feelings, but principle first, of course! If we can only defeat Government on this *vital point*, perhaps the hated Saxon will give us a Parliament of our own, and come and spend his money among us, too.

The Hon Trevor Fitzrevoir. Told to-day by CHARLIE at our Club (the "Exclusive") that GLADSTONE was really intriguing to surrender Egypt to Transvaal Boers! This is dreadful, if true. Always thought GLADSTONE—but no, must really try and remember that I was returned as a good Liberal, or at all events as a good Whig. CHARLIE says Government is going to dish all great estates, by abolishing Law of Distress. Don't know what Law of Distress means. Suppose some of my Constituents do. Wonder what they think about Law of Distress? All I know is that some of 'em are awfully angry at my vote against Affirmation Bill. Wonder if CHARLIE's right when he says Birmingham fellows will have all our estates if I don't vote "the straight ticket"—meaning, for GORST's Amendment. Why not stay away from Division? CHARLIE's just arranged an awfully jolly week—Epsom, yacht to Cherbourg, three days at Paris, and back. Whips will be at me like anything if I go away. Hang the Whips! Hang GLADSTONE too! No, on second thoughts, must try and recollect how good a Liberal I really am. But just one vote can't matter much to Government, can it? No, shall go with CHARLIE, and explain things to my Constituents if Government is defeated. [And, if this sort of thing goes on, it possibly may be.



EXACERBATION.

She (they had quarrelled, and were exchanging back their Love-letters). "I SUPPOSE I NEEDN'T TROUBLE TO RETURN THE LOOKS OF HAIR YOU'VE SENT ME!"

[But he'd no "sense of humour" !]

THE PRINCES AMONG THE FISHMONGERS.

THE dream of my early youth, the one fond hope of my blooming manhood, and the principle object of my full blown wigerous egssistence is accomplished, and I have had the crowning glory of waiting upon all the Royal Princes of the British Crown at one time!

Ah! that was a Bankwet that was! I have often and often had the question put to me by elustreous forreners and strangers of distinkshun, which was the principle Guild in the hole City of London? and I have declined to anser the question for fear of giving a fence, but after last Satterday's show up in the way of Princes and Dooks and Markisses and Embassadors and setterer, I hesitates no longer but at wunce gives the Parm Tree to the honest Fishmongers.

The Prince of WALES is sumbody I suppose, speshally among Fishmongers, and his three Royal Brothers is somebody I suppose, let alone his Uncle and his Nevvy and his Cousin, and they was all there. And then comes the pint as fills me with wonder and admirashun. Who was it as presided over the whole Royal and distingwished compny, a Royal Prince, a nobel Dook, a honerary Markis? no, but plane Mr. HAMDEN. And who is plane Mr. HAMDEN? Why, a meer umbel Citizen, like myself, who has to get his own living, like myself, and

who is proud of the fac, like myself. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN can't say, with his Brummagem sneer, that he toils not neither does he spin, for he does both, if not aashally yet allegollically. And yet he has to play the host to such a lot of Royal Princes as 'ud make a lot of hungry raddikles go down on their knees even to look at. And then to hear the honest pride with which the Prince of WALES and his Royal Brethren boasted of being Fishmongers. And I declare it amost drew tears to my eyes when the poor Dook of CAMBRIDGE asked so perthetically why he had been left like a fish out of water, and not honoured like his Royal Cuzzens. I think I may wentur to prosey that his Royal ighness won't have to wait long.

I don't suppose as nobody never thought as the Fishy Exhebishun could possibly fail, but when H.R.H. drunk success to it in a glass of 1820 Sherry, of course that success was insured. I took care to have a glass out of H.R.H.'s bottle after he left, and it suttlenly was as fine a glass of Sherry as even I ever tasted, though it was growed before ever H.R.H. or me was borne.

I have often noticed as Revrend Gentlemen injoys a good dinner and likes a bit of fun as well as a Common Councilman himself. Why even a Bishop has his little joke sum-times on these intresting ocashuns. But I couldn't help thinking as Mr. LOWELL was rather a drawing the broad arrow wen he said as how he wunce caught a fish in Ameriky as cost three dollars a inch! I should like to be a patient angler in that River myself.

H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBORO would of course as a Royal Prince scorn to say nothink as wasn't strikly true, but he suttlenly took the breath away from a good many of us Waiters, as well as from a good many other of the principle guests, when he told us that in Horsetria, insted of the farmers having the same rowtation of crops as they has here, they aashally grows one year Oats, and the nex year Tummets, and the nex year Fish. Ah that must be summat like a Crop that must; speshally as sum of the Fish is 6 foot long. I think of the two this rayther beat the Story of the Revrend Minister from Ameriky. H.R.H. the Duke of CONNUGHT gave the toast of the evening namely the LORD MARE and Copperashun, and the LORD MARE made the German Ambassider quite start on his chair, tho he is 6 foot 3 high, by telling em all as he and the Copperashun together had spent three millions of golden suveraigns in building Markets, and yet people wasn't sattisfied.

BROWN said as his hart was in his mouth for fear as any of the Royal Princes should drop a nint about the rayther scrowged condishun of triumfant Billingsgate, but I had no such fear. If our Princes ain't Gentlemen, I should like to know who is, and if a Waiter don't know a gentleman when he sees him, I should like to know who does, and one trow Gentleman never makes another trow gentleman uncomfetable.

For pictureesk effect and hartistic merit, I never seed anything like the gorgeous row of Royal Gentlemen behind the Princes' cheers. It was reelly sumthink amost sublime. I don't mind confessing that for wunce I was jest a little bit envious, but it was only for a moment. Who nose what awful resonsperbility rests on their broad eppauletted shoulders! ROBERT.

THE SULTAN has not got a bet this year on the Derby, as the only information he can get is from the False Prophet, who has Soudanly turned up again for the Racing Season.

HEARD ON THE HILL.

Dick. What'll win? Why, it is all hover, bar the shouting.

Arry. Lor, now! and how do you know that?

Dick. 'Ow do I know that?—why, from reliable information; that's 'ow I knows that. A cove wot's in the swim, and ought to know his way about, seeing he has been fined at Bow Street for assaulting the Police, 'e 'eard Lord FALMOUTH say to HARCHER, "I'll stand you the best dinner that money can procure, if you gets his 'ead in front." So 'ere goes my money on *Galliard*."

Arry. And mine. Lor, what a lot you know! You weren't born yesterday!

First Sporting Prophet. What have you gone for, old man?

Second Sporting Prophet. *Beau Brummel* and *Ladislav*. And you?

First Sporting Prophet. *Galliard* and *The Prince*.

Second Sporting Prophet. Ah! And backed them?

First Sporting Prophet. Me! No; I have got a pile on *Splendor*.

What do you fancy yourself?

Second Sporting Prophet. *Hamako* carries my money.

Our Cheerful Punter. What have you done, CHARLIE?

Charles his Friend. Backed every beast in the race.

Our Cheerful Punter. What will do you most good?

Charles his Friend. Nothing will do me any good. Whatever horse wins, I must lose.

Green. Here is my ticket. I want £7 10s.

Brown of Sheffield. You want £7 10s. I Vell, I 'opes as 'ow you'll git it. But you have no chance 'ere; so cut.

Green. But I made the bet with you.

Brown of Sheffield. I loathes a thief, but I 'ate a liar. Let's see your ticket. There it is, in nice small pieces. Now, you 'ook, before I send for the Police. Look 'ere, this hinnocent cove has been trying a ramp on!

Crowd. Welsher! Kill him! Welsher!

Green. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, you are pulling me to pieces! I must really protest. Please do not knock my hat over my head like that. I do wish you would not tear my clothes to ribands. They are the best suit I have. Oh! who has been ungentelemanly enough to break my nose and front teeth? Help! Murder! Police!

Confidential Friend. Is it all right?

Upright and Honest Jockey. We ain't trying a yard to-day.

Sportsman. How did you come down, old Chappie?

Masher. Don' know, don' care!

Sportsman. But you must know whether you came down by the road or rail.

Masher. But I don't. Awful jolly. Heapsh of Boy, cap'al party. 'Ave drink? Where are we? Letsh go and see horsesh come out of stage-door!

Introduced. Oh, I say, you know that capital fellow you introduced me to. I have backed *The Prince* with him.

Introducer. I don't think you were wise to do that.

Introduced. But you said he was all right.

Introducer. Well, as all right as anybody is nowadays.

Introduced. How do you mean?

Introducer. Well, he'll worry you like mad for the money if you lose, and he is certain not to settle if you win.

First Unknown. What, you here?

Second Unknown. Hush! I am in London, on business connected with the parish.

First Unknown. Ah, I am at a May meeting. But what's the matter?

Second Unknown. I thought I saw my Curate over there.

First Gilded Youth. What are you standing?

Second Gilded Youth. *Ladislav*.

First Gilded Youth. What price?

Second Gilded Youth. Don't know.

First Gilded Youth. What, didn't you go in the Ring yourself?

Second Gilded Youth. I go in the Ring! Do you think I would go in the Ring? Why, I took the knock last Houghton.

Simple-minded Individual. There, you fellows, while you've been gadding about, I have arranged the sweep beautifully. You've got a blank, JONES; so you have, BROWN; you've got *Prince Maurice*, SMITH; you've got *Hamako*, ROBINSON; you've got *Tyndrum*, JACKSON; you've got *Newfield*, THOMPSON. I have drawn *The Prince*, *Ladislav*, *Galliard*, and the Field. Hadn't we better have lunch?

Disconsolate Plunger. Hang the horses! Well, it's got to come out of somebody's pocket, if a church has got to be robbed. I don't care.

"THE BELLS."

A Reminiscence of the Revival of May 12, 1883.

ACT I.

THE snow lies on the hill-side, and the travellers are few.

"This very night, long years ago," quoth *Hans*. "the Polish Jew Was murdered." So the gossips talk, and *Mathias* sits there—What is it stops the hand that lifts the glass? What makes him glare? It is because he hears the sound, his endless horror tells, Unheard by other ears than his, the jangling of the Bells!

ACT II.

Annette shall marry *Christian*, a brave and gallant lad;

We'll count the girl her dowry out—i'faith it's not so bad;
Here's one old coin among the rest—my eyes are glazed and dim—
No! No! There's blood upon that piece—the gold that came from him!

Then comes the gay betrothal feast, but mid the music swells,
Unheard by other ears than his, the jangling of the Bells!

ACT III.

Sleep soundly, *Mathias*, to-night, in that thou sleep'st alone,
And not a soul can hear thy cry, or agonising groan;
But oh! the horror of that dream!—the Judges sit for doom,
And thou must act in broad daylight the murder done in gloom.
They burst the door! What fearsome fate the dying man compels
To hear, unheard by other ears, the jangling of the Bells!

And when the Curtain has rung down, and all the play is o'er,
The memory of that night, methinks, will live for evermore;
We see the Actor's earnest face, his agony supreme,
That thrills us through and through, and holds us breathless in the dream.

While in our ears for many a day thereafter certes dwells
The tintinnabulation of those well-remembered Bells!

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

THE DERBY.

J. J. retired from business? Nothing of the sort! Laid up in lavender all the Winter—turns out in lavender kids in the Spring. Here he is—slim and trim—light and bright—down to any move you please—up to any time of day you like! Wonderful sight—crowds of people—superb horses—fine carriages—gipsy singers—nigger minstrels—blue veils—false noses—Dutch dolls and knock'emdowns! Shrieking bookmakers—steam roundabouts—three-card trick—thimble-rig—swings—shows—rifle-galleries—free fights and photographers! J. J. all here—all there—all everywhere! Betting in the Ring—lounging in the Paddock—laughing on the Lawn—lunching on the Hill! Lay against the Favourite—back the Favourite—put the pot on outsiders—stand crackers on insiders—lay on the field—roll on the field—dance on the field—bar everything! Lounging and lunching—musing and munching—state of the odds—exhausting, very! What's the odds as long as you're lunching? *Luncciamo!* Cold salmon—cold lamb—superb salad—plover's eggs—mayonnaise—champagne! State of the odds unsatisfactory—odds not behaving well—odds pretending to be evens—don't know whether they're odd evens or even odds—can't tell till the numbers are up—can't see numbers when they are up—someone lend me a glass—nonsense, can't drink champagne out of a race-glass—can't focus a tumbler—hooray! Told you so—won in a deceiver! Send postage-stamps for "Jingle's Finals," and your fortune's made!

FROM OUR RESERVED-FORCE-STALLER AT THE HAYMARKET.—An enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. BERNHARDT-BEERE says, that the original SARA who played the part was so thin she ought to have been styled *Ill-Fedora*. Certainly our English Artiste has the advantage over SARA in this respect, though of course being always Beere she can never be Stout.

NOA is the name of one of the Chess Champions. He is a lineal descendant from the great Patriot—no, we mean Patriark who invented Chess to wile away the diluvian evenings in the Noa Lightship. He taught his family to play on the square, and to be above-board in all their moves.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she takes a Pint of Stout every day to keep up her Stammerer.

GROSVENOR GALLERY GEMS.



No. 140. The Undecided Bather.
"Shall I undress and go in?"
David Carr. D-carrative Art.



No. 156. Stung by Wasps: all of them, except the young Lady who kept her head covered. Mrs. K. G. Hastings. Artist's Name evidently suggested the subject:—"Has stings."



No. 179. "Drunk again!" By Haynes Williams.



No. 14. Enjoying a Quiet Pipe.
E. Burne-Jones—or She Burn Tobacco.



No. 42. Deception; or, Trying the Effect of a Moving Wax-work Figure out of Doors. Tread on his toes, and the old Gentleman will move his arm and head. E. F. Brewtnall.



No. 143. Either the jealous Artist going to cut out his rival's work, or the fierce Critic about to cut up somebody's picture. Mrs. John Collier.



No. A. 1. "Carr and Gee Gee"—our own contribution to the collection, dedicated to Mr. Comyns Carr, of the Grosvenor Gallery.

When first we had twelve ponies,
'Twas on a holiday,
We went to see the Grosvenor G.,
Intending for to pay.
But when we had a blooming pass,
We walked with lightsome spring,
We said we'll raise
A hymn of praise—
To Comyns Carr we'll sing.
When we asked where's our broad-backed Carr,
The Man at the turnstile bar
Said, "The Boss of the G.
Is our Mister C. C."—
So we bowed to our broad-backed Carr.

is it now? NATHAN late MAY? Ask the Artist, Mrs. JOHN COLLIER.

No. 67. Puzzle Picture by Mr. E. BURN-JONES. Giantess and melancholy, small, corpse-like people at a wheel. Apparently symbolical of "Weal and Woe."

No. 89. Congestion. Probably intended as a companion to Sir JOSHUA's Resignation. The Artist has evidently "done a bit of

No. 9. Youth and Age. C. E. HALLÉ. Needn't stop long at this. Hallé vous en to—

No. 22. The Postprandial Venus; or, Fair, Fat, and decidedly Forté.

No. 35. Young Lady in her Velvetens. W. B. RICHMOND. Handsome, but slightly bilious: yet

"I'd crowns resign

To call her mine

This Lass of RICHMOND III."

No. 39. Portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Portia. We compliment Mrs. LOUISE JOPLING on a capital likeness. But did Miss E. TERRY dress it in scarlet? In black, if we remember aright: so we apostrophise this picture with—

"O ruddier than the TERRY!"

No. 52. "Late May." We were not aware the well-known theatrical oostumier of Bow Street had changed his name. What



No. 184. Female Christys rehearsing in the daytime. Corner Women rather sulky. E. Burne-Jones.

stiff." We can't help being Frank with HOLL, when we say it's Holl wrong. "When Holl (O Art!) shall wear a mask, It breaks our own to see"—this by FRANK HOLL, R.A.

No. 139. "Spring in Brittany." We see the river. Where's the spring? H. H. LATHANGUE.

No. 151. Dressed for an Egyptian Burlesque. Waiting for the Lord Chamberlain's approval. JOHN COLLIER.

No. 154. Old Salt teaching the young idea how to smoke. J. R. REID.

No. 174. George Henry Lewis, Esq. Done brown for the first time in his life. By W. B. RICHMOND.

No. 180. Ernest Hart, Esq. Painted by Subscription, and Subscription has done it very well. The subscribers won't feel inclined to say to Mr. HOLL, "Take back the Hart that thou gav'at me!"

SCULPTURE.—No. 365. A Portrait Bust! Did it? Pick up the pieces. This is our advice to W. B. RICHMOND.



THE WISH TO PLEASE!

"OH! HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR MISS ROBINSON, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO WELL! BY THE WAY, HOW LOVELY YOU LOOKED AT MY DANCE LAST WEDNESDAY! EVERYBODY WAS ASKING WHO YOU WERE, I ASSURE YOU!"

"I—I—I WASN'T THERE! I HAD A BAD COLD AND SORE THROAT, YOU KNOW!"

NOTES BY PLEASMAN X. AT CUMBERLAND GATE.

GLAD to come here on dooty, 'cos, bein' a pote, I can pass the dreemy ours away cumpson songs to MARY HANNE. T'other Constabel come later. 'Ad chat with him, but he ain't no sole for potry, an 'as 'is hone MARY HANNE to look out for. 'Is comes from Oxfut Street: mine I xper from Kumblan Plaice. Lots of omnibuses, carts, and cabs. Most of the female sex in a 'urry 'ere, and wants to go on by 'bus. Lots of elderlies as gets frightened and loses theiveselves, but that ain't nuthin' to me. Nuthin' to do, and t'other Constabel bein' some distance off, can't get no emusin conversation. No nuts worth speakin' of at this time o' year. Keep a look out for MARY HANNE. If you've a heye for the pickcheresk, Oxfut Street's a pretty sight, and Bayswater's another, while the Edgware Road and Kumblan Plaice and the Marbel Arch is things of booty as is a joy for ever, but I'd rather see MARY HANNE.

Hallo! while I've been jottin' down these reflekhshuns there's a difficulty. A cart's been run into by a 'bus, somebody's been knocked down, there's a ram-jam block in the middle of the road. kored I xper by some carelesnss on the part of those as is all comin' out o' five differin' thurrughfares at once. What's a Please-man to do? Run somebody in, or take somebody's number? Don't know—if they get theiveselves in a scrape they'd best get out of it. I can't 'elp 'em. Evins 'elps them as 'elps theiveselves, and you can't 'ave better 'elp than that.

Jest as I 'ad got the fust line of a werse to MARY HANNE, sunwun hintraps my hinsperashun, cuss 'im. It's a Inkwestrine on 'Orseback got stuck up and just bein' run into by a Ansom o' one side, a cart o' t'other, a 'bus at his back, and a barrow in front. "Please-man!" he cries; "'ere, why don't you keep the rode clear when you

THE RATIONAL DRESS SHOW.

(By Our Fair Correspondent.)

In the Hall of the Prince is a Show—stuffs and chintzes—
(O Maidens of England, pray list to my song!)
For all there displayed is a warning that Ladies,
In matters of dressing, are terribly wrong!
I thought my new bonnet, with roses upon it,
And tasteful costume, was complete, I confess;
But now I'm reminded my eyes have been blinded
To all the requirements of Rational Dress!

We look at the models—they puzzle our noddles—
Regarding them all with alarm and surprise!
Each artful costumer revives Mrs. BLOOMER,
And often produces an army of guys.
The costume elastic, the dresses gymnastic,
The wonderful suits for the tricycle-ess—
Though skirts be divided, I'm clearly decided,
It isn't my notion of Rational Dress!

See gowns hygienic, and frocks calisthenic,
And dresses quite worthy a modern burlesque;
With garments for walking, and tennis, and talking,
All terribly manful and too trouseresque!
And habits for riding, for skating, or sliding,
With "rational" features they claim to possess;
The thought I can't banish, they're somewhat too
mannish,
And not quite the thing for a Rational Dress!

Note robes there for rinking, and gowns for tea-drinking,
For yachting, for climbing, for cricketing too;
The dresses for boating, the new petticoating,
The tunics in brown and the trousers in blue.
The fabrics for frockings, the shoes and the stockings,
And corsets that ne'er will the figure compress:
But in the whole placeful there's little that's graceful
And girlish enough for a Rational Dress!

'Tis hardy and boyish, not girlish and coyish—
We think, as we stroll round the gaily-dight room—
A masculine coldness, a brusqueness, a boldness,
Appears to pervade all this novel costume!
In ribbons and laces, and feminine graces,
And soft flowing robes, there's a charm more or less—
I don't think I'll venture on dual garmenture,
I fancy my own is the Rational Dress!

FISHING FOR A REPLY.—(From a Correspondent).—
Please, Sir, will the LORD CHANCELLOR take the opportunity offered by the present Fisheries Exhibition to show the Great Seal?

see a Gentleman anorseback comin'?" I says nothin' but looks the other way as if peering into the distint fushur. Let the old Gent cuss and swear, can't stop orl traffick for him. Who's he? He ain't a Pote. He don't come up and say, "Look here, you're a werry hard worked and zellus officer, and here's five bob for you," as the real Swells do at night down in Waterloo Place. No, no—my bisnies is to tell foax to "move on" and not to keep a stoppin' traffick because a 'orsman arx me. If he's nervus what's he out ridin' for? Why can't he wait till the rode's clear?

Hallo! blessed if there ain't a 'orse down and a lady Inkwestrine 'avin' a fit and her groom a callin' out to me and swearin'. "Please-man, here—stop the cart—take up this man—stop this 'bus—he's a runnin' over us!" No—'ow can one poor officer attend to a 'underd things at the same time? Impassable. I've 'eerd of Masterly inakshun. That's me. I looks the other way: I sees nothink: I do nothink: I let my mind wander on to potry and sublims subjicks o' that sort while I'm a waitin' for MARY HANNE as ought to ha' been 'ere a 'our ago, but she isent. Which way will she come? I'm a lookin' out for MARY HANNE, and I says to myself in the words of the Pote which I adapts for the okashun—

I let the crowd wait
Near Kumblan Gate,
And no one can get through it,
I'm sent to prevent
An accident,
And this is the way I do it:

I let 'em all raix,
In a regular fix,
They'll get out as best they can,
For the Peeler on guard
Is a wanderin' Bard,
Who's dreamin' o' MARY HANNE.

"TIDDY FOL LOL."



SANDERSON

(Encore Verse and Chorus, as sung with immense success by Lord W-l-s-l-y, accompanied by General Sir Favourite R-b-rts.)

I'm the party that they know, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol,
 Too well at the W.O., Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol;
 And though no one says I'm vain,
 I'm in hopes I've made it plain,
 That I've been to Drury Lane, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol!

Chorus.

I've got some thousands a year, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol;
 I made them at Tel-el-Kebir, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol.
 I was always in the van, and so many risks I ran,—
 That I'm now a Sandwich Man, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol!

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

BEFORE the well-earned Knighthood came death's night.
 But honoured names, though with no title dight,
 Live on in Public love's unclouded light.

ATHLETICS FOR THE EAST.

ALTHOUGH Orientals are not generally conspicuous as athletes, it is hoped that, thanks to the initiative of the Prince of WALES and Lord NORTHBROOK, they will henceforth go in freely for the use of the Indian Club.

THE Horse Show Exhibition is not another name for the "Gee-Gee"—or Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she thinks that a good effect in a London garden is some Stuffy-noses trained on a wall.



A SOLUTION.

Visitor (*frequent—Scientific Young Man—he was now trying to explain the Philosophy of Positivism*). "I ADMIT THE QUESTION IS ABSTRAUSE AND COMPLIC—"
 She. "WHY NOT 'POP' IT!?" [Tableau.]

OUR OFFISHIAL GUIDE.

PART II.—GASTRONOMIC.

BEFORE the South Kensington Building was opened, the general impression on the mind of the British Public was that, with the unbarring of the portals, would commence a new era for the fish consumer. It was assumed that the Exhibition was to "bring down" the price of salmon, soles, eels, and turbot. The masses were to be regaled for next to nothing on "the harvest of the sea," and epicures were to revel economically on all sorts of rare and expensive piscatorial *entrées*. Unhappily, the pleasant vision was merely a dream, for it is now certain that the typical cheap fishmonger is a delusion, if not a snare.

The seeker for an uncostly Greenwich dinner can at any rate soon find the dining saloons. These are to his left as, after passing the principal entrance, he walks through the gallery devoted to British Sea Fisheries. He must be careful though which department he selects, or he will be maddened with the suggestion of a waiter that he should partake of "the half-crown cold-meat dinner," or enjoy "the unlimited supply of cake," which is the principle feature of the eighteenpenny tea. Say that he finds himself in the proper room, and cheerily asks for the fish dinner.

"Fish dinner, Sir!" exclaims a waiter, in a tone which proves that the suggestion comes upon him with the force of perfect novelty. "Yes, Sir, if you like—but there's ox tail and mock turtle soup, and the beef is in first-rate condition."

"I want neither meat nor soup," replies the greedy and hungry one. "I am here to eat fish—I want a fish dinner."

"Yes, Sir?" interrogatively suggests the waiter, and then, apparently pulling himself together to formulate the required but novel meal, he adds, confidentially, "Tell you what, Sir,—take the 'Maynoo' and choose three 'follers'; that's what you can do, Sir,—choose three 'follers.'"

Thus urged, the would-be diner glances at the bill of fare, and finds that the refreshments are under the direction of a well-known firm of contractors, and that the viands, &c., set down, are those usually found in the programme of a City or West-End Restaurant. The three 'follers' are small dishes of fish—such as brill, salmon, whitebait, and cod. It has been known for a waiter (either under orders, or on his own responsibility) to offer to furnish a fourth 'foller.' The entertainment (as they say at the Theatre) to conclude with Gruyère cheese, and pulled bread. Price three shillings—waiter not included.

But if the fish dinner—so far as its cheapness is concerned—is disappointing, a thousand times more irritating is the Fish Market. At any rate, here the British Public had a right to expect something extremely economical. On entering the Annexe, devoted to the furtherance of piscatorial reform, the visitor is struck with the names of the salesmen. Familiar titles from Cheapside, Bond Street, and the Strand appear on every hand. Seemingly, the Managers of the Exhibition let out the stands in "the Cheap Fish-Market" to the highest bidders. Be this as it may, a very small reduction is effected in West-End prices, and, on the whole, quotations average lower at the Army and Navy Auxiliary Stores. And yet the Public, fondly fancying that they are purchasing fish on exceedingly advantageous terms, flock to the counters and tender their gold and silver in exchange for baskets of the regulation pattern. Towards the evening some of the salesmen shout out such bargains as "six bloaters going for sixpence," much to the interest of an excited crowd of sightseers. The market is strongly suggestive of an ordinary Englishman, in fancy dress, trying to enter into the "spirit of the thing" at a Parisian opera masked ball. In fact, the whole affair is theatrical and unreal. There is also a Foreign Fish Market situated in an out-of-the-way corner in rear of the Aquarium. However, the site of this institution is of no very great importance, for the simple reason that at present the building is used as a lumber room. Altogether, the Committee may be congratulated on performing a miracle. Their market is square in shape, and yet it strongly resembles a ring.

Lastly, before leaving the Exhibition, it is necessary, for the sake of completeness, to refer to the School of Cookery. This excellent institution is situated just beyond the hall devoted to the sixpenny luncheon (said to be very good, but, as a rule, inaccessible without a hand-to-hand fight with thousands of would-be sixpenny-lunchers), and is under the charge of a fatherly-looking individual, who puts you into a place where "you can get a good view of the demonstration" with all the solemnity of a gastronomic pew-opener. The Lady Superintendent wears a neat costume, garnished with a good deal of white muslin, and illustrates her lecture practically. She is very deliberate with her statements, and as she makes a long pause between each of her sentences, the effect is that of extreme jerkiness. The lecture is something like the following:—

Lady Superintendent (smiling). I am now going to fry a slip. (Greedy Man in the audience puts on his spectacles, and stands up.) I take the slip and cover it with some beaten-up eggs. (Old Lady on a front bench seems much surprised.) I beat up the eggs thus. (Beats them up—long pause. Masher makes a mental note of the operation.) Now I paste the slips like this. (Pastes them—long pause—little girl yawns, and is reproved by her mother.) With a paste-brush is the best. (Longer pause—Greedy Man deeply interested.) And I have some bread-crumbs in this bag. They should be sifted freely—(Long pause)—or else they become mouldy. I dip the slips into the bread-crumbs—(Exciting operation—Greedy Man all attention.)—and then I put them into this clarified fat. (Greedy Man becomes so interested that he approaches the table and smells the compound.) It seems a great deal, but it is more economical in the end. (Several Ladies in the audience make notes in their pocket-books.) And when the slips are cooked—(Long pause)—I garnish them with fried parsley. (Long pause.) Here it is. (The Slips are finished, and the Greedy Man gloats over the picture.) And now I think we will grill a mackerel with maître d'hôtel sauce. I take the fish, cut it open, and remove the backbone.

[And the lecture is continued with longer pauses than ever, and to the ever-increasing excitement of the Greedy Gentleman in spectacles.]

And now, having turned aside in the Exhibition for a moment to discuss the material provisions for the body, it is most desirable to return as speedily as possible to a consideration of the ethereal food for the mind; emphatically "the mind," as we are not going to be induced to make the sole joke which is usually served up on such an occasion.

BY AN INTENDING BACHELOR OF NATURAL SCIENCE.—
 Lots of people will go in for the "B.N.S." ("B. an' S.") degree, if this warm weather develops in June.

A CRY FROM THE SHOP!

WHAT is this they are saying of Commons in Kent as free as the air to the poor we pity?
 With thousands of acres of golden gorse given up at the will of an opulent city?
 Is it true in the blue of the Caterham Vale they have settled a mighty estate for ever
 On the heirs to come of the toiling town, that tyrant force cannot change or sever?
 Have they driven away, with his trowel and hod, the builder of houses they call "genteel,"
 And granted a gift of the fields of God to the women and men who in gratitude kneel
 At the foot of the throne of the great King Lud, who, in regal fashion, without set speeches,
 Has purchased peace for the Epping glades, and solitude given to Burnham Beeches?
 It is well, my Brothers—these things are done, with the aid of wealth, for the good of the—
 Stop!

Just listen! For high above chorus of praise is heard a complaint—'tis a cry from the Shop!

We hear very much of the rich and the poor, of conflict of capital, class against class,
 Of Fashion that saunters in parks at the West, whilst the East may not treasure an acre of
 grass.

When a holiday comes, be it "Derby" or not, just a feast of St. Lubbock when energies sink,
 The philanthropist puts on his sanctified tone, and declares we do nothing but guzzle and
 drink.

It is kindly assumed that the sea and the sky, the woods and the fields with their emerald
 green,

Do not gladden men's eyes at the days as they are, or recall the delights of the days that have
 been.

But we never do hear when the summer-time comes of the women and men who are fettered
 to sorrow

At the tyrannous heels of a bullying trade that is all to-day and has no to-morrow;
 Of the luckless slaves in a land that is free, where the terrible traders never say "Stop!"
 For the sun may shine, and the trees may wave, but hearts they must break with despair in
 the Shop!

We see you pass, when the sultry day has changed to an exquisite afternoon,
 Away from town to pleasure and play, through blossoming May and flowering June;
 We follow your steps as the fancy leads, and hear your merriment down the street,—
 You take our thoughts to the breezes pure, and leave us here in the blinding heat.
 When the traffic outside has a lazy air, and the glaring pavement's hard and gritty,
 When business fades like the goods we sell, and we're left to groan in the lonely City,
 Do you never once think, you women and men who jauntily speed to your parks and pleasure,
 Of the weary souls you have left behind with their tedious tape and tiresome measure?
 Does it never strike any for Charity's sake one coin of thought in our tills to drop,
 That we may be free as our brothers are free, of the toil and the town, of the street and the
 Shop?

It is nothing to us that the gorse is gold, that Epping is free and the Burnham Beeches,
 We care so little that woods are cool, or the river has rest on its dreamy reaches;
 It is only in dreams that the cricketers shout in far-off meadow-lands miles away,
 It is only hope that brings to an end the terrible close of a pitiless day,
 We seize the blinds and we drag them down, to darken the cheat of the blinding sun,
 We face despair when the day begins, and sigh our thanks when the day is done.
 It were better for us if the heaven grew black, and the blue of the sky were clouded o'er,
 Than feel the hush of the silent streets, and see the Sun at the open door;
 Oh! hear us, Brothers and Sisters, too! You have hearts like ours; so in mercy stop,
 And listen a little to those who plead, in suppliant tone, this cry from the Shop!

HARLEQUIN SACRED JACKASS;

OR, THE SLEEPING BUMBLES IN THE WOOD.

THIS old, but not very popular Pantomime, has been revived at the Strand, in the height
 of the London Season, with the success that usually attends the Parochial Drama. The
 audiences have been numerous, if not very select, and the language used occasionally has been
 decidedly unfit for publication. The Opening Scene, called "CHAOS IS COME AGAIN," is a
 marvel of realistic arrangement, and quite worthy of being studied by those Stage Managers
 who are rapidly replacing the scene-painter with the stage-carpenter and bricklayer. The
 ballet of Slumbering Navigators is one of the most dreamy things ever seen out of the Land
 of Lotos-eating, and the calm of the reclining workmen, who lie on their backs, with their
 pipes in their mouths, and their caps half-drawn over their eyes, while the howling traffic
 struggles past them on either side, is perfectly statuesque and supernatural.

The Chairman of the District Board of Works, who fills the arduous rôle of Clown, has
 probably never been equalled since the days of GRIMALDI, and the part of Pantaloon is
 admirably filled by another Member of the Board—a shopkeeper, whose shop is luckily in
 another neighbourhood.

The way the water was suddenly cut off from restaurants and theatres—especially from
 theatres, which are supposed to want water to put out incessant fires—was one of the funniest
 things we have seen in the whole range of pantomime.

It is impossible to grasp all the manifold beauties of this performance at one visit, but
 the broad and reckless humour is obvious at a glance. The gentleman who plays the *Demon*
Bumble—a cheesemonger, whose name is not mentioned in the bills—is adequate in his part,
 and the Chorus of Condemned Ratepayers is a very forcible and dramatic production. The
 piece is sure to run to the end of the Season.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says she doesn't often read Magazines, but she must read that Article
 of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's on *The Mantle of Eliza*, which she supposes is about the
 Rational Dress Improvement Show.

A LAY OF MODERN RUSSIA.

CZAR ALEXANDER ROMANOFF,
 By all his Saints he swore
 His Gala Day at Moscow
 Should be delayed no more;
 By all his Saints he swore it,
 And settled it for May,
 And sent his invitations forth,
 To East and West, to South and North,—
 But didn't name the day.
 To every Court in Europe
 The invitation comes,
 And thoughtfully is scanned throughout
 With frequent "Hahs!" and "Hums!"
 Shame on the doubting Monarchs
 Who fear the Kremlin's dome,
 And rather than be blown to bits
 Prefer to stay at home.
 But well the courtly footmen
 Have worked with might and main,
 While flags and incandescent lamps
 Pour in by every train:
 Till for the meanest attie
 The richest Noble strives,
 As just before the CZAR turns up,
 Great G.A.S. arrives.
 And now the splendid pageant
 Bursts on the gaping crowd,
 And in a million savage throats
 Barbaric cheers are loud;
 While through their midst, upon his steed,
 Their CZAR comes prancing by,
 And gives the Nihilistic boast
 For once, at least, the lie!
 Then up speaks, at a distance,
 Great London's mighty Mayor:
 "Well, really now, upon my word,
 I hardly call this fair;
 Here's Kalmucs, and all sorts of chaps;
 Flags, banners, and gold lace!
 Which things,—except at one big show,
 I count most out of place!
 "Yet seeing all this blaze and blare,
 Makes one reflect on fate!
 To institutions, worse the luck,
 A smash comes soon or late;—
 If so, can one die better,
 Than crying, 'What's the odds?'
 While dining like his fathers,
 And yelled at by the gods!
 "Upon my word, this Russian CZAR
 Must feel a bit like me;
 And wonder when the smash will come,
 And when the end will be.
 Perhaps we shouldn't quarrel
 If both our tales were told;
 Our little game is just the same,
 To go on as of old.
 "So let him have his Tartars,
 His flunkys,—ride his horse!
 I'll have my men in armour,
 My Maco, my Tartar Sauce!
 Three cheers then for his Russian show;—
 Be hanged if I will scold!
 The CZAR.—LORD MAYOR, we're just the pair
 To go on as of old!"
 But when the question's opened,
 And men have got the wit
 To calmly solve all problems,
 To see that all things fit;
 When the nations of the future
 All their nobler instincts rouse,
 And the peoples have grown civil
 As the despots make their bows;
 When the gimcrack of mere pageant,
 And the deeper moral gloom
 Have, with rotten things that perish,
 Gone for ever to their doom;
 Half in scorn and half in laughter
 Will the story still be told
 How a CZAR was crowned at Moscow
 Like his ancestors of old!



A CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES.

SPECIMENS OF THE KIND OF MAN A FAIR MAIDEN IS APT TO TITILT HER NOSE AT WHEN SHE'S EIGHTEEN.

SPECIMENS OF THE KIND OF MAN SHE WILL PERHAPS BE ONLY TOO DELIGHTED TO MARRY, WHEN SHE'S THIRTY.

BETWEEN THE TWO MAY BE SEEN A LIKENESS OF THE IDEAL OF HER DREAMS, WHO, YOUNG AS HE IS, HAS ALREADY SURPASSED MR. GLADSTONE, MR. TENNYSON, LORD WOLSELEY, MR. MILLAIS, MR. SANTLEY, MR. IRVING, MR. GRACE, EDWARD HANLON, AND EVERYBODY ELSE IN ALL THEIR RESPECTIVE ACHIEVEMENTS. HIS NAME IS TALBOT CECIL STANLEY DE MONTMORENCY LE VASSAUR—AND WE HAVE NEVER MET HIM.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

SCENE—The Parliamentary "Quiet Street." Grand Old Musician at Window with Score of "Liberal Policy." Outside, a charivari of conflicting noises. Enraged Musician loquatur—

ALAS! for my beautiful Symphony, "Liberal Policy"! Hoped to have finished it. Now, of such hopes I the folly see. Harmony? Bah! It evades all my efforts, *plus GRANVILLE'S*. HANDEL might symphonise clanging cacophonous anvils, WAGNER find *motif* for tone-poems e'en in tornadoes, But to blend Phidian friezes and stiff High-Art dados Were but the simplest of tasks as compared with the labour Of working out harmony *here*! Just as well be the neighbour Of stithy-swart Vulcan, as live midst this loud *charivari* And try to make music; noctivagant howlings of 'ARRY Are sweet to the gr-r-r of that vile monkey-organ of RANDY'S! By Jove, *how* he grinds! Oh! of all duodecimo dandies That ever played *gamin* and grinder, he is the most teasing, And look at his monkey—how like him!—it's jumping and seizing The hair—what there is—of that broad, burly, blatant big-drummer. Bang! Bang! Oh, my ears! Ah, that horrible noisy new-comer From Leatherdom's city has wrought me more harm than my foes have;

I like, I defend him? If ever my eyes, ears, and nose have Sustained keen offence, 'tis from BRADLAUGH there bumping and booming

As though he delighted my score to destruction in dooming. And then that huge organ, like some mad piano-fiend thumping, With which STAFF and CECIL the country are scouring and stumping! The shine of it! Rum-te-tum-rantara!! *Forte!!! Crescendo!!!!* With never a *p.p.* or delicate *diminuendo*. No sweetness of phrasing, no fineness of touch! It's just maddening! CECIL would slay St. Cecilia's self; but it's saddening STAFFY to see at such work; he does look half ashamed of it, Tired of the row and the rowdiness scarce to be named of it.

Then look at LAWSON there, thumbing his "musical glasses." Musical! Shrieky as brayings of heel-lifting asses, All out of tune, out of time, like cracked bells in a steeple, Swears he's my friend and admirer, too—he, of all people! Hasn't a notion of harmony; will play a solo Always in crotchets. Good gracious! Can't even play Polo Without some *ensemble*. Political Symphonies? Bless us! While this row goes on? Ah! I feel that the garment of Nessus, Spite-poisoned, enwraps me. And yet what a programme I gave them! My choir! If they won't follow me, *who* from chaos shall save them? Noise! Noise! From the foe we expect it, they think it their duty; But shindy on our side means smash. *Tutti*, Gentlemen! *tutti*!

WHAT was our Tip last week for the Derby? 'Those who rightly interpreted our Fancy Portrait, drawn by the Artist who backed the horse and gave us the correct tip of his tail, must have made a fortune. Wasn't he represented as "going like blazes"?—and who, accustomed to interpret oracles, wouldn't at once have read it "Going like St. Blaise is," eh? We don't charge commission, but, when Gentlemen have made a considerable profit, we expect them to remember the prophet who made them the *millionnaires* they now are. Nod and a wink to Dark Horse.

LOYALTY SAIRLY TRIED.—Her Gracious MAJESTY kept her own birthday very much to herself by going "back agen" to Scotland, which was not one of the Happy Returns of the Day, especially as—

The Provost and Baillies of Aberdeen Were not permitted to see the QUEEN.

OLD TIMES REVIVED.—The punishment for the thoroughfare obstructionists who caused the block in the Strand should be the Block on Tower Hill.



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION!

WHICH WILL HE CHOOSE?



DESIGN FOR NEW WALL DECORATIVE PAPER, TO BE CALLED THE
"PAPIER MASHER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 21.—Business resumed to-day after Whitsun recess. Many of our young men, including our Grand Old One, absent.

Telegram from RANDOLPH, dated "Clonnabally, Co. Antrim, Monday. Sha'n't be in House till Thursday. Here making inquiries into case mentioned by JOSEPH GILLIS as to Adjutant who drew forage allowance for imaginary horse. Most important. JOSEPH not accurate in details, but quite enough to damage Government. Fancy we shall turn them out this time. Could have been back to-day, but since GLADSTONE stays till Thursday, think GORST will be able to manage, and keep in order STAFFY and H. W. SMITH—or is it 'W. H.?' Indefatigable young man, RANDOLPH. Always at his country's call.

Spent drowsy evening on Civil Service Estimates. GORST did his best to make up for RANDOLPH; but a little heavy and monotonous. His tactics consist chiefly of going out for an hour or so, coming back, noting who is absent from Treasury Bench, then, when culprit returns, dropping down upon him; or if he prolongs absence, gets up and wants to know how votes for furniture in Law Courts are to be taken in absence of Secretary of State for War, or why the President of the Board of Trade should be absent at a time when Committee are asked to vote salary for the Charwoman at the Admiralty?

Little of this goes a long way, and we had a good deal of it a fortnight back when GORST protested against discussing the Transvaal affairs in absence of Attorney-General for Ireland.

"Worst of man with a flux of speech and dearth of ideas is that when he gets hold of what he thinks is a point he bores people to death with it." So HARCOURT says, and don't know anyone of more judicial mind.

JOSEPH GILLIS in great form. Doubts very much whether the Patents Bill will get through this Session, and is highly sarcastic on frescoes.

"When I was in Parry," he says, unflinchingly facing recollections that some might think painful, "I took my *dejeuner* occasionally *ally fresky* in the *Boy*. But there you got something to eat and drink. These here freskies for a wall I don't hold with, and if Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON wants to do 'em, let him do 'em at his own expense." *Business done.*—Voted Supply.

Tuesday.—House in pretty cheerful mood to-night. Arranged for Count Out before dinner, and whole holiday for to-morrow. Gloom of Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart. in strong contrast to general hilarity.

"TOBY," said the unfortunate Nobleman, whom I found languishing in arm-chair in Library, "what makes me unhappy is that now, as I sit here, I recall quite easily all the good things I was going to say in moving the Adjournment. CHAPLIN would have been nowhere. LOWTHER would have been lost, and DICK POWER not in it. Meant to show them that if a Scotchman can't readily take in joke, he can turn 'em out without apparent effort. But got into such a terrible funk when found myself on my legs. All the jokes got mixed up. Afraid that would happen when took ARTHUR BALFOUR's advice. Left my own place, and spoke from RANDOLPH's. 'Elijah's mantle, you know,' BALFOUR said. 'You stand there, and you won't feel bashful.' But think strange place even made me worse. Had uncomfortable sense that House could see my boots. Nothing matter with them, doncha know, but when I speak from usual place, have a bench before me. Hides a bit of you, and you can lean on back if you feel ill. Speaking from RANDOLPH's seat, one is in full view of House. Makes fellow feel queer. Wish I'd had nothing to do with it. Must get a Welshman next time."

"Yes," I say, touched by unhappy Nobleman's despair: "we'll get MORGAN LLOYD next year, then your failure will be forgotten." On the whole, not a very lively business. Oddest men appeared in what was expected to be funniment. "Like tragedy-men coming forward when the call-boy summons the comedians," said Mr. LABOUCHERE, who knows something about theatres. When Sir EDWARD COLEBROOK rose, House positively gasped, then contumeliously roared. The storm grew higher when red face and round body of JAMES HOWARD discovered below the Gangway. "Highly irregular this," said STUART-WORTLEY. "It's like the sun rising in the middle of the night."

HOWARD not at all unlike comic pictures of the sun, as he stands below the Gangway with full broad face shining on uproarious crowd. Apparently nothing particular to say, and after struggling with clouds of displeasure, finally suffered eclipse, and solar system resumes ordinary conditions. *Business done.*—House decided by 185 votes against 85 to go to the Derby.

Thursday.—Great eruption of white hats and light clothing to-day. Mr. MONK a little out of it. For many Sessions, so Mr. DILLWYN tells me, he used to be the harbinger of summer. Possessed suit of clothes of dusty miller order with white hat to match. One day whilst House was engaged on Questions or Notices, MONK would enter arrayed in these garments. Then House knew summer was at hand, and Members going home hunted up their white hats and light clothing. "Just like Gentlemen who live in the country write to the *Times* when they see first swallow or hear the cuckoo, so," DILLWYN says, "we knew when summer was at hand by seeing MONK come in as though he had passed through a flour-mill on the way."

To-day summer burst upon us without re-appearance of swallow or warning note of cuckoo. Troubled with approaching disfranchisement of Gloucester, or from some other cause—"Perhaps," Mr. BARROW says, "the suit's worn out. Can't have come from first-class firm"—MONK *manque*, and here we are in midsummer.

"Yes, TOBY, dear boy," says RANDOLPH, "and the dog-days are at hand when some people are muzzled."

One or two men laugh, sure I don't know what at.

Warlike night in Committee of Supply. Militia out, and the Yeomanry Cavalry paraded. Earl PERCY on the war-path. Imposing appearance.

"Must admit," says Mr. LABOUCHERE, "that blood tells. 'The Perse owt of Northumberland' is the same in the Victorian age as in the time of HENRY THE SIXTH. Never see PERCY without thinking of Chevy Chase."

And he certainly looked warlike as he squared his shoulders, set his feet firmly on the floor, waved his muscular arm, and in those deep, stentorian tones so familiar on the parade-ground of the Alnwick Artillery Volunteers, instructed Lord HARTINGTON on his duties in relation to the Militia.

"Yes. I've got my eye on PERCY," RANDOLPH said, when I described the thrill his martial bearing and tones always send through me. "When I come in, can't do better than put him in at the War Office. With GORST Lord Chancellor, WOLFE Minister for Foreign Affairs, and BALFOUR Secretary of State for India, I shall have the nucleus of a pretty strong Ministry."

Business done.—Four votes on Army Estimates agreed to.

Friday Night.—Another Count Out. Professor BRYCE delivered interesting lecture on Armenia; chiefly useful as giving ASHMEAD BARTLETT opportunity for getting rid of remnant of one of old speeches on Central Asia. Then Dr. LYONS proposed to set forth scheme for regeneration of Ireland "by utilising her abundant but dormant natural resources." Keen eye of JOEY B. saw through it in instant. "If Ireland," says he, "begins to depend upon herself, and to work like Scotland and England do, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF US?" So JOSEPH laid in wait, and counted out Dr. LYONS.

Business done.—None.

THAT DREADFUL DOCTOR!

(Ingoldsby applied.)

HE warns us in eating, he warns us in drinking,
He warns us in reading and writing and thinking;
He warns us in football, footrace, eight-oar "stroking,"
He warns us in dancing and cigarette-smoking;
He warns us in taking champagne, and canceeing;
He warns us in wearing red socks, and shampooing;
He warns us—of drains—in our snug country quarters;
He warns us—of fever—in mineral waters.
He warns us in—everything mortal may mention.

But—what gives rise

To but little surprise—

Nobody pays him the slightest attention!

EXPLORATION OF GREENLAND.—Fine opportunity for Residential Flats.

MY UNEARNED INCREMENT.

(Ballad by a Betting-Man.)

A LIVING by exertion
Is very hardly won.
It would be my aversion
Suppose it could be done.
I wish that I was thriving
In clover upon rent,
And from estate deriving
The "unearned increment."

No increment, not any,
Sack I of such a kind.
Whene'er I pay a penny,
A decrement I find.
What means to raise a sum by?
No go more money lent,
Must either work, or come by
Some "unearned increment."

By toiling and by spinning,
No good care I to get;
Brads I go in for winning.
My business is to bet.
True, one must study betting,
To count upon the event;
But that's next best to netting
An "unearned increment."

Why, though I don't like labour,
Commit a folly, still,
By grabbing from my neighbour
His goods against his will?
'Tis safe as well as pleasant
To be a sporting gent,
And play, like me at present,
For "unearned increment."

ANOTHER subject—loyal, of course—for the Prince of WALES to take up—though this does sound as if we were speaking of His Royal Highness as a Policeman,—would be in connection with the Royal College of Music,—“Open Spaces”—for the people. [We can supply a few others when H.R.H. has an hour to spare.]

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 138.



LORD LANSDOWNE,

IN HIS NEW CANADIAN COSTUME, SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO REMAINING FOR SOME TIME OUT IN THE COLD.

TO LORD COLERIDGE.

Mr dear Chief Justice, you made a mistake last week which I am bound to correct. For once you forgot the rule absolute which should ever be obeyed, of "never giving your reasons for your decisions." You actually explained, and at some considerable length, to Sir H. GIFFARD, what considerations had weighed with you in deciding to grant a rule. This, my dear Chief, was a big mistake. While addressing your Lordship on this subject, I will just add that there has recently been too much "talk" from the Bench, too much of that bidding for that popularity which is the very breath of an Actor's life (I believe your Lordship takes the Chair at the dinner to be given to Mr. HENRY IRVING) but which is incompatible with the dignity of the Bench.

Yours truly,

PUNCH.

Her Majesty's Inspector of Chief Justices, &c., &c.

REVISED VERSION OF SHAKESPEARE.

"A poor player,
Who struts and frets his hour on the stage,
And then—goes into Society."

"REAL JAM."—The traffic at Hamilton Place Improvement Corner; at Cumberland Gate; in Covent Garden; and in the Strand by the Gaiety.

Wellington Statue (loq.). "J'y suis, J'y reste!"

Mr. Punch (with riding-whip). No. J'y up! Move on!

THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT WAR.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

THE Energetic Veteran hurried from Pall Mall, passed through Leicester Square, skirted Covent Garden Market, and stopped at a door under the portico near Drury Lane. It was a small door, and a number of persons of both sexes were hanging listlessly about in its close proximity. The Energetic Veteran pushed his way in, and was stopped by a Polite Official.

"You cannot pass here, Sir," said the doorkeeper, firmly but respectfully.

"But I tell you I must," replied the Energetic Veteran, briskly. "I want to see Mr. ——" And he mentioned one of the best-known names in Europe.

"I have no doubt you do, Sir," returned the Official; "but the Governor is extremely busy, and you had better write to him."

"I have written to him," cried the Energetic Veteran; "and see, there is a copy of my letter." And he pointed to a placard, about eighteen feet square, which was adorning an adjacent wall.

"Indeed, Sir!" replied the Polite Official, with increased respect. "Then, if you will give me your card, Sir, possibly the Governor will make an exception in your case. I can but take it to him."

The Energetic Veteran haughtily tossed over a small square of pasteboard, and retired. When the Official returned, he found his visitor contemplating, with the greatest possible admiration, a gigantic poster representing a hand-to-hand encounter between Egyptians and English soldiers, of the most sanguinary description.

"Ah! it does so bring it back to me!" murmured the Energetic Veteran, overcome with emotion. "That officer waving the British flag, and slaughtering half-a-dozen white-coats, might have been meant for myself. Just the sort of thing I used to do, in a leisure moment, when I wasn't wanted to work on the Staff!"

The Polite Official respectfully beckoned the speaker to enter the

building, and together they passed through the door. They traversed dark passages dimly illuminated by wire-globed gas-lights, and ascended narrow staircases overlooking a huge open space with a boarded floor. Then they came to a second door, but this was made of the most costly marquetry, studded with the rarest marbles. The Polite Official ushered in the Energetic Veteran, and retired.

"Pardon me," said a gracefully-rounded figure resting in a tissue-of-gold dressing-gown tastefully trimmed with brilliants, on a sofa whose bullion-cloth and pure golden legs were half hidden by a huge rug made entirely of sable-tails. "Pardon me a moment, until I have given my final instructions to a dozen and a half of my Secretaries."

The Energetic Veteran nodded amiably, and looked round him. The chamber in which he was now seated was certainly gorgeous in the extreme, and strongly reminded him of the most luxurious passages of the *Arabian Nights*. The walls were hung with a material composed of silver thread and precious gems, and all the furniture, except the sofa already mentioned, was made of the rarest porcelain. He himself was resting on a Dresden china chair. Pictures by RAFFAELLE, and Masters nearly as celebrated, were scattered about the apartment in great profusion, waiting to be hung. There was an indescribable air of wealth about the place, which had its effect upon the visitor, although that visitor was not a man easily impressed.

"And now," said the figure on the sofa, who had been called by the Polite Official "the Governor," turning round and making a cigarette out of some Turkish tobacco and a ten-pound note, "What can I do for you?"

"I have an idea!" was the short sharp response.

"Not in the least surprised," smilingly continued the other, as he toyed with a huge pine-apple, and filled a liqueur-glass from a magnum of Chartreuse Verte. "Won't you join me?"

"No, thanks," returned the Energetic Veteran; "I never take anything except at meals, and get all I want from the Vine Club, of



DETRACTION.

The Younger Lady. "OH, AUNT, DID YOU OBSERVE WHAT A BADLY-MADE DRESS MRS. BROWN HAD ON?"
Aunt (who couldn't bear "that woman"). "AH, THAT'S HOW IT WAS IT SUITED HER SO WELL, DEAR—YES!"

which, by the bye, I should like to see you a member," and he handed over a number of circulars.

"I am sure I should be very pleased," replied the Governor, hastily, "but, to tell the truth, I don't think it would be of any use to me. You see, when I want to dine quietly, I generally accept an invitation to a State banquet with the LORD MAYOR. But, you were saying you had an idea?"

"I have got something more for you."

"What, another letter!" returned the other. "Well, thanks, very much; but I think that game is played out. Besides, my Vicar in South Kensington is getting jealous. Not that you don't write capitally. No; when I saw that first despatch of yours—the one you knocked off, you know, just after your arrival in Egypt—I said to myself, 'He shall be on my staff, and you are!'"

"And WILLING approves of me?"

"He is delighted with you, and says that you should join his profession—that with your talent, in his line you would coin money."

"Well, I find my own profession not un lucrative."

"So I told him; but he said you ought to sacrifice Arms to Art. But there, no doubt he will write to you on the subject. And, now, what is your idea?"

"What do you say to a war with the Esquimaux?"

"Not bad," said the Governor, reflectively, "the North Pole, though, has been touched at the Adelphi."

"Not as I should touch it," cried the Energetic Veteran, with enthusiasm. "I would have real bears and a battle by night, illuminated with the Aurora Borealis."

"Not bad," murmured the Governor. "I don't think that has been done."

"Then BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR—tut, tut!—I should say ALCESTER, but I never can remember the titles of these newly-made Peers—might bombard Copenhagen, as I promised to put him into my next big thing."

"Bombard Copenhagen!—surely that has been done before?"

"Everything has been done before," replied the Energetic Veteran, irritably. "But, there, I have taken a great deal of trouble about it, and if you don't like it, you can leave it. Possibly,

by-and-by, they may want something of the sort at the Princesses', and, if the worst comes to the worst, I can always take it to Astley's."

"Don't be so impulsive," said the Governor. "But do you see your way to a ballet?"

"Of course. I get that by the capture of Russian maidens. Fair Circassians, if you like."

"Yes; that wouldn't be bad."

"Then I shall work in BISMARCK somehow—just to give HARRY JACKSON a new character."

"Yes, he would like that. He is fond of representing historical personages. And couldn't you get in the Coronation of the Czar? I always try to have something connected with current events."

"Yes, yes," replied the Energetic Veteran, reflectively, "that might do for a Prologue. Well, I am glad that you like the notion. The Duke was rather in favour of an invasion of the Crimea."

"Done years and years ago!"

"So I told him, and suggested, instead, complications with the North-Western Powers and a descent upon Greenland. You see I had you in my eye."

"I will do it!" cried the Governor, suddenly. "I see my way to something really big, and I will do it. I will bill your first despatch all over the place, and the scenery shall be put in hand at once!"

Within six months of the above conversation the world was startled by two great events,—the first, a fresh war in Europe, the second, a new piece at Drury Lane!

New Version.

(Which suggested itself to the Special Dithyrambist of the "Times" on the Night of the Derby.)

As when a mighty people rejoice
 With the penny trumpet and the tootling horn,
 And the tumult of their shindy is borne
 From Kennington Gate, where there's crush and jar,
 To the Special waiting at the "Horns" snug bar.

MY DERBY DAY.

I ALWAYS have a book on the Derby. The amounts are not large, but it enables me to join with an appearance of grave anxiety in the



horsey conversation appropriate to May. It once, however, nearly got me into trouble when in the Witness Box, my naïve confession encouraging a facetious cross-examiner to denounce me as a Black Leg, until the assurance that I never went beyond a few shillings overwhelmed him with as much confusion as a sane man can well feel when dressed up in black stuff and horse-hair. However, upon discovering on Wednesday morning, on making up my book, that, if fortunate, I should only lose a rifle, but under no circumstances could I possibly win, I determined to avoid the Saturnalia of Epsom, and to spend a quiet day in beautiful Epping Forest. I was induced to adopt this wise resolution from reading Lord SHERBROOKE's quotation from MILTON, commencing, "As one who long in populous city pent," which was evidently intended for me who have been pent in a very populous city for about fifty years.

I strolled through the People's beautiful Forest for about four hours in a perfect rapture of enjoyment, but I should venture to make to the Authorities the modest suggestion, to clear away the dirty paper instead of clearing away so many trees. Exhausted by my long stroll, I sought refreshment at a cleanly-looking booth, the property of JOHN SMITH, a name I think I have seen before, and who supplied me with the cup that cheers but not inebriates, with a sufficiency of milk and sugar, for the small charge of one penny. This, with a remarkably sticky Bath bun, constituted my refreshing and economical repast. Returning into the Forest I heard the notes of a cuckoo. Always ready to contribute my share, however small, to the constantly increasing store of human knowledge, I noticed that my cuckoo never called more than eighteen times without pausing to take breath, and that his notes are separated by a fourth. While listening intently to discover these important facts in Natural History, my cuckoo suddenly flew past me, making as much noise as Mr. Baines's first pheasant.

Finding myself now on the bank of the pleasant-looking lake, I was asked if I would have a boat, but as from my earliest days I have always liked to see which way I was going, and as I saw a kindly intimation written up, that all damage must be paid for, I bargained for a boatman as well as a boat, and spent an hour of calm delicious enjoyment.

On landing I discovered a long line of Cocoa-Nuts in tempting array, and their youthful guardian slumbering peacefully. Awaking at my approach, he besought my patronage so earnestly, that I yielded to the extent of one penny, and bringing into play the old yokers with which in days of yore I used to spread-eagle the wickets of my opponents at cricket, I, quite as much to my own astonishment as the boy's, landed a remarkably fine cocoa-nut, which we ascertained, by violently shaking it, contained a considerable quantity of the peculiar milk which is accounted for in such a variety of ways. Scorning to take advantage of my unexpected success, I nobly returned the fruit to the youthful attendant, who, when he had recovered from his surprise, expressed his gratitude for my unexampled liberality by at once standing on his head.

I strolled away with head erect, and with the consciousness of having at one and the same time evinced remarkable skill and great self-denial. I had previously learned from the young recipient of my bounty, that the average number of "chucks" at Cocoa-Nuts before achieving success is six, and of "shies" at Aunt Sally, four; the form of our female relative's effigy presenting, apparently, a better mark than the nobbly nut that contains the fluid.

In the train from the City I found myself in company with a gentleman of remarkably healthy, if not flushed, appearance, who had just returned from Epsom. He was very communicative, but many of his expressions were peculiar, if not unintelligible. He told me, for instance, that he was down upon his luck, and should have to trouble his Uncle. Upon my venturing to express the opinion that he was fortunate in having so generous a relation to appeal to, he laughed, and said that wasn't at all bad. As the train was about stopping, he shook hands with me very heartily, and made use of these very remarkable words:—"I've enjoyed your society very much; there's a greenness about you that is quite refreshing, so I'll give you just two bits of advice. Never have anything to do with the Turf. They are all scamps alike, and would sell their own fathers to gain their ends. But if you can't resist it, like me, there's only one chance for you, and that is, to Nobble the Jockey!"

AN OUTSIDER.

SCENE IN THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH,

May 21st, 1883.

(How it should have occurred.)

Usher. Mr. Justice HAWKINS will oblige again!

Mr. Justice Hawkins (sings)—

Excuse me, Gents! I am in a flutter,
I've been detained in that gruesome gutter
Called the Strand! Called the Strand! Called the Strand!
Search Europe through you'll find no place full
Of sheer neglect and control disgraceful
Like the Strand! Like the Strand! Like the Strand!
Its state is truly awful! Heigho! Heigho!

'Tis little short

Contempt of Court—

In fact it's most unlawful!

[The entire Court dance round to Symphony, and, much refreshed, proceed to business with renewed energy.]

A VICEROY FOR AFRICA.

"Suppose HER MAJESTY were represented in South Africa by a Viceroy carefully selected, to whom the Governors would report, with whom the Boer Presidents would negotiate, and who would, as regards natives, possess all the authority the Crown and Parliament could give him. Wielding such powers, * * * he would, we conceive, be able to remove, and frequently even to anticipate, difficulties which press severely on the Colonial Office."

Spectator.

As I've just been appointed first Viceroy and Governor-General of the Cape Colony, Natal, Pondoland, Basutoland, Griqualand West, Bechuanaland, and as much of Zululand as we haven't yet given back to CETEWAYO, must buy good map of South Africa at once, and study the numerous interesting (geographical) problems connected with that country. Must also discover, if possible, before starting, who LANGALIBALELE is. Is it the African native appellation for Bishop COLENSO? Wonder if FORSTER would put me up to this. He seems to know all about the Bechuanas, and might help a "carefully-selected Viceroy" in acquiring information.

Here I am at Cape Town! Find furious letter from Mayor and chief residents at Durban, asking me why on earth I haven't settled in their Colony instead of here. They say their city has quite five hundred inhabitants, and is nearly as large as any in all South Africa.

Make my first speech. Tell people I already feel "an Africander to the backbone." People cheer. Don't like the word "Africander"; too obviously rhymes with "gander." But ought I to make public speeches? Shall telegraph to RIFON, I think, and ask advice.

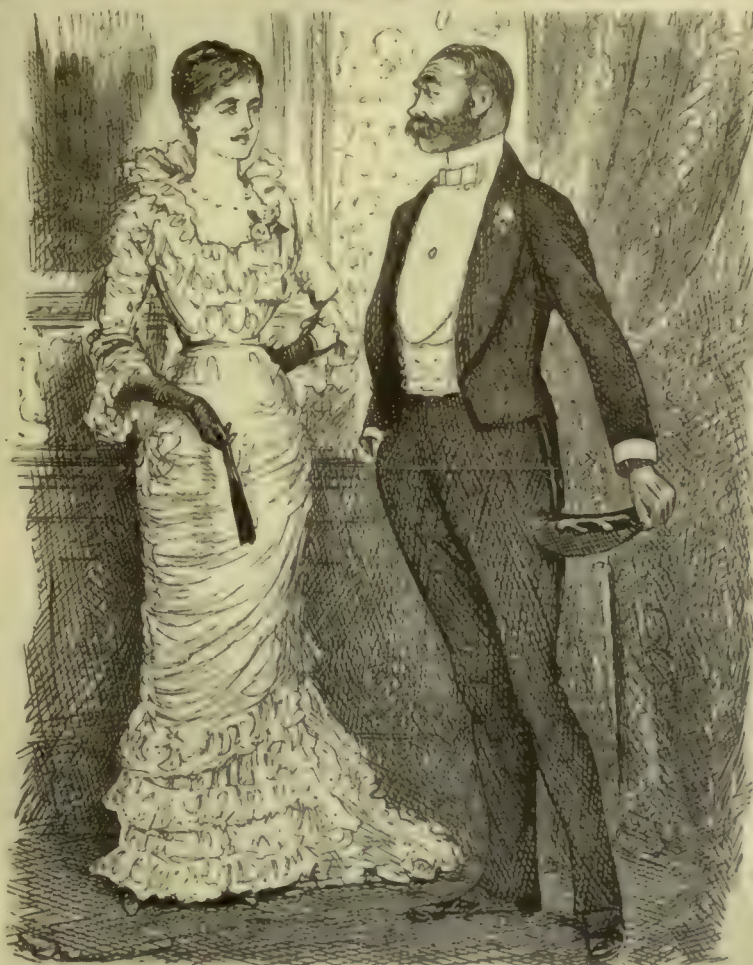
Dutchman in crowd wants to know "my opinion on the Transvaal question." Tell him I haven't formed one yet, but hope to do so in the course of a day or two. Dutchman seems surprised. Another person,—looks like an English clergyman in disguise—says he's a great friend of JOEL and JONATHAN, and would be glad to know if I'm going to let 'em be "eaten up" by LETSER and MASUPHA? Natural for clergyman in disguise to feel hurt about men called JOEL, or JONATHAN; but why these scriptural names out here? Confuses my geography utterly.

Well, this is really quite aggravating! After several days spent in trying to induce Boers, by diplomatic efforts, to spare the Bechuanas, I now hear that they've taken all their cattle and wives, and added their territory to what they choose to call the "Dutch South African Republic."

Evidently, must follow "consistent policy." For a "supreme referee, on the spot, placed above the strife of parties, is always necessary in such circumstances." Quite feel that I'm necessary. Wonder why poor BARTLE FREER didn't succeed. But then he was only Governor of the Cape. Now, I am also Governor of Natal, Zululand, Bechuanaland, &c., and also Vice-Suzerain of the Transvaal. So that, of course, makes my position *ever so much* easier than poor old BARTLE FREER's.

Cape Parliament has developed a spirit of its own! Refuses to vote supplies if I send army into Transvaal. Threatening telegrams from Natal, saying that if I don't, they will declare themselves independent of England altogether, and of me, too! This is an undeniably awkward situation. Must temporise.

Happy Thought. Get dear old CETEWAYO to attack Boers. Do so. After a week, hear that he's been completely defeated by the Dutch brutes, and, in consequence, has accepted position of their Suzerain. Cape Parliament is becoming unbearable, Natal has really declared its independence, and the united Dutchmen of Transvaal and Orange Free State are marching on Cape Town! Resign my position, and perform my own "happy despatch" to England, where I can, at all events, give Colonial Office some of the "local knowledge" which it so much needs.



COMPENSATION.

Snobley. "AW—AW—IT MUST BE VERY UNPLEASANT FOR YOU AMERICANS TO BE GOVERNED BY PEOPLE—AW—WHOM YOU WOULDN'T ASK TO DINNER!"

American Belle. "WELL—NOT MORE SO, PERHAPS, THAN FOR YOU IN ENGLAND TO BE GOVERNED BY PEOPLE WHO WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO DINNER!"

THE MAGIC SPECTACLES.

A Peep into a possible Future.

"THE HOME SECRETARY sees democracy only as distorted by Whig spectacles, one of the most powerfully refracting media of the day. . . . Mr. TAYLOR is the true democrat, holding that democracy is the government of the whole people by the whole people, while Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would condemn democracy to the disintegration and disunion which inevitably pave the way for wire-pullers, and at last for tyrants."—*Times*.

PUNCH pops the spectacles across his nose,
As through each magic lens his keen eyes twinkle,
Shadows of eld upon him crowd and close,
He feels a spiritual *Rip Van Winkle*.
Is this the England of the Sage's youth,
This crotchet-ridden realm of topsy-turvy?
That parti-coloured Patch—can it be Truth?
That Liberty, in vesture strait and sourvy?
The very air's asphyxia to the lungs
Used to the rapture of free inspiration.
This chaos of cramped wills and clanging tongues
Can it be worthy of the name of nation?
Men's mien hath changed, each hath a Janus look,
Each seems to be half tyrant and half truckler.
He'll swell and swagger here, there crouch and crook,
But Freedom, with still eye and steady buckler,
Watching and warding all,—where is she shrined?
Pooh—pooh! The old Palladium stands no longer
Midmost the city's citadel. The whine
Of philanthropic cant has proved far stronger
Than manly-fronted and frank-hearted sense.
The one and indivisible birthright, Freedom,

Has been exchanged by babblers dull and dense
For pottage-doles, and every little Edom
Has its own local spoon. The old large, divine
"Thou shalt not" has been narrowed down and
whittled,
At heat of every crotchet-monger's whine,
Until Morality itself's belittled
Into pure priggishness, the sour and tame
Subservience of small souls to little shackles.
No stalwart champion, with soul of flame,
The many-handed ogre, Humbug, tackles.
Restriction, arbitrary, local, stiff
Cobwebs capriciously man's every action,
Vetoes his draught, and bounds or bans his whiff,
And every little fad-ring, clique, or faction
Has its own happy hunting-ground where it
May harry its opponents, who may harry
Others in turn elsewhere; check-rein and bit
Are on us everywhere. The man who'd marry,
Or buy or sell, or sport, or drink or smoke,
Must choose for each some nook where Local Option
Has not in that regard imposed its yoke
Of noodle-born negation, whose adoption
Jugglers with words and human rights defend
By some freak-formed, chance-generated, blind
"Majority,"

Which, all oblivious of its righteous end,
Spreads an usurped preposterous authority
O'er the whole field of individual will,
Taste, impulse, fancy, yearning, need, conviction
So that as sequel of some prig-pushed "Bill,"
Blameless desire shall feel the dull constriction
Of Cant's snake foldings everywhere. "This life?
This liberty?" sighs the Sage. Have smart but
flabby
Round Rhodian rhetoricians thus made rife
The rule of this new tyrant small and shabby?
Have Grand—but oft Grandmotherly—Old Men
Nervelessly yielded to the newest fashion
Of mobcap tyranny? The Punchian pen
Must lay effectively a scathing lash on
The backs invertebrate that bend and bow
To the first gush-rush of fanatic folly
As the *Vox populi*. Good faith! I trow
Life will be breezy, rational, most jolly,
When England is a Heptarchy of fads,
A chaos of crass crotchets—when the noodles,
Tories, or Liberals, or roaring Rads,
Change men from freemen into chain-led poodles;
When one may spread a pestilence, but not
Unchallenged make the best of Nature's bounties,
When he who'd drink or smoke must scheme and
plot,

And travel into different towns and counties
To dodge the local despot; when the Law
Piecemeal is parcelled out with petty pother,
So that 'tis no high Mentor striking awe,
But a Dame Partlet, full of fuss and bother,
Hanging at each man's heels until he doubt
If he may smile or sneeze without authority,
Or yield to any wish or want without
Special permission from some one "Majority"
Out of a hundred such.

Punch dashes off
The Magic Spectacles with mighty vigour.
But is it matter for mere careless scoff
This dream of Crotchethdom's capricious rigour?
Is life's large freedom to become the prey
Of zealous zanies, shallow, sour, ascetic?
The Glasses may not show the truth to-day,
But there's one question yet,—are they prophetic?

The Ministry and the Mint.

It is rumoured that the Cabinet, on consideration, have determined to convert the southern portion of New Guinea into a Crown Colony. It may be hoped that this concession may satisfy the Party of Change, although the New Guinea Crown Colony will be still something under the Old Sovereign.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—It is understood that the Member for Bridport contemplates bringing out a new work on "Modern Parliamentary Procedure." It is to be called *Warton's Complete Wrangler*.

OUR PLEA FOR OPEN SPACES.

The Rhymester, musing in City Slums, indulges in Elegiacs concerning possible Elysia for the City Children.

"The value of small open spaces in densely-populated districts, near the homes of working people, is increasingly recognised year by year."
Mrs. Octavia Hill, in the "Times."



"RECOGNISED!" Ay, but by whom? The wise of heart and the kindly!

Scarcely by the Kings of Gold, the Lords of the Rail and Mart.
 Little by Bumble the bumptious, blundering coldly, blindly,
 On in the olden ways, stolid and tough of heart.

Then, whilst the Springtide burst of rejuvenescent beauty
 Breaks upon holt and hedgerow, quickens the pulse like wine,

Where are the souls will list to the bidding of citizen duty,
 To claims of the City children considerate ear incline?



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 1.

JUNE. NEAR THE MARBLE ARCH. Puzzle—To find the Policeman.

Spring in the City Slums! A dim and dolorous season
 Breathing nothing of Nature, dead and grey as a ghost,
 Chill, and dingy, and dank; what need any nearer reason
 To urge our hearts and hands to help of the childish host?
 Picture them, pinched and pallid, eager yet hopeless, straining
 Eyes to the barrier'd nook where there's room for ball and rope,
 Where the plague of brick and stucco, on Nature eternally gaining,
 Leaves, for awhile, some corner, object of huckster hope.

Maybe a burial plot, where the dead no more seek resting,
 Lit with a touch of green, else sombre and void and waste;
 Maybe a grassless patch which Trade in its eager questing
 Leaves for a little time unsnatched by its greedy haste,
 Dull, and dirty, and damp, shard-strewn and rubbish-cumbered;
 Yet there is room to breathe, even to romp and run.
 Few, and growingly few, are these City waste nooks numbered;
 Shall they be all greed-swallowed, or rescued for health and fun?

Health and joy of the children! What if they, sadly staring
 Saw a vision of Spring break through the grey of the nook,
 A figure of grace and gladness, vesture of verdure wearing,
 Bringing in voice vague echoes of music of bird and brook!
 What if a bright Spring shower of buds and blooms she sprinkled
 Down on the waste before them, there as they cluster and cower,
 Signs of the sunny meadows with shimmering dew-blobs sprinkled,
 Whiff of the nutty hawthorn, scent of the lilac-flower!

Fancy? Verily, yes. Yet that waste might win as verily
 Touch of the soft Spring fingers, sound of the sweet Spring voice.
 There where the children sigh might their laughter echo merrily,
 There in some show of Summer the waifs of the town rejoice.
 Room for such *Rus in urbe* daily hourly narrow,
 Nature nooked into neatness is better than none at all.
 Trim straight walks, smug grass-plots, shrubs, and the chirrupping
 sparrows!
 Yes; but space for scampering, scope for the flying ball.
 Look to it, Sages, Senators! See to it, souls unsordid,
 Snatch whilst there's ought to snatch ungulp'd by the gorge of
 Trade,
 Ere each scanty plot is paled, and each little waste patch hoarded,
 And Railways rattle and choke where the children might have played.

MR. PUNCH'S METROPOLITAN 'IMPROVEMENT ACTS.

To clear away the Holywell Street block.
 To make a clean sweep of Seven Dials.
 To demolish the block opposite the Criterion, and make a clear
 way to Leicester Square.
 To open out Leicester Square, leaving the Alhambra and the
 Pandora (when opened) Theatres.
 To enlarge the area of Covent Garden Market, and restrict the sale.
 To establish several Flower Markets.
 To establish Fruit and Vegetable Markets.
 To build Restaurants on the Thames Embankment, which could be
 turned into Winter Garden dining-places.
 To open Kensington Gardens to Equestrians, making rides after
 the manner of those in the Bois de Boulogne.
 To erect a central Sea-Water Bathing Establishment.
 To make as many open spaces as possible in the Eastern suburbs.
 To compel all dust-carts, &c., to work between 4 and 7 A.M., and
 then disappear. Coal-carts the same.
 Sub-Tramways everywhere for all heavy waggons.
 Dynamite might be legitimately and safely used to clear the
 atmosphere of fog.
 On every lamp-glass the number of the house facing it.
 The name of each street to be legibly printed at the corner of every
 block, at a certain height, and not sky'd.
 These will do to begin with.

A Sportsman on Rational Dress.

THEY may talk as they like about health, warmth, and grace,
 But he with plain reason is surely a player
 Who solemnly talks of improving the race,
 By making the sex a non-stayer!

THE ERRINGTON AFFAIR.—Lord HOUGHTON explained last week
 that "once upon a time" he had gone on an Erring-and-straying-
 ton Roaming Mission. Yes, but that Mission was a regular h'out-
 an'-h'out 'nn.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE WESTMINSTER WAX-WORKS.

Monday Night, May 28.—Pleasant to hear Scotch accent again. Since the Herring Brand Question was settled, and the Hypothec Bill passed, don't have fair proportion of it. Began the evening, of course, with Ireland, and threatened to conclude with it. Mr. HARRINGTON, one of the latest gifts from that fruitful isle, has in usual way secured opportunity of making himself a personage, and, naturally, not inclined to let it sleep. Has done everything to qualify himself for prominence. Has been in prison, owns a newspaper, and is always ready to challenge Government to do its worst. Since a paper that no one ever heard of before has been seized by local police in connection with printing of seditious matter, HARRINGTON has been constantly popping up, and demanding to be led out to instant execution. "I am ready for any course the Chief Secretary will take," he says, gloomily, in imitation, *longo intervallo*, of JOHN DILLON.

The course TREVELYAN obviously inclined to take is severely to let him alone, which greatly grieves the dauntless HARRINGTON. Will no one behead him on Tower Hill, hang him from the Clocktower, or at least send him to prison somewhere in the neighbourhood of a good eating-house?

"No one, I regret to say," Mr. LABOUCHERE replies in his incisive tones. "You're a decidedly uninteresting person. Though you have the fluency of an Irishman, you're as dull as a Scotchman, as commonplace as a Welshman, and as unpicturesque as an Englishman."

It was Mr. RAMSAY's voice that was heard at midnight, complaining about subvention of disturnpiked roads. "Not enough!" he cries; so moves rejection of the lot. Consternation on part of Scotch Members.

"A people," says Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, "who are so economical that they go about in kilts to save the cost of trouser-cloth, won't stand it."

Nor did they. Quite a storm burst around the placid head of Mr. RAMSAY. With many a "Hoot, mon!" and "Heeh, SANDY!" he was reminded that half a loaf is better than no bread. RAMSAY some time in seeing it; when finally grasped the idea, proposed with great stolidity to withdraw his Motion. But JOSEPH GILLIS had to be reckoned with. Here was a fine chance of harrying the Scots, and wasting a quarter of an hour. So when question put that leave be given to withdraw Motion, J. B. said "No!" and Committee divided.

Pretty to see Mr. RAMSAY walking out to support the Vote he had earlier moved the rejection of, weighed down by consciousness that he had nearly lost £20,000 for Scotland.

Business done.—A few Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—"Didn't see you at our May Meeting at the Foreign Office this morning, COWEN," Sir W. LAWSON said to the gentle JOSEPH of Newcastle.

"May Meeting, do you call it?" said J. C., carefully brushing

the nap of his new silk hat, and adjusting his lavender silk necktie. "Must Meeting is a better name for a gathering where GLADSTONE talks to you Liberals. I'm an Independent Member, who hates Caucuses of any kind, whether at Newcastle or the Foreign Office. I own no compulsion but that of opposing whatever GLADSTONE may recommend." And, flicking with odour-laden cambric handkerchief a speck of dust from his patent-leather shoes, the Northumbrian daintily picked his way through the throng.

"Most extraordinary man, JOE COWEN," said Sir WILFRED, pensively regarding his retreating figure. "Knows every conspirator in Europe. Has lent money to them all, and regularly pensions thirty-three seedy-looking fellows who, at various times, have knocked him up in the dead of the night, and, cautiously removing their crape masks, whispered in his ear that they had spoken disrespectfully of the CZAR, are fleeing for their lives, and have not got a kopee. Strongly suspect they chiefly come from the East-End, where the Hairy Man, the Sioux Chief, and the Tameless Savage of the Mid-African Jungle are cultivated." Truly JOSEPH has a gentle heart, and an ear always open to human distress.

May Meeting went off very well this morning. Party more united than ever. Everything going to be carried except the Government of London Bill. Thereupon, the brothers LAWRENCE publicly fall into each other's arms. Alderman FOWLER and Sir ANDREW LUSH perform a breakdown. FIRTH fumes. Sir GABRIEL GOLDNEY, whose son is something in the City, tells me Lord Mayor KNIGHT is woefully out up.

"Thought I was going to be the Last of the Lord Mayors," he gloomily confided to the Baronet GABRIEL. "Fact is, had given orders to be painted in aot of leaving Mansion House for last time. Great historical picture to be presented to the nation. 'The Last of the Lord Mayors saying Good Knight to his Office.' Bound to take portrait off Artist's hands; must alter inscription."

CAVENDISH BENTINCK in high spirits. Seems he holds brief in the Belt Case, and had great triumph to-day.

"They went on reading the Judge's summing-up for days," says he. "L.C.J. took a turn, DENMAN read himself hoarse, and MANISTY lost his voice. Still they went on. Prospect intolerable. Thing might last for a fortnight. Then I volunteered to read. Hadn't been at it half-an-hour when L.C.J. lays his head on the Bench; MANISTY moans; DENMAN droops. Ten minutes later, L.C.J. desperately interposes. Can't stand any more of it. Agree to take rest as read, and I go off in triumph. Pity I was born to be a Minister, TOBY. Would have made my fortune at the Bar."

Business done.—Agricultural Holdings Bill read a Second Time.

Thursday Night.—The remarkable number of recent resignations by Irish Members explained to-night. Been explained before by persons who know everything. Said Land League funds stopped. No more expenses forthcoming; gentlemen resident at Westminster Palace Hotel expected to pay their own bills. But Irish

Members very proud. Rather than do that, give up their seats. That explanation generally accepted. Real fact only now come out. It's The O'KELLY. Very last time GARATT BYRNE was in the House he made mysterious communication to me.

"Did ye ever live in a house with a Tiger, Toby?" says he.

Confess I never had. What was it like? Was it agreeable, or was the excitement too strained, and apprehension of accident too absorbing?

"Well, I have," Mr. BYRNE continued, in pursuit of his own question, "since 1880 that's been my state. All very well for PARNELL to keep a watch-dog; but to have a fellow going about with pistols glaring upon you, so that you tremble every time you get up to speak, and never go home without expecting to find 'a friend' waiting for you, is more than I can stand."

Mr. BYRNE's language a little mixed, but evidently disturbed with something, and has since resigned, like half-a-dozen others of the stouter and more peaceful members of the Party. Now The O'KELLY has fixed upon McCOAN, and O'BRIEN has acted the part of a friend. JOSEPH GILLIS, when he heard of the event, called on Mr. McCOAN, and generously laying aside all differences (J. G. once publicly called him a carpet-bagger) offered to conduct negotiations with O'KELLY's friend. But McCOAN, to the infinite disgust of JOSEPH GILLIS, refused overtures. "When I levanted, I came here for a peaceful life," he said. "A man who might have been bowstrung by instructions of the SULTAN, won't stand to be shot at by an Irish Member."

Decided to tell House all about it. House roared with laughter. Only The O'GORMAN MAHON sat stern and silent, with a dark cloud on his massive brow.

"I have lived too long to see this day," the amphibious old warrior murmured. "But, thank Heaven, he's half a Scotchman. The O'KELLY's an honour to us. I'll go and take a drink wid him."

"It's a pity they didn't fight it out!" says DICK POWER.

"They should have had a duel in the dark. Ever heard of one that happened somewhere in the States? Room pitch-dark. Each man clutching a brace of pistols. One, terrible fellow like O'KELLY; other, kind-hearted fellow like McCOAN. Long pause. Each man afraid to make noise lest other fire! Kind-hearted man chiefly afraid of committing murder. At last determines to fire up the chimney, the safest place. Fires. A loud shriek, and down comes the terrible fire-eater. Pity to lose."

J. J. O'Kelly, Esq., M.P., in his Great Duellist Entertainment, adapted from the French.

O'KELLY, but duel in dark room would have been very interesting."

Sad news to-night. Tragedy comes treading on skirts of broadest Farce. General BURNABY is dead—dead just past his prime. KINGLAKE has a glowing page, telling how at Inkermann BURNABY, then a stripling, charged through the serried masses of the Russians at the head of a handful of the Grenadier Guards, and did much to retrieve the fortunes of the day. In him the Army loses one of its bravest Captains, and the House of Commons the companionship of a loyal and simple-hearted Gentleman.

Business done.—Passed eighteen Votes in Committee of Supply.

Friday Night.—The O'Kelly fizzle went out very mildly. Fire-eater explains that clauses of Duello Act unfortunately not made compulsory. He offered to shoot McCOAN. McCOAN didn't seem to care about it, and there was end of matter. The O'GORMAN MAHON affected to tears. Sends his "eyard" all round the benches. "Pity the House should be disappointed. Will no one oblige?" No one will, and the Ancient Warrior by Sea and Land stalks forth, making passes at imaginary adversary.

Business done.—Report of Supply.

SENSIBLE SAYING.—Talking of the International Chess Tournament, an acute spectator observed:—"Take care of the Pieces, and the Pawns will take care of themselves."



W. E. G. as the Radicals would wish to see him. "with less cholera and a more decided front."

ON A DRAG; OR, HOW THEY LIVE NOW.

Miss Crowndale. Why is it always called "Royal Ascot"?

Mr. Masher (brightly). Because the Royal Family are present.

Miss Crowndale (unanswered). But they go to other Races, and they are not called "Royal."

Mr. Masher (perplexed). No; but then, don't you know, they are not near Windsor Castle. (Triumphantly.) Ascot is; that's why.

Miss Crowndale. I see. How appropriate! Then there are no other Races near Windsor Castle?

Mr. Masher. Not one.

[Remembers the Ray Mead, and inwardly collapses.]

Lady Salford. Do look at that girl on that drag there!

Viscount Gardenia (gazing in the wrong direction). I don't think much of her.

Lady Salford (abruptly). Not there. That's Lady JULIA HERB- RICK, who will be the ugliest woman in England when her mother dies. The drag to the left. Mrs. WENHAM told me that that's the girl they call "Baby" at the Shakspeare Theatre?

Viscount Gardenia (evasively). I dare say. I have hardly ever seen her, and, besides, they are so very different off the stage.

Lady Salford (spitefully). Of course, when they have taken all their coatings of paint and powder off their faces.

Viscount Gardenia (forgetfully). But, I assure you, she uses hardly any make-up at all.

Lady Salford (like lightning). How do you know?

Viscount Gardenia (coming round to the wind with commendable promptitude). Oh—I have—er—read it in the theatrical papers.

Lady Salford (emphatically). I never study that class of literature. Look at her dress; it is really wonderfully handsome.

Viscount Gardenia (uneasily). These theatrical people have great taste.

Lady Salford (rudely). Rubbish! All the taste in the world won't pay for a dress as expensive as that. I suppose it is the gift of some young idiot.

Viscount Gardenia (with perfect sangfroid). More probably some old one.

Passing Johnnie. GARDY!

Viscount Gardenia. Hullo, old Chappie!

Passing Johnnie. I took you seven monkeys off STEELE. Couldn't get any more. Ta!

Lady Salford. What does that boy mean by seven monkeys of steel?

Viscount Gardenia (wishing himself well out of it). Oh, only his chaff.

Lady Salford. It seems to me very foolish. It is some of the slang of the present day, I suppose. I am so glad, HARRY, you do not indulge in slang, though you do read the theatrical papers. I could not bear to look forward to a son-in-law who was slangy. And you have a character for steadiness which any young man might be proud of. You're far above that sort of thing, I know— (pointing to the "that sort of thing," who, at the moment, is being assisted to champagne, and is pleasantly inquiring "who the antique fossil is, sitting next to our poor old GARDY?") And since you promised my VIOLET to give up betting, don't you feel much happier?

[Viscount GARDENIA wavers between the murder of his future mother-in-law and throwing himself off the top of the coach.]

Mr. Pass. I'm as chippy as can be.

Mr. Encarte. I'd give all GARDY's prospects of married bliss for an honest brandy-and-soda. But that confounded old woman glares at you so, every time you get a glass in your hand, that I nearly fall off with fright.

Mr. Pass. Capital idea, having a cottage down here to be quiet, if we had only gone to bed early, and made a good breakfast. Then we could have battled with the swine. As it is, I feel too frightened to go near the Ring. I must have a drink, or I shall die.

Mr. Encore. Split then! Who, I should like to know, kept us till six this morning?

Mr. Pass. Look at the cards I held, baccarat every time; and, as nobody wanted to go to bed, I thought I might try and get a bit back. Here's luck!

[Drinks.]

(The Royal Hunt Cup is run.)

Miss Crowndale. Oh, how fast the dear pretty horses run!

Miss Masher. I love Ascot; and a pic-nic lunch is such fun!

Young Chappie. Just what he told me in the Stalls the other night. It is always my luck at Ascot.

Lady Salford. Very interesting to jockeys and betting-men, but to my idea very dull. A most overrated place is Ascot.

Viscount Gardenia. There's that monkey; and (wistfully) how they are enjoying themselves over there. I wish I had never come to this miserable Ascot.

Mr. Pass. Now I see Goodwood looming brightly in the distance. Bless Ascot!

Mr. Encarte. This looks like Queer Street on Monday. Hang Ascot! (Hums!—"She told me to go to Jericho;" and thinks it probable he'll have to pay a visit to that neighbourhood before settling.)



THE NEW CRAZE.

SCENE—*The Green-Room of the Parthenon, before rehearsal.*

Hard-working Baronet. "HERE'S THE DUKE, CONFOUND HIM! ONLY BEEN SIX MONTHS ON THE STAGE, AND GETTING TWENTY GUINEAS A WEEK!"

Conscientious Viscount. "YES! AND US ONLY GETTING SIX AFTER TEN YEARS OF IT. I HATE THESE BEASTLY DUKES, COMING AND SPOILING THE PROFESSION!"

Ambitious Earl. "UGH! I HATE ALL AMATEURS, HANG 'EM, TAKING THE BREAD OUT OF ONE'S MOUTH!"

"SCRATCHED!"

Trainer loquutus—

RATTLING good horse?
Sure not to flinch?
Good for this course?
Stay every inch?
Likely enough!
But—is he fit?
Looks a bit rough.
Bottom and grit
Mayn't pull him through,
If he runs green.
Time shortish too.
What might have been
Useless to say.
Not worth explaining
What our big bay
Stopped in his training.
But he does look
On the big side.
By hook or crook,
You, if you ride,
Might get him home
With a clear lead.
Doubtful though. Hum!
Pity, indeed!

Looking him over,
One must admire.
What ground he'd cover!
Shaped like his sire.
Pedigree prime,—
Reform out of *Cit*.
Well, lot's o' time;
Best wait a bit!
Win a big race
Yet, there's no doubt;
Plenty of pace,
Speedy and stout.
But think we'll run
'Tother this race,
He'll go like fun,—
Safe for a place.
At the next Meeting
Bring out the Bay.
Take lot's o' beating,
When it's his day.
Wants handling able
Horse o' this type.
Back to the stable,
Not "Cherry Ripe!"

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of excitement was witnessed on the Stock Exchange on Wednesday last on its becoming known that the Government had decided to postpone the London Government Bill. The very valuable Stock issued by the important State of Honduras, whose principal export consists of fine lively Turtle, had fluctuated considerably during the uncertainty that existed in regard to the above Bill, but when it was known that the old Corporation would remain unreformed and unmolested, the price of this valuable security steadily rose, and, after some slight fluctuations, closed at 3-8ths to 5-8ths buyers.

The demand for the fine lively Turtle above alluded to, became so lively at the Leadenhall Dépôt during the course of the day, that it was rumoured that some of the taverns had to resort to the shameful practice of substituting Irish Conger-Eel until a fresh arrival of the genuine article restored peace and comfort to many a corporation.

Perhaps even Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with all his Statesmanlike grasp of his subject, little thought how his rash project of reform would affect the price of so valuable an investment as that of Honduras Bonds.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES dined with his Brother Benchers at the Middle Temple last Wednesday. The Festive Night Templars were ever celebrated for their Hospitality. On reading the list of names, Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who made his first appearance here on this occasion, remarked that there were so many "Masters" present, it sounded like a juvenile party without any Misses. For ourselves, we back the Middle Temple against Hampton Court or the National Gallery for possessing the finest Collection of Old Masters in the world. And young 'uns, too.

EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.—*Lord Mayor to Czar.* Congratulations! *Czar to Lord Mayor.* Ditto! Wish I were you!



“SCRATCHED.”

W. E. G. (*Trainer*). “TAKE HIM BACK. WE MAY GET HIM ‘FIT’ BY NEXT MEETING, PR’APS; BUT HE AIN’T IN IT THIS TIME!!”

LE CHEMIN DU PARODY POUR TOOLE MONDE.

THE Haymarket *Fedora* could not have a better advertisement than the *Stage-Dora* at Toole's Theatre. To thoroughly appreciate the latter,



Getting into the Swing of it.

it is absolutely necessary to have seen the former. The odd part of it—there are several odd parts, but this is the one *par excellence*—is that a comparatively unknown young Actress, Miss LINDEN, by closely studying Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's performance of *Fedora*, has given us an imitation which recalls SARA BERNHARDT far more vividly than it does Mrs. B. BEERE at the Haymarket. Of course, this only shows what comparatively easy work copying an original is to a painstaking intelligent Artist; and it also shows how close must have been Mrs. BEERE's reproduction. The faculty of imitation is more or less common,

but to give the imitation that subtle touch of humour which turns a portrait into a caricature is a rare gift.

As to whether a piece like *Fedora* should be an object of travesty, and whether one Actor should give a laughable presentment of another, the Orientals have one perfect word in answer to all such considerations urged by a few "very superior persons," and that is the monosyllable, "Bosh!" Of course, the object of caricature must be very well known to the public, and even generally popular, to give any relish to the humour. Don't we all chuckle at seeing the tricks and manners of our best friends comically imitated? It does not detract from our friend's value to see absurd prominence given to his peculiarities. There is no malice in it, though the mischief-maker of course insinuates that there is. Judicious admirers of Mr. IRVING, for example, will be amused by a genuinely good imitation of their favourite Actor's mannerisms; and it will even add a zest to their enjoyment when they see him again in the part. It is only one step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous; and were the Sublime to exaggerate, he would at once render himself Ridiculous. Against the danger of exaggeration the really humorous caricature is a warning.

As to the weak points of the original play, as we have already said in our notice of it, *Fedora* will not stand ten minutes' serious consideration; but it is a proof of SARDOU's genius that he risked everything for the sake of SARA: he kept his eye on SARA, and SARA pulled him through.

That *Loris Ipanoff* should have been totally ignorant of the relations between *Fedora* and *Vladimir* is absurd; but without this improbable hypothesis the play could not go on. Then SARDOU's device is so evident, as to be even clumsy, when at the end of Act II. *Loris* defers his information until the evening; for otherwise we should not have had the situation of danger made by *Gretch* and his police waiting for him in the back garden.

Again, in Act III., when *Fedora* finds she has made a mistake, and that *Loris* is innocent, why can she not step out, or run to *Marka* her maid (who was one of those charged to obey *Gretch* implicitly, and to remain dressed on her bed all night, to be "left till called for"), and tell her to summon *Gretch*, explain the matter to him, send the police away, and let *Loris* go quietly and respectably home to his own lodgings?

And again, as *Fedora* is in confidential communication with the Russian Government, why, when she finds *Loris* is innocent, does she not send a wire to announce the fact, adding "letter to follow"? The fact is SARDOU dared all for SARA, and the piece has been in Paris, and is here, a very great success.

Its First Act is undeniably the best, and this is not touched by the parody, except the scene at the window, when *Fedora*, for the sake of something to do, describes what is passing in the house opposite.

Mr. WARDE made a hit as *Jean Bancroft de Siriez*, and Mr. TOOLE looked like the sort of *Vanity Fair* caricature that M. CARLO PELLEGRINI would make of Mr. COGHLAN. When he spoke, however, there was no doubt about his identity, and he was J. L. TOOLE and no one else.

As he leaves London for his provincial tour at the end of this month, *Stage-Dora*, or, *Who Killed Cock Robin*—(a better title, if Miss LINDEN had been as diaphanous as SARA of former days, might have been *Ill-Fed Dora*)—will have a short life but a merry one in Town. Mr. TOOLE will give her a run in the Country, and bring her up to London again if the t'other *Fedora* is still going on at the Haymarket, of which there seems at present to be every chance.

The New Opera at Covent Garden.—We must defer our illustrated notes of this new work till next week, as the Artist was so upset by the "business" of one of the Acts, where all the people play at being at sea, and swing forwards and backwards in such an unpleasant manner, that our Artist, whose organisation is of the most delicate nature, rose from his seat, staggered down Pop's Alley to the door, nearly fell down the companion, addressed the Stall-keeper as "Steward!" asked for his berth and brandy immediately, and did not turn up again—we use the phrase advisedly—the whole evening. So we were left alone in our glory, to be nearly stunned by the shouting on the stage, and the fortissimo orchestra.

The Opera—in which we ought to take a family interest, as the music is by Signor PONCHINELLO, or PONCHIELLO, to a libretto by one "TOBIA GORRIO"—clearly a sly dog, and a connection of *Toby*—is emphatically a stunner. Its strong point lies in one contralto part and its choruses. There is plenty of melody in it, but whether it is our kinsman PONCHINELLO's, or not, we, who are perfectly impartial, cannot at a first hearing decide.

The music, generally, struck us as being so far like the name of "SMITH" that we had a sort of recollection of having heard it somewhere before.

It is uninteresting as a plot, but the translation of the libretto—in which Mr. HERSEE has attempted a little operatic poetry on his own account (how much better to give equivalent English prose!)—cheers the spirits and enlivens the *entr'acte*. We have only time and space for one extract this week, which shall be the finish; and we ask our readers, who have not yet seen *La Gioconda*, to tell us what kind of an opera they fancy it is from the specimen which winds up the entire work:—

GIACONDA "stabs herself with the dagger that she had furtively secreted while adorning herself, and falls dead, as if lightning-struck."

"Furtively secreted" is good. If she didn't secrete it furtively, how could she have secreted it all? Openly?

"As if lightning-struck" is terrific as a stage-direction. Then *Barnaba*, the villain of the Opera, says, or sings—

"Ah, stay thee! 'tis a jest! Well,
Then, thou shalt hear this,
And die ever damned!"

Why "thee" and "thou" should be used passes our comprehension, as *Barnaba* most decidedly is not a member of the Society of Friends. But Mr. HERSEE loves quakerisms throughout. Then *Barnaba*,—very bad man, *Barnaba*,—

"Bending over the corpse of GIACONDA, and screaming furiously into her ear"—

["Screaming furiously" is quite in accordance with the previous style of the Opera]—gives her, dead or not, the following startling information by way of *finale*:—

"Last night thy mother did offend me:
I have strangled her!
She hears me not!

[With a cry of half-choked rage, rushes down the street.]

Where, let us hope, the Bad *Barnaba* is collared by a Policeman, and taken before the sitting Doge, or one of the Council of Ten, next morning. But what an ending to a Grand Opera—"Thy mother did offend me." This is a grander way of putting it than merely "offended me," which any ordinary prose-writer would have written. And "I have strangled her." How simple! how natural! And then off he goes down the street to take a gondola to his lodgings. More of this anon.



Warde is it?

THE Gaiety Company have left London for a couple of months, and "The Masher's Occupation's gone!" Late last Saturday night one dejected Masher asked another what town Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's Company was going to first. The "JOHNIE," who had been attempting to drown care in copious libations, replied, "Don't know which town first: rather think Masherster."

A FESTIVE SALE.

It is not often that such a chance occurs of acquiring a really miscellaneous assemblage of property as that afforded by an individual at Newton Abbot, in Devonshire, who advertises this unique collection in the *Western Times*.

Do you want twelve fireproof safes,—here you are, though one, or at most two, would be enough for the majority of people. Do you desire a wrought-iron six-panelled door with bolts and jambs all complete, to put before the safes, we suppose,—here you are. Do you wish for sixty copper furnaces, they are ready for you. Do you long for thirty new and secondhand kitchen-stoves, this generous man will sell them to you. Do you hanker after iron-work for an oven, it is ready for you. Do you look with envy on the possessor of market-traps—here are two, doubtless cheap. Have you long wished for a handsome carriage and two sets of harness, this benefactor of his race has them on sale.

Above all, does your soul yearn for a set of false teeth, as all sympathetic souls do sometimes, here they are advertised by this genuine Philanthropist, and such a great and good man will, we feel certain, be at the trifling expense of making them fit for you.

But that is not all. A *bonne bouche* remains, concerning which we can say nothing, for it speaks for itself. After using the safes, fastening the door, roasting in the furnaces and stoves, driving the traps and carriages, fitting the harness on, and putting in the set of false teeth, the advertiser offers you a secondhand saw-pit!

Don't all go to Newton Abbot at once.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 139.



SIR ARCHIBALD LEVIN SMITH.

NOT LEVIN' SMITH, BUT TAKING SMITH AND A.L.-EVATING HIM TO THE BENCH, WHERE HE 'LL REST ON HIS OARS.

Anecdote.—"Is there room for another Judge on the Bench?" asked the PREMIER. "Plenty!" replied the LORD CHANCELLOR. "Give me an inch, and I'll take A. L.—SMITH." And he did.

A QUESTION OF COLOUR.

(By a Bewildered Bachelor.)

How may one describe the tint Of a dress? The lady in't Doubtless knows it, but what male Shall adventure and not fail? Strike the lyre with thumb or plectrum

On the colours of the spectrum, Violet, Indigo, and Blue, Green, Red, Yellow. Nonsense! Pooh!

Obsolete, you're within no range; But one tint—and that is orange—Lives from the old scale chromatic. Now Pomona's autocratic, Tints are named from ripe or raw berry, Called "Mashed Raspberry" or "Crushed Strawberry." Damsels' lips delight to dwell on "Faded Plum" or "Withered Melon."

Any Lady you may court Will display a fruity port; And, from bonnets down to boots, Dames are now "known by their fruits."

"WYE is a very small Race Meeting," observed a mild young Sportsman, the other day. "Well—go on with the riddle. I haven't heard it," said an impatient person in the carriage. "Why is a very small meeting—like—like what? eh?" And the mild young Sportsman had to explain.

The Tale of Troy.

SUCCESS the Greeks, At Lady FREAK's, Did one and all obtain. The Tale of Troy So good, that oi Do hope they'll "Troy again."

TURF ANTICIPATIONS.—Ordering your own tombstone, with a neat epitaph on it.

OUR OFFICIAL GUIDE.

PART III.—GREAT BRITAIN.

THOSE who peruse the excellent introduction to the bulky shilling catalogue of the great show, by Mr. HERBERT TRENDLELL, cannot but be struck by the lofty object the promoters of the Exhibition seem to have had in view from the incubation of their praiseworthy enterprise. We are told that they wished "to defend the natural wealth of our rivers and seas from the rapacity of greed and the recklessness of pollution, to provide improved harbour accommodation and greater facilities for transport and commerce, to render the meals of the million more palatable, more wholesome, and, at the same time, more economical." "But all these things," they observe, through their eloquent spokesman, "sink into insignificance when compared with the safe-guarding of our fishermen's lives and the improvement of our fishermen's homes." Knowing thus with what philanthropic aspirations the promoters commenced their labours, it is a little disappointing to find the principal and unquestionably most popular exhibit which attracts attention on leaving the grand entrance hall is a case full of salad bowls, fish knives and forks, and cruet stands, made chiefly from the claw of the boiled lobster. It is also a trifle unsatisfactory to discover that, in a display so firmly intended to benefit the human race, a box containing a feather cloak, gratefully presented to Lady BRASSEY by some semi-cannibal potentate, has more interest in the eyes of the Public than "Division I., No. 1. A plaited herring-net, made by machinery." Still the British Sea Fishing, which monopolizes no less than eighty pages of the Guide, has a certain sort of attractiveness which usually finds vent in the exclamation of a more than usually intellectual visitor of "not half

bad, but which is the way to the band?" Of course, it would be impossible to notice all the many useful little articles displayed in the fifty divisions devoted to Great Britain. However, a few may be picked out for special mention:—

No. 87. "Steam Life-boat. Constructed not only to save life, but, from its great buoyancy (obtained by many revolving air-tight rollers acting as propellers), will help to support a ship from sinking, and tow same into port. The life-boat contains a large space for salvage, &c., also, when at anchor, would serve as a revolving light-ship." Thus far the official catalogue. However, to the thoughtful it must be obvious that this excellent vessel may be applied to many other purposes. With its carriage it could be used as an admirable Brompton and Islington omnibus. Turned upside down, it would make a pleasant hut for a picnic party in a storm. Standing on its stern, it could easily be altered into a Punch and Judy Show. And at all times the boiler might be employed in cooking eggs.

No. 111. "Portable India-rubber Boats." Most useful in a sketching expedition. When not employed in assisting at the painting of a water-colour, might be used for rubbing out superfluous pencil-marks.

No. 114. "Patent Collapsible Boat." Capital thing for a practical joke.

No. 169. "Model of a Well Vessel." No doubt, in some future exhibition, a model of the same boat will be shown when not so well—say, when sickening for the measles, or in for the whooping-cough.

No. 186. "Norfolk Crab Boats." Admirably adapted for youngsters learning to row. In these vessels they may catch as many crabs as they please.



"CROSS OLD THING!"

Wife. "I'M GOING INTO TOWN NOW, DEAR. SHALL I BOOK PLACES FOR *CASTE OR MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*?"

Husband. "OH, PLEASE YOURSELF, MY DEAR; BUT I SHOULD SAY WE'VE ENOUGH '*ADO ABOUT NOTHING*' AT HOME!"

No. 201. "*White Manilla Boat-Tie.*" Very pretty. Sure to attract considerable attention at an evening party.

No. 211. "*Collection of Rope suitable for Fishing Vessels.*" Deeply interesting, but not quite so exciting as a collection of unsuitable rope would have been.

No. 276. "*Fog Horns, to be seen in action in the Machinery Division.*" Great improvement. Much better than being heard! These silent fog-horns might be safely used in a nursery.

No. 321. "*Model of Apparatus for barking Nets by Steam.*" A very different process to biting nets by electricity.

No. 364. "*Raba, the Fish Preserver.*" Sounds like a novel by Captain MAYNE REID, but isn't.

No. 374. "*A Life-preserving Atmospheric Helmet and Atmospheric Belt (with safety compartments) to support and protect the Head from the overwhelming effect of the Wind, Foam, and Waves of a rough Sea.*" Nice birthday gift to a Maiden Aunt fond of yachting.

No. 377. "*Some Drawings showing a Method by which Vessels cannot be injured by Torpedoes.*" Clear and satisfactory—on paper!

No. 390. "*Paddle Steamboat, earthenware, with a dark-brown glaze, from Chana Klesi, Dardanelles.*" Come, come, Lady BRASSEY, a joke is a joke, but what has this to do with fishing?

No. 428. "*Patent Soleskin Phantoms.*" Scarcely a suitable exhibit to a building to which children are admitted. Enough to frighten the poor infants into fits!

No. 470. "*Specimen of Fly Vices for Fly Making.*" Decidedly moral. We have always inculcated "Fly Vice"—but we haven't got much further. As to "Fly-making"—we could as soon go in for Cab-making or Coach-building. As a fish always takes a fly to save itself the trouble of swimming, fly-making must be profitable.

No. 477. "*Umbrellas for Fishing and other purposes.*" The Exhibition would not have been complete without them. "Fishing—and other purposes!" Why not shooting? Capital sport on the Moors with an umbrella!

No. 533. "*Condensed Swiss Milk.*" Excellent food for very young salmon.

No. 542. "*Paysandu Ox Tongues.*" The favourite breakfast plat of the middle-aged Thames gudgeon.

No. 549. "*Gold Medals.*" Intended for presentation to praise-

worthy whitebait when they are honestly entitled to be called "Small and Early."

No. 644. "*Medical Cod-Liver Oil.*" Excellent for curing consumptive herrings.

No. 648. "*Common Salt.*" Useful for putting on the tails of whales when you want to catch them.

No. 698. "*Printing Machinery.*" Very handy on board a fishing smack where a daily paper is published.

MR. W. G. CUSINS gives his Annual Grand Morning Concert (why "Grand Morning"? or, as it is a hardy annual, call it the "G.O.M."—Grand Old Morning Concert) at St. James's Hall, Friday next. Among the genuinely great attractions named for this occasion, Mr. CUSINS "has great pleasure in announcing that Mrs. KENDAL, her first appearance at a Concert in London, has kindly consented to give a recitation." Of course, very kind; but will the attraction be intensified by its being this Actress's "first appearance at a Concert?" It is suggestive either of an apology for condescending to a Music Hall,—a Hall of Music, we mean,—or of her being so bewildered by her "first appearance at a Concert," as to require all the support her friends can give her. We wish our first CUSINS every success, and trust that Mrs. KENDAL (who, we believe, is Professor of Elocution at the R.C.M.) will get over the severe trial which this "first appearance at a Concert" will evidently be to her nervous system.

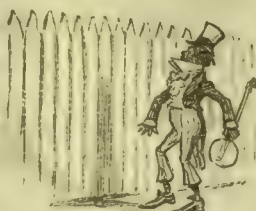
THE BELT CASE.—Miss R. was reading the Law Report to her Aunt:—"The Learned Counsel was proceeding with his argument when the Court rose." "What manners!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "The Judges ought to know better. And how very annoying for the Learned Counsel."

COMPLETE LETTER-WRITING PAPERS—recently invented by "J. W. & Co."—*Crocodile Paper.*—*Spécialité* for humbugs, on which to write sympathetic gushers. *Morocco Paper.*—For sending invitations to the Moors. *August.* *Leather Paper.*—The envelopes are excellent: warranted to excite and defy impertinent curiosity.

ASCOT—AS CUT BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



A-Scot Weak.



Ascot Stakes.



Going Down by Rail.



Grand Stand.



Royal Box.



The Ring.



Weighed In.



Betting on the Lawn.

UNHAPPY BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT;

OR, SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

(A couple of Extracts from a coming Social Novel.)

FROM VOL. I.

THE distinguished Parliamentary Philanthropist laughed heartily. "If our little Bill, my dear Lord Bishop," he continued, still shaking with the suppressed humour that visibly infected him, "only becomes law, Sunday may possibly prove even a trifle less festive and exhilarating an institution to our self-selected friend—the Working Man—than it does at present! Still," he added, with a cheery guffaw, "there will be at least the streets to fall back upon; and, failing those, the free seat! All you will have to do, my Lord, will be to get your Clergy to put a little more go and spice into their excellent sermons."

The good Ecclesiastic smiled pleasantly. He had received reports from his energetic lieutenants of a hopeful character, and he was sanguine. The honest sons of toil under their charge had for some time been having the doors of Museums and Picture Galleries merrily slammed in their faces; and though, on their one day of recreation, they had perversely declined as yet to rush at leaps and bounds into the back places of a suburban chapel of ease, still things looked bright.

The Philanthropist continued, "Leave them nothing but their grim, dirty, and wretched homes," he said, "and then, out of sheer despair and ill-temper they surely must come! And they ought to make a large, if irritable, harvest."

At this moment the speakers were joined by a Country Baronet, drinking champagne from a soda-water glass.

"They ask for spirituous excess," said the new-comer, with a sly twinkle in his eye; "they might try a little spiritual refreshment." The joke was new, pithy, and profoundly philosophical, and the witty trio grasped it at once with a facility that sent them into paroxysms of the wildest merriment.

But, as they stood at the Club window, shaken with laughter, and holding the very balustrade for support, WILLIAM SYKES, the Mile-End cynic, was passing by on his way East, to his hovel in Shoreditch!

"What are them three coves a-larking their 'eads off about?" he asked himself, reflectively. Then he thought it out, and replied to his own question—"About nothink, I should say."

But he was wrong.

He did not know that, that very afternoon, another Sunday Bill had been smothered through the Third Reading when the unsuspecting House was at tea!

FROM VOL. III.

"Well, I think we've carried this 'ere measure, anyways; and I hear it's a working right down 'andsomely. Only yesterday a real live West End Nob got three months for being found drinking a bottle of *Soturn* by himself in a railway carriage." There was a roar of satisfaction from the earnest multitude. The speaker saw his advantage, and continued:—"And what's our duty I should like to ask yer, but to look after the morals of the Nob? For can the Nob take care of himself? Look at 'im in all these past years agoin' from bad to wuss in them there Clubs of his, till the honest Workin' Man felt that as the 'elpless Nob could do nothink for himself, he must bestir hisself and do somethink for 'im! And what 'as the Workin' Man done for 'im? I say it with pride—the Workin' Man has rescued 'im. Caucus legislation has come to his aid, and he 'as fought valiantly for that there Nob, and conquered,—though I say it."

The speaker paused a moment to take breath. Another deafening cat-call told of the deep-rooted enthusiasm that held his audience. A cool refreshing draught of gin from a pewter tankard on the committee-table seemed to give him new energy. And he proceeded—

"And what haven't we done for the Nob?" he asked, rising to a high pitch of eloquence, as he warmed with his subject. "Haven't we shut his Club for him every blessed night at half-past nine?"

"We 'ave! Hooray, Mr. SYKES! Go it, WILLIAM!" and other responsive cries of fervid Parliamentary support echoed again and again through the densely-packed building.

"Haven't we," the speaker went on, "made it criminal for him to lay down more than half-a-dozen of anything in his house at a time; shut up his Club for 'im on Saturdays at three right up to ten on Monday mornings; took away his Sunday bit of Park, and got a new Bill that's to put a settler on his gormandising himself to death at public dinners through a 'Second Reading'? In a word, ain't we a lookin' after his morals like a father?"

The thunder of a thousand throats would have answered this noble interrogatory, but at that moment the gas was suddenly turned out, and, amidst a free fight and some thoughtful, but vigorous, head-breaking, the great philanthropic meeting was hastily adjourned.

The Sunday afternoon so profitably spent was over at length, and as the shades of evening drew slowly in, the solitary Policeman in Pall Mall found a pinched and hungry figure crouched at the top of the kitchen-steps of the Reform Club.

"Tryin' to get in that way?" he said. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself: and you an M.P. But you'll just come along with me."

The officer seized the trembling creature by the collar as he spoke. It only looked up at him beseechingly. "Don't be hard on me, good Mr. Policeman!" it whined sadly, "I'm doing no harm. I've only been made very unhappy by Act of Parliament!"

But in another minute officer and culprit were marching silently towards Bow Street.

An Official Answer.

(On any Subject.)

THE Member for Blank is exceedingly right:

We sympathise quite with his object—yes, quite.

Our warmest desire is to carry it out,

But really—(two columns of smug "roundabout")—

The Member for Blank will perceive that the case

is merely a question of time and of place;

He will also perceive—for his judgment's so clear!—

That the time is—not now, and the place is—not here!

ADAPTING FROM THE ENGLISH.—France is going in for Old China.



CANDOUR.

Pastor (who was preparing his Pupils for Confirmation). "Now, MY BOY, TELL ME, WHO IS YOUR SPIRITUAL AND GHOSTLY ENEMY?"

Pupil (after painful hesitation). "PLEASE, SIR, YOU ARE, SIR!"

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

NO. X.—THE HAIRDRESSER (CONTINUED FROM P. 227).

Q. Will you describe some of the tortures and indignities experienced?

A. First there is the Ordeal of the Shroud.

Q. What is that?

A. A huge swathing of white linen or cotton print. It is "whipped" around you with a twirl which fills your eyes and nose with irritating snippets of hair. It is vigorously "tucked in," at the back of your neck inside your shirt-collar. It compresses your throat till your face reddens and your nose itches. You cannot rub it with your hands, because they are confined. If you fumblingly attempt to chafe it through the shroud, you get more bits of hair into your mouth and nostrils. You sneeze violently, your helplessness is manifest, your degradation complete. You gaze at your reflection in the mirror in front of you. A shining sheepish face, hair spiked ludicrously on end like a burlesque scalp-lock, a head helplessly punched and turned, and kneaded hither and thither, as though it were potter's clay, or an "universal joint," now cranked to the right, now crooked to the left, now with chin hoisted in the air, now with nose buried in your shirt-front! You avert your glance; you feel that resolution, and judgment, and self-respect are yours no more for ever.

Q. Is not the worst now over?

A. By no means. Having reduced you to the weakness of self-contempt, the Hairdresser seizes his desired opportunity.

Q. To do what? **A.** To patter and tout.

Q. What are these processes?

A. To patter is to prate aimlessly, unintelligently, obtrusively about the topics of the time and the state of the weather. Patter has two chief forms:—

1. Emphatic assertion of the obvious.

2. Vague questioning concerning the trivial.

For example, your tormentor, stooping with an oily smirk, will whisper, odorously, into your ear—which he looks, as reflected in the glass, as though he were about to bite—confident assertions that It is a 'ot mornin', Sir, that the days are a-gettin' hout nicely, that there's lots o' people about to-day, ain't there? that we shall be 'avin' some fallin' weather before we've done with it (he doesn't say done with *what*), that we must be lookin' forward to the

winter now, and that we shall 'ave Crismus (he always calls it Crismus) upon us before we know where we har. Or he will ask you—as though you were a Meteorological Office, or a Political Oracle—wot sort of a day you think we shall 'ave to-morrer; are we going to get a bit o' summer this year? Wot you think of these 'ere Salvation Army chaps. Whether they 're a-goin' to "ketch" that there "No. 1" after all, and wot's to be Mr. GLADSTING's next little game. The helpless auditor of this sort of thing is either reduced to abject imbecility, or roused to boiling wrath. Happy is he upon whom it only produces the former effect.

Q. What next? **A.** Patter is only preliminary to puff; talking leads up—through personal rudeness—to touting.

Q. Explain this.

A. The Hairdresser pointedly calls your attention to your personal defects or disfigurements, with a view to puff and push off upon you the high-priced mucks and messes which he proudly refers to as "four Speshallitys, Sir!" Patter is exasperating, but Touting is little short of criminal. It begins in rudeness to end—if you permit it—in extortion.

Q. Is it not permissible for a Hairdresser, like any other person, to push the sale of his wares in a respectful and legitimate way?

A. Certainly. But the Hairdresser pushes them in a fashion that is not respectful and is not legitimate.

Q. How is that?

A. In the first place, from your helpless position as subject of his craft, he has you at an unfair advantage. You cannot get away from his oily fingers, his greasy whispers, his fatuous cackle, his personal criticisms, his unblushing puffs. If he tells you in a tone of confident candour, that your hair is "offly dry," "going off colour," or "gettin' terrible thin a-top," the impertinence which in another case would earn kicks from your boots is regarded in his as a natural means of extorting halfpence from your pockets. If he assures you that his wretched unguents and stimulants and dyes will repair the ravages of time, the brazen and dishonest falsehood with which he insults your intelligence and assaults your purse is not recognised or resented as a fraudulent attempt at "obtaining money under false pretences," but as being "all in the way of business."

Q. Is the Hairdresser's system more unfair and offensive than that of many other trades?

A. It is; for several reasons:—

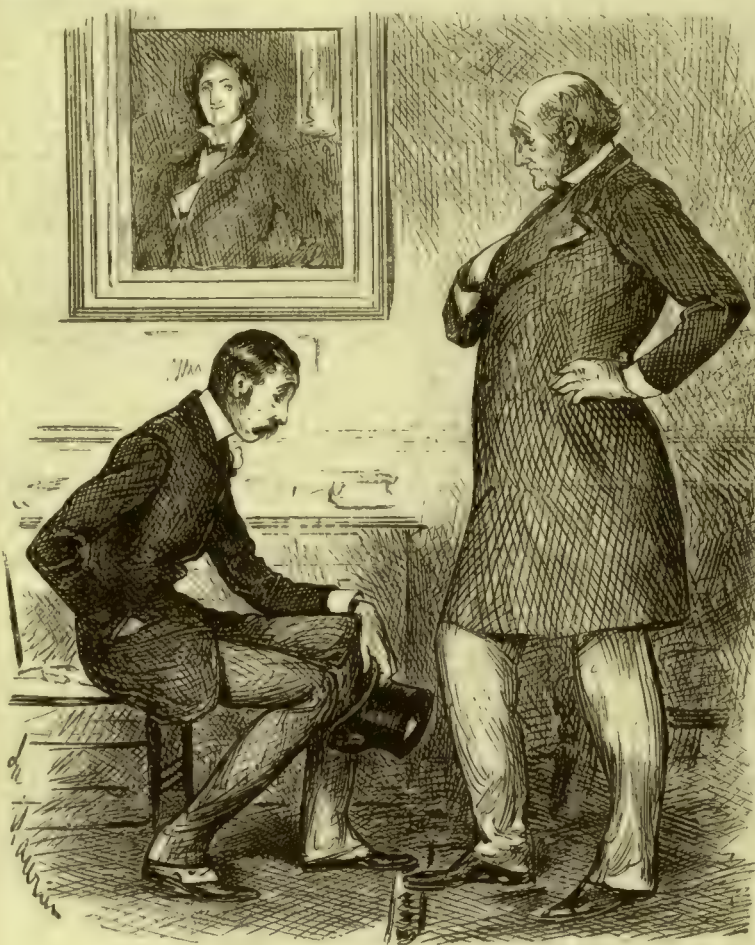
1. His facilities for impertinence and importunity are, from the necessity of the case, exceptional.
2. His mode of puffing his nasty nostrums is particularly unpleasant and unscrupulous.
3. The nasty nostrums themselves are peculiarly worthless and deleterious.

Q. Can you suggest any amelioration of the unpleasant state of things which you describe?

A. Art may perhaps, some day, devise something which will make us independent of the manual manipulations of the degenerate modern Figaro. Pending that most desirable consummation, the annoyances actually attending the necessarily unpleasant operation of shearing and shaving might be indefinitely diminished. The Hairdresser should be strictly, if need be legally, limited to the deft exercise of his legitimate functions. You wish him to cut your hair or shave your beard. You do not wish him to discuss politics with you. More emphatically still, you do not wish him to puff and push his particular wares. Were patter rigorously limited, and touting inexorably prohibited, hair-cutting need not be, what at present it is, the most agonising and exacerbating of social ordeals.

* There are a few brilliant exceptions to the rule, but where they are to be found must remain a secret known only to the initiated few.—*Headstorial Note by the Author of the Hair and Many Friends.*

AN ANSON APOLOGY.—When Mr. WEAKLY CODLINS's ill-constructed and badly-written Play was steadily laughed at, scene by scene, last Saturday night, Mr. ANSON told the audience that they ought to pay respectful attention to the piece because it was the work of "a great Novelist." Funny argument. The Great Novelist had better remember *Ne Sutor, &c.* (no connection with R. SOUTAR of the Gaiety), and if he can't write a better play, let this be his last. It was capitally acted. B. who is responsible for choosing it?



EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Prodigal Son (who has gone to the bad). "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO TALK, FATHER. IT'S PRECIOUS EASY TO KEEP STRAIGHT ON NOTHING A YEAR, AND YOU WERE THROWN PENNILESS ON THE WORLD AT FOURTEEN! I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEEN YOU IN MY CIRCUMSTANCES, AFTER A PUBLIC SCHOOL AND COLLEGE EDUCATION, AND AN ALLOWANCE OF FIVE HUNDRED PER ANNUM EVER SINCE!"

[Stern but just Father has to admit the force of this argument, and caves in.]

OUR OFFICIAL GUIDE.

PART IV.—COLONIAL.

HAVING disposed of Great Britain, we next turn our attention to its dependencies. In the First Exhibition it is said that the people inhabiting a Cannibal island, having nothing better to send, dispatched a primitive kind of birch-broom and the wooden idol they were in the habit of worshipping, to represent them. Some of our Colonies seem to have acted in a similar spirit on the present occasion. We find numbers of flags and mottoes, but very little fish. A rapid run through the Courts may not be uninteresting.

Heligoland.—In the Official Catalogue the Governor of this poverty-stricken spot has written an introduction, which is nothing more nor less than an urgent appeal to the charitable. In 1878 the fleet of one hundred flat-bottomed sloops were reduced to twenty-seven. A Benefit Society has been organised, which at present has only £8 in hand. The 307 fishermen, and their families, on the island scarcely ever taste meat, and chiefly feed upon haddock. There are only five exhibits in this department. The first is "a fishing-line in tray complete," the second "a lobster-pot," the third "a model," and the fourth "a buoy invented by the Exhibitor." In the summer months fishing is almost entirely abandoned, as the hardy boatmen employ their time in connection with the bathing-machine interest, which flourishes at this season of the year. In conclusion, the Governor pathetically explains that, although "yielding to none as fishermen," they are precluded from going far to sea to earn their daily bread, "because they have no harbour."

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

AWAY with all sorrow, away with all gloom,
Now may is in blossom, and lilac in bloom;
The golden laburnum, in gardens, is gay,
The windows are bright with their floral display;
The air is delightful and warm is the sun,
The chestnuts are snowy, the Derby is won.
Piccadilly is pleasant from daylight to dark,
And Bond Street is crowded and gay is the Park—
So now is the time that you all ought to go
And sit on a Chair, 'neath the trees in the Row!

For only a penny I sit in the shade,
And gaze with delight on the gay cavalcade!
While countless romances I read, if I please,
In the people I see from my Chair 'neath the trees.
'Tis better by far than an Opera-stall,
A crowded "at-home" or a smart fancy ball;
Or gazing at pictures, or playing at pool,
Or playing the banjo, or playing the fool—
When soft summer breezes from Kensington blow,
'Tis pleasant to sit on a Chair in the Row!

What studies of man and of woman and horse,
Here pass up and down on the tan-trodden course!
The Earl and the Duke and the Doctor are there,
The author, the actor, the great millionaire;
The first-season beauties whose roses are red,
The third-season beauties whose roses have fled!
M.P.s, upon cobs, fully weighted with care,
And pets, upon ponies, with long sunny hair—
I note them all down, as they pass to and fro,
And muse in my Chair, 'neath the trees in the Row!

What countless fair pictures around may be seen,
How colours flash bright on their background of green!
A bouquet of figure, of fashion, of face,
And dainty devices in linen and lace!
The triumphs of WORTH and of Madame ELISE,
You see as you ponder and moon 'neath the trees.
'Tis lunch-time. I'll drive to the Club—fare one bob—
For here comes my Editor riding a cob.
He thinks I am working; he little does know
I'm smiling on him from my Chair in the Row!†

* "Lilac in bloom" now! When Our Minstrel next applies to the Magistrates for a renewal of his Poetic Licence, he had better not refer to this poem.—ED.

† Smiling on us! Boah! He was nervously watching the chairman who collects the pennies, and just as the latter moved towards him, the Lazy One rose to the occasion and walked off.—ED.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Every one will go to a Festival with a Handel to its name. It begins on the 18th and ends on the 22nd. The Company has an energetic Secretary in Mr. GARDINER, and the grounds are looking lovely, as they ought to do, with an experienced GARDINER to attend to them.

Perhaps this little display from Heligoland is the most painful feature in the Exhibition—even more heart-rending than the Bogns-Economical Fish-Market, which *was* to reduce the price of "the harvest of the sea," but hasn't!

Bahamas.—Again disappointing. The "Central Committee, Nassau," seem to have done their best to make the Show attractive by exhibiting, amongst a few other articles, "a pair of Palmetto shoes" and "two kegs of pickled goggle-eyes." But as pearls are found in the fisheries of this country, the opportunity is seized by a West-End tradesman to have a branch establishment for the display of his jewellery—in which, of course, pearls are introduced.

British Columbia.—Chiefly remarkable for a jovial exhibit, which would have brought tears to the eyes of Sir WILFRID LAWSON—"A number of fishes in alcohol." It is only just, however, to say that, in spite of this piscatorial display of intemperance, the deportment of the tipsy denizens of the boundless ocean is inoffensive—nay, even dignified.

Ceylon.—This interesting land is represented by a few nets and some models. One of the latter—No. 4—is indeed remarkable. We are told by the Catalogue that as prawns are used as bait from this boat, it is called "the prawn boat." It is difficult to conceive how they come to think of such clever things in Ceylon.

Newfoundland.—Ignored in our edition of their Official Guide. However, it is worth seeing if only for some specimens of "strong copper-ore"—an odd fish. Remaining exhibits chiefly cod-fish. Model of a seal-hunt, also interesting. Seals said to be very fierce creatures, and capturing them a hazardous employment. In fact, if you want to get a seal, you must keep on the watch.



"PITY A POOR OFF'UN!"

THE ROSEBERRY JOCKEY "CHUCKED" BY SCOTCH BUSINESS.

Canada.—Also contemptuously omitted in the Catalogue. The most striking object in this Court is a magnificent "trophy," happily recalling the glories of the Exhibition of 1862, which, it will be remembered, culminated in a gorgeous case of pickles. Nothing finer than this "trophy" can be seen out of the Civil Service Stores. However, there is a slight omission—the prices of the various potted fishes, &c., should have been given. The Dominion is further represented by an ice-house made of layers of "Willesden paper"—a material which, as everybody knows, is found in huge quantities in the primeval forests of the Canadian backwoods! Besides the above, there are some models of fish-breeding establishments and a few tins of "preserved salmon." Large map of the country cumbrous one of the walls; the space should have been appropriately spared for advertisements. From this it must not be supposed that everything is sacrificed to "commercial purposes." On the contrary, the collection also contains a very well prepared skeleton of a cod's head!

Australia.—Also ignored by "the other Guide." The principal

exhibit is a large coat-of-arms of the Colony, which, perhaps, may be accepted as a specimen of fishy heraldry.

Having run through "The Dependencies of the British Throne," it will be as well to turn our attention next to the Foreign Courts, of which that claimed by the United States seems to be the chief. By the way, there is a so-called "American Bar," which, apparently, has as little to do with our transatlantic cousins as with the bar of the ocean. And the sustenance obtained at this bar is not to be compared with the nourishment obtained by the harvest of the sea, upon which, it is to be hoped, Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the eminent surgeon, will shortly be induced to deliver a lecture. For, after all, the end of the Exhibition should be an increased activity in dealing with "the denizens of the mighty deep." It must be remembered that fish is not only excellent as food for the body, but is also a capital medicine (containing as it does phosphorus) for what the late Dr. FORBES WINSLOW used appropriately to call "the obscure diseases of the brain."

LA! GIOCONDA!

OR, PONCHIELLI AND TOBIA'S OPERA.

WE have heard *La Gioconda* twice, and like it. There are in it elements of popularity,—in fact, the elements are so familiar that its popularity is a foregone conclusion. It belongs to the Verdi school, and is just the sort of thing that a clever musical imitator with a certain humorous talent for composition, might produce, if left alone with a grand piano, a big drum, and a pair of cymbals.

At Covent Garden, the Opera is capably put on the Stage, and the success of Madame DURAND as *La Gioconda*, of Mlle. TREMELLI as *La Cieca*, of Madame STAHL as *Laura*, and of Signor COTOGNI as *Barnaba* is indisputable. The Artistes above-named can act as well as sing. The Chorus is admirable; and the pitched—the high-pitched battle they have with the orchestra, which vainly endeavours by the aid of brass, drum, and cymbals, and, we fancy, an unfairly brought in gong, to drown their voices, is won by the Chorus in the most gallant style.

The Opera, as far as the acting goes, is remarkable for the reckless disregard of the stage-directions contained in the published book. In the First Scene—the Grand Courtyard of the Ducal

The Man who lost the Boat-race.

Palace"—where all the celebrated sights of Venice are so cleverly brought together, that a Cook's Tourist with a *Murray's Handbook* would see the whole place in half-an-hour, and be off by the next train somewhere else—"The Stage," says the stage-direction, "is filled with holiday folks"—Cook's Tourists of the period—"Monks, Sailors, Shipwrights, Masquers, &c., and amidst the busy crowd are seen some Dalmatians and Moors." Now, we won't swear to knowing "some Dalmatians" when we see them,—except Dalmatian Dogs which run behind carriages,—but we will take our oath to a Moor anywhere,—from Scotland to Venice,—and we deliberately assert that we couldn't see a Moor on that Stage. There wasn't a Moor there; no Moor there was. Was *Othello* a Moor or not? Yes. Was he black? Yes. Very well, then—if there was a black man in that crowd, we tell "a white one," that's all.

We looked for the "Monks," but they were conspicuous by their absence. Mind, we praise the Stage-Manager for this, as he evidently rightly said, "What should Monks be doing here when they ought to be in Church, where we shall want them presently to sing a hymn."—Right: but why leave them in the printed stage-directions, and so waste the precious time of the audience, and distract our attention from the music? We are not sure whether the audience couldn't insist legally on having their money returned: as, if someone who likes to see Monks and Moors on the Stage, purchases a guinea ticket because he has read in the officially guaranteed Opera book that Monks and Moors are to be seen on that Stage in the First Act, and, when he goes, there are none, hasn't he his legal remedy against Mr. GYE and his co-Directors for breach of contract, or for obtaining money under false pretences?

We concede the "some Dalmatians"—they might have been there; but Monks and Moors we conscientiously affirm were not on that scene as they undoubtedly ought to have been. A fez or a turban doesn't make a Moor; and we want a *Moor propre*—i.e., a proper Moor, or even a property Moor. *Passons! Barnaba*, the

bad man of the piece, ought, on the entrance of *La Gioconda* and her Blind Mother, to "hide behind a column." He doesn't do anything of the sort: first, because there is no column handy for the purpose; and, secondly, because he has to join in a trio, for which, if he is to be heard at all, he must come down to the footlights and stand in a line, *en évidence*, with *La Gioconda*, whom *Barnaba* calls the "Moth"—(but he is

always alluding to people as "Gadflies" and "Moths" and "Lions"—funny bad man, *Barnaba*)—and *La Cieca*. This position of his is all right for *Cieca*, who is blind as a bat (why didn't *Barnaba* allude to her as "the bat" ?—oversight of Librettist), but not for *La Gioconda*, who has to make believe very much that she doesn't see him when he is within a few feet of her in the open courtyard, shouting his asides to the effect that at the sight of *Gioconda*, "the wildest ecstasies within me waken! Beware, thee, Moth, if in my net thou'rt taken!"

They all use "thee" and "thou" in the translation, as if they were Venetian Quakers. For this reason, it might be styled a Bright Opera. Then *Barnaba* tries to stop *Gioconda*, who, being only an ill-educated street-singer, comes out pretty strongly with

"Go thou to the devil, thou and thy guitar, too!"

And after this display of temper, which has still something of the Quaker in it, *Barnaba* exclaims, "Ah, no; thou shalt not fly me"—whereupon she immediately does fly him, and makes a precipitate exit. "So!" says *Barnaba*, "the Moth has escaped me." Only because the idiot didn't run after her. The Moth, who must walk quite fourteen stone, couldn't have got far in two minutes; though, having a fine and powerful arm, she might have given him a nasty one on his ear, had he attempted to come up with her.

Then everybody returns, singing brightly and gaily one of the best numbers in the Opera. Here the Librettist becomes tired of details, and simply writes, "Enter—Chorus People, &c., bringing in triumph the Victor in the Regatta." This summary of "Chorus People, &c.," looks like the result of a row with the Stage-Manager, resulting in a compromise. No Moors, no "some Dalmatians," no Shipwrights, simply any of them brought in, *en bloc*, as "Chorus People, &c."

The boat-race has, apparently, been between a very fat man and a very slight one, with the inevitable result. *Zuane*, the fat man, who required at least another twelve months' training, is very angry, objects to *Bad Barnaba's* chaff, but honestly admits "My boat was sadly over-weighted." *Barnaba* incites *Zuane* and the "Chorus People, &c." to murder *La Cieca* as a Witch (it is a stupid story), and they are just going to haul her off when *La Gioconda* rushes in;

then *Gioconda's* lover, *Enzo*, comes to the rescue, and addresses the "Chorus People, &c.," thus: "These locks, grey and scattered, Harm no longer! My sword shall protect them!" from which sentiment the inference would naturally be, that *Enzo* was a Venetian Hairdresser, whose trade was liable to suffer from the "Chorus People, &c.'s," violence towards the old Lady with the very apparent gauze over her eyes, meant to indicate blindness,—which it doesn't a bit, and only looks exactly like what it is, i.e., gauze, which is most useful when going by road to the Derby, but pointless and unsightly for *La Cieca*.

Then enter, down the staircase, *Alvise* and *Laura* his wife, followed by a couple of pages, carrying two sofa-cushions, and keeping near *Alvise* and *Laura*, as if they had contracted a habit of sitting down suddenly anywhere, or of going to sleep in the middle of the road, and so requiring a cushion for comfort at any minute, without the slightest warning. *Laura* wears a half-mask, for no reason, except for the sake of the plot, so that she may not be recognised by *La Gioconda*, in the Second Act. "Why art thou



Al-vise and Half-Vizor.



Enzo the Fiver; or, Only Half-a-Tenor. "There is a Providence which shapes our Ends" so.



The "Moth" and her "Mother." The latter is a specimen of a Venetian Blind.



Barnaba asks Enzo to take his Number.



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 2.

SHORT CUT BY MUD-SALAD MARKET TO THE NEAREST RAILWAY STATION. Puzzle—To FIND ANYONE IN AUTHORITY TO GIVE ANY ASSISTANCE WHATSOEVER. N.B.—WILL THE NOBLE LANDLORD OBLIGE WITH A SOLUTION TO THIS PUZZLE.

kneeling to yonder people," asks *Alvise*, according to the book. To which *La Cieca* might reply, "I wasn't kneeling," which would be true. *La Gioconda*, subsequently kneeling to *Alvise* (she does this), says, "Mercy! Ah, hear me one moment! I break The ice that in fetters my soul was keeping." Isn't this poetic! She "breaks the ice" by entering into conversation with the Chief Magistrate *Alvise*, without any previous introduction. *Laura* protects *La Cieca*, and in one of the most effective passages of the Opera—(the restoration of "Fops' Alley" is one of the most "effective passages" at Covent Garden)—admirably given by Madame TREMBLE, *La Cieca* thanks *Laura*, and gives her "all she has no more, tho' poor the offering be,"—not a "heart and lute" but a rosary,—whereupon the "Chorus People, &c.," who had been so eager to cut her grey and scattered locks, now express their decided opinion that "Tis evident unto her celestial aid is given." Then all yielding to a sudden Happy Thought,—such as was perpetually occurring to that character in one of Dickens's novels, who says, "Hallo! here's a Church! Let's go in and get married,"—hurry off to Church, except *Bad Barnaba* and *Enzo*, the Undecided Lover, who is now devoted to *Laura*. (It is a stupid story! and such an ill-constructed plot!)

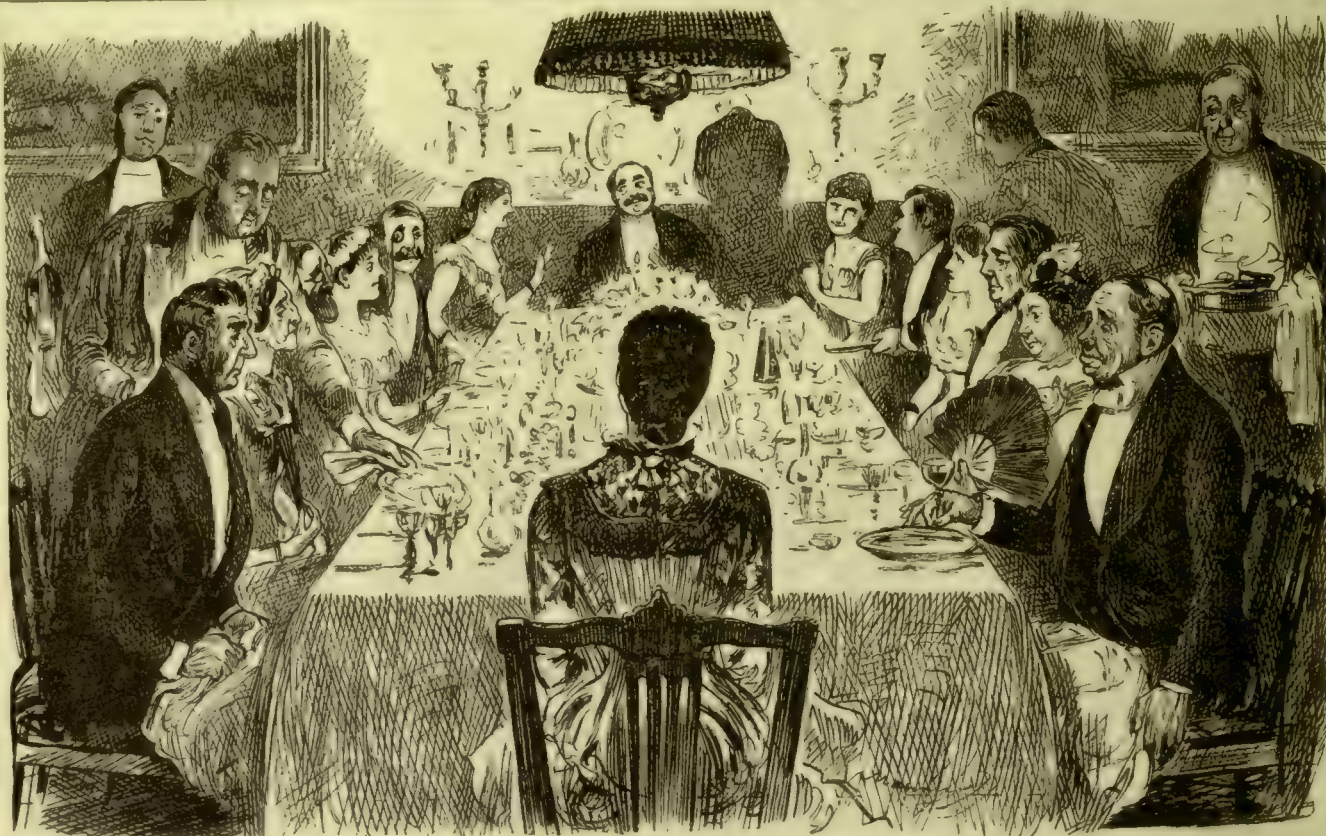
Barnaba promises *Enzo* that *Laura*, *Enzo's* wife, shall elope with him that night, and, as a proof of his sincerity, *Barnaba* opens his waistcoat, and shows "C.X." worked on his flannel waistcoat, which may be either for the instruction of the washerwoman, or to denote that he belongs to CX division of Venetian Detective Police. *Enzo* is so pleased at this, that he curses him freely, and goes off. Then *Barnaba* summons a Scribe, a sort of "Jim the Penman," and in the middle of the large courtyard dictates a letter which is overheard by *La Gioconda*. Dismissing Jim the Penman without any payment for his trouble, *Bad Barnaba* slips the letter into the Lion's mouth, and hurries away. The letter is to inform *Alvise* of his wife's intended elopement.

Then enter Masquers and Populace. They sing and dance an Irish jig, which, of course, is suddenly interrupted by the Monks (here they are at last—heard, but not seen) in Church singing a "vesper prayer,"—whatever that may be,—whereupon all the Masquers, men on one side, and women on the other, kneel down piously, with the exception of the Harlequins and Harlequins, who as their tights would

hardly stand the strain of a prayerful attitude, dance gaily off; and with this *exit*, and *La Cieca* blessing *La Gioconda* for no particular reason, but just to "form a picture," the First Act comes to an end.

The Second Act commences with a scene and chorus recalling a similar situation in the *Flying Dutchman*, and then the people execute a *mal-de-mer* movement, which makes everyone, not a perfect sailor, feel very uncomfortable. Then *Laura* is brought in a boat by *Bad Barnaba* to elope with *Enzo*, and, while the latter has gone to make some preparation aboard the craft, *Gioconda* comes on the scene, has a tremendous row with *Laura* (her rival in *Enzo's* affections), declares that "Fury superhuman of my wrath invades my pulses!" (isn't this thrilling!), and then, when *Laura*, who is a married woman who has come here on purpose to elope, declares "I love him with purer love than thine," *Gioconda* can stand it no longer, but addresses her as "Blasphemer!" to which *Laura* quickly retorts, "Liar!" and so these two perfect Ladies go on through a whole scene, until *Gioconda* (she is masked this time—what a stupid story!) recognises the rosary, which the pious *Laura* is going to take with her on her elopement tour, and relents. *Barnaba* is foiled; *Alvise* doesn't find his wife out, because she has returned home in a boat; and *Enzo*, unable to elope with *Alvise's* wife, sets fire to his ship, tries to burn everybody, but makes it all right for himself by jumping into the sea, where he may be supposed to dive successfully, as he turns up in the next Act alive and well in a new suit of clothes, at *Alvise's* evening party, in time to see the Ballet of the Hours, which is a great success.

After this, poison, dagger, sleeping draught, Romeo-and-Juliet-Le-Roi-s-Amuse-Lucrezia-Borgia scene between *Alvise* and *Laura*, &c., &c., &c., everything in its proper place, very cheerful, of course, and Madame DURAND playing dramatically, and singing admirably. The end of this Opera we gave last week. *Bad Barnaba* declares that he has strangled *La Cieca* because she annoyed him, and then he rushes down the street. The Opera is successful, though not to be mentioned in the same breath with Bizet's brilliant *Carmen*, and as Mr. WAGSTAFF says, "fortunately for us, *Carmen* arrived when we had had too much of the WAGNER." Madame LUCCA, as the heroine, is better than ever.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess. "WHAT FUN YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING OVER THERE, CAPTAIN SMILEY! I WISH YOU ALL SAT AT THIS END OF THE TABLE!"

FRIEND JOHN.

(A Song at a Silver Wedding.)

HERE'S a health to you, Friend JOHN!
Here's a health with all our heart!
Five-and-twenty years have gone
Since you played the bridegroom's part
To the buxom Midland maid,
Hanging now your arm upon
In a matron's pride arrayed.
Here's a health to you, Friend JOHN!

A health to one whose soul
Has shown healthy to the core;
To a nature sound and whole,
With no humbug sicklied o'er.
To a strenuous heart and strong
That in many a fight has won,
Striking hard against the wrong.
Here's a health to you, Friend JOHN!

Mellow voice has never rung
Round the lists of Party fray;
Sharper scorn has seldom stung.
Yet your Silver Wedding Day
Wakes good wishes near and far,
E'en from fighters who have gone
Dead against you in the war.
Here's a health to you, Friend JOHN!

For the silver trump of Peace,
In whose sound you so delight,
Blows to-day, and bids to cease
All the brazen blasts of fight.
True to-morrow may bring blows,
And Bellona's clarion;
But to-day at least we close
Hand on hand, as friends, not foes—
Here's a health to you, Friend JOHN!

JUSTICE TO THE DOCTORS.

"OUR only General" has not done justice to the Doctors, that is to say, if we are to believe his latest utterances, for his opinions on the Medical Department in the late campaign in Egypt are strangely contradictory of each other. We all know that before Lord MORLEY's Committee Lord WOLSELEY gave evidence in no measured language, saying that he found great fault with the hospitals at Ismailia and Cairo, and, among other things, censuring the medical officers for not going out themselves and buying bread and bedsteads, though he does not say where the money was to come from, and while he must have known that it was the duty of the Ordnance Department to supply them. The fact is, that if matters were in the condition Lord WOLSELEY describes, he was himself more to blame than anyone else, for he ought to have seen that the Commissary-General of Ordnance did his duty, and there can be no doubt but that the head of the Medical Department should have been informed of the change of base from Alexandria to Ismailia.

But what is still more strange, Lord WOLSELEY has only just discovered all these things. He said, at Ismailia, he was "highly satisfied with everything in the hospital," he complimented various medical men, and he telegraphed home that the Medical Department was working to his entire satisfaction; again repeating, after Tel-el-Kebir, that everything was done that possibly could be done for the care of the sick and wounded. The same evidence, it may be noted incidentally, was given by Sir JOHN ADYE; and it is abundantly

evident that while no one, least of all the medical officers, ever contended that the arrangements were perfect, everything seems to have been done that was possible with the means at their command.

Now, the plain fact of the matter is, that there must be a mistake in one or other of Lord WOLSELEY's statements. If things were as bad as he now makes them out to be, why didn't he say so at the time? and why did he telegraph home that he was satisfied with the Medical Department? Which account is the correct one? Upon the horns of that lively dilemma Lord WOLSELEY sits impaled; and Surgeon-General PUNCH demands justice for his friends the Doctors.

THE SCHOOL BOARD summoned a mother for not sending her son, aged thirteen, to school. The boy was earning his own livelihood and helping his mother, and, said Mr. PAGET, "I think it was an indiscreet act on the part of the School Board to interfere with the boy." He fined the Defendant sixpence, which was immediately paid by a sympathetic stranger. The School Board is getting itself disliked. Does the rising generation seem to be so very much better for this compulsory education? To learn to read and write is well enough, but what do they read? and do they right? We should like to hear the evidence of the Magistrates generally. In the meantime, thanks to Mr. PAGET for his sensible decision and judiciously expressed opinion.

CRICKET-MATCH TO COME OFF.—The Teetotallers' Eleven v. The Licensed Victuallers'.



A SILVER WEDDING.

(This week Birmingham festively commemorates her twenty-fifth year of "political union" with Mr. John Bright.)

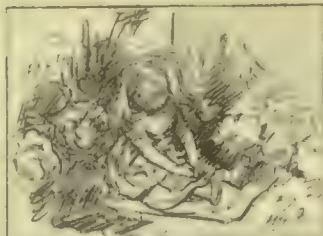
"MERRILY DANCED THE QUAKER'S WIFE,
AND MERRILY DANCED THE QUAKER."

OLD SONG.

GUIDE TO SELECT JUVENILE PARTIES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 397. A Startler; or, Seeing her first Beetle. P. R. Morris, A.



No. 57. Early days of Mud-Salad Market. A Dealy-icious idealy picturo. Jane M. Dealy.



No. 897. Rehearsing for Children's Pantomime. Hickstra-ordinary! G. E. Hicks.



No. 301. Playing at Police; or, On the Beat. P. R. Morris, A.



No. 742. "We ought to have been in the Grosvenor Gallery, but we must 'green' and bear it." James Sant, R.A.



No. 640. Jack's Sister and the Beanstalk. A -leg-grow symphony. W. Dixon Galpin. (See the Gal pinning the stalk.)



No. 887. "I won't be Washed"; or, the original "Dirty Boy." One of twins,—or one of a Pears' advertisement. F. B. Kennington.



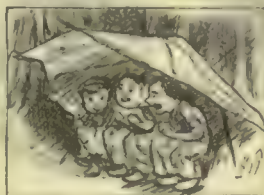
No. 132. The Goose-Step. Good; —that's our Gander's opinion. James Guthrie.



No. 463. A Model for a Tailor's Dummy. J. D. Watson. "What's on?" Why, clothes.



No. 277. Three Bells: two of 'em dumb once. J. Hansen Walker.



No. 413. Intents; or, Three to One. Joseph Clark.



293. Miss-Terry-ousa Picture. Probably portrait of Miss E. Terry, when not more than seven. Edgar Hanley.



No. 436. Living up to it; or, The Aesthetic Miss Gamp. Cathinca Amyot. ["Am-I-'ot?" She oughtn't to be in such light clothing.]

the reform of the Church are not the Churchmen, but the Political Dissenters."—*The Bishop of Peterborough on the Cathedral Statutes Bill.*

WITTY MAGEE, on the Commons you frown;
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.
On your Church all its dirthy Dissenters are
down;
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.
How altered your air,
When that black phiz you wear,
E'en your wit's sour and spare,
Which should be flowing free.
A shillelagh why twirl,
Like a commonplace churl?
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.

Witty MAGEE, sunny Summer is come,
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.
When everything smiles, should a Bishop
look glum?
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.
Soon the season of "pairs"
Will bring halcyon airs,
E'en St. Stephen's rough bears
Seem inclined to agree.
The Fourth Party's small fish
Can't "raise Cain," though they wish.
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.

Witty MAGEE, when mild Peace would step in,
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.
To be poking strife's fire all alone seems a sin,
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.

Sure, we're sick of Church wrongs,
Endless hammer and tongs;
Pot and Kettle sing songs
Full of family glee;
Yet alone, with keen tongue,
You have flouted and stung,
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.

And do you not know, with your eloquent
pother,
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE,
You hinder, not help, each right reverend
brother?
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.
Whose satirical tone
Irritates like your own
That "Dissenting back-bone"
Named by W. G.?
Till, with heartier wills,
Rads will strangle Church Bills,
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.

Take *Punch's* advice, witty Bishop MAGEE,
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE,
It's very much best to let sleeping dogs be,
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.
Suppress the desire
To be poking the fire
Of Sectarian ire,
And you'll probably see
All the "bogies" depart
From the Church of your heart,
Ooh hone! Witty MAGEE.

WITTY MAGEE.

AIR—"Widow Machree."

"Every abuse is a weakness to the Establishment, and that is why the Church's enemies desire to perpetuate abuses in the Church. . . . The champions of the abuses are not Churchmen, but the more earnest members of Nonconformity in the House of Commons. . . . Her Majesty's Government certainly dare not support this measure, because they dare not irritate their great backbone (the Dissenters). . . . Those who are opposed to

DICKY-BIRDS AT DINNER.

"The appetite of the bird (says the Rev. J. G. Wood in the current number of *Good Words*) is wonderful. A thrush will eat at a meal the largest snail that England produces. If a man could eat as much in proportion, he would consume a whole round of beef for his dinner. The redbreast, again, is a most voracious bird."

You pass the blooming hawthorn hedge in Spring,
And hear thereout a very cheery gush
Of music, and, as then you hear it sing,
You recognise the sweet voice of the thrush;
No wonder that such power it should reveal,
It eats the largest snail up at a meal.

If Man ate like a thrush, it's Wood's belief—
And surely such a naturalist should know—
He'd eat at one meal a whole round of beef.
Oh, how can pretty little birds do so?
For here's the robin redbreast too, they say,
Eats fourteen feet of earth-worms in a day.

Oh, City gormandisers, when we smite,
You can retort that if you tried to eat
Like robins, in one single day and night,
Of nine-inch sausage sixty-seven feet
Would be your portion; it's quite too absurd,
To find our gluttons beaten by a bird.

LITTELY AND SCIENTIFIC.—
The St. John Ambulance Association.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 140.



SIR R. CUNLIFFE OWEN.

THE MERMAN OF THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION. OWEN' EVERYTHING TO HIS OWEN ENERGY.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

SAYS the Sixpence to the Shilling,
"Bumptious 'Bob' you've had your day!
And the Public is not willing
Any longer you to pay
For a Magazine or Novel.
I am bringing knowledge down
To the cottage and the hovel—
Silver Shilling you're done brown!

"Literature's choicest pickins
I distribute to the mob;
WALTER SCOTT, CHARLES LAMB, and DICKENS!
What d'ye think o' that,
Lord 'Bob'?

Will wit sparkle with a slacker ray
When the Working Man has got
JERROLD, SHIRLEY BROOKS, or THACKERAY
For the price of just a pot?

"Now the Cornhill's cover orange
Is to bear my conquering name;
As in price it sinks to low range
May it rise in force and fame.
Clearly Literature's banner
Will henceforth the sign display
Of the proletariat 'tanner.'
Bumptious 'Bob' you've had your day!"

DISCRETION AND VALOUR.

THE Duke of CAMBRIDGE, in the House of Lords, "expressed the opinion that the raising the standard of age to nineteen would decrease the number of enlistments." Do youth generally begin to get indisposed to become food for powder at that approach to years of discretion?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 4.—Left House at eight o'clock with prospect of Corrupt Practices Bill most satisfactory. Nearly everyone supported Second Reading. Fortune of Bill completed by opposition of WARTON and CHARLES LEWIS. Thought of saying a few words for it myself, but in circumstances unnecessary. So went off to dinner.

Coming back at eleven found ATTORNEY-GENERAL apparently delivering funeral oration, or addressing a Common Jury in a murder case. Solemnity appalling. Cadence of voice a little monotonous, but still capable of moving Jury to tears.

"What's happened?" I asked HARCOURT, who was strolling out, gently stroking his chin, and softly smiling to himself. "Going to withdraw the Bill or be beaten on a Division?"

"Neither, my dear TOBY," said Grandiose Old Man. "It's only JAMES's Oxford-Circuit way. Thinks he's defending a man for sheep-stealing: that funereal manner, and that voice with a tear in it are preparatory to calling witnesses to show that the prisoner either had a dying mother at the time of the act charged, or that owing to a long series of undeserved misfortunes, his mind had become affected, and that when he took the sheep he thought it was a favourite poodle he had lost in infancy. Fact is, it's most difficult for lawyers to forget that House is not a Jury, and that SPEAKER and Clerks at Table are not Judges sitting *in banco*. Have

heard it said that I'm the only great lawyer who is also effective House of Commons speaker. A little kindly exaggerated, but perhaps something in it."

Bill all right, after all. Second Reading agreed to without Division.

Tuesday.—House of Lords to-night scene of tremendous dissension on Bishops' Bench. Bishop of CARLISLE moved Second Reading of Cathedral Statutes Bill. JOSEPH GILLIS in Gallery scented the row from afar. Came to see how Bishops quarrelled. From very first his keen intelligence went with Opposition.

"What do they want with more statutes in Cathedrals?" says he. "Thought you England would have had enough of statutes. Just after moving the Duke of WELLINGTON, and don't know what to do with him. Better leave statutes alone, and go on grinding the poor Irish."

Bishop of PETERBOROUGH opposed Bill on quite other grounds. Managed with great dexterity, in discussing it, to give Government several digs in the ribs. Lord SALISBURY hugely delighted.

"Pity PETERBOROUGH took Orders," says he. "His lawn sleeves tie his hands. If he'd been a layman, and got in for some borough, he would have changed affairs in House of Commons. He would have joined the Fourth Party, or perhaps created it, and made things hot for everybody all round, especially the Government."

"Yes," Lord GRANVILLE sweetly lisped, "PETERBOROUGH's a little lost here; we can't do with a Randolph, more especially in lawn."

PETERBOROUGH stood alone, with back to the wall, having dropped tin bonnet-box of dynamite on Bishops' Bench. Pretty to see other



OUT OF ALMS WAY!

Benevolent Old Gent. "HERE'S LOVELY WEATHER, MRS. WOPPLES! AND HOW——"

Unthrifty Mrs. W. "OH, I'M ONLY VERY MIDDLEN', SIR, AND"—(whining)—"YOU SEE, SIR, IT'S A' THIS WAY——"

[But he didn't—he saw it (clearly) in quite another way, went off that other way hastily, and escaped this time!]

Bishops smiling upon him with brotherly love, though in act rather plainly showing their teeth.

"Clever, amusing, but too ingenious," said the PRIMATE, smilingly nodding his head towards his Right Reverend brother, who didn't seem to know that anybody was twitting.

"My Right Reverend brother asks me to withdraw the Bill," said the Bishop of CARLISLE, holding both hands out as if about to pronounce the benediction. "I wish my Right Reverend brother could withdraw his speech."

Right Reverend brother no such intention. Had had his fling, had fluttered the House, was conscious of great yearning of heart towards him by Lord SALISBURY, and didn't seem to care so much for opinion of Archbishop, as was expected from one who had just been extolling institutions and discipline of the Church.

"Not so sure as GRANVILLE is about impossibility of Fourth Party in Lords," said RANDOLPH. "Must have some talk with PETERBOROUGH, and see if he'll take it up. Perhaps couldn't be expected to find in Lords equal of GORST for profound legal knowledge touched with subtle humour, of WOLFF for intimate acquaintance with Foreign Affairs, or for BALFOUR for ways that are childlike and bland. But something might be done. Would be an immense lift for us to have a Bishop playing our game in the Lords."

In Commons spent cheerful Morning Sitting discussing Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill. In the evening Sunday Closing people desperately tried to make a House. But no use. Members who had sat through Scotch debate all in bed, with wet cloths round their heads.

"Sunday Closing all very well," says Mr. COTES, "but I'm not sure that Tuesday Closing isn't better."

Tuesday Closing Bill accordingly brought in by Mr. WARTON, Standing Orders suspended, passed through all its stages, and at ten minutes past nine all lights out. *Business done.*—Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill read a Second Time.

Wednesday.—Another case of gross injustice to Ireland. By judicious balloting, day had been secured for Second Reading of Irish Municipal Elections Bill. Then comes Chairman of Committees with some inconsiderable proposal about British Railways, and

appropriates Sitting. Irish Members aghast with indignation at this obstruction. Captain MOLLOY-AHOY hit upon happy thought. Move the Adjournment at half-past five. Then be too late to take division on OTWAY's proposals.

"If they won't let us get on," said the gallant Captain, "they shall do nothing."

Pointed out to him that this excellent plan had disadvantages. If House didn't divide now, question come on again on another Wednesday, and Irish Members finally bowled out. So MOLLOY-AHOY did not press Motion, and OTWAY carried his Resolution.

Further grievance behind this. CAINE had second place for Biggar Relief Bill, which newspapers stiffly call Bill to Repeal Breach of Promise of Marriage Act. It was too late to be useful to JOSEPH GILLIS. But J. G. has a heart that feels for others, and had determined to second the Motion for Second Reading. Bill not reached. CAINE and DICK POWER going about Lobby gloomily, charged with jokes intended to make on moving and opposing Bill. "I'll work mine off on the Criminal Code Procedure Bill when it comes down," says CAINE.

"I'll work mine off on Army Estimates," says DICK POWER. "Question of breechloaders, you know, and work it round to Breach of Promise. A little difficult, but if Chairman objects, can argue the matter. That will get in a bit more of the speech, and can finish it on Motion to Report Progress."

Business done.—Repealed prohibition against paying interest on Railway Lines in course of construction.

Thursday.—TIM HEALY back with us again after fresh experiences of prison life. Hair more than ever like severely twisted mop.

"Do they—er—crop your hair, doncha?" murmured Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, regarding TIM with air of profound, yet nervous curiosity, as if he were animal newly imported for the Aquarium, with no guarantee that he wouldn't bite.

"No," says TIM. "Fact is always keep it like that ready for emergencies. Never know when you're going in, and hardly ever when you're coming out. If I let my hair grow in ordinary way, people would notice when I came out. But keeping it cropped



THE "TERRITORIAL SYSTEM!"

OR, NOTHING LIKE ACCURACY.

Officer (at Head-quarters). "AND WHO MAY YOU BE?"

Recruit. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE SEVENTH BATTALION PRINCE CONSORT'S OWN RIFLE BRIGADE, BETTER KNOWN AS THE FUST TOWER 'AMLETS MILISHT!"

I PURITANI.

Grand Unpopular Opera—once more in active Rehearsal.

ARGUMENT.—VERNON-ARCOURT, an amiable political philanthropist, having in an unguarded moment been induced by the *Puritani*, a dyspeptic but powerful band of social conspirators, to make Sunday as uncomfortable as possible, has suddenly, by a subtle and arbitrary Act, deprived the populace for twenty-four hours of its beer. Growing thirsty as the summer advances, and maddened by this and other pieces of grandmotherly legislation, it at length rises in rebellion against the restrictions with which its tastes and appetites have been hampered, and seeking aid of the *Caucus*, by a terrible retaliation obliges VERNON-ARCOURT and his order quite unexpectedly to restore to it many of its cherished enjoyments, and among others, amidst indescribable enthusiasm, its ancient and valued privilege of occasionally getting drunk on some one else's premises.

CHARACTERS.

VERNON-ARCOURT (surnamed "IL PACIFICO"). WILFRIDO (a Jester—creature of I PURITANI). GUGLIELMO DI WHITECHAPEL (known as the "Thirsty One"). IL AVVISATORE MATTUTINO (a Daily Spirit).

Chorus of Puritani, Licensed Victuallers, Philanthropists, Costermongers, Archdeacons, Total Abstiners, Sweeps, Sabbatarians, &c.

The Scene represents a Secret Official Chamber in the recesses of the Palace of the Home Office. As the Curtain rises, VERNON-ARCOURT, surrounded by WILFRIDO and the Chiefs of the Puritani, and standing up to his knees in Petitions from Sunday School Children with which they have presented him, is discovered listening attentively to the following subterranean chorus.

CHORUS.

HAIL! O, social legislation
Brought once more to bear on
Sunday!

Eighteen-nineteenths of the Nation,
Seeking rest and recreation,
Find it but on this—their one day!
Yet, we own, that we would tamper
Further with such joys as wait them,
And, with best intentions, hamper,

Gall, provoke,—exasperate them.
Art and Science might have shocked
them,

So we fixed the Sunday shutter,
Barred the door, and kindly locked them
Out—to contemplate the gutter.

Yet! O, Heav'n! though they've the
street,
Still they seek some fresh retreat!

Vernon-Arcourt (thoughtfully)—

'Tis strange, perhaps,—yet not surprising.
The gutter is a dreary place!

(*Con molto animo.*)

I somewhat doubt what they're advising:—

Ha! hark again!

(*He listens.*)

Chorus— In ARCOURT's face

We read a wondrous penetration
To value truly recreation!
The sons of toil to further cheer,
Inspire him, Heaven, to stop their beer!

V.-A. (recit.) These remarks of a nature complimentary,
Are, without doubt, to the Pacific One,
Extraordinarily agreeable.

But to speak, from the experience,
That is purely personal,
Of a Sunday made horrible
By the absence of modest refreshment,
Is, to the unutterable delight,
Of the joyous child of the Reform Club
At present—and, with rapture unbounded,
I dwell on the circumstance,
A physical impossibility.

[*He is about to depart quietly, when WILFRIDO and the Leaders of the Puritani bar his further progress.*

Wilfrido and the Puritani (advancing on him)—

Nay! you must back the Bill at sight!

Vernon-Arcourt (con fuoco). I'm only anxious to do right.

Chorus. What's right for you—for them is wrong!

Vernon-Arcourt (maestoso). I'll think that out.

Puritani (falling back). A song! A song!

Vernon-Arcourt. I have done showy work in my time,

My views are expansive and large,
And I shouldn't like now, in my prime,
To face an unpopular charge.

Yet my friends, who entangle me here,
Should, I feel, by concession be bought:
They would mulet the poor man of his beer;

Well—I'm still doubting whether they ought.

For I cannot quite see why a measure so strong
Should in one case be right, in another be wrong!

Puritani (in triumph)—

The great VERNON-ARCOURT is getting along!

He's now muddled up 'twixt what's right and what's
wrong?

Vernon-Arcourt. I'm compelled to look out how I tread,

A stray vote to pick up here and there;

As this Bill has been flung at my head,

P'raps a trial to give it were fair?

So I'll prove to the classes I snub

That they're saved from a beer-drinking shoal.

And that Sunday and wine at a Club

Are things that their betters control.

I think, on the whole, that that argument's strong,

"What for me may be right,—well, for them may be
wrong!"

Puritani—

He thinks, on the whole, that that argument's strong;

And he'll probably find that it is before long!

[*WILFRIDO and the Puritani prepare for a wild pas de satisfaction, and VERNON-ARCOURT is about to watch their gambols, when the wall splits asunder and discloses GUGLIELMO DI WHITECHAPEL, surrounded by myrmidons of the Advanced Party, convening a Monster Meeting for the discussion of the Club and Private Cellar Sunday Closing Scheme.*

Guglielmo di Whitechapel (con delicatezza).

You West-End blokes who thinks yer can

Play nine-pins with the Working Man—

We'll show yer it's a game for two—

We'll out you off your liquor!

Wilfrido (with a gesture of ecstasy). Do!

Chorus (approvingly). Hail! O, social legislation,

Prompting rest and recreation!

Thus, midst unexpected smiles,

Pall Mall mates with Seven Dials!

[*VERNON-ARCOURT tries to escape from the situation, and is about to turn when the Spirit of the Licensed Victualling Interest, IL AVVISATORE MATTUTINO, appears hovering in the air, holding out a draft of the newest Prohibitive Measure in vindictive triumph.*

Vernon-Arcourt (shuddering). Oh, Good gracious! Oh, Horror!

[*He falls into the arms of an Under-Secretary, and all cover as the Curtain descends.*



THE NEW CRAZE.

Manager of the Parthenon. "AND WHAT EXPERIENCE HAVE YOU HAD, MY LORD?"

Young Viscount Saltimbank. "OH—I PLAYED ROMEO, AT THE JOLLITY, LAST THURSDAY MORNING. I WAS CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN SEVEN TIMES!"

Manager. "EXACTLY. THEN I THINK YOUR LORDSHIP MAY STUDY THE FIRST SERVANT IN OUR NEXT PIECE. HE COMES IN IN THE LAST ACT, YOU KNOW, AND SAYS 'DINNER'S READY!'"

THE ADJUTANT'S HOSS AGAIN!

A SHORT time since quite a passage of arms took place in the House of Commons because the Commanding Officer of a Militia Regiment had sanctioned the drawing of some money in payment for the phantom forage of an imaginary charger. It was advanced that, although this particular or rather not very particular Adjutant did not usually possess a horse, he produced one once, on a special occasion, for his Colonel's inspection. It may be said generally that the typical Adjutant's horse has puzzled thousands. So, as particulars about this mysterious beast have been for many years more than vague, it would be as well in future that some form containing questions requiring answers should be filled up by the parties interested, before dealings with public money received Government sanction. The following will serve as a guide to the mode of furnishing the required document:—

FORAGE FOR ADJUTANTS' HORSES (MILITIA).

(To be filled up, and returned to the War Office.)

Question. Do you hire your horse for the training? If so, state what are his occupations during the non-training period.

Answer. I do hire my horse for the training. I believe his occupations during the non-training period are drawing a night cab, helping in fourth-class funerals, and making himself generally useful at a bathing establishment on the Margate sands.

Q. Is your horse perfectly sound? Do you know of any ailment from which he suffers, or has suffered?

A. My horse is not perfectly sound. He is a little touched in the wind, is stone-blind, and quite deaf. I believe that the knees of all his legs have been broken on various occasions, and that he con-

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

A MARLOW MADRIGAL.

OH, Bisham banks are fresh and fair,
And Quarry Woods are green,
And pure and sparkling is the air,
Enchanting is the scene!
I love the music of the weir,
As swift the stream runs down,
For, oh, the water's deep and clear
That flows by Marlow Town!

When London's getting hot and dry,
And half the Season's done,
To Marlow you should quickly fly,
And bask there in the sun.
There pleasant quarters you may find—
The "Angler" or the "Crown"
Will suit you well, if you're inclined
To stay in Marlow Town.

I paddle down to Harleyford,
And sometimes I incline
To cushions take with lunch aboard,
And play with rod and line.
For in a punt I love to laze,
And let my face get brown;
And dream away the sunny days
By dear old Marlow Town!

I go to luncheon at the Lawn,
I muse, I sketch, I rhyme;
I headers take at early dawn,
I list to All Saints' chime.
And in the River, flashing bright,
Dull Care I strive to drown—
And get a famous appetite
At pleasant Marlow Town!

So when, no longer, London life
You feel you can endure;
Just quit its noise, its whirl, its strife,
And try the "Marlow-cure!"
You'll smooth each wrinkle on your brow
And scare away each frown—
Feel young again once more, I vow,
At quaint old Marlow Town!

Here SHELLEY dreamed and thought and wrote,
And wandered o'er the leas;
And sang and drifted in his boat
Beneath the Bisham trees.
So let me sing, although I'm no
Great poet of renown—
Of hours that much too quickly go,
At good old Marlow Town!

stantly suffers from embarrassing attacks of glanders, meagrim, and aggravated staggers.

Q. Has your horse had any military training?

A. Yes, at Astley's five-and-twenty years ago, when he was employed as "an extra"—his duty was to pretend to be dead in a corner—in the Spectacular Drama of *The Battle of the Alma*.

Q. Do you propose retaining your horse for the next training?

A. No; as I understand that he has been purchased by a purveyor of cats'-meat (the sale to take effect the day after the regimental training, by agreement with the representatives of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), I shall have to discover his successor.

(Signed) ADOLPHUS OLDBOY DUFFER,
Captain and Adjutant 12th Battalion The
Town and Country Regiment.

(Countersigned) MONTMORENCY SNOOKS,
Lieut.-Colonel, Officer Commanding.

SOMEBODY asked Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM if she had heard Mlle. MENTER. "Oh! I suppose," said Mrs. RAM., ready to show her thorough acquaintance with classic literature—"I suppose you mean a daughter of the Old Menter one heard so much about at school that we used to speak of him as Tor-menter;—you recollect, don't you? He was a sort of tutor and travelling companion to Young Telephone."

HARD-WORKING MEMBERS OF "THE COACHING CLUB."—Mr. WREN, Mr. SCOONES, and other Coaches for the I.C.S. competitive examinations.



"OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING?"

Punch. "THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING OF."

Gladstone. "PRECISELY. WONDERFUL!!"

OF what is the Old Man thinking
As he sits on the Treasury Bench,
From the worrying wasp-swarm shrinking?
His battle-fire nought may quench,
But the brows of the Old Man knit,
As he looks on the vulgar fray,
And he dreams of the grace and wit
Of an older, manlier day.
Now bunkum is loud, unblinking,
Now impudence doth not blench!
Oh! of what is the Old Man thinking
As he sits on the Treasury Bench?

'Tis not of his strength declining,
'Tis not of young RANDY's jeer;
'Tis not of the hour of dining,
Or LAWSON on battles and beer.
No spell these squabbles will stay,
And the Old Man's eyes grow dim,
For he thinks of his Bill-blocked way,
And the hours that are lost to him.
From the scene before him shrinking,
He sighs, and his stern jaws clench.
Of the Session's waste he is thinking,
As he sits on the Treasury Bench.

MR. J. L. TOOLE says he is a great Thought-Reader.* One condition only is necessary, and that is he must have a hand from some sympathetic person. "Give me your hands," he says to his audience, "and I'll tell you what you're thinking about." After one hearty round, he can be perfectly certain. Should it ever happen that he

doesn't get a hand, he says he can equally well tell them what they're thinking about. Mr. ANSON ought to try this before he attempts another oration to the Public.

FASHIONABLE "AT HOME."—Charity.



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 3.

NEAR HAMILTON PLACE, PICCADILLY. Puzzle (the same as in the previous one on the other side of the Park)—TO FIND THE POLICEMAN.

OUR OFFISHIAL GUIDE.

PART V.—VERY MUCH ABROAD.

HAVING now exhausted England and the Colonies, we turn our attention to foreign affairs. Many of our neighbours seem to have had the greatest possible difficulty in getting anything of a piscatorial character for exhibition. Under these circumstances, they have done their best, with much bunting and gilding, to hide the nakedness of the land, or rather the sea. Following the plan we have hitherto pursued, we run through the Courts, bestowing a few notes upon each.

Austro-Hungary.—A magnificent display of heraldry and flags surrounding a shelf, upon which are placed half-a-dozen small bottles containing the sole Austro-Hungarian exhibits—some specimens of the ocean parasite, or sea-flea!

France.—Most disappointing. A few boxes of sardines and some old oyster-shells.

For so large a country, a perfectly miserable display. However, the collection is rendered interesting by two remarkable exhibits: the first, a "provisional map of the world," subject, of course, to the Author's subsequent alterations; and the last, "tiles furnished with oyster-spots of different sizes, dead, but can be had alive if required." GRESSY is the name of the oyster revivifier. With so marvellous a gift he ought to be promptly engaged for the "variety entertainment" at the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

United States of America.—A very respectable display, in which, however, the commercial element is in noways neglected. For instance, Mr. CHARLES ALDEN, of Randolph, Massachusetts, sends an "exhibit of goods prepared by the Alden evaporating process." Again, Mr. LORD sends an "improved ice-crusher." Of course, no Fishery Exhibition could have been complete without these articles. The hall in which they are laid out is profusely decorated with the Regimental Flags of the American Army, and here and there a

"portrait model," in wax, of a fisherman in full costume. The latter exhibits suggest the idea that tailor's dummies are as much used in the States as in London. Altogether, the collection reminds one of the varied fortune of the ocean, inasmuch as the Directors have given the main chance their most earnest and undivided attention.

Belgium.—The usual jumble of flags, maps, nets, and fishing-rods. The strangest exhibit is sent by the Messrs. FLORENVILLE of Liège. It is described in the Official Catalogue as a "Certificate suitable for Corporations and Public Bodies in water-marked paper, to be reproduced on stone." No doubt the "water-marked paper" rendered it sufficiently nautical to find a resting-place in South Kensington.

China.—Really worth seeing, well arranged, and artistically decorated. The chief attraction is to be found in the grounds rather than in the building, in the shape of an aged Chinaman in huge spectacles. This remarkable personage generally walks about followed by a large and critical throng who examine carefully his every gesture. On Wednesday last (a half-crown day) a numerous crowd assembled near the Chinese pagoda, and it was at first supposed that the spot had been the scene of some dreadful accident. When it transpired that the gathering were collected together to watch the old Chinaman while he smoked a pipe, the crowd grew infinitely larger.

Germany and Greece.—These two nations may be taken together, as, combined, their list of exhibits is a very poor one. The principal object of interest contributed by Germany is a bundle of whalebone, while the kingdom of the Hellenes is chiefly represented by some "lobster-tails from the Island of Scopelos."

Japan.—Extremely interesting, and the Court nearly as well arranged as that of the Chinese Department. On examining the Official Catalogue, however, it will be found that in spite of the brave array, the "leading articles" of the collection are a tinned oyster, a stuffed crab, and some cod-liver oil. The Japanese salesman in attendance, who is intensely European and businesslike, merits—but does not obtain—as much observation as the Chinese smoker.

Netherlands.—More nets, and tinned fishes. The Dutch seem to have devoted most of their time to curing herrings and catching salmon.

Norway and Sweden.—Remarkable for several fine sardine trophies. As these pyramids of saleable articles may look too tempting to a casual visitor with a turn for petty larceny, the Authorities have secured their safety by covering them over with fishing-nets.



'Eels over 'Ead.

Spain.—A well-arranged Court. Seemingly, the National Naval Museum has been dispatched bodily from the Peninsula to South Kensington. The exhibits come exclusively from this collection, which includes "six pieces of cork" and "two bolsters."

Russia.—Ignored by the Official Guide, but, for all that, meritorious. The usual "pleasant little gathering" of nets, preserved-fish tins, and implements of piscatorial torture.

The Foreign Fish-Market.—Quite as disappointing as the British ditto. The "Market," which is held in a small room, contains a few specimens of richly-scented dried fish and some sardine-cases. Motto to be placed over the door: "A rose would swell as sweet—and sweeter!"

So much for the Foreigners, who certainly cannot compare with our British exhibitors. The Courts are rendered more attractive than they would be *as nature* by the introduction of a very choice collection of church organs. It is not easy, however, to see what these instruments have to do with Pisciculture, the more especially as the talented individuals who at intervals perform upon them are far too advanced to have anything to do with scales.

Having now visited the chief objects of interest in South Kensington, Home, Colonial, and Foreign, a rapid run through "the Machinery in Motion," and a necessarily hurried visit to "the Six-penny Fish Dinner," will bring our "Official Guide" to a mechanical *plus* gastronomic termination.

A "WARHAM CORNER" IN THE STRAND.

SILVER Guild, at the Strand, intended for a travesty of *The Silver King*, at the Princess's, is first-rate fun at the commencement, but it becomes rather wearisome when it wanders into other melodramatic subjects, such as *Drink* and the *Lights of London*. Mr. RIGHTON is more like Mr. JOHN CLAYTON than Mr. WILSON BARRETT, but Mr. BROUGH's imitation of Mr. GEORGE BARRETT is simply perfect. It is for the most part very smartly written, and, up to a certain point, Mr. WARHAM has done his work capably. The "business," as long as the original play is being fairly burlesqued, is genuinely funny.

Miss LAURA LINDEN gives a clever caricature of Miss EASTLAKE's mannerisms; but, occasionally, her tone far more closely resembles Miss ELLEN TERRY's than that of the person she is burlesquing. The duet and dance between Miss LINDEN and Mr. RIGHTON is very neatly executed, and obtains a hearty *encore*. The songs and choruses,

having very little and occasionally nothing to do with the piece, only delay the action, and mystify the audience.

Mr. HAWTREY's make-up for Old Father Christmas is also very good, and the idea of the Detective, who says nothing, but only comes on to look puzzled, to scratch his head, and to change the scene with a stroke of a harlequin's wand, it should have been a prompter's whistle, was immense at first, but it palled on frequent repetition. The fact is, if *Silver Guild* were cut down to forty-five minutes, instead of playing over an hour and a half, as it now does, and if the action and dialogue were strictly confined to the travesty of *The Silver King*, its success would be as lasting as that of its original. The mechanical changes of scene are really marvels of ingenuity, and the music is so well selected that it is a pity there are not better voices to sing it, and better dancers to dance to it,—the duet, already mentioned, being the one bright exception.

On the first night the Actors were called before the curtain, as also was the Author, Mr. WARHAM, who must have been delighted with—as he would probably term it—the very Warham reception accorded to him.

Of *Vice-Versé* we have spoken some time ago. The Messrs. HAWTREY are excellent in it, and so is Miss LAURA LINDEN.

The other Burlesque, produced on the same night at the Adelphi, and, as part of the joke, called "a Drama," by Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, will probably have come to an end ere this appears, so let us shed a passing tear over the unfortunate *Rank and Riches*, which thoroughly

deserved all the peep-ering it got from the Critics, and the jeers with which the Public received it on its first representation. We rather fancy that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS—first-rate, in his own peculiar line, as a Novelist, though even there not up to the Frenchman GABORIAU in plots,—ex-

cepting always *The Woman in White*,—has never been successful as a Dramatist, except when he has had the assistance of some practical Stage-Manager or Actor to suggest what was required for stage-effect. We may be wrong, but it seems to us that, left to himself, he fails, as POET WILLS fails when he is left to himself; but, with Mr. IRVING, or Mr. HARE at his elbow, what better acting plays, on the whole, have we seen in our time than *Charles the First* and *Olivia*? Mr. WILKIE COLLINS was successful at the Prince of Wales's under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, and with

Mr. COGHAN as the repulsive hero. Mr. CHARLES READE also will be remembered by his novels, not by his plays, and we feel sure that for a Novelist to be a successful Dramatist, he must have the aid—more or less—of some practical collaborateur experienced in stage-craft.



Anson defying the Critics.

A LILLYPUT LYRIST.

Lines in a Newdigate Calendar.

THERE was a little poet
In a little lyric way,
Who scribbled most industriously
For very little pay.
He was tall, but not good-looking,
With a most romantic name,
And the Ladies dearly loved him,
And he took their praise for fame.

In days gone by at Oxford
He'd gained the Newdigate,
And his career was settled
From that auspicious date.
For Oxford's got the contract
To supply one Bard a year
Even though divine afflatus
May be flatter than their beer.

And he read his little lyrics,
As they circled him about,
And they sighed and softly asked
him,
Would he kindly write them out.
And they flattered him past
measure,
Till this little bard began,
To consider ROBERT BROWNING
Was an overrated man.

And he trilled and twittered feebly,
In a tiny tender treble,
Though at times the sense grew
vague,
And the rhythm would turn
rebel.
So he scribbled hour by hour,
And he toiled on day by day,
Piping onwards towards Par-
nassus,
On his little lyric way.

But the path is rough and bitter
To the Muses' high abode,
And such little wand'ring min-
strels
Get few coppers on the road.
So he left Parnassus' Muses
For the muses of Mayfair,
Turned lecturer and grew to be
A Knight and millionaire.

And he writes for weekly papers
Where his inspiration makes
Verse as mild as MARTIN TUP-
PER's,
Or as mad as BILLY BLAKE's,
And his fame became so world-
wide
That fair LILY LANGTRY smiled
No more upon the sonnets of
His rival, OSCAR WILDE.

And ASHBY STERRY sings no more
Of frills, and in despair
Poor OSCAR WILDE has cut his
throat—
No; not his throat!—his hair.
And our little Poet munches
His daintiest Gallic gâteau,
While his little "Tea-Tray Tri-
plets"

Is the last success with CHATTO.
Take warning, then, ye Bardlings,
By the career of boys
Who think that they are MILTONS
If they only make a noise.
It's better to be butchers,
And not to sing at all;
But if you must be Poets,
It's better not to BALL.



Miss Laura Linden as Miss Eastlake,—a clever Actress, but not a Jenny Lind 'un.



TODESON TO THE RESCUE!

ON HIS WAY NORTH, WHERE HE WAS GOING TO SUPPORT MR. BRADLAUGH, TODESON SUCCEEDS IN PRESSING HIS SERVICES AND COMPANY ON THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF MULLINGAR (WHO VAGUELY REMEMBERS HAVING SEEN HIM SOMEWHERE), AND HER DAUGHTER THE LADY NORA CREINA. THE NOBLE COUNTESS, WHOM RECENT EVILS IN IRELAND HAVE SADLY IMPOVERISHED, LEARNS THAT TODESON HAS GREAT EXPECTATIONS FROM HIS AUNT IN MARGATE; AND LADY NORA CREINA, WHO HAS JUST BEEN BASELY JILTED BY YOUNG GORGIOUS MIDAS (FOR WHOSE SAKE SHE HAD JILTED POOR SOPELY, THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER), THINKS THAT EVEN TODESON MIGHT BE LICKED INTO SHAPE.

AT ALL EVENTS, DURING THE JOURNEY, THE FASCINATIONS OF THESE TWO LADIES INDUCE HIM TO GIVE UP MR. BRADLAUGH FOR THE PRESENT, AND HE SECRETLY RESOLVES TO JOIN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, OF WHICH THEY ARE DEVOUT MEMBERS.

CLEAR THE WAY!

Punch, to certain Obstructive Old Persons:—

STAND aside, if you please! Very worthy old souls,
But indulging to-day in obstruction vexations.
The world, struggling onward to common-sense goals,
Must give hearing to counsels more cool and sagacious.
A singular pair, in chance company thrown;
Both hotly and blindly intent on imposing
For ever the shackles that Man has outgrown,
Keeping open old wounds which sound sense would be closing.

Stand aside, if you please! Though you eye with chagrin,
And with fussy affright, what you deem an intruder,
Mere uninspired Man's manufacture of sin
Breeds a tyranny neither the Turk nor the Tudor,
In essence, e'er equalled; and Law that would lay
On our lives a whim-bred artificial restriction,
Is the law of an ancient and bitter-bad day,
Built on private caprice, not on common conviction.

Why, MANNING, turn back on the sense of your prime?
Why, BENSON, turn face from the dawning of daylight?
Why brand honest need as unnatural crime?
Why block blameless gleams that humanity's way light?
These Bogies of Bigotry weaken the guard
Of the Right's truer sentinels all would fain strengthen.
Each vain prohibition pure heart may discard
Forms a link in the chain only tyrants would lengthen.

Stand aside, if you please! Here Society's sense
Than mere clerical cant speaketh clearer and stronger.

Kept back over-long by sophisticated fence,
Plain instincts of Nature should truckle no longer
To vetoes non-natural, working sore pain,
Or impurity sore. Though your skirts you upscramble
In peevish disgust, your resentment is vain,
Vain anathemas fervent and wild skimble-skamble.

"THOUGHT-READING."—It is the simplest thing in the world. Anyone with the command of a shilling can acquire the power, and outdo Mr. IRVING BISHOP. The latest edition of *Happy Thoughts*, illuminated by the glow of a FURNISS, may be purchased for the ludicrously absurd sum of one shilling, and so any possessor of this coin may become at once a Happy-Thought Reader.

IN THE SEASON.

"REST!" cries the Business Man, mid toil and strife;
"Rest!" mid her balls and parties, cries his Wife;
But neither gains it mid the whirl of life.

THE Fish Exchange (Blackfriars) Bill was thrown out by the Select Committee on Wednesday last. What prospect could there be for any Bill at this Season, which, in consequence of its locality being Black-fryers, was understood to exclude Whitebait?

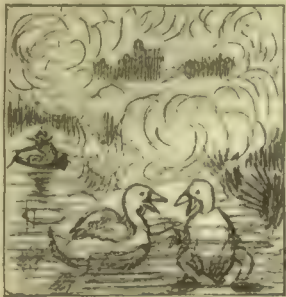
THE HALF-HOLIDAY GUIDE-BOOK.—Advice: buy *two*, and make it a whole holiday at once. Much better.



“BY YOUR LEAVE!”

BOY IN CHARGE (LORD D-LH-S-E). “NOW, THEN, OLD LADIES—OUT O’ THE WAY!!”

GROSVENOR GALLERY GEMS.



No. 56. Setting the Thames on Fire near Windsor. A Dynamiter in Boat. Two Detectives, disguised as Swans, considering the effect of the first explosion. Notice the smoke on the water. Where there's smoke there's fire. Keeley Halswelle, A.R.S.A.



No. 30. "Got her Head screwed on the wrong way," and Old Gentleman trying to alter it. Haynes Williams.



No. 65. "Shan't play any more," or, a new version of "The Enraged Musician." Herr Joachim interrupted in a solo, tries to see who the deuce is making that noise at the back of the Shilling Gallery. H. Herkomer, A.R.A.



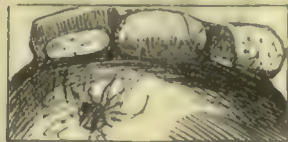
No. 165. "Good morrow to your Nightcap!" or, the Gay Old Dog Bailed for Once. "Three such pretty girls," said the Old Boy to himself. "I'd speak to 'em if I hadn't come out in this confoundedly absurd nightcap." Quite a little "Holiday."



No. 49. How Long? or, to be continued in our next.



No. 32. The Exhausted Laughter, after a real side-splitter. "The best thing I ever heard in my life."

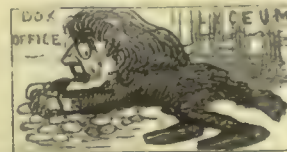


No. 59. Cakes on the top of a green apple. "When this you see, Remember me." Doctor Watts.

• This Picture is called "Study on Brighton Downs." But who on earth would build a study on Brighton Downs?



No. 60. "Her First Note." Very youthful pupil of the Royal College of Music learning to become a Concert-singer. J. E. Millais, R.A.



No. 231. The Lyons Mail. Nemo me in punning laecessit. Wycliffe Taylor.



No. 237. Dress Our own Portrait of the Artist himself who painted No. 237—Grossmith—not the Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, but a Wes Don. Young Lady is afraid she has "made up her arms too white, eh?" Better ask the Artist who painted 'em. Weedon Grossmith.



No. 1. "The Mercenary Musician." She holds out her hand—"Twopence more, and I'll play you another tune." MURRAY.
No. 82. *Without a Bet*; or, *The Eve of the Derby*, and "Nothing On!"

No. 87. "Up a Tree"—like a Bird.
No. 111. "Till all's Blue!" "Nothing left but one colour!" exclaimed the unhappy Artist, "so, like Mr. Eccles, in *Caste*, I'll 'blue it.'" J. M. WHISTLER.
No. 115. Puzzle Picture. Puzzle—To find its artistic merit. J. M. WHISTLER.

No. 119. *Practice makes Perfect*. Young Lady learning how to balance a glass of wine on the tips of her fingers.

No. 172. *Open Confession*.
No. 175. *A Warning*. The greedy sickly girl. Already very unwell, but she will take another sweet from the wicked old Boatman. E. SPENCER STANHOPE.

No. 204. "Oh, Scissors!" Probably a portrait of "Scissor Anne."

AT OXFORD.—"Aunt," said LAVINIA, reading the *Daily Telegraph*, "what does this mean—'The Duke of ALBANY in his D.C.L. robes'?" What does 'D.C.L.' stand for?" Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM thought awhile, and then replied, "Why, of course, my dear, London, Chatham & Dover. Depend upon it, the Duke is one of the Directors, and on State occasions wears the official robes." Miss LAVY was quite satisfied.

FRANCE'S MOTTO.—"Mistress of Tonquin though China squall."

"CORRUPT PRACTICES."

[In the debate on the Corrupt Practices Bill, Mr. WIGGIN said he was a nervous man, and he should like to know whether, under a certain clause, he could meet old political friends in a social way.]

Oh, how hard 'twill be for Members, if, before election time, We are told our English virtue, hospitality's a crime;
And that in election contests you can never be a winner
If you ask your friends to breakfast, or to luncheon, or to dinner.

So no wonder HENRY WIGGIN, of East Staffordshire, declares
That he's nervous when intent upon all hospitable cares;
And he asks, in piteous accents, if he gives his friends good eating,
Will the Judges frown upon him and declare that he's been treating?

May you give a friend a sandwich, but not ask him in to dine?
May you treat him to cold water, but deny him any wine?
And regard as contravention of this most Draconic code a
Glass of sherry and a seltzer, or a brandy and a soda?

You can't ask the little children of constituents to tea,
Without feeling a petition the direct result would be;
Buns and muffins—now, 'tis painful, but we fear it quite the fact is—
Will be looked upon by Judges as corrupt and evil practice.

MR. FORSTER says that "Every man can leave the world better than he finds it." True; but in some cases only by leaving it.

A WORD IN THE SEASON TO THE NEW PICCADILLY WATER-COLOUR WORKS.

EVERYONE is delighted with the New Water-Colour Exhibition when they get there; but as, to arrive at the Galleries, necessitates a terrific ascent of no end of a staircase, such of the visitors as resemble *Hamlet* in being fat and scant of breath, or who are like *Mariana* in the Moated Grange, "awearied,"—in which case we strongly recommend strawberries and cream at the Moated Grange's, not many doors off, before attempting the climb—bitterly complain of the extra exertion in search of High Art. The Art shouldn't be so high, specially as the *raison d'être* of this new Society was to bring Art within reach of all. The advantage of course is that scarcely any one of the Public can visit the Piccadilly Water-Works without puffing violently, and of course a young Institution requires an occasional puff. For ourselves, we shall always be delighted to "give them a lift," as long as they deserve it. But, in this instance, the Managing Committee would do well to set the example by giving themselves a lift, or a double lift—no charge for carriage—which should take the visitors up to the Galleries on the second floor, and deposit them safely. Depend upon it, this is sound advice, though it may seem to be rather a long-winded—but therefore impartial and disinterested—way of putting it.

ONE great advantage of being able to marry your Deceased Wife's Sister is, that you only have one Mother-in-law.—"PAM."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 141.



PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

BUT IN SPITE OF ALL TEMPTATIONS
TO A LOT OF OCCUPATIONS,
HE BECAME A MIDSHIPMAN.

NOTES AT COMMEMORATION.

An Oversight.—When the Public Orator, the Rev. W. W. MERRY, commenced his Commemoration Oration, the Under-graduates who, in the Gallery, were Over-Graduates, forgot to sing out—

"We are a Merry family;
We are! we are! we are!"

An opportunity for a chorus lost for ever, or, at all events, for some time to come, unless they serenade the P. O. before the end of term.

That was a neat *mot* of the "Merry Professor's" when the march from *Scipio* was played, and he remarked that this illustrious Roman was noted for being a very temperate drinker of African wine, whence his *sobriquet*, *Sippy-o' Africanus*.

Mr. NICHOLS, of Balliol, won the Newdigate with a poem about "INEZ DE CASTRO," who, it was understood, was a relation of the notorious Claimant. "But," as the "Merry Professor" said, letting off a real side-splitter, "Ought'un to choose such a subject?" When his audience remembered that the Claimant's name is ORTON, they were convulsed with laughter, and it was some minutes before they recovered their equanimity.

"THE STAR ROUTE FRAUDS."
—In reply to numerous Correspondents, wanting to know whether these frauds have anything to do with the Transit of Venus, or with the provincial tour of some Operatic or Dramatic Celebrity, we can only refer them to the Astronomer-Royal and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Gaiety Theatre.

A BUMPER AT PARTING.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES to sea is gone,
On the *Canada's* deck you'll find him;
Before him fun and hard work well done,
And loving hearts behind him.
Here's the Royal Middy's jolly good health,
As he travels the big world round again!
May he lay up good store of professional wealth
Ere the *Canada's* homeward-bound again!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, June 11.—House of Lords crowded to-night. Question is, "May we marry our Deceased Wife's Sister?" Lord DALHOUSIE says "Yes." Lord CAIRNS says "No." House apparently pretty equally divided; that is, if we take in the Bishops who crowd their benches. Prince of WALES on cross-benches, so is Duke of CONNAUGHT and Duke of ALBANY. Princess of WALES from Gallery above smiles impartially upon the just and unjust. Prince GEORGE and Prince VICTOR by her side. Both thoroughly convinced in favour of Bill. "Tell you what, TOBY," said Prince VICTOR, "When I'm King I'll make those Bishops sit up. If I catch 'em interfering with legislation in this style, blocking the way when majority of House of Commons, and majority of Lay Peers in favour of a Bill, it won't be Seven I'll send to the Tower, but Twenty-Two." Nice straightforward, outspoken young man, Prince VICTOR. So is GEORGE. Wanted to swap knives with me. Quite surprised to

hear I never carried one. Pressed on me bit of twine, two alley taws, an old thimble, and bit of cobbler's wax. Said there was awful fun to be got out of the latter. Mentioned possibility of secretly approaching Speaker's Chair and accidentally leaving compound there. Told him I would look up precedents.

Young Princes, like everyone else, chiefly delighted with speech of Lord BRAMWELL.

"Most remarkable person," said the PRIMATE, turning round to gaze upon him. "Like a bull in a china shop. Not my idea of a judge at all. COLERIDGE nearer the ideal."

Lord COLERIDGE himself deeply shocked at his learned brother making jokes on such a subject. Didn't quite go the length of reproving him, but with half-closed eyes, tone of melancholy in his voice, and head gently oscillating, lamented his levity.

"Remember old *Pecksniff* shaking his head over *John Westlock*?" young VICTOR whispered to brother GEORGE.

Great cheering when figures announced, showing Second Reading carried by 165 votes against 158. Barring Bishops, this is good working majority of twenty-seven.

Lively night in Commons, RANDOLPH broke loose again. Accuses Government of complicity in judicial murder of SULEIMAN SAMI.

"Managed that pretty well, TOBY, doncha think?" he asked me later. "A little bothered at the outset. At one time thought the Government would interfere to save this infamous Pasha, who smokes his cigarette whilst Alexandria is burning, and goes whining and fainting to the scaffold. Meant to make it hot for GLADSTONE conniving at escape after full trial. Then they hang him, and I had on short notice to recast speech. But would do anything for my country and my party."

Business done.—Annuity Bills for ALCESTER and WOLSELEY wrangled through.

Tuesday.—Not having had anything relating to Ireland more



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Old Gentleman (returning from City festivity). "PLEASHM'N, WHERE 'SH M'SHT'R BROWN LIVE!"

Constable (recognising him). "WHY, DEAR ME, SIR, YOU ARE MR. BROWN!"

Mr. B. "AW RIGHT! BU'—WHERE DO I LIVE!"

recently than yesterday, to-day been chiefly devoted to that interesting country.

"Ireland," says Sir CHARLES DILKE, "was clearly foreseen in JOSEPH'S dream—not JOSEPH GILLIS, but the earlier Statesman. Ireland is the lean kine which swallows up all business in the House of Commons, and is no better after the meal."

To-day began with Belfast. Private Bill on, to do something to harbour. JOSEPH GILLIS complained of constitution of present Harbour Board as being too aristocratic. Seems they wash their hands and face more than once a week, put on clean linen on Sunday, go home sober, issue no threatening notices, and were never known to shoot a landlord or stab a jurymen. J. G. would hurl these haughty placemen from power, and make general qualification of constituency similar to that which recently elected Mr. JAMES CAREY on Dublin Corporation.

Discussion continued for two hours. All eyes fixed on SPEAKER. Momentary expectation that he would discover evident sense of the House, and put stopper on JOSEPH.

"If *clôture* ever to be used, we shall see it now," Sir STAFFORD NORTHOTE whispered to Grand Cross, whom I always forget to call Sir RICHARD.

But SPEAKER made no sign. Ventured to hint to Right Hon. Gentleman as we were smoking a cigar together after half-past seven dinner what had been expected of him.

"All very well for you fellows, TOBY," says he, "to fret and fume. But there is something due to me. I am here day after day, hour after hour far into the night, and must have my recreation sometimes. Nothing more soothing to me than voice of JOSEPH GILLIS. Feel invigorated and wound up for night's work after couple of hours' conversation by JOSEPH and his Brethren on such subject as Belfast Harbour. Of course, it's little awkward for public business; but we must average that. I must live; and if I find rest and recreation in this way, what does that matter to you?"

SPEAKER a little cross, I thought, but day hot, and House sure to be made at nine o'clock. He's quite right; and, though we can't understand source of enjoyment, too much to grudge it to best Speaker known to this generation.

Business done.—Three lines of Corrupt Practices Bill passed through Committee.

Wednesday.—Quite a quiet afternoon, although first Bill was an

Irish one. McCOAN moved the Second Reading from bench below Gangway on Liberal side. Used to settle national affairs from front bench below Gangway opposite, but thought it judicious to move.

"Don't care to have a fellow like O'KELLY behind me," he says. "Never know what may happen. Sitting here, can keep my eye on him. If I see him feeling for a pistol, can at once rise on point of order."

Mr. RAMSAY took advantage of absence of interesting topics in House to devote hour or so to HOME-SECRETARY. Remarkable sight to see Grandiose Old Man button-holed, or led about by RAMSAY. 'Twas not always thus. Was a time when the Member for Falkirk was treated as ordinary Members, particularly Scotch Members. But Mr. RAMSAY not to be easily shaken off. One afternoon Grandiose Old Man, strolling out of House, stroking his chin, and giving other evidence of being sunk in profound thought. RAMSAY, just entering, accosted him. G.O.M. passed on as if he were bodily in the clouds. But RAMSAY not a man to be trifled with. Old Covenanter blood up. Seized HARCOURT by sleeve, and, forcibly pulling him up, said—

"Aye, aye! surely a Scotch Member may speak to a Secretary of State."

And he did. Since then, pretty to see Grandiose Old Man, when entering Lobby, anxiously looking round to see if RAMSAY'S about. Will take any bye-way to escape him; but, once those shaggy eyebrows bent upon him, and those well-known accents in his ear, becomes docile as a child, and yields without a struggle.

RAMSAY, having conquered, is merciful. Kept him only an hour this afternoon, whilst sketched plan for new Scotch Ministry.

Thursday.—At work on the Corrupt Practices Bill. Soothed and inspired by presence of Mr. CHARLES LEWIS. Not seen much of him of late Sessions. Been usefully employed in United States. Mr. MACARTNEY tells me, in interests of his constituency. Back again now, and buckling to work with old energy. Has always come out strong on question of purity of election. His famous White Waistcoat first dazzled House of Commons nine years ago on question of issue of writ for some peccant borough. Now, when Bill is proposed for enforcing purity of Election, Mr. LEWIS naturally to the fore, though the White Waistcoat is a thing of the past.

"Gone away in the *Ewigkeit*," Captain O'SHEA says.

Don't know what *Ewigkeit* is. Suppose it's Celtic for washer-

woman. But though White Waistcoat flames no more, all the grace and culture of which (taken in conjunction with the square-cut black coat and trousers to match) it was the emblem, remain. All very well for ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who is in charge of Bill, and resents delay, to state openly in the House that Mr. LEWIS is representative of Solicitors who are threatened with diminution of bills of costs by operation of the proposed Act. Everyone knows that Member for Derry is influenced by no other motive than the desire for purity of Election, and the prevalence generally of the Good and the True.

Sir TREVOR LAWRENCE tells pretty story in support of his Amendment. Parson writes to him on behalf of congregation, intimating that they think Liberals and Conservatives much the same thing, specially Liberals. What they regard as of much more importance, is to free their chapel from debt. "Those who give most," writes this model Pastor, "are regarded as our best friends, and thereby will be influenced about two hundred votes."

"Now, that," said Mr. GIBSON, "is a style I like. No beating about the bush, but comes direct to the point. Two hundred votes going to the highest bidder. Boxes will be held at the door, and voluntary played on the harmonium whilst competition goes forward."

Committee inclined to take matter seriously, and Sir TREVOR LAWRENCE's Amendment, designed to check Pastors with evenly-balanced minds, likely to be accepted.

Business done.—Carried Clause One of Corrupt Practices Bill.

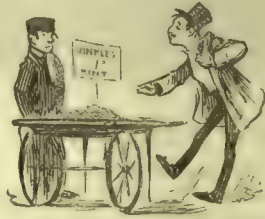
Friday.—Corrupt Practices all afternoon. Question of what is undue spiritual influence. Have valuable ruling on the subject from JOSEPH GILLIS. Mr. CALLAN also contributes to general information. Began on page 1, line 26. Left off at 26th line of first page.

"This Committee," mused The O'GORMAN MAHON, "is like the farmer and the claret. You get no forrader with it."

PLAYS UPON PLAYS.



Impulse.



Rip Van Winkle.

A CHARITABLE THOUGHT-READER.

ABOUT three thousand persons were assembled last week in the Great St. James's Hall to benefit, by their guineas, five-shilling-pieces, and half-crowns, that excellent Charity, the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children. These three thousand would-be benefitters of the afflicted infants had also another aim in view—they had come to see a really genuine good stand-up "row" between Mr. BISHOP, an American, and the Senior Member for Northampton.

Mr. BISHOP, when he appeared, was self-possessed, but indistinct. Finding this, the half-crown benefitters of afflicted childhood seated in the back gallery shouted savagely to him to "speak up." Mr. BISHOP did "speak up," and proceeded to form what he called "a Committee." He nominated Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA and the Bishop of NEWCASTLE to belong to this indefinite body, but neither of the "inseparables" just mentioned condescended to put in an appearance. However, a Volunteer Colonel, an ex-Chief Constable, an innocent-looking old Clergyman, and last, but unquestionably not least, Mr. WADDY, Q.C., M.P., did step up, and take their seats on the chairs which Mr. BISHOP said he had reserved for them. Then the "Thought-Reader" had a good deal to say about Messrs. LABOUCHERE and FIRTH, of an uncomplimentary character, and the charitably-disposed towards suffering babyhood yelled with delight. But when he proceeded to expose some well known "spiritualistic tricks" the audience were less satisfied.

"We have paid our money to see the Thought-Reading!" shrieked an infant-soother, "and we don't want anything else."

Then what the newspapers usually call a "scene of indescribable confusion" ensued, until oil was poured upon the troubled waters by the election of Mr. WADDY, Q.C., M.P., to be Chairman. From this point the talking was incessant. The Chairman, having once broken the ice, seemed to be never tired of taking the audience into his confidence. He walked from side to side of the platform, smiling through his spectacles, and holding up his hand to the now very noisy and very angry friends of the children, to demand their attention. At length Mr. BISHOP said he would find a pin, and Mr. LANE FOX was deputed by the rage-maddened audience to hide it. He did conceal it—in an opera hat.

Mr. BISHOP, after being blindfolded, seized upon the "Eminent Electrician," and, casting aside all considerations of personal dignity, hurried him hither and thither about the hall. At last the "Thought-Reader" stopped, and, after declaring he could do nothing with his companion, slapped his (Mr. BISHOP's) forehead, dived down under a chair (accompanied by Mr. LANE FOX), and returned (accompanied by Mr. LANE FOX) holding the opera-hat in which was sticking the now safely-recovered pin.

The fickle friends of invalidated childhood roared with applause. For the moment Mr. BISHOP was the popular hero, and everyone regarded Mr. LANE FOX (again, only for the moment) as a personal enemy of several years' standing. The "Thought-Reader" returned to the platform, and again Mr. WADDY, Q.C., M.P., resumed his harangue. But an earnest sympathiser with the exalted objects of the Victoria Hospital in the body of the hall objected to anything further being done until Mr. BISHOP had discovered the number of a "five" of which he (the earnest sympathiser) proudly declared himself to be the owner. His suggestion was received with howls of execration.

Then Mr. WADDY, Q.C., M.P. (whose flow of talk seemed to be interminable), with uplifted hand and eyes smiling through spectacles, suggested that Mr. BISHOP should guess the number of a bank-note which, although belonging apparently to Mr. RUSSELL, Q.C., had, somehow or other, got into the possession of Professor RAY LANCASTER. Mr. BISHOP wavered. Upon this, the not-to-be-too-greatly-trusted-alleviators-of-the-pains-of-infancy turned upon him like one man, and savagely jeered at him. Then Mr. RUSSELL, Q.C., angrily left the Hall. This proceeding caused fresh shouts of hate, which only subsided when it was found that he had left his note behind him. Professor LANCASTER explained that he was the happy possessor of the valuable tissue-paper in question, and refused, on any consideration whatever, to part with it. And as this bold and determined announcement seemed to cause the Entertainer much annoyance, the audience applauded the Professor to the echo.

I heard subsequently that Mr. BISHOP *did* tell the number of a note belonging to a Gentleman who was rather coldly received as "the friend of Mr. STANHOPE, M.P.," after a great deal of bickering and arrangement. But let that pass. For, in or about the time of the "Lancaster incident," our Entertainer announced that any of afflicted childhood's wealth-bestowing friends who wanted their money returned might have it back on applying at the Office. Acting upon this suggestion, I rose stealthily and left the Hall. And now a most remarkable specimen of "Thought Reading" occurred. Just as I imagined I had a guinea (the price of a stall) well within my reach, the attendant at the door discovered that I was turning it over in my own mind that I, personally, had not paid for admission. Well, well, I did not get the money. What of that—the Victoria Hospital is an excellent Charity!

APPROPRIATE REWARD OF MERIT.

ON *dis* that Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN and the energetic managers of the Fisheries Exhibition are to be made Honorary Fellows of All Soles College, Oxford.

THE IRISH JUROR BOYCOTTED.—Poor Mr. FIELD! His is a very hard case, and we trust the subscriptions will come in handsomely to start him in a new country. As a Juror he showed himself "a fair FIELD," and unfortunately he gets "no favour."

THE DUN OF BEN NEVIS.—An Observatory.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."



Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., as
Horatio Sparkins.

University Matches.

As the old-established Colleges at the two great Universities have produced the College Don, why shouldn't the new feminine foundations of Newnham and Girton develop the College Donna? And then, barring statutes in special cases imposing celibacy, what cause or just impediment will there be why those two personages should not be joined together in holy matrimony?

A CARDINAL POINT.—When an Ecclesiastical Dignitary tries to be all things to all men, he generally ends by being "Nothing to Nobody."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE WESTMINSTER WAX-WORKS.—THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 18.—Mr. BRIGHT "been saying things" down at Birmingham. Mr. JAMES LOWTHER shocked. Lord RANDOLPH horrified. Mr. CHAPLIN indignant. Agree that Sir STAFFORD must do something. Sir STAFFORD not quite sure about wisdom or safety of course suggested.

"People living in glass-houses throwing stones, and that sort of thing, you know," he murmured. But Truthful JAMES insistent.

"If there's one thing I can't bear," he says, "it's strong language. Let us, above all things, be moderate. We differ from Gentlemen opposite on matters of opinion; but don't let us therefore accuse them of maltreating their mothers-in-law. BRIGHT's example might be followed by younger Members like RYLANDS and DILLWYN, if left unrebuked. Practice might spread. Might reach even our side, and then think of disgrace to our cause!"

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE still doubtful, but yields to argument, and here's Mr. BRIGHT to-night dragged up for judgment.

"Brought a sheet with you, JOHN?" the waggish WILFRID said as the Birmingham Heavy Weight appeared. "Got a candle in your pocket? You'll look well standing at the Bar doing penance."

Turns out to be a mistake somewhere. Penance last idea in JOHN's mind. "Seems," as Sir CHARLES FORSTER says, "leg's on other boot." The Conservative Party are had up for punishment, whilst the Irish "rebel" Party get a slogging, under which they shout and toss in impotent pain. Even the blameless RANDOLPH is seized by collar, and roughly shaken. Grand Cross in terrible trepidation. Almost piteously begged for "something the House could accept as apology."

"I thought we'd better have left him alone," says Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, wishing it were over.

In excitement of moment no one answered Mr. MARUM's conundrum. Mr. MARUM a gentleman with red face and inoffensive manners. When he suddenly sprang up in interruption of PREMIER, House painfully surprised. Didn't expect such a thing of him. But MARUM once aroused not easily quelled. Insisted on right to speak. House yelled "Order!" Mr. MARUM defiantly shook his head. Irish Members cheered madly. SPEAKER rose. PREMIER resumed seat. MARUM still on legs sternly facing uproar. A lull. Then MARUM speaks.

"Is it in order," he says, amid silence appalling by contrast with recent uproar, "that the PRIME MINISTER should assume that no one should speak from these benches when they have not got the opportunity of speaking as they are prepared—or NOT?"

House paused a moment, trying to master this remarkable problem. Giving it up, burst into a roar of laughter, that lasted several minutes.

"Captain Bunshy, by gad!" said Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE. "The bearings of this observation lay in the application on it."

An alien Legislature might laugh; but Mr. MARUM had posed them. Let them answer his conundrum, or honestly give it up.

Business done.—Agreed to one Amendment on the Corrupt Practices Bill.

Tuesday Night.—LYON PLAYFAIR (whom really don't know

whether I ought to call Sir LYON) delivered another interesting lecture. Subject not attractive. Small-pox, in fact, which, on the whole, is a little worse than vivisection. But the lecture so fascinating that unpleasantness of subject lost sight of. Lecture lasted Professorial hour. Benches rapidly filled up. Students most orderly. No shuffling of feet, coughing, or other noises, though plenty of applause. PETER TAYLOR sat on back bench, shaking his head, and taking voluminous notes. Pretty to see the pitying smile of Mr. HOPWOOD, as he regarded the applauding crowd.

"Wonderful simplicity about this House, TOBY," he said to me, afterwards. "A little learning goes a far way with them. Will believe anything, if figures are quoted, and scientific illustrations introduced. I could have rolled up PLAYFAIR in ten minutes. But wasn't worth while; and perhaps House wouldn't have heard me. They don't like real erudition."

Great hue and cry after Mr. MAYNE. Gone off with Sir ARTHUR HAYTER's hat. Sir ARTHUR, worn out with departmental work, and attendance on House, falls asleep in Library. Puts his hat on table; new one last week. Cost guinea-and-half. Rather proud of it. Division-bell rings; wakes up; seizes hat; fancies it's limp. Looks again, and discovers it's positively decrepit, and hung round with habiliments of woe, in shape of crape band. Police inquiry. HOWARD VINCENT comes down. "Who was in room when you fell asleep?" "Only Mr. MAYNE." Examine hat. Find A. M. written inside lining. Cordon of Police thrown round the House. Police boat off the terrace reinforced. Search for MAYNE. Can't be found. Look out for him next day. Doesn't turn up. Suspicions deepen. RICHARD POWER, threatened with arrest as accomplice, confesses he's gone to Monaghan on Electoral business. This looks serious. Question whether to canvas votes in new hat of Minister of the Crown is not corrupt practice.

"Anyhow," says Mr. O'SULLIVAN, "it's a very Mayne trick. I Hayter thing of that sort."

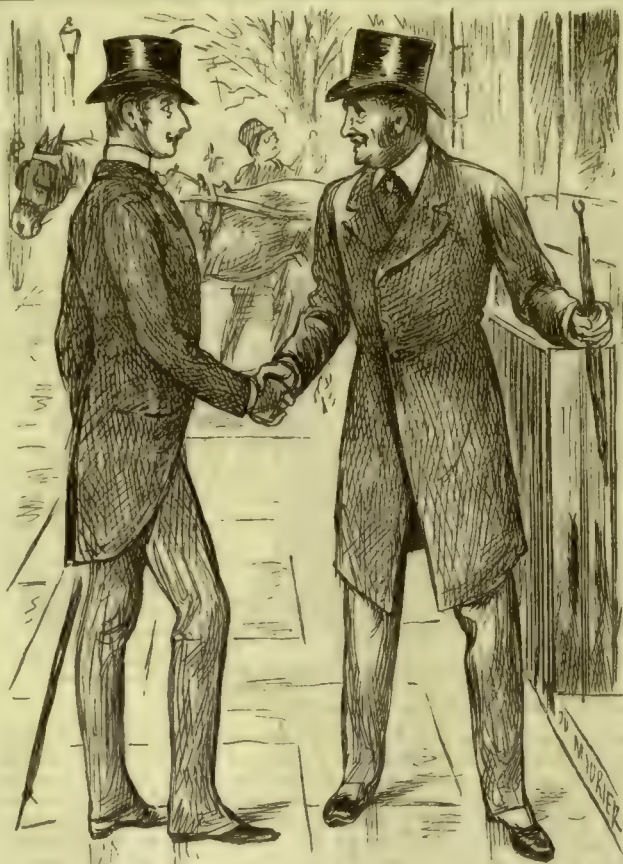
Sir CHARLES FORSTER, soon as he heard of it, called to pay visit of condolence to Sir ARTHUR. "I know what it is to lose a hat," said the Hon. Baronet, with tears in his eyes.

Business done.—Anti-Vaccination craze received death-blow.

Wednesday.—More conundrums from Irish Members. Mr. SHIEL wants to know what section of Irish Party O'DONNELL belongs to. This worse than MARUM's. House gives it up on the spot. O'DONNELL himself quite taken aback. Thinks SHIEL should have given notice of question. Answering off-hand, he should say he represents FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL; in brief, he's the Fifth Party.

Terrible young man when once roused, is young SHIEL. "Looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth," says JOSEPH GILLES, admiringly, "and yet he goes for O'DONNELL. Neat hit that about using the stationery of the Irish Parliamentary Party to write letters to newspapers. Must cultivate SHIEL's acquaintance. Wonder if he's partial to mild breakfast-bacon. Looks as if he was. Shall send him half a side." Business done.—Irish.

Thursday.—Criminal Code Bill dropped. Been dropping for some



SOME PEOPLE HAVE SUCH A PLEASANT WAY OF PUTTING THINGS.

"NOW DO LET ME PROPOSE YOU AS A MEMBER."

"BUT SUPPOSE THEY BLACKBALL ME?"

"POOH! ABSURD! WHY, MY DEAR FELLOW, THERE'S NOT A MAN IN THE CLUB THAT KNOWS YOU, EVEN!"

time. Fall precipitated by strategic action on part of Mr. WARTON. Got up early this morning. At door of Committee before twelve. Whenever Conservative Member approached with intent to enter room, WARTON offered him pinch of snuff. Member took it. Curious effects follow. Great drowsiness came over him. Began to yawn. Showed strong disposition to sit down on floor. Mr. WARTON offered arm. Gratefully accepted. Led Member off to neighbouring Committee-Room not in use. Helped him to a chair, and left him there. Turned key in door. Went off to watch for another Member. Snuff-box again, with same result, till he'd got from fifteen to twenty Hon. Gentlemen sitting on chairs fast asleep.

Meanwhile, Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY (no relation to elderly ROBERT) sitting in chair waiting for quorum. ATTORNEY-GENERAL's usually sweet temper ruffled by mysterious delay on part of Members accustomed to put in appearance. Went to door to look out. Nothing to be seen but Mr. WARTON pensively surveying the ceiling of the corridor. "Late in coming, ain't they? Take a pinch of snuff, Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL."

JAMES glared at him. Went back. Half-past Twelve; no quorum. Twenty minutes to One; twenty Members just made up. WARTON softly unlocked Committee-Room Door. Honourable Members began to stretch their arms and yawn. WARTON sitting in seat and listening with interest to Mr. LABOUCHERE's calculation of how long it would take Committee to finish Bill. Presently Members began to stroll in. Come in twos and threes, looking horribly sleepy, complaining of closeness of day. Exhausting labours in House; up late at night. Quite sleepy at middle of day; must have Committee-Room better ventilated.

Too late to save Bill. If Members won't come in to make a quorum, what's the use of struggling with it? So Bill abandoned, and Mr. WARTON, carefully emptying snuff-box in grate, fills it from another packet, and helps himself to congratulatory pinch.

Business done.—Passed Clause 3 of Corrupt Practices Bill.

Friday.—Some mistake about Sir ARTHUR HAYTER's hat. MAYNE

back from Ireland, indignantly denies accusation. Produces his own hat, which, as JOSEPH GILLIS says, is quite "on royle."

"That's all very well," says Sir ARTHUR HAYTER, a little crossly; "but who's got the hat?"

Horrible suspicion seizes the mind. *Can it be Sir CHARLES FORSTER?* Happy thought. Try his hat on, and see how it will fit. Sir CHARLES FORSTER tracked. Seen to deposit his hat in locker accidentally left open in corridor. Goes away and forgets where he put it. When out of sight, Sir ARTHUR tries it on. Comes down to his ears. Plainly, Sir CHARLES is innocent. But who is the culprit? In white band-box, hanging on hook in cloak-room, is the venerable deposit with its covering of rusty crape. But where's Sir ARTHUR HAYTER's hat?

All afternoon at Corrupt Practices Bill. Made precious little progress. At night biter bit. WARTON delivering interesting speech, when JOSEPH GILLIS counted him out. J. G. says only his fun, but WARTON wrath. Prospect of coolness between these eminent men.

THE BRITISH ARMY—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

(In three short Essays.)

ESSAY No. I.—ON THE ENGLISH SOLDIER IN THE PAST.

EVERY Regiment was filled with the outcome of the gaols, and the country depended for a second line of defence upon a compulsory Militia. The men spent their whole lives with the colours. They were either kidnapped, or decoyed into the Army. They joined wearing bonds of drink, or chains of penal servitude. For all this they won Blenheim, Plassey, Alexandria, and Waterloo.

ESSAY No. II.—ON THE ENGLISH SOLDIER IN THE PRESENT.

The constitution of the Army, nowadays, is changed annually. For the moment the recruit is enlisted for short service, then passed into the Reserve, then recalled by a large bounty to the colours to fill up vacancies. By this simple means the Reserve is turned into a farce, and long service is re-established at a considerable additional outlay. Recently, all *esprit-de-corps* has been destroyed by giving the Regiments new titles, and thus crossing out with a stroke of the pen the memories of a long list of British victories. But the names have not only been altered. The colour of the uniform is to be changed from red to drab, and the standards, once proudly borne aloft, are to be permanently abolished. Moreover, the Militia are neglected, the Yeomanry ignored, and the Volunteers laughed at. The men of the Regular Army are treated like slaves—they are passed from the Regiment they prefer to the Regiment they dislike, without the smallest regard to their feelings, and everywhere the Queen's livery is accepted as a badge of disgrace. In fact, the British troops of the present day are mismanaged, overworked, and insulted. In spite of this they were defeated in South Africa.

ESSAY No. III.—ON THE ENGLISH SOLDIER IN THE FUTURE.

There will be no English soldier in the future!

OUR OFFICIAL GUIDE.

PART VI.—CONCLUSION.

BEFORE leaving the great Fisheries Exhibition, it is the duty of every visitor to partake of the celebrated Sixpenny Dinner. This obligation is generally admitted, as the crowd standing before the barrier in front of the economical refreshment room amply proves. All that is required by the would-be diner is patience. However, as a guide should be, if not "a philosopher," at least "a friend," it may be as well to describe the process, *pour encourager les autres*, who, on this occasion, may be said to be represented by the luxurious, the impatient, and the wasteful.

Golden rule—"First get your sixpence." Have it ready in your right hand, so that it may be tendered at exactly the proper moment. Armed with your coin of admission, you can join the struggling throng of miscellaneous humanity who continually press onwards towards the door leading to the plates of cheap fish and boiled potatoes. You will have ample leisure to study that grandest of subjects (according to POPE), your fellow-man. By degrees you will get nearer to the long-looked-for portal, and then the rumour will reach you that the Public are being admitted in batches of twenties and thirties. By-and-by you will work your way to the spot sacred to the presence of a conversational Policeman. Then you will obtain your first glance of the banquet which is the object of your greediest aspirations. How you will hate the dawdlers who play with their bread, or trifle with their beer! Unless you are qualified by natural sweetness of disposition for canonisation, you will mutter a curse as you watch old women taking five-and-twenty minutes to discuss a fried slip, and twice as long to tell a seemingly uninteresting story to their kith and kin. You will find the presence of the conversational Policeman quite an acquisition. With a little encouragement, he



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. NO. 4.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO STATION. *Puzzle*—To FIND THE TRAIN YOU WANT, OR ANYONE ABLE TO GIVE YOU ANY INFORMATION.

will tell you all his sorrows; how long he has to stand at the door, how hot it is, or how cold, until at last you will almost be compelled to force a shilling into his honest hand. Restraining yourself with a mighty effort, you will *not* tip the blue-coated representative of the Law. In spite of your virtue thus honourably exhibited, the Policeman will not become more reticent. Nay, it is possible that, on the contrary, he may even describe to you the terrors of the pangs of thirst. But all things must come to an end—even a wait before the doors of the Sixpenny Dinner, and the sorrows of a conversational Policeman. Of a sudden a Gentleman will appear at a turnstile, and, with the permission of the perspiring representative of the Law, you will enter with a rush, after hurriedly exchanging your sixpence for a refreshment-ticket. You will sit down at a table with a dirty cloth, and, after several attempts to claim attention, at length catch the eyes of an overworked young person in a cap.

"Boiled or fried?" the overworked young person in a cap will ask, as she hurriedly passes you. You will reply, and if then you answer "Boiled," you will be supplied with a mass of fish covered with melted butter; if "Fried," you will receive a gigantic helping of something brown. But not at once! Oh, dear, no! You must wait your turn; and, when the smoking dish is set with a jerk on the dirty cloth in front of you, you may rest and be thankful! However, while you are still dinnerless, an occasional glance at the weary faces outside the barrier will cause you to thank your lucky stars that you have at least "got in." But, when you have eaten your sixpennyworth of fish, bread, and potatoes, it may possibly occur to you that the game may not have been exactly worth the candle. On leaving, you will be possibly told that the dinners are supplied at a loss, borne by the Baroness BURDETT-COURTIS. Of course, this is satisfactory, so far as it goes—but, emphatically, no further. Sixpence for a hot wait, a dirty cloth, and a plate of fish is extremely cheap. It will be as well to bear in mind, however, *à propos de rien*, that some things which are cheap are also nasty!

And now our task is done. Among the miscellaneous articles of interest in the Exhibition may be enumerated some stuffed fish in cases and a very good sort of custard-powder. There is also a pleasant bookstall, where you can buy paper-covered novels. Besides these exhibits there is an Aquarium, which has but one fault. To quote a

Lady's opinion anent it, "The tanks would be charming if they didn't contain fish!"

One word of advice in conclusion. Don't try to see everything, but be satisfied with what seem (in the eyes of the Public) to be the principal objects of interest. And here is a model programme, which if followed, will secure the desired result:—

10 A.M.—Entering the Exhibition. Sit down and rest.

10 15 A.M.—Looking at Lady BRASSEY's feather-cloak.

10 30 A.M.—Examining the fish knives and forks made out of lobster shells.

10 45 A.M.—Glimpse at the Prince of WALES's Pavilion.

11 A.M.—Waiting for admission to the Sixpenny Dining-room.

12 NOON.—Ditto.

1 P.M.—Ditto.

2 P.M.—First mouthful of Sixpenny Dinner.

2 5 P.M.—Last ditto of ditto.

2 10 P.M.—*En route* for the Bandstand.

2 15 P.M.—Arrival in the Horticultural Gardens.

3 P.M.—Still waiting for the Band.

4 30 P.M.—Enjoying the Band.

7 P.M.—Home.

In conclusion, as a general rule you should avoid nets, shun life-boats, ignore fishing-rods, and give a wide berth to tinned provisions. If, however, you are perverse, and *will* try to master thoroughly the various entries in the Official Catalogue, why then, unless your brain be bother-proof, you will run a good chance of qualifying for admittance to the excellent establishment so honourably associated with the name of Dr. NEWINGTON. Briefly, if you *will* attempt too much, you will commence with "sunny ocean," and end with "lu-na-cy!"

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord WOLSELEY have pronounced decidedly against the Channel Tunnel. They consider it dangerous. Both are excellent soldiers—*Cela va sans dire*; and the above expression of opinion goes to prove that they must be also first-rate sailors; as, if they were not, but are still fond of a run over to Paris for a little holiday, they would probably be all in favour of the Tunnel, and dead against the short (!) sea passage—which is such a sad passage in the life of most of us lubberly Islanders.

A TURN AT THE HANDEL.

A MARVELLOUS sight! Four thousand singers, and an Orchestra of four hundred and forty-one performers! Why forty-one? Why couldn't he have left it at a round number, and stayed away? But



"A Manns a man for a' that"—
and so he has proved himself.

some people never know when they are not wanted. I fancy that forty-first man—the "odd man out"—must have been the performer on a side-drum who broke loose (quite enthusiastically) twice on the first day, getting well away from the chorus, and keeping two bars ahead till pulled up by Mr. MANNS. If Mr. MANNS had had another conducting-rod by him, that forty-first man would have known it. What could have induced this extra performer to present himself when the round number of four hundred and forty had been arrived at? There are some people who never know when they are in the way, and here was an instance in point.

While all the approaches to the Palace by road and rail are thronged, the Palace gardens are deserted. At a side-door an idle waiter is smoking a quiet pipe. On the approach of our party he tries to look as if the pipe had got into his mouth much against his will, and turns away from us as if to admire the view. He, at all events, does not seem in the least excited by the grandeur of the occasion. Our party of three enters by a way leading into the Aquarium, up a damp and melancholy staircase, where are some old ragged and half-faded advertisements on the walls, and some mouldy-looking submarine rocks in a glass case,—suggesting the idea of neglected fish having lived and died there, in sheer despair of ever being noticed by anybody. Evidently this staircase is not much used. On the landing there are the usual turnstiles, and a man in authority who appears surprised at seeing us. He narrowly scrutinises our party, and carefully examines our tickets before committing himself to the assertion that it is "all right." Having obtained permission, which, by the way, is grudgingly conceded, we enter the building by the Conservatory, and suddenly find ourselves between two lines of people drawn up in military fashion to receive somebody of importance. There was a murmur of "Here they come!" as we strolled in, followed by a dissatisfied antistrophe of "No, they don't!" accompanied by such looks of resentment and such expressions of disappointment as convinced me at once that it wasn't our party which had been anxiously expected.

In the distance I catch a glimpse of some persons, not, apparently from this point, many, and I begin to wonder what has become of



The Hand-all Festival.

the Royal Party, expected to arrive here (or, if not, why these two rows of spectators marshalled by occasional police?), have, as a kind of practical joke, entered by another way, and have taken their seats, where I subsequently get a good view of them, in a sort of magnificent Doll's House, beautifully furnished, with the front part open and no staircases inside. Here they sit, looking in the distance (everything from where my central seat is, is in the distance, more or less, to me) like the dolls themselves, elegantly dressed; the Prince of TECK being very much *en évidence* as a very round, com-

fortable, fresh-coloured doll in morning costume, such as may be seen in any model gathering in the window of a big toy-shop in Regent Street, or at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli.

The first part has commenced as I pass in and am searching for my chair. I turn round and take in everything at a *coup d'œil*. There is Mr. MANNS conducting, with his face to the Chorus, and his back to a bust, presumably of HANDEL. The Sculptor had evidently taken the great Composer unawares just as he had got out of bed, apparently after a hard night of it, for the bust looks dreadfully bilious, and the nightcap has a rakish, devil-may-care sort of air—suggestive, in fact, of anything but the sort of air we are accustomed to associate with the name of HANDEL.

On Mr. MANNS's right sits Madame TREBELL in a morning dress, without a bonnet, looking as if she were quite at home, and intended making a day of it. Next to her is Signor FOLI, who, when not vocalising, appears to be amusing himself by making faces at no one in particular. On Mr. MANNS's left sits Mr. MAAS, looking as much at his ease as a gentleman at a banquet who, unaccustomed to public speaking, has been informed that, in the absence of some popular individual, he may be called upon by the Chairman, at any moment, to return thanks for the Ladies.

A polite official whispers something in my ear as to the position of my chair. He repeats it. I cannot catch it. Once more he repeats his information louder. "My dear Sir," I reply to him, "if you will only stop that Chorus"—which at this moment is singing a jovial sort of air, the words of which sound to me something like "Bob merrily" repeated over and over again—"if you will only get that Chorus to be quiet for one second, I shall be able to hear what you are saying." The Polite Official smiles, shrugs his shoulders, bows, points to block B, and, referring to my ticket, I pass on, and arrive at my destination.

Signor FOLI rises in his place, and sings "*And I will shake*"—which he does to any extent. The effect conveyed to me by this *basso profundo* shake is the notion of a convivial Gentleman who having come away, in a very happy state, from a late supper, and having somehow lost his way in an underground passage, is trying to make the best of the situation by attempting as much as he can remember of a jovial chorus in which he had recently been joining.

It occurs to me that Mr. MANNS is considerably annoyed by a screen, placed between himself and the elevated Organ-man who is perched up aloft like "the sweet little cherub who keeps watch for the life of poor JACK"—(*Happy Thought*—suggestion for a Kate Greenaway Fishery picture)—over the top of which appears from time to time the head of a Policeman in a helmet, reminding me of the scene in *Macbeth* when "the apparition of an armed head rises." The Policeman peers about cautiously, his movements, as far as I can judge from the head and shoulders, being very much like those of a Punch doll worked from below, or of one of those dummy figures employed, also behind a screen, in Lieut. COLE's Ventriloquial Entertainment. Once I think he catches Mr. MANNS' eye, and so energetic is that eminent Conductor's action, that the probability evidently occurs to the Policeman of his catching something else—Mr. MANNS' *bâton*—at his head, if he doesn't disappear; and so, discretion being the better part of valour, he does disappear accordingly. He comes up again, however; only the head and shoulders, of course—surreptitiously, but being invariably detected, and immediately baffled by Mr. MANNS' energy in any attempt at giving an entertainment on his own account (just to lighten the Festival), he instantly makes a sort of apologetic bow towards the Conductor—who is not to be softened by this—and vanishes.

Between the parts there is a tremendous run on the buns, ices, teas, coffees, and sandwiches. Waiters do marvels in the way of carrying heavily-laden trays through obstructive crowds. They remember that "Who breaks, pays,"—and I don't hear a smash



"When lovely woman stoops to Foli."



"A sweet little Cherub sits perched up aloft, to keep watch for the life of poor Jack."



On the Beat, or Waiting for the Conductor's Bâton.

anywhere. After a few refreshment-bars' rest, the second part commences, and we are "all in to begin."

I come to the conclusion that the repetitions in an Oratorio are tedious. After a grand Chorus, enter on to the platform Madame ALBANI. Applause from audience, chorus, and orchestra. She wears a bonnet and elegant walking dress, and has quite the surprised and pleased air of a lady who, happening to be passing by the Crystal Palace at the moment, heard some music going on, and has just looked in to see if she could be of any use. Finding a few thousand persons here, she has kindly consented to give them a song, but steadily refuses to join in a chorus.

Mr. SANTLEY uproariously greeted—that is, uproariously for a Handelian audience—sings magnificently, and then we all rise for the "Hallelujah Chorus," and, I think, most of us, carried away by the "go" of it, join in festively—Handelfestively, of course—with all the old spiritual and physical fervour which Eton boys used to throw into their rendering of a popular psalm-chaunt in their College Chapel,—a custom which, as I hear, is nowadays more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Which quotation sounds suggestive of the punishment of Cane—I mean Swish.

I am so carried away by the "go" of the "Hallelujah Chorus" that, finding myself in the train, I don't return, but, escaping the crush, come up comfortably to Town. Glad I've heard it. Don't think I shall trouble an Oratorio again. Prefer taking it in selections. But, thanks to everybody generally, and Mr. MANNE particularly, it has been a big success.

THE SONG OF THE STATUE.

For many long years I confess I've been out of it,
Atop of my Arch in the smoke of the town;
But now I've descended, there's not the least doubt of it,
'Twas really high time that at last I came down!
I find there's a riot,
No order nor quiet,
A tangle of traffic that's quite a disgrace!
I'm not a believer,
My dear SHAW-LEFEVRE,
In all your arrangements at Hamilton Place!
Policemen are scarce, and their movements are blunderful,
And all is confusion, one hardly knows why;
The perils of passengers, frequent and wonderful,
If crossing the roadway they venture to try.
They get in a muddle,
And stand in a puddle,
They're terribly frightened when drivers shout "Hi!"
And lucky's the rover,
Who sometimes gets over—
Without a smashed hat or a shaft in his eye!
See broughams and Victorias, O, it is pitiful,
And horsemen jammed in as they go to the Row;
And busses packed tight on their way to the City full,
With pole upon panel and wheel upon woe!
If you're in a hurry,
It's no use to worry,
And if you grow frantic, you'll find it in vain;
You've this consolation,
On reaching the station,
You'll find you've succeeded in missing the train!
When hopelessly blocked in the traffic vehicular,
And coachmen each other begin to abuse;
And blatant 'bus-drivers are scarcely particular
In choice of the language they frequently use!
When horses are sliding,
And drags are colliding,
And carriages crawling at scarce a foot pace—
My dear SHAW-LEFEVRE,
You're scarce an achiever,
Of glory and order round Hamilton Place!

"How happy could I be with one of those lovely Miss BULLOCKS!" exclaimed an enthusiastic juryman. "I could live happily with her for heifer!"

FASHIONABLE FIXTURES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



One hears a good deal just now about Regimental Dinners. This is clearly a misnomer, for the real Regimental Dinner is only a Kettledrum in the Cavalry.



Four in Hand Club.



La! Cross!



Eatin' v. Harrow.



Play at Lords.



Hen-lay.



Hurling 'em.



Pole-low.



A Fancy Fare.



Crick-it.

A Putty Good Entertainment.

THE War Office Authorities propose to fire the Eighty-one ton guns on the turret of the Admiralty Pier at Dover on July 2nd. It is supposed that the inhabitants will take a holiday and go far away into the country on this occasion. On July 3rd, special trains will run to Dover laden with crates of window-glass, an army of glaziers, and casks of putty, "'Tis true, 'tis putty, putty, 'tis, 'tis true."



BOWLED FIRST BALL!

Algy (just home from School, and about to escort his Sister to a dance.) "BY THE BYE, MOTHER, I'VE QUITE DECIDED TO GO IN FOR SANDHURST!"

Mamma. "THE ARMY IS SUCH A POOR LOOK-OUT, ALGY. SUPPOSE YOU SHOULD WANT TO MARRY SOME DAY!"

Algy. "POOH! MARRIAGE IS AWFUL ROT! I SHALL NEVER MARRY!"

Algy (next morning, after breakfast). "I SAY, MOTHER, WHAT AN AWFULLY JOLLY GIRL MISS BATES IS! I DANCED SIX TIMES WITH HER!"

Mamma. "POOR CISSY BATES! YES—A VERY NICE GIRL, BUT VERY BADLY OFF, I FEAR!"

Algy. "LOOK HERE, MOTHER, I'VE QUITE DECIDED TO GIVE UP THE ARMY, AND GO INTO THE GOVERNOR'S BUSINESS!"

THE DARING DUCKLING.

Oh, where is he going, and what will he do?
And will he to warning give ear and turn back?
Or will he prove deaf to the hullabaloo,
And make his own choice between cackle and quack?
Cluckitty-cluck!
Audacious young duck!

Is he off, prematurely, to try his own luck?

He seemed pretty docile, whilst callow, but, lo!
He has fledged very fast, his wing-feathers are strong;
And look at him! Chicks are not apt to do so,
True chicks that to genuine Partlett's belong.
Floppitty-flop!

Hi! paddler, stop!
What a broad bill! What a precious plump crop!

And then such an appetite! *Wants*,—oh! no end.
A true *Oliver Twist*, always "asking for more."
Not content with the food that the farmyard can lend,
He is off on the forage afar from the shore.
Splashitty-splash!

Terribly rash!
Looks quite suicidal this desperate dash.

A web-footed *enfant terrible* like him
Is likely to flutter the best-managed brood;
He might cackle and strut at his pleasure, but *swim*?
An unnatural freak that can end in no good.
Wobblyty-wobble!
Oh, what a gobble!
Better return, or you'll get in a hobble.

Won't? What a wrong-headed youngster it is!
Leads the old hen, oh! no end of a life.
Something not right in his feathers and phiz
Bothers the brood, and keeps stirring up strife.
Quackitty-quack!
Off! Ah, good lack,
That we could stand, but—*how* will he come back?

A CRUEL FASHION.

How is it that Fashion and Cruelty so often go hand in hand?
We are not speaking of the Cruelty with which fashionable women treat themselves by screwing up their waists and displacing many of their internal organs, but of the manner in which they wear birds and the plumage of birds, and thus cause wholesale slaughter of the fairest denizens of the air. The latest horror in this way, according to a fashion article in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph*, is "white doves' wings," of which the writer says, "Fashion has produced nothing so chaste [Faugh!] for some time": and considerably adds, that it would be better taste only to wear two or three, as "half-a-dozen is the average number now chosen!" We speak of the "gentle sex" when we mean the fairer portion of humanity, but Ladies will not deserve the epithet if they cling to these cruel fashions, and despoil the pretty doves for their adornment.

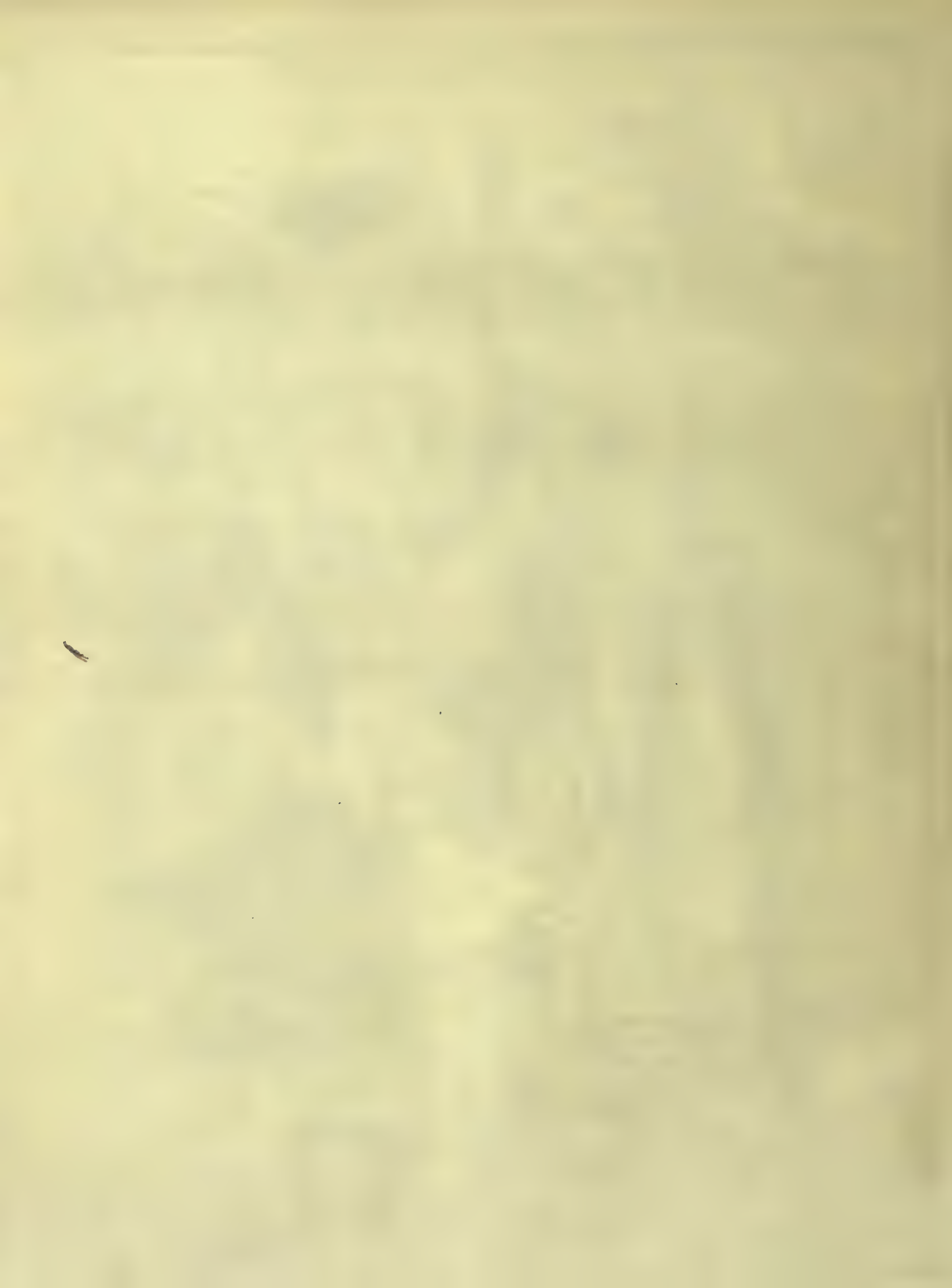
A SLY DOG'S MAXIM (from *Toby's* collection, entitled "*Forty Winks*").—Don't let somebody else's right eye know what your left is doing. (N.B.—This may be also applied pugilistically.)

NOTES FROM THE DIVORCE COURT.—(1) There are two sides to almost all questions, and there is a BUT in every case. (2) A new moon every month. But this does not apply to Honeymoons.



THE DARING DUCKLING.

GRAND OLD HEN. "COME BACK—COME BACK! GOODNESS GRACIOUS—WHERE EVER IS HE GOING TO?"



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS;"

OR, SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC,
UNDER EXALTED PATRONAGE.

THE LORD MAYOR, assisted and supported by

THE ENTIRE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON, will give **A GRAND MEDLEY ENTERTAINMENT**, introducing clog-dancing, double back somersault throwing, daring feats on the inverted trapèze, ditch-dredging, the African high jump, deep-sea diving, and other miscellaneous feats of skill and strength, the whole concluding with a midnight steeple-chase in Epping Forest, for the purpose of raising a fund to provide

A PERMANENT UMBRELLA-STAND for the use of Students frequenting

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC. Tickets, seven Guineas, five Guineas, and a few places still vacant on the Mansion House roof at 41 15s. 6d.

THE MUSICAL OMNIBUS COMPANY Limited.

THE MUSICAL OMNIBUS COMPANY. Extract from abridged Prospectus:—"This Company, formed for the purpose of supplying suitable means of communication between the outlying suburbs and the *Royal College of Music*, has entered into a contract with a well-known firm of mechanical piano-makers, for the construction of twenty of their new recreative vehicles. As they will all at each revolution of the wheel rapidly repeat an elegant and original melody arranged for not less than three strings, and as a distinguished European Conductor will accompany each journey, it is confidently believed a recourse to their use will materially stimulate the musical taste of both inside and outside passengers. N.B.—The attention of investors is specially directed to the fact that as the hind wheels of the Company's Omnibuses have, with a view to the practical illustration of an occasional *perfect cadence* and *inversion at intervals*, been left purposely loose, there is every reason to believe that when the scheme is in full operation, the annual turn-over will be considerable. For further particulars apply to the Secretary."

SINGING IN THE EARS.—Persons desirous of contracting this elegant and melodious malady in a perfectly incurable shape, can communicate with A. B., College Flats facing the College, where a few vacant sets of apartments may still be had on early application.

TO THE MEDIEVAL AND ECCENTRIC.

A GENUINE MINSTREL, who has for seventy consecutive years taken the First Prize in the Annual Harp Competition at the *Royal College of Music*, desires an engagement in a quiet and romantic family, where the services of an aged but accomplished Bard would be considered an adequate return for board, lodging, carriage exercise, and the use, if required, of a coffin. As the Advertiser, who has a long flowing beard, and is of effective appearance, will be ninety-seven on his next birthday, a speedy answer is solicited. N.B.—Would be glad to hear from the Proprietor of the "Welsh Harp" at Hendon.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH has been specially designed for the use of bald students attending

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH is composed of the finest selected Sebastian Bach Hairs.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH should be used at normal intervals *con fuoco*.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH gives tone to the head.

SIR GEORGE GROVE says, "I like the look of it. Send one to MACFARREN."

SIR GEORGE MACFARREN writes, "The Handel is quite a Creation. Send one to GROVE."

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has already received several anonymously in registered envelopes.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH.—Keep ordering of your Musical Publisher till you get it.

WASHING WANTED.—A Graduate, who has taken high honours in Harmony at the *Royal College of Music*, having, owing to the unexpected return of an Oratorio, several suspended chords in his back-garden for which he has no further use, will be happy to make arrangements with families for taking in their washing.—Address, B. PIPER, Mus. Doc., Nightingale Lane, E.

TO THE INFIRM AND AGED.—A Powerful and accomplished kettle-drum player (Savage-Club Student, Chinese-Gong Medallist, First-class Prize-man in *Streptitibus Inhumanioribus*, Mus. B. & S. of Oxford and Cambridge) is desirous of meeting with an aged couple a little hard of hearing, to whose declining years his constant performance on two full-sized Bavarian kettle-drums might prove an agreeable and stimulating solace. Can do thunder-salvos, double-side tattoo, the Styrian surprise, flog-beating, and give a capital imitation of the Storming of Rangoon. Open to any offer. Would not object to taking turns with a fog-signal on a Channel steamer.—By letter, X., Post Office, Deafenham.

ZOOLOGICAL AND URGENT.—An Indian Rajah anxious, in response to the appeal of a distinguished personage, to assist the Royal College of Music, has, through a mistaken translation of the list of wind instruments, presented it with a large consignment of full-grown Cobras. As the Secretary is greatly hampered by the presence of these fine but deadly creatures, who are now loose in the dormitory, and greatly excited by the practice of the Violoncello Class, he will be happy to part with them on easy terms for the purpose of founding a Scholarship on the proceeds.

MUSICAL PITCH.—A large Surplus Stock of this useful commodity now on hand, and to be disposed of at less than cost-price. As the Pitch is in very fine condition, Amateur Yachtmen who have been hitherto unable to go to C comfortably, should order without delay. Apply, enclosing remittance, to the Secretary, as above.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is a fine diatonic beverage.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is much stronger than Treble X.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is far superior to Double Bass.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is more sparkling than Monday Pop.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE can be had in barrel organs.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE may be ordered in octaves.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is supplied in reputed counter-pints.

THE LANCET says, "We have tested the Royal College of Music Ale, and for dancing purposes consider it equal to Hop Bitters."

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT writes, "I prefer it to Meyer-beer."

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

GRADUATES IN DIFFICULTIES from having been unable to dispose of their own musical compositions, can by applying to Mr. F. Sharp, be assisted in effecting one on easy and harmonious terms with their creditors, as above.—Ledger Line Row, E.C.

WHY NOT HAVE A MUSICAL FUNERAL? Anyone sending three postage stamps to "MAESTOSO, care of the Secretary, at the College," will receive by return an exhaustive pamphlet satisfactorily answering this trite and cheerful little question.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLING FELLOWS. The Peninsular and Oriental, Orient, White Star, and National Ocean Steamer Companies, give notice that on and after the First of next month they decline to carry in any part of their vessels, under any pretence whatever, holders of Travelling Fellowships of the Royal College of Music, without receiving a written undertaking that they bring with them no ophicleide, bassoon, double bass, piccolo, triangle, cymbals, side-drum, trombone, or other dangerous instrument, and are willing, if desirous of practising their scales at sea, to be let down into the hold with sealed hatchways.

A RURAL DEAN in a large and populous neighbourhood, to whom it has been intimated that an exalted Royal personage would be gratified by his making some special effort to raise funds for the Royal College of Music, will, on the termination of the Evening Service on Wednesday next, endeavour to stand on his head in his own pulpit. As it is his first essay at any feat of the kind, it is confidently hoped that the attendance will be proportionately large, and that his parishioners will contribute to the Offertory on the occasion, which will be devoted solely to the establishment of a Triangle Scholarship, tenable for life. Further particulars will be announced shortly.

A BROKEN-DOWN QUEEN'S COUNSEL, requiring immediately a few Bars' rest, will be glad to hear from the Secretary, 94A, Lower Serjeants' Inn.

CLERICAL DISCRETION.

ON the part of "the opponents of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill," a morning paper declares that "they have great reason to complain of the trick which has been played them by its promoters." That trick, so called, is simply the introduction into the Bill in Committee of a clause enabling (not compelling) Clergymen to solemnise the marriages which the Bill sanctions in churches. What is the objection to this most fair and equitable provision? That "it will throw on every parson who may object to officiate, the onus of justifying himself in not doing that which an Act of Parliament says may lawfully be done." But how much can that onus weigh? His justification will be that the law allows him to officiate or refuse, as he thinks right. The clause complained of is a conscience clause for him, and surely the onus it imposes on him is not an ounce—indeed, is less heavy than a scruple, or even than a grain. Besides, what is the permission of Clergymen to celebrate the marriages which an Act of Parliament appoints Registrars to effect, but a just allowance of the liberty to use their own discretion, if they have any, as probably very many of them will be found to have, with respect to a ministration which they conscientiously account not only lawful but right? In fact, it is a sort of Parliamentary Dispensation Clause.

READING the *Cornhill Magazine* is taking real pleasure with a great deal of PAYN.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 142.



LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE,

A FOREIGN OFFICE UNDER SECRETARY-BIRD AT QUESTION TIME.

THE TOOLE BIRTHDAY BOOK.

AN *Irving Birthday Book* has just been published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS. Its immediate success justifies the compilation of the *Toole Birthday-Book*, dedicated to the hero of *The Birthday of Podgers*, unique farce, in one Act, by JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. We are enabled to give the following extracts:—

For every Day in the Year.—"I'm a working man, and I've only a hour to get my dinner."—Podgers.

Excursion in August.—"I like to go as near Nature as I can for sixpence."—Caleb Phummer.

Fireside Amusements in November.—"I'll have a game of Bolo and Kachorka."—Artful Cards.

December.—"Still I am not happy"—(but when not "still," I am).—Aladdin.

Masher's Motto when offered a Glass of Port.—"Not before 'the Boy.'"—Aladdin.

"Excuse my glove."—Spitalfields Weaver.

For Tennyson's Birthday.—"Give it to the Bard."—Chavles.

A North-East Wind in March.—"It does make me so wild."—Steeple-chase.

Wedding Day Anniversary.—"I married a girl from Warsaw, and she became warsaw and warsaw."—Stage-Dora.

Disappointment.—"He never could catch the Speaker's eye."—Guffin.

Domesticity.—"He always came home to tea."

DULNESS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—Old Joes quoted at a discount.

A PLAYFAIR TO THE RESCUE.

IF there is one scientific fact more certain than another, one that has been proved beyond the reach of cavil or controversy, it is the efficacy of Vaccination as a preventive of small-pox. Thus, when Mr. PETER TAYLOR got up in the House of Commons, one day last week, and said that there was a mass of testimony to show that Vaccination was a failure, he stated that which was not the fact. And when he added that small-pox had increased since Vaccination had been compulsory, he said, with all due respect to the Honourable Member, that which was not true. We are not sorry, however, that these monstrous mis-statements were made, for it gave Sir LYON PLAYFAIR an opportunity of drawing his lancet, so to speak, and smiting Messrs. TAYLOR and HORWOOD hip and thigh. A man, as he said, had a perfect right to procure for himself an attack of small-pox, if he lived entirely isolated; but he had no such right, if he was a member of a community, to make himself, either in person or by deputy, a focus of contagion.

Well might Sir CHARLES DILKE say that, after the speeches of the Anti-Vaccination fanatics, his own feeling was one of astonishment that, having been frequently vaccinated, he was still alive; and the House showed its full agreement with Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, for only sixteen Members sided with Mr. TAYLOR—crochetty Radicals most of them like Mr. COWEN, for example, who belongs to one party and always votes with the other. The large majority of 270 has, it is to be hoped, settled the question for the present generation at all events, and the terrible scourge of small-pox will still continue to be successfully combated by the immortal discovery of JENNER—one of the greatest gifts bestowed by Providence upon suffering humanity.

SONGS OF THE STREETS.

THE POLITE POLICEMAN AT HAMILTON PLACE.

(Sings.)

WHAT will you do, Ma'am, when you are going—
With smart dress flowing—towards the Row?
What will you do, Ma'am, with all the hurry,
The crush and worry?—I don't quite know!
When people scurry, and cabs advancing,
With horses prancing their course pursue;
Don't take alarm, Ma'am; you'll take no harm, Ma'am;
But take my arm, Ma'am—I'll see you through!

What will you do, Ma'am, when Hansoms clatter,
And panels shatter, and drivers swear?
What will you do, Ma'am, with horses sliding,
And drags colliding?—You're in despair!
But gently chiding, with voice seraphic,
I stop the traffic, at once for you!
So come, you see, Ma'am, in charge of me, Ma'am.
I want no fee, Ma'am—I'll see you through!

A REAL HARPY THOUGHT.—Mr. JOHN THOMAS's—the Bard's—Concert, with an Orchestra of Harps. What an entertainment for the "Welsh Harp" at Hendon, if he had only happened to think of it at the time.



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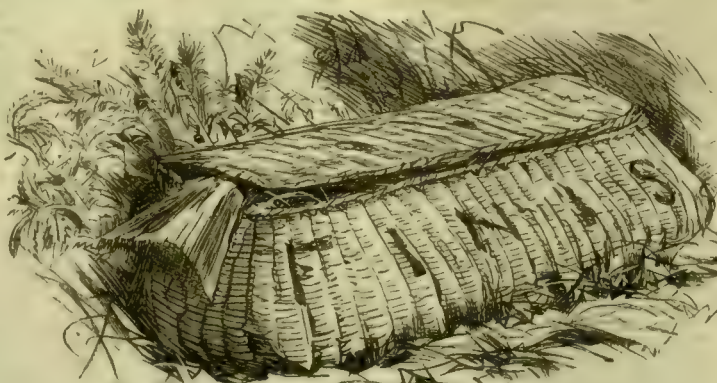
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1883.



"I DRAW, and am not 'drawn,'" said Mr. PUNCH, with significant, though courteous sententiousness.

Brother JONATHAN cast his eyes, gleaming with appreciation and an imminent joke, around the Sage's "snuggery."

"Wal, Siree," said he, winkishly. "I don't know about 'drawn,' but I'll be hanged if you are not comfortably 'quartered.'"

TOBY, who was enacting the part of canine Ganymede, for the occasion, yapped suggestively.

"I guess the *genius loci* inspired me that time, TOBY," said JONATHAN, accepting, and appropriately applying, a tumbler of (sophisticated) hot water. "But *won't* you come, Mister PUNCH?" he continued, entreatingly; "won't you really, now, old hoss?"

"Too old a 'hoss' to be 'trotted out,' friend JONATHAN," returned the Sage, with a genial wink.

"Why, everybody, who is anybody, stumps the States, now," pursued Mr. PUNCH's visitor, persuasively.

"Zero multiplied by a million is—zero," remarked Mr. PUNCH, oracularly.

"The bearings of that observation lie in its application, I suppose," said the American, after a pause and some digital manipulation. "I confess I can't quite 'cipher it up' myself."

"How many WILDES make a—precedent?" queried his host, pleasantly.

"Oh! pass OSCAR, and—and JUMBO," said JONATHAN, showing his teeth. "Preposterously puffed Pachyderms, both!"

"BARNUM's Big Show is not confined to the *Pachydermata*, I presume," said Mr. PUNCH, suggestively.

"But I'm not touting for the Big Showman, you know," responded JONATHAN. "Pyramids and six-foot posters. No!!! I'm on my own hook, I am. I invite you as the great *Anti-Humbug*. Law and Literature, Beauty and Beauty's lisping Parasite, Grotesque Art and Lucid Culture, all have had their turn. We are a Big Country, Sir, and we like to have a look at 'em all. If your Madame TUSSAUD could get her whole collection animated, *à la* PYGMALION's statue, and just send 'em round posing or preaching, or lolling or lecturing, we should rayther relish it. We can't have too many opinions upon the Atlantic and Niagara Falls, upon New York City and ligneous Nutmegs, upon Democratic Manners and the Republican Outlook! COLERIDGE wasn't half bad, and IRVING is more than half good. But we yearn for *you*, Sir!"

"Very natural and proper," said Mr. PUNCH.

"Then you'll come?"

"The inference is precipitate. All natural yearnings are not to be gratified. The child yearns for the Moon. You Americans yearn for the 'Stars'—our 'Stars.' You have had a perfect galaxy of them 'cavorting round' amongst you lately. But the Star of Stars is not a Wandering Star."

The American gentleman looked disappointed.

"Wal, Sir," he pursued, after a pause, devoted to deglutition; "it's mighty good of you to allow me to interview you *here*. I suppose I am at liberty to——"

"Libbatty's a kind o' thing That don't agree with—*interviewers*," interjected his host, pleasantly. "My good friend LOWELL—his health!—will pardon the adaptation, I'm sure."

"But," continued the pertinacious Yankee, "if you travelled with me, you could have your own special 'Interviewer' and Opinion Collector. *Vox stellarum*—the Voice of the 'Stars,' as Old MOORE hath it—can now be transmitted to the Public through the 'Star's' private phonograph, as it were. And just fancy what a dazzling sensation you wou'd be! NORMAN LOCKYER's wonderful sunrises wou'dn't be in it with your auroral avatar!"

"You will not get that particular 'rise' out of me," responded MR. PUNCH, with decision. "There 's a flavour of BARNUM about the whole business uncongenial to the soul of PUNCH."

"Himself the great original Showman!" subjoined Brother JONATHAN, slyly.

"And, therefore, not requiring to be 'run' by any other 'Boss,'" added MR. PUNCH, quietly. "TOBY, another tumbler!"

"Sounds as if he were in the acrobatic line."—(TOBY gave a sly pug-chuckle all to himself.)—"Would he come?" inquired the American, gazing admiringly upon the Dog of Dogs.

"TOBY," said MR. PUNCH, "is as Cosmopolitan as his Master, and as indisposed to be *exploité*. TOBY loves your country, as I do. Witty LOWELL, and delightful ABBEY, and beautiful MARY ANDERSON share MR. PUNCH's warmest regards with classic ARNOLD, and honeyed COLERIDGE, and weird IRVING, and witching ELLEN TERRY. But I cannot follow them to the platform or the Stage."

"I guess, Siree, you're just tarnation particular, the platform has already had a pretty fair show. It has been brushed by the wing of PEGASUS. It has been graced by the sock of MELPOMENE and the buskin of THALIA. Even the wig of THEMIS has disported thereon. I *con*-clude that in time it will have trotted out all the Graces, and most of the Muses, with a good square contingent from the Olympian Upper Circles. But the *bâton* and bells of the modern Momus are, it appears, to be——"

"Conspicuous by their absence. Precisely so," completed MR. PUNCH, politely.

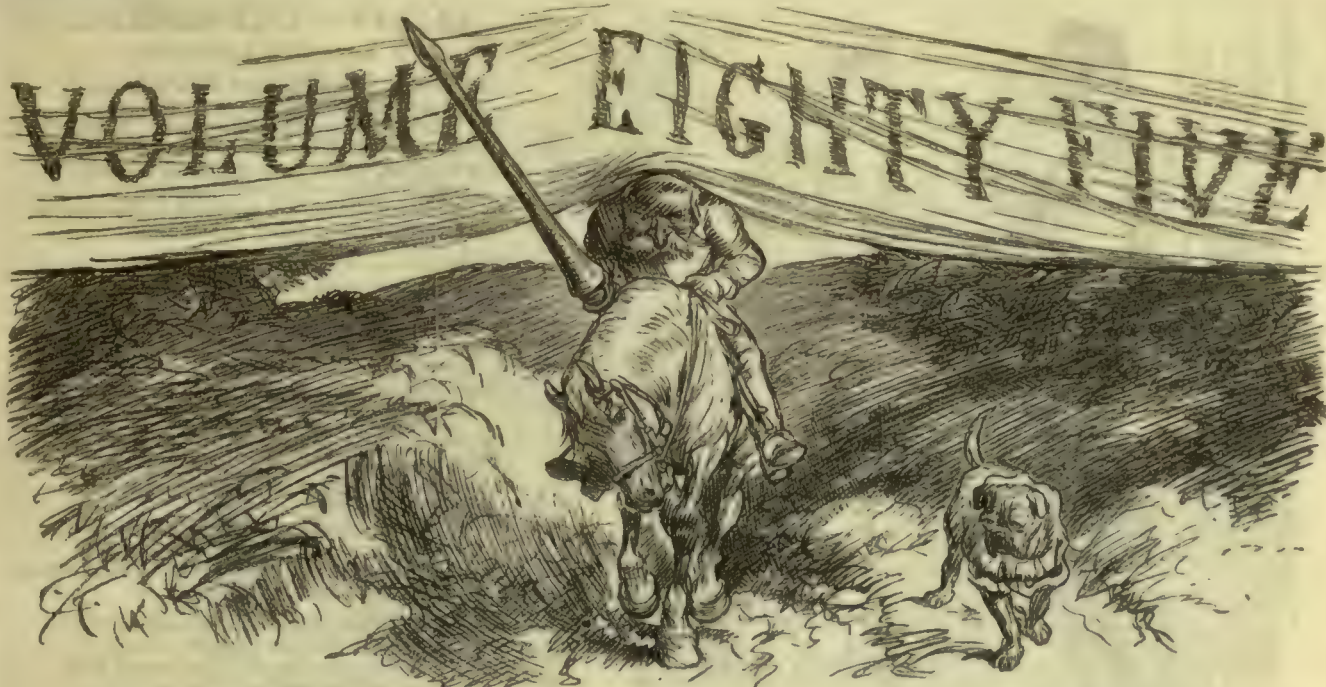
"Wal," said the American, rising reluctantly, "what must be, must be. But our people will be disappointed, you bet. You'll send 'em your love, and—well, no—not a lock of your hair, I suppose," added JONATHAN, airily.

"I will do more, Sir," said the affable Sage, beaming effulgently upon his wistful guest. "I will send them my best representative, my spirit's quintessence, my voice of voices, my *alter ego*. Take it! it will brighten your voyage home! It will not disappoint you as the Atlantic did OSCAR! You will find it pleasanter than pop-corns, and more exhilarating than Hop Bitters. It is more portable than JUMBO, and brighter than a Fashionable Beauty. It will give you more sound judgments than COLERIDGE, and more sweetness and light than the Gospel according to MATTHEW ARNOLD. It will make your peace with the insatiable 'Platform,' and save you from the Interviewing ERINNYES. Finally, it will bless you and all men, without Barnumising them. Take it, and be happy!!"

And MR. PUNCH presented to the delighted American his

Eighty-Fifth Volume!





ALL AT SEA;

OR, THE PILOT, THE PEER, AND THE PREDICAMENT!

(A Story dedicated, without their permission, to the Lords of the Admiralty.)

HER Majesty's steam-ship *Joyful* was gaily careering before the wind, off the coast of Ireland, in a chopping sea.

"If I can but escape the Sow and Piggies," murmured the Admiralty-elected Pilot, "all may yet be well. The dreaded rocks in question should be here—that is, if I understand the chart rightly."

And the mariner anxiously regarded the horizon, and gave a new order to the eager crew.

"I must speak with you at once," cried a person who had ascended from below. "You must immediately hug the shore."

"Hug the shore!" echoed the Pilot (who was somewhat inexperienced), doubtfully. "Why should I hug the shore?"

"Because it is his Lordship's wish," continued his visitor. "You understand—his Lordship's wish, conveyed to you by his Lordship's Hairdresser."

The Pilot bowed respectfully, and nervously gave fresh orders to the crew. Still the ship rocked to and fro, and was anything but steady. The Hairdresser had retired, but his place had been taken by a second official.

"My fellow, why you not do what Milord he vant?" asked the new-comer, sternly. "Milord he say you not hug the shore enough."

"What have you to do with it?" asked the Pilot, angrily. "Who are you?"

"Who am I? *Ma foi!* How it please me! Who am I? Why, of Milord his French Cook!"

On hearing this, the respectful mariner dropped upon his knees, and gave fresh orders to the crew, which were obeyed with alacrity.

But soon the place of the "*cordon bleu*" was taken by another of his Lordship's household. In turns the Valet, the Coachman, the Librarian, the Chaplain, the Travelling Tailor, the Consulting Dentist, and the Cigarette-Maker put in an appearance to make the same request—"His Lordship was most anxious to get nearer to the shore, and trusted that the Pilot would be able to oblige him." Accordingly, again and again the *Joyful* changed her course, and turned her bows towards dry land.

"Sir, you are trifling with us!" at length said a young man of commanding appearance who had taken the place of the others. "You are trifling with us! His Lordship is still suffering inconvenience. Yes, listen and tremble. I am his Private Secretary, and I tell you so. He is absolutely suffering inconvenience!"

"No, no!" cried the Pilot, with his hands before his tear-dimmed eyes.

"But I say, Yes, yes. You have not hugged the shore nearly enough."

"With the Sow and Piggies before us, it would be unwise to go nearer—there might be danger," and the Pilot wrung his hands in despair.

"If you didn't there would be danger of his Lordship being—" and the young man of commanding appearance whispered the rest.

"Anything rather than that!" shrieked the Pilot, beside himself with respectful horror. "Ease her! Stopper! Turn her astern, and port your helm!"

These orders were promptly obeyed, and five minutes later there was a crash, and the *Joyful* lay wrecked upon some jagged rocks. Clinging to a masthead appeared the Pilot talking to a Peer of the Realm.

"Oh, my Lord; this is too much! I am not worthy of such an honour!" and the Pilot actually blushed with pleasure.

"Pardon me; you *are* worthy of the honour," replied the Peer of the Realm, firmly; and he shook hands for the second time with his untitled companion. "I repeat, I am personally obliged to you."

"No, no—my Lord, my Lord, how can I thank you?"

"I require no thanks; on the contrary, you have deserved my respect—nay, gratitude—yes, gratitude," and the eyes of the noble filled with tears. Mastering his emotion, he continued, "Yes; the gratitude of the whole world is most justly your due; for, had you not lost your ship by hugging the shore, the Earl of HACKNEY DOWNS might have been—sea-sick!"

A BLOW FOR THE BLOWHOLES.

THE RAILWAY VENTILATORS.—Before the Select Committee, Mr. SPINNIDGE examined: Is a practical chemist, and a Shareholder of a Railway Company; also a frequenter of the Thames Embankment. In relation to that magnificent Terrace, considers the Ventilators vast improvements. Thinks them both useful and ornamental at the same time. Ornamental not only in an architectural sense, but also by reason of the products of combustion of coke and coal, which issue from them in steam and smoke, and in so doing so gracefully curl, as the poet sings. Useful, too, in virtue of those same ingredients—the disinfecting gases and vapours they exhale, which include fumes of carbonic acid as well as carbonic oxide, and sulphurous acid, and sulphuretted hydrogen. Believes that their exhalations likewise contain a very considerable proportion of ozone, an aëriiform substance of acknowledged remedial agency in bronchitis and asthma. Is aware of the meaning of the Virgilian word, "*Mephitis*;" supposes it meant *Mephistopheles*, and considers that expression, applied to the sanitary and odoriferous effluvia of the Ventilators on the Thames Embankment, a reckless calumny. Is accustomed to send his children to that open space for change of air.



SIC VOS NON VOBIS DRAMATISATIS, WRITERS!

Wife of his Bosom (just home from the Play). "AND THEN THAT DARLING WALTER LISBON, LOOKING LIKE A GREEK GOD, DREW HIS STILETTO, AND DELIVERED, OH! SUCH AN EXQUISITE SOLILOQUY OVER HER TOMB—ALL IN BLANK VERSE—LIKE HEAVENLY MUSIC ON THE ORGAN!"

He. "WHY, HE'S GOT A VOICE LIKE A RAVEN, AND CAN NO MORE DELIVER BLANK VERSE THAN HE CAN FLY."

She. "AH, WELL—IT WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL, ALL THE SAME—ALL ABOUT LOVE AND DEATH, YOU KNOW!"

He. "WHO WROTE THE PIECE, THEN?"

She. "WHO WROTE THE PIECE? OH—ER—WELL—HIS NAME'S SURE TO BE ON THE BILL SOMEWHERE—AT LEAST I SUPPOSE IT IS!"

THE REAL "BIRKBECK" INSTITUTION.

THIS should be the title of the Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington, where Messrs. BIRKBECK have done so much for the general good. When our young man had finished compiling his Official Guide, we went to see the show, and have no hesitation in recommending it to everybody as the place *par excellence* where to spend a Happy Day.

On entering, you will see something "lent by the Princess of WALES"—we forget exactly what it is, but it is very kind of Her Royal Highness, and we hope it will be returned all safe and sound—["safe and sound," like a ood in a refrigerator]—and that the children will not have missed it very much.

The pictures are, of course, rather piscatorial, but they are to the purpose, and that's something. Pass on—do all the models—and all the departments, not staying too long in the waterproof and oil-skin-fishing-wrappers' place, which, like the skull in *Hamlet*, "smells so! pah!" and made us feel so ill, as it conjured up reminiscences of a "dusty passage" and the sailors bringing unpleasantly odoriferous waterproofs, &c., that we could only just stagger across to the refreshment room, and call faintly for an American drink. Then, like an enfeebled giant slightly the better for a glass of anti-Lawson beverage, we lighted a cigarette, with a Sir-Henry-Thompson holder (our own patent, about which we shall make a great cry, but there's "no wool" in it), and strolled out into the Horticultural Gardens, where the Grenadier Guards' Band was playing, and the people—the

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

A RIVERSIDE LUNCHEON.

OUR Crew it is stalwart, our Crew it is smart,
But needeth refreshment at noon;
Let's land at the lawn of the cheery "White Hart,"
Now gay with the glamour of June!
For here can we lunch to the music of trees—
In sight of the swift river running—
Off cuts of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

The garden is lovely, the host is polite,
His rose-trees are ruddy with bloom,
The snowy-clad table with tankards bedight,
And pleasant that quaint little room;
So sit down at once, at your inn take your ease—
No man of our Crew will be shunning—
A cut of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

We've had a long pull, and our hunger is keen,
We've all a superb appetite!
The lettuce is crisp, and the cresses are green,
The ale it is beady and bright;
New potatoes galore, and delicious green peas—
The Skipper avers they are "stunning"—
With cuts of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

The windows are open, the lime-scented breeze
Comes mixed with the perfume of hay;
We list to the weir and the humming of bees
As we sit and we smoke in the bay!
Then here's to our host, ever anxious to please,
And here's to his brewers so cunning!
The cuts of cold beef and the prime Cheddar cheese,
And the tankards of bitter at Sonning!

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, potted meat manufacturer, was, on Tuesday last week, sent to prison for two months, for preparing to use horse-flesh in the composition of his potted meats. BENJAMIN'S mess this! Serve him right. The case ought to have been heard before the LORD MARE.

CRICKETING QUESTION SENT UP TO COUNSEL.—What is the difference between a Westminster Senior briefly bowling a maiden over, and a Temple Junior being bowled over by a maiden brief?

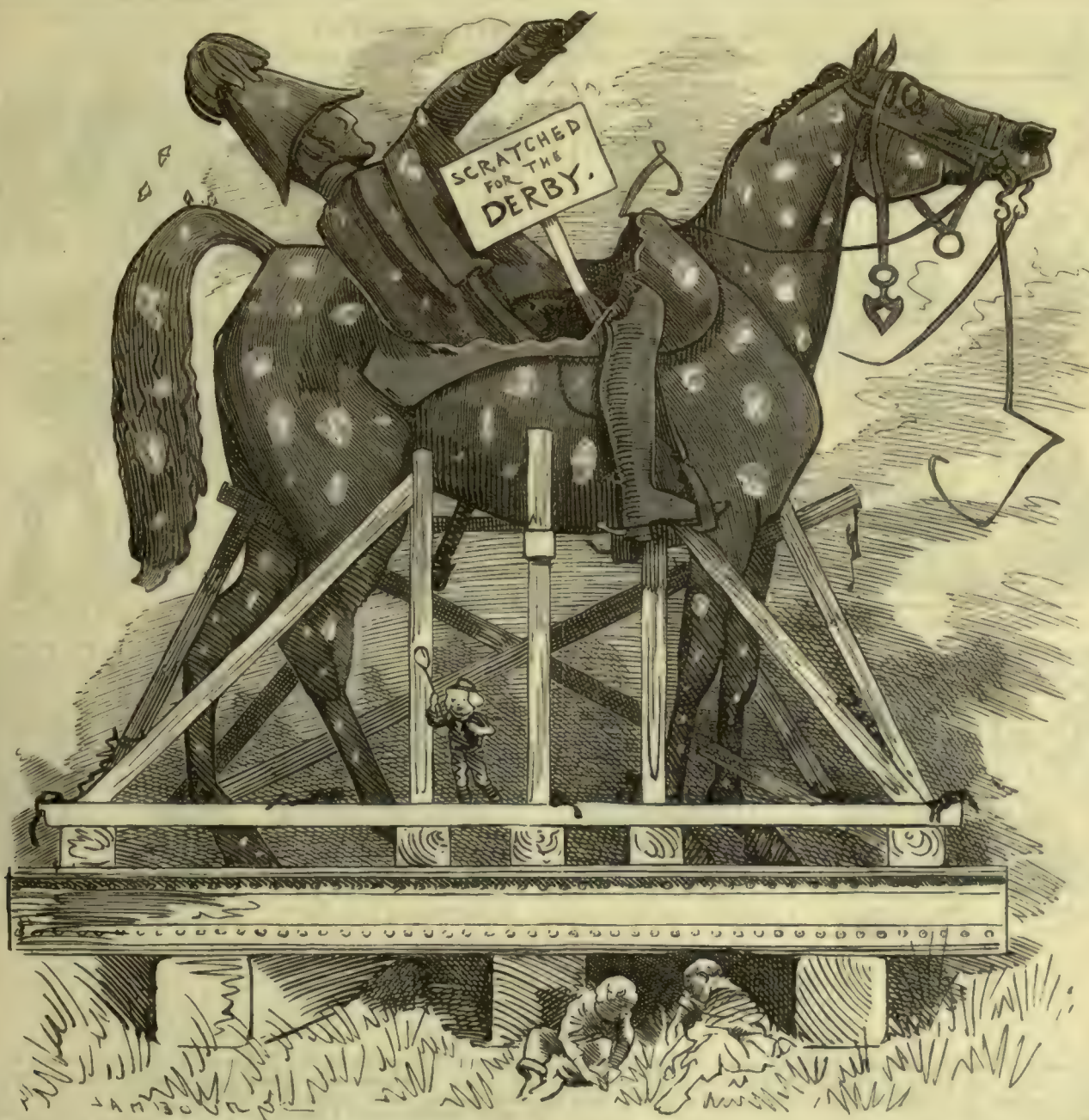
"COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY."—Names will now be taken of Members wishing to join the "Lords' Preservation Society." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will, of course, be at the head of the list.

real people—thoroughly enjoying themselves. They applauded discriminatingly, and encouraged heartily. There were our Country Cousins and our Sisters and our Aunts, all looking hot and happy in the Sun, or cool and comfortable under the shade of the wide-spreading trees.

Here the old glories of the Polytechnic are revived, and there is a real Old Diver going down in at least four feet of water. I fancy he is stooping to hide himself, and then standing up erect to appear as if he were coming up again, with a great deal of trouble, from the vasty deep. The effect is good, and safety is an object. So is the Diver an extraordinary object. But we love him, and next time we can get near him we will be Polytechnic boys again, and chuck him a copper. An immense crowd was gathered round the basin where the Diver was washing,—we mean bathing,—and the junior portion evinced a strong tendency to throw him buns, under the impression that he was either a seal or a bear. Ah! the Children's Education is sadly neglected now that there is no longer a Polytechnic!

The diving operations were most interesting as long as an official in charge of the man in the iron mask—we mean steel helmet—was tying him up as if he were a Davenport brother, but the excitement cooled down when the enterprising operator had disappeared from view, and his helmet had ceased to afford a clear mark for the surreptitious nut. There was a sort of half-expressed hope that the Diver might not come up again, which gave a languid interest to what would have been otherwise a very dull five minutes while the Diver was under water. The Band and the lounge, however, are, and will be, the great attraction.

Now, why on earth cannot these Gardens be continued just as they



WHAT THE STATUE WILL COME TO, IF LEFT WHERE IT IS MUCH LONGER.

(A Warning from the Ghost of the old Leicester Square Statue.)

are, open to the Public for One Shilling from as early as possible up to midnight? Bands playing turn and turn about; electrically lighted; no fireworks, except on a rare fête day perhaps, and with the kind permission of Cromwell Road and South Kensington generally, but luncheons, teas, dinners, and suppers at all prices, and at all hours. Then, if it rains, in they could all go under cover, and the Concert could be continued inside the building, with smoking and coffee among the plants and Conservatories. This is what London wants, and this place could be made a Summer and Winter Garden instead of its being given up to "building purposes," and the life smothered out of it by mountains of bricks and mortar.

The BIRKBECKS have done a good deal here for which all Londoners have much to be thankful. Now let them get H.R.H. to lead the way (it is all to advance the interests of Music, who, "Heavenly Maid," is still "young") and this ground may yet be rescued to be one of the grandest and most enjoyable of all the projected open spaces for the people ("Open Spaces," your Royal Highness; more

in the Musical College interest, with several refreshment Bars' rest); that is, for those who can afford a Shilling in any one of five days out of the six, to go in and spend a happy day and evening too. Then on Sundays let it be opened free, a boon to all who cannot get out on any other day or night of the week, and let a first-rate Band be supplied by the Royal College of Music. There's a programme! Hooray for the Birkbeck Institution!

"I AM quite amazed, my dear," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, the other day, "at the number of Peers who are hung at the Academy this year; my Niece tells me there are pictures there by Viscount COLE, the Marquis of STONE, and Prince SEPPE."

MADAME PATTI has determined to retire when she is forty. To avoid this, she is always going to be piano.

THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER ACADEMY.

(Splendid Collection of Parliamentary Portraits, done by "The Other Fellows." The Speaking Likenesses speak for themselves and for the Artists.)



W. E. G., painted by Ld. R. Churchill.



Ld. R. Churchill, by W. E. G.



Ld. Hartington, by Sir S. Northcote.



Sir S. Northcote, by Ld. Hartington.



Sir W. Harcourt, by Sir R. Cross.



Sir R. Cross, by Sir W. Harcourt.



J. Chamberlain, by J. Lowther.



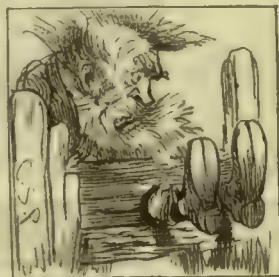
J. Lowther, by J. Chamberlain.



The Speaker, by himself.



The Serjeant-at-Arms, by himself.



W. E. Forster, by C. S. Parnell.



C. S. Parnell, by W. E. Forster.



J. C. McCoan, by J. J. O'Killy.



J. J. O'Killy, by J. C. McCoan.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 25.—Asked RANDOLPH was it true he was going to Gastein in first week in August. Admitted accuracy of report. "Why Gastein, and why first week in August?"

"Ah, TOBY!" says he, playfully pulling my ear, "there's no getting over you. You know everything. But I hope you won't say anything about it."

Said I certainly would not. Pledge given with more confidence since I didn't know anything. Hadn't the slightest idea what he was at. But grinned and looked knowing.

"Yes, TOBY," continued his unsuspecting Lordship, thoughtfully arranging his moustache, "You've hit it, and I'm only afraid that when people notice that Emperor of AUSTRIA and Emperor of GERMANY are to be at Gastein in the first week of August they will put two and one together with natural result of making three of it. Emperor WILLIAM insists upon my joining the conference this year. FRANCIS-JOSEPH sees importance of it. 'You are old, Father WILLIAM,' the younger Emperor cried, 'and the future is to the young. Let us have RANDOLPH on our side, and we'll make all Europe sit up.' But I shall be cautious, TOBY. You may trust me. Care no more for an Emperor than I do for a Bishop or Home Secretary, and that you know isn't much. There are many things taking place, or about to take place, in Europe, it would be just as well to have a clear understanding about. Been so much occupied of late on home policy, had no time to look up foreign affairs. But have not forgotten them. Mean to travel incognito. There would be awful

rumpus in Russia and trouble in France if they knew what was in the wind. Not quite sure how Portugal would take it. So, for goodness sake, don't you mention it."

Said I wouldn't, and I won't.

Still on Corrupt Practices. Fatal subject to start. Every Member full of special information on the case. No one would suppose PETER had any knowledge of corrupt practices. In fact, he emphatically deprecated any, but told the Committee a good deal about the epidemic of butchers' carts that broke out during contested Election at Warrington, and had much to do with result. Every Member has his personal experiences, relates them at length, and Clause stands aside.

"Experiences accumulate, and the Bill's delayed," as SOLICITOR-GENERAL says.

Business done.—Passed Clause Five Corrupt Practices Bill.

Tuesday.—Lord REDESDALE sometimes accused of coercing House of Lords. Remember Lord BEACONSFIELD one day saying to me, "REDESDALE is the only man I fear. Would any day rather drive a pig to market, or ride the length of the Row on an obstreperous donkey, than have dealings with him."

STRATHEDEN tells me (and CAMPBELL confirms statement) that REDESDALE has been offered more appointments in foreign parts than any Peer of his age.

"DIZZY entreated him to go out and govern India; Earl GRANVILLE has induced GLADSTONE to offer him Canada; whilst there isn't an Ambassadorship, with the exception of Paris, not been pressed upon him from time to time."

"No," says his Lordship, shortly. "If I were to leave, the House of Lords would go to pieces in a Session."

So stops in town, turns up with painful regularity every afternoon, takes Chair in Committee, sits on Woolsack in absence of LORD CHANCELLOR, and snaps round wherever he be.

"No school lives in such terror of Head-Master as House of Lords does of Earl REDESDALE," says the Earl of WEMYSS, who is new to the place. "Even BOBBY LOWE is quelled, and daren't open his lips."

To-night Lord REDESDALE in new mood. Generally when he has proposition to make, claps it down on Table, growls out "There!" and regards with awful visage the trembling circle of noble Lords. To-night, having Resolution with respect to alteration of Standing Order prohibiting payment of interest out of capital, took quite new line. "Don't be frightened," he said, bringing down his ruler with a crash uncomfortably near knuckles of Lord AUCKLAND, who had Amendment on the paper, and happened to be standing by Table. "It is true Motion stands in my name, and in ordinary way you would agree to it without wasting time in talk. But to-night speak out freely. Give me your independent opinion on the question."

Lords couldn't believe this at first. Thought it was a trap, and that anyone who spoke would be instantly fallen upon with ruler. Lord HOUGHTON ventured a few remarks, but was so agitated as to be quite inaudible. As he was not eaten up, Lord AUCKLAND moved his Amendment, "and," as Lord DUNRAVEN observed, "like TOM MOORE'S Freedom, 'still he lives.'" When LORD CHANCELLOR, keeping well out of arm's length of Chairman of Committees, ventured, with his eye on the ruler, to differ from the Resolution, and nothing happened, noble Lords began to see it, and Lord CAIRNS, who had, of course, supported the Motion, began to tremble. Lord REDESDALE, though he had submitted the Motion, did not want it carried. When, by cautious feeling out on part of LORD CHANCELLOR, this was established, it became plain sailing. Everybody (including the Government, who had supported it in the other House) went against Motion, which was negatived without Division.

"A fine set of boys," said REDESDALE, as he returned the ruler to his trouser-pocket. "But they want managing—they want managing."

Business done.—House of Commons still dallying with Corrupt Practices Bill.

Wednesday.—Lot of Members went off down the river to the Tower to see the improvements. Pleasant journey. First Commissioner came out handsome with tea and shrimps served by marge of river.

"As near as we can get to Marge-gate, you know," he said, pleasantly, as he helped himself to another slice of bread-and-butter.

Seems a pleasant interlude in the week, but Mr. HICKS very gloomy on the subject. Says there's more in it than meets the eye. Always feel inclined to call him "HICKS Pasha" since that name turned up in the East. He would look well in a fez. In fact he'd look well in anything. A trifle annoyed just now; perhaps Hicks-asperated.

"It's the thin end of the wedge, my dear TOBY," he said. "It's beginning *ab ovo*. Once let it become a matter of custom that Members shall get into steamer at river steps, and be carried down to the Tower, and difficulties removed from the path of imperious minister like GLADSTONE. Some time critical Bill on. Perhaps for abolition of Bishops. Second Reading fixed for a Thursday. On Wednesday afternoon First Commissioner comes smiling round, inviting Members of Opposition to take trip down the river, see the Tower, and accept some light refreshments. They unsuspectingly accept; when Thursday comes, and Division Bell rings, Opposition absent. I may be wrong, or I may not: but when I take tea and shrimps it shan't be in company with GLADSTONE and his myrmidons."

Mr. WARREN stopped behind with Mr. HICKS, and as soon as steamer out of sight counted out House.

Thursday.—"Pater's a little dull," RANDOLPH said, as we stood below bar in House of Lords, listening to Duke of MARLBOROUGH, moving rejection of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. "W. H. SMITH would have done it better; CROSS couldn't have done it worse; STAFFY would have shone by comparison. And to think what pains I took with him! Put him up to the reference to CHAMBERLAIN's speech at Birmingham. 'Where shall I bring it in?' says he. 'Anywhere, where you feel stuck,' says I. 'Sure to fetch 'em.' But he gets stuck in wrong place, drags CHAMBERLAIN in head and shoulders, and the Lords laugh instead of cheer."

RANDOLPH very wrath. Expect the Duke will have a bad quarter-of-an-hour when he gets across him.

Debate not relieved from dullness even by Duke of ARGYLL, who crows and flaps his wings with usual energy. Bishop of EXETER delivers sermon of ordinary twenty minutes' length, but interrupted by uncanonical cries of "Divide!" LORD CHANCELLOR, his voice streaming with tears, renews protestations against the Bill.

Great excitement as the surpliced Bishops pass out to vote against the Bill—a thin white line in the throng of black-coated Peers. Whisper gone round that they have sold Lord DALHOUSIE. Led him to believe Opposition yielded. Kept quiet on going into Committee; accepted compromise in Committee; made no fight on report stage;

let it be understood that Division on Third Reading was merely formal protest. Friends of Bill, lulled into false security, did not turn up as they had done at Second Reading. Duke of CONNAUGHT gave dinner-party; perhaps Peers went to his house instead of to their own. Consequence is Bill thrown out by Majority of Five.



A Match at Lords. "Out!—Third Ball!"

"Think we've done a pretty good day's work," says Bishop of LINCOLN to his Right Reverend brother of Exeter.

"Yes; but not for ourselves, I fancy," says Dr. TEMPLE, who has not lost all his clear-sightedness since he became a Bishop.

Business done in Commons.—Votes in Army and Navy Estimates.

Friday.—Commons still harping on Corrupt Practices Bill. Get along at the rate of two lines of Bill a day. At this rate, and in absence of unforeseen accident, hope to get finished by middle of November. At evening sitting, HARCOURT brought in Bill to make new Scotch Minister.

"It is not," he said, with wave of right hand, "a grandiose measure."

House tittered. Truthful JAMES audibly whispered: "No; but what a Grandiose Old Man!"

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

HENLEY REGATTA.

ALL right—here we are—quite the waterman—jolly—young—white flannels—straw hat—canvas shoes—umbrella—mackintosh—provide against a rainy day! Finest reach for rowing in England—best regatta in the Eastern Hemisphere—finest pic-nic in the world! Gorgeous barges—palatial houseboats—superb steam-launches—skiffs—randans—punts—wherries—sailing-boats—dingies—canoes! Red Lion crammed from cellar to garret—not a bed to be had in the town—comfortable trees all booked a fortnight in advance—well-aired meadows at a premium! Lion Gardens crammed with gay toilettes—Grand Stand like a flower-show—band inspiring—Church-bells distracting—sober grey old bridge crammed with carriages—towing-path blocked up with spectators—meadows alive with pic-nic parties! Flags flying everywhere—music—singers—niggers—conjurers—fortune-tellers! Brilliant liveries of rowing clubs—red—blue—yellow—green—purple—black—white—all jumbled up together—rainbow gone mad—kaleidoscope with *delirium tremens*. Henley hospitality proverbial—invitation to sixteen luncheons—accept 'em all—go to none! Find myself at luncheon where I've not been asked—good plan—others in reserve! Wet or fine—rain or shine—must be at Henley! If fine, row about all day—pretty girls—bright dresses—gay sunshades. If wet, drop in at hospitable houseboat just for a call—delightful damsels—mackintoshes—umbrellas! Houseboat like Ark—all in couples—Joan of Ark in corner with Darby—Who is she?—Don't No—ah—pun effect of cup. Luncheons going on all day—cups various continually circulating—fine view—lots of fun—delightful very! People roaring—rowists howling along bank—lot of young men with red oars in boat over-exerting themselves—lot more in boat with blue oars, also over-exerting themselves—bravo!—pick her up!—let her have it!—well pulled—everybody gone raving mad! Bang! young men leave off over-exerting themselves—somebody says somebody has won something. Seems to have been a race about something—why can't they row quietly? Pass the claret-cup, please—Why do they want to interrupt our luncheon?—Eh?

STANDING Committee on Law to be re-named the Standing-Still Committee.

PEERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Counts Out.



MISTRESS AND PUPIL.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "AND HOW ABOUT YOUR DINNER-PARTY, LADY MIDAS? WHO'S COMING?"

Lady Midas. "WELL, IT'S SMALL, BUT PRECIOUS SELECT, I CAN TELL YOU. THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF CHEPE, VISCOUNT AND VISCONTRESS SILVERLACKE THE HON. OLEO AND LADY MARGARINE DELARDE, SIR PULLMAN AND LADY CARR, AND THE CHOLMONDELEY-MAINWARING-CARSHALTONS."

Mrs. P. de T. "MY DEAR LADY MIDAS, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE ASKED ALL THESE FINE PEOPLE TO MEET NOBODY BUT EACH OTHER! WHY, THEY'LL BE BORED TO DEATH, AND NEVER FORGIVE YOU! IT'S NOT AS IF YOU WERE ALREADY ONE OF THEMSELVES. YOU KNOW! YOU MUST WIRE TO GRIGSBY AT ONCE TO COME AND DINE AND BRING HIS BANJO, AND I'LL GET YOU NELLIE MICKLEMASH AND HER HUSBAND FROM THE JOLLITY. SHE'S NOT ACTING NOW."

Lady M. "BUT, MY DEAR, SHE'S NOT RESPECTABLE, I'M TOLD!"

Mrs. P. de T. "NO, BUT SHE'S AMUSING, AND THAT'S EVERYTHING! AND LOOK HERE, I'LL THROW OVER THE BOTHERBY JONESES, AND COME MYSELF!"

ATHWART THE COURSE.

Small Boy loquitor—

Out o' the way? Oh, yes, I like the notion,

What am I here for but to block the course,
And raise the doose and all of a commotion?

Lor' bless you, you may shout till you are hoarse,
You won't scare me, my fine aquatic buffers.

J'y suis, j'y reste! I'm here and here I'll stay;
I'll not be driven by you noisy duffers,

Out of the way!

Out of the way, indeed! *Whose way*, I wonder?

Like the whole river to yourselves, no doubt!

Been used to have the lot of us knock under,

And clear the course like steam when you are out,

Walker, old cockalorums! Not my fashion,

Can't cut me down, you know that wouldn't pay,

So what's the good of howling in a passion,

Out of the way!

My tympanum's not tender I assure you,

And not the hardest words will break my bones,

And as to pleading, yah! I can't endure you,

And so it's no use trying suppliant tones.

If I could swamp the lot of you together

I'd do it. Anyhow your pace I'll stay,

Bother your cox, and spoil your stroke and feather.

Out of the way!

All very well for you to mock my sculling,
Laugh at my tub and make a butt of me;
My present purpose is to spoil your pulling,
And when you're out of it—why we shall see.
I'll foul a heat whene'er the Blues will let me,
Don't care a pin for charges of foul play;
And anyhow you'll find it hard to get me
Out of the way!

PARLIAMENTARY POSERS.

SUPPOSE I stand a contested election for M.P., and bet any number of my constituents five pounds to one farthing that my opponent will be returned. Suppose he isn't and I am, and then I honourably pay them all. Will that be a case of Bribery or Corrupt Practice?

Suppose my Committee is composed of Ladies, that all my agents also are of the gentler sex, employed under a Woman in the Moon. Suppose they limit their operations to bribing the electors' wives only. Under the law which now secures the acquisition of separate property to married women, can it be that those who bribe them will be held also to bribe their husbands? If not, then how will it be possible for women to bribe women—for non-electors to bribe non-electors?

In order to secure absolute purity of election, will it not, therefore, be necessary to supplement the Corrupt Practices Bill by the concession of Female Suffrage?

MOTTO FOR THE BAR COMMITTEE.—"Mostly Stuff!"



ATHWART THE COURSE.

R-ND-LEH CH-ROH-IL (an aggravating Boy). "IN THE WAY AGAIN! 'OOHAY!!!"



OUR AGREEABLE BIRTHDAY-BOOK SERIES.—No. 4.

CARLYLE—SCOTT—JERROLD.

[Method of using this :—The Motto to face page with dates where your Friends will inscribe their name. The Motto not to be shown till the signature is complete]

JUNE 5.



Oh! within that car-buncled skin, what a confusion of confusions sits bottled!

JUNE 9.



Vanish, vile sorceress, into space!

JUNE 23.



They did *want* him, greatly!

JUNE 27.



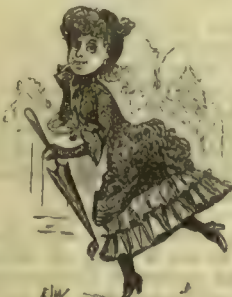
Black falsehood has in-effaceably soiled her name.

JUNE 30.



An unimportant, wandering, sorrow-stricken man; not much note was taken of him while he lived.

JULY 3.



A strange, bold girl, half coquette, half romp; desirous of attracting attention by the freedom of her manners and loudness of her conversation.

JULY 10.



By Heaven, you are a greater blockhead than I thought you!

JULY 15.



More of a bully than a hero.

JULY 29.



The ugliest and most conceited coxcomb I ever met with.

JULY 31.



The society of half-a-dozen clowns to play at whisk and swabbers would give her more pleasure than if ARIOSTO himself were to awake from the dead.

AUGUST 7.



A hideous mountebank, owing the daily bread of daily hypocrisy to an adroit jugglery with words.

AUGUST 12.



The most troublesome and abusingest girl on my beat.

AUGUST 16.



But you always were a fool!

AUGUST 21.



You've just one of those noses that liquor always flies to.

AUGUST 28.



She seemed to make the atmosphere about her cold by her very looks.

To a District Shareholder.

NEXT time the Parliamentary sword you wield,
 'Twere well, if for your pocket you would eate;
 Your Bill should come less early in the field,—
 Your blowhole prove a little Venti-later!

NOTWITHSTANDING recent continued rainy weather, the Tourist Season appears to have commenced this year tolerably early in Eastern Europe. An Austrian paper announces that "The Inn is already full to overflowing."

FOOD AND DRINK.—A Public Meeting the other day, 'holden at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, in support of a particularly excellent Charity, the "Water-cress and Flower Girls' Mission," is reported to have been preceded by "a plentiful meat-tea, relished with evident zest by 700 women attached to the Mission." "Dis," said the Rev. JUMBO CHRISTY, the Converted Minstrel, "Dis am de sort of menting one like to hear ob. Gollée! I'm dere, Massa."

THE Counsel for the Dynamiter who wanted to blow up Westminster Abbey, pleaded Abbey-ration of intellect.

TAPPING THE WIRES.

Telegram (Thursday last) from
H.R.H. Prince of Wales to
H.R.H. Duke of Connaught.

CONNAUGHT, come and vote for
D. W. S.'s Bill.

From H.R.H. Duke of Con-
naught to H.R.H. Prince of
Wales.

Got jolly dinner-party. Vote
for D. W. S.'s Bill next year.
Connaught come now. 'Souise joke.

Leo XIII. to the President of
the French Republic. [Free
Translation.]

If you don't take care, in at-
tempting to dish the Church
you'll find you have only suc-
ceeded in spilling the GREVY.
Take our paternal advice, or there
will be [using English pronun-
ciation] a grave incommodum.

FROM THE IRVING BIRTHDAY-
BOOK.

Henry Irving to Lord Coleridge.

It doth appear you are a worthy
Judge,
You know the law, your expo-
sition

Hath been most sound: I charge
you by the law

Whereof you are a well-deserving
pillar,

Proceed to—dinner.

[Lord Coleridge takes the Chair.

OPPOSITION MAXIM. — "When
you've no case, abuse CHAMBER-
LAIN."

NOT VERY CHEERFUL. — The
Lively Court-martial!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 143.



"OUR MR. ERRINGTON, M.P.,"

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

ELECTORAL PROGRESSION.

THE Corrupt Practices Bill, as voted by the House of Commons, altogether forbids treating, and totally prohibits the payment of expenses for the conveyance of voters. As long as the former of the two interdicted practices was lawful, the latter was in a great measure necessary to give it effect. The majority of the Electors who had been treated to their hearts' content were in such a condition that it would have been impossible for them to record their votes at the polling-place if they could not have been carried thither from the public-house. They will in future be subject to no influence calculated to oblige them to ride in order to poll, or to occasion them to vote, or to walk either, otherwise than straight. Toast—in toast-and-water therefore:—Here's to Temperance and Purity of Election!

IF Mr. IRVING BISHOP accepts Mr. LABOUCHERE's polite intimation as to how to proceed in an action for libel, and sends to Messrs. LEWIS AND LEWIS, he may probably find it a rather Lewis-ing game. If we read his thoughts rightly, he isn't thinking of attempting it.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she's going to see a game of Roleypole on ponies at Hurlingham. Her Nephew told her she ought to call this "real jam."

A VERY NARROW MAJORITY.—The Majority of five in the House of Lords against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. No majority could be narrower.

THE NEXT LORD MAYOR INTERVIEWED.

IN consequence of the intense excitement caused in Civic circles by the reports of the interviewing of the next Lord Mayor, Mr. Punch has telegraphed to the reporter of the *New York Herald*, and is now enabled to publish the following additional interesting particulars:—

Mr. Alderman HADLEY is a gentleman of commanding presence but affable demeanour, and reminded us much of the late General JACKSON. He is about fifty years of age, and unmarried. We report this last interesting fact for the benefit of the unmarried Ladies of the Fifth Avenue. The next Lady Mayoress of the City of London, who, as is well known, takes precedence, on all State occasions, next to the Princesses of the Royal Family, and is allowed by the wealthy and generous Corporation the handsome allowance of £10,000, or 50,000 dollars, a year for pin-money, and, in case of a certain interesting event occurring during her reign, a solid silver cradle, or two solid silver cradles in case of the double event, is still unchosen.

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to the Ladies of the United States—the most lovely and accomplished of the whole civilised world, as we all know—is the fact that the next Lord Mayor of London has been requested by Her Majesty's Government to spend a month or two among us, in hopes that something of an interesting character might occur that would tend to relieve the somewhat strained relations between the two countries at the present moment.

Upon suggesting this to the gallant Alderman as a probable solution of the reason of his visit, his manly brow was suffused with a modest blush, but he at once changed the subject, by asking what I would drink. This afforded me the opportunity I had long wanted of learning the opinion of a real London Alderman on the important subject of liquoring up, and I availed myself of it to the fullest extent, both theoretically and practically.

It appears, then, that the ordinary drink of an Alderman is '47 Port, which costs about a guinea a bottle. In former times the usual quantity was two bottles a man, but in these degenerate days it has declined to one. Any Butler or Waiter shaking a bottle of this costly fluid is at once dismissed without a character. No cork is ever allowed to be drawn from a bottle of '47 Port, but each Member of the Court of Aldermen wears on his forefinger a splendid diamond ring, with which he cuts off the neck of the bottle, so that not one drop of the precious contents should be spoilt.

He expressed great disappointment at our dinners. "Dinner," said he, "being the important event of the day, must never, under any circumstances, be hurried. Two hours is the least amount of time that should be dedicated to this matter. A long experience has enabled us to decide with certainty the wines proper to each course. Madeira with Turtle, Château Yquem with Fish, Champagne with Entrées, Burgundy with Game, and old Port with Dessert, will enable any man to fill any station to which he may be called, with grace, wisdom, and understanding. To prove the truth of my assertion," continued the gallant Alderman, "if proof be wanting, listen to this remarkable fact. Kings die, Princes die, Presidents die, ay, even Aldermen die, but a Lord Mayor never dies. Despite his hard work, despite the fearful responsibility that weighs upon him, his regular living of five courses at dinner, each with its appropriate wine, keeps him with a healthy mind in a healthy body, and he retires at the end of his brilliant year in as splendid condition as a favourite on the eve of the Derby."

I listened with becoming reverence to these words of wisdom, and inwardly resolved, should the opportunity ever occur, to follow most implicitly the directions so kindly given.

I then left the gallant Alderman and expectant Lord Mayor, with the sad conviction impressed upon my patriotic soul that, although in almost everything of importance we lick the Britisher, as we do all creation, in the article of Alderman he wins in a canter, and with both hands down.



DENTAL.

Village Veteran (to Benevolent Rector). "ONLY GOT ONE LEFT, SIR, AND AIN'T GOT ENOUGH FOR HE TO DEW, SIR!"

THE THAMES NUISANCE.

LET every patient angler who loves to spend a few hours on the beautiful waters of the Upper Thames, finding the delicious ripple of its gliding water so calming and cooling to his weary brain—let every boating-man who glories in one of the most fascinating and invigorating and healthy of exercises—let every lover of the beautiful river-scenery that those waters offer to his view, and every Artist who glories in transferring them to his canvas, give three hearty good cheers for the Thames Conservancy Board, and one cheer more for their hard-working Deputy Chairman, Admiral Sir FREDERICK NICHOLSON!

Every fisherman on the Thames, and every boating man, and every boating woman, knows what the one nuisance is that interferes so terribly with their peaceful enjoyment, and, if asked to name it, they would shout with one accord, "Steam Launches, badly managed!" And it is for more power to regulate these headlong, tearing, noisy, and dangerous nuisances that the Thames Conservancy Board are applying to Parliament. The evidence tendered to the Parliamentary Committee was so overwhelming that they declared themselves satisfied before it was half heard. It included that of Fishermen, Artists, M.P.'s, Literary Men, Members of Rowing Clubs, Eton Masters, &c., &c. The Fishermen complained of the destruction of the ova and small fry, the Artists hoped their brother Artist in his evidence "would give it 'em hot." The Boating-men spoke of the nuisance and danger of the great swells caused by these great snobs; the Eton Master, of the contemptuous insolence with which the grinning idiots treated all attempts at remonstrance.

Of course, the Launches had their defenders. There were but two, however, out of the 240 launch-owners, but they made up in quality for what they lacked in number.

Sir GILBERT EAST, Chairman of the Steam-Launch Association, of course considered everything perfectly satisfactory. "He had once spent a whole day in a punt, and every Launch that passed him 'eased.'" No doubt they did, and probably saluted their President.

Sir THOMAS NELSON, Vice-Chairman, agreed with Sir GILBERT, of course he did. He should consider the painting of a number on his beautiful mahogany Launch, which was his hobby, an indignity. Was a Knight to be treated like a mere Cabby, or a driver of an omnibus? The thought was too painful to be dwelt upon.

After long discussion, the important clauses were mostly agreed to, and the Bill passed through Committee; so we may reasonably hope to be able to have

a day's fishing or a few hours' boating on the beautiful waters of the Upper Thames without much danger of being either upset, or swamped, or grinned at, or discomforted by the loungers on board their hissing, smoking, steaming, whistling, shrieking Launches.

Carefully steered Launches can be, if their owners or hirers like, of great service to the small craft in towing, for example; and their advantages to those who wish to make the most of the little leisure at their disposal are obvious. To well-managed Launches there can be no more objection than to dear old *Maria Wood* in all her past glory.

SONGS OF THE STREETS.

A BALLADE OF BOND STREET.

THE Season is now at its height,
And crowded each street and each square;
At nightly receptions we fight,
And pant for a place on the stair!
If you're getting as cross as a bear,
If life you consider a bore,
If not quite the man that you were—
Oh, toddle down Bond Street at Four!

The scene is bewitching and bright,
The street is beyond all compare;
The shops are all richly bedight,
The jewellers' windows are rare.
If money you've plenty to spare,
And want to buy presents galore,
Or wish to burke trouble and care—
Oh, toddle down Bond Street at Four!

In Art if you take a delight,
Of pictures you'll find plenty there;
And stalls you may take for to-night,
Or visit your artist in hair.
If dulness you hope to forswear,
And wish to meet friends by the score,
Or revel in sunshine and air—
Oh, toddle down Bond Street at Four!

L'ENVOI.

If driven by duns to despair,
If snubbed by the girl you adore;
If feeling quite out of repair—
Oh, toddle down Bond Street at Four!

THE LORDS AND THE (OLD) LADIES.

FOR a time the obstructive "Old Ladies" of the Upper House and elsewhere have their way. They have postponed yet a little longer the coming of what they deem the "evil day" when one more artificial and arbitrary restriction upon personal liberty shall be removed. The evil day! To the Old Ladies of history, the future has ever appeared as a long perspective of evil days. And if they had been successful in postponing indefinitely the dreaded advent of those "evil days," how many good days would history have shown? But they are never successful, for very long—these fluttering, woe-invoking Old Ladies, or progress would be an impossibility, and the stream of history turned into a ditch or a duck-pond. This "evil day," like so many others, will come, and soon. It will be found—like so many others, again—to be a good day.

The Old Ladies themselves will admit it, all in due time. They will then have to cast about for some other case in which irrational restriction does cruel wrong to natural instincts and righteous needs. They will denounce the removal of *that* restriction also with equal fervour, and, in the long run, with equal fruitlessness. For the instincts of Old Ladies do not change; they learn nothing, and forget everything. They must have something to oppose. An "evil day" is an essential of their moral perspective, and when they have perforce to drop one, they take up another. They will shortly have to drop the "Deceased Wife's Sister" Bogey. In the meanwhile, they have the satisfaction—a strange one—of prolonging for yet a little time the imposition of arbitrary prohibition, the existence of absurd prejudice, and the infliction of needless pain.

OF COURSE!—The very place for a fowl—Henley!

AFTER IT IS OPEN.

(Being a little further important evidence, as given, in futuro, before the "Channel Tunnel Closing Committee.")

The Duke of Hythe and Westenhanger's Opinion.

THIS great and distinguished soldier was yesterday examined at considerable length before the Joint Committee of both Houses, now sitting on this subject, and as his evidence, as will be seen below, is in distinct contradiction to that tendered by him some few years since, when called upon, as Lord WOLSELEY, to express his views as to the desirability of constructing the Tunnel at all, it can scarcely fail to be read with considerable interest by all those who have hitherto regarded the military verdict as unfavourable to this now almost popular, if not easy method of avoiding the occasional discomforts of the Channel passage.

He said, that he had now, after a varied, and, he might almost add, a "lively" experience of the working of the submarine communication at present connecting this country with the Continent, to admit that the judgment he passed upon the scheme in its infancy, appeared to him not only hasty, but quite unsound. He opposed the construction originally as a soldier, because taking a soldier's too rough and ready view of the situation, he thought that an invasion or two might follow, and probably do the country a considerable amount of serious damage. And he was right thus far; several invasions had occurred. But where, he asked, was the harm that had come of them?

After the Bank of England had been five times emptied by an invading host, it is true, there was a good deal of annoyance felt in commercial circles; but, in his opinion, commercial men did not form the true staple of the country. When he was a comparative youngster in the Service, the British Army was a mere expensive toy, consisting of but a handful of men, quite unfit to cope on equal terms even with the smallest Continental power. The military man of those days was, he granted, an insignificant factor in the national existence. But look at things now. Thanks to the Tunnel that had made involuntary service compulsory on every male adult between the ages of fifteen and five-and-sixty, you never met a man out of uniform. The taxpayer might, perhaps, find the expense a little heavy, still he had something better than a toy to show for his money. Every man was in fact a well-drilled, well-equipped, hard-worked soldier; and what with our three permanent second-class garrisons of 80,000 men at Dover, Canterbury, and Pegwell Bay, who could but say that we were ready to dispute the passage of the Tunnel again to-morrow with all the spirit, and probably with more than the success, that we had met with on the last sixteen occasions on which invading armies had managed to force their way through it? As for himself he had no reason to wish that exciting risk averted. Did he not owe the very title, of which he was so justly proud, to the memorable action in which, under cover of the Lord Warden Hotel, he withdrew the 300 men who were protecting the coast from Westgate to Bognor, and managed to get them in time to Hythe to catch the last train to town, and so bring the news that in the course of eighteen months roused the whole country north of the Tweed to pass a resolution to the effect that it was desirable to drive out the invader? He would therefore be extremely sorry to see the Tunnel closed. Though now a veteran, he still enjoyed the prospect of a good brush with the enemy. He would be unworthy of his profession if he did not feel something of this sort. His opinion was, therefore, that to block up the opening as contemplated, would be to ruin the national spirit, embarrass the War Office, and degrade the country to the position of comparative military insignificance it too long was contented to occupy in former times. At the conclusion of the noble and gallant Duke's evidence, that produced some sensation, there was a slight attempt at cheering made by a body of Army Contractors in the lobby; but this was speedily suppressed. The next witness called was Baron JOHN BRIGHT, V.C. Subjoined is the illustrious hero's evidence:—

Baron John Bright's Opinion.

The Baron, who wore conspicuously on the breast of his surtout a perfect constellation of orders, on taking his place at the table amidst a respectful and sympathetic hush which was quite remarkable, said—What he had to say on the subject of the Tunnel would be brief, and to the point. He frankly admitted that he had once publicly advocated its completion as a boon to those great commercial interests that, notwithstanding the military distinctions that had been forced upon him by circumstances over which he had no control, he yet regarded as the fairest jewels in that Crown that aptly symbolised a mighty nation's Imperial policy. He was not ashamed of this apparent change of front. He once thought that as soon as the communication was opened in the sacred name and under the divine ægis of those twin goddesses, Business and Humanity, the cotton products in which he was largely interested would be poured in a continuous stream, and at a remunerative figure, upon the eager and

expectant Continent. But what, he asked, had been the upshot of his dream?

He had seen, on the contrary, to his intense astonishment, a flood of better, cheaper, and more useful articles whelm in from the other side upon the defenceless markets of this country; and the Tunnel that he, in his wild frenzy of progress, had fancied would simply serve to fill the pockets of a few, had merely helped to diminish the price of the necessities of life for the benefit of the community at large. This was the chief curse this vile engineering monstrosity had entailed on the long-suffering people of the realm. Still, it had involved another, and one scarcely less terrible, in its results. Millions of armed men had, in spite of the dictates of common sense, the eternal principles of Free Trade, and the benefit of Manchester, rushed through that nefarious subway to slaughter and enslave by thousands,—he could hardly speak of it with patience,—the meek consumer! And the marauders had not stopped short even here. They had even sacked his own premises, and carried off his own goods wholesale, without demanding the fiction of an invoice! This had forced him into the very van of resistance. It was to the terrible and bloody contests in which this attack upon what he might term "his commercial honour," had hurried him, that he owed the valour that had won him the *insignia* that now adorned his breast, and the Continental distinction that even his enemies, no less astonished than he was himself at his prowess, had attached to his name. A great philosopher had said, Not till you pick a man's pocket will you discover his principle. Whoever said that, was a wise man. He and those who thought with him had had their pockets picked. And what was the result? He appealed to that Committee to say if the military organisation of the country could boast at that moment a tougher or gamier set of dare-devil fighting cocks than the "No-Quarter-Peace-at-any-Price Manchester Fencibles"? (*Applause.*) Of those "Fencibles" he was proud to be the Colonel; and until he got the good glorious old prices of former days back again, he would never lay down his sword—no, nor sell his flag! (*Renewed applause.*) He thanked the assemblage for that manifestation. It would encourage him to persevere without ceasing until the Tunnel was either battered in, blocked up, or blown to pieces, and the unpatriotic and dastardly Shareholders relegated, if need be, to the gallows. He had but one word more to say. Whoever urged that the Tunnel and its promoters should not be thus summarily disposed of, *was fit only for Bedlam!*

Upon the conclusion of the illustrious Baron's testimony, there was a scene of considerable excitement, during which he was carried on the shoulders of a few Manchester friends in triumph to the Horse Guards. The proceedings were then further adjourned until to-day.

"EXITS AND ENTRANCES."

THE model theatre of the future will be built like a pigeon-trap, with sides that lift up and let down at the whim and fancy of the audience. Chapels and churches will have to copy this model, and so will concert and music-halls. The schoolrooms of the country and the temples of the London School Board will all be re-constructed—of course at the cost of the ratepayers; and taverns and eating-houses will have to conform to the new building regulations.

Nearly all the London theatres now have their outer doors so hung that they open outwards. This is done on the authority of the Board of Works, and in defiance of the Common Law and several Acts of Parliament. It is a pleasant thing for the few thousands of people who visit theatres, but not so pleasant for the few millions who walk about the streets. At any moment an unsuspecting passenger may be swept off the public footway. This, it appears, is not enough for an excited British Legislature. A Bill was nearly passed through the House of Commons which would have extended this street-door-out-and-out-legislation to nearly every mansion in London. Such a proceeding was perfectly logical, but likely to have been very troublesome. Many "at homes" are far more dangerous, in case of panic, than public performances, but what will those landlords and tenants say to this who hold that "Every Englishman's house is his castle"?

The excited British Legislature is not excited enough to do one thing—to repeal that portion of the 35 & 36 Viet., cap. 94, which compels all theatres to brick up all communications with adjoining buildings licensed as public-houses. Perhaps the Legislature of 1872 thought that theatres would corrupt taverns, or taverns theatres, forgetting that theatres can and do sell drink in any quantity demanded by the public. It savours somewhat of hypocrisy to make a fuss about an outer door opening outwards or inwards, while solid internal brick walls are built by Act of Parliament to prevent the panic-stricken public escaping through an adjoining pot-house.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has not quite made up her mind with regard to Thought-Reading, but she is inclined to think a good many of its extraordinary effects may be due to unconscious celebration.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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"NEM. CON."

First Britisher, at Boulogne (shady-looking party, evidently resident—to Casual Acquaintance). "OH, I DON'T CARE TO GO BACK TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY. THEY ALL SEEMED TO BE AGAINST ME."

Second Britisher (respectable—Tourist). "GOO' GRACIOUS! WHAT, THE WHOLE TWELVE OF 'EM!!"

OPERATIC NOTE.

THE greatest treat of this Operatic Season was the appearance of Madame ADELINA PATTI and Madame SCALCHI as *Ninetta* and *Pippio* in *La Gazza Ladra*. What a charming Opera! and how perfect were both of these Artistes. An equal triumph. The Chorus, however, was on one occasion as flat as a pancake. The Stage Management at Covent Garden, from what we have seen of it this season, seems to have brought ineffective arrangement to an Art. The Trial Scene was an example in point. Such a *tableau* in any serious Drama, and on any ordinary stage, would have been laughed out of Court. But a cultivated audience, because they still cling to the illusion that the Italian Opera is got up and performed entirely by "poor ignorant furriners who don't know no better," and who are merely singers without any brains—each a kind of "Singer Machine"—will tolerate at the Italian Opera what they would not stand at the Lyceum, the Haymarket, or, in fact, at any West-End Theatre.

The one mechanical effect of the *Magpie* upon which the latter part of the plot of the piece—the climax, indeed—turns, was a ludicrous failure, such as might have occurred on the first night of a Pantomime, when there are so many heavy mechanical effects to be managed, that one going a bit wrong is pardonable; but here, where it was absolutely the only one, its failure, greeted with derisive laughter, was most reprehensible. The *Magpie*, worked by a very apparent wire, should have flown up to the belfry, where immediately afterwards *Pippio* finds the spoon. The poor dummy made a fluttering start, was jerked up against a tree in the centre, tried back, started again with a pluck and determination worthy of a better mechanism, and coming once more blindly up against the tree, fell heavily on the stage, never to rise again, and *Pippio* and the Magistrate's Clerk had to go up to the belfry and "pretend very much," and find the spoon just as though the *Magpie* had played its part properly and given the cue correctly. The entire Opera should be re-stage-managed. The Chorus, too, should have a thorough drilling before the next performance, if another be given; and if it be, we recommend everyone to see PATTI and SCALCHI in *La Gazza Ladra*.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

HAYTIME.

BRIGHT is the sunshine, the breeze is quiescent—
Leaves whisper low in the Upper Thames reaches—
Blue is the sky, and the shade mighty pleasant,
Under the beeches:
Midsummer night is, they say, made for dreaming;
Better by far are the visions of daytime—
Pink and white frocks in the meadow are gleaming—
Helping in Haytime!
Sunshine, I'm told, is productive of freckles—
Sweet are the zephyrs, hay-scented and soothful—
Work is, of all things, so says Mr. Eccles,
Good for the youthful!
Here let me lounge, 'neath the beeches umbrageous;
Here let me smoke, let me slumber, or slay time,
Gazing with pleasure on toilers courageous—
Working in Haytime!
Fair little *faneuses* in pretty pink dresses,
Merry young maidens in saucy sun-bonnets,
Dainty young damsels with hay in their tresses—
Worthy of sonnets!
Lazy the cattle are, red are the rowers,
Making a toil of the sweet summer playtime;
Hot are the hay-makers, weary the towers,
Thirsty in Haytime!
Under the beach, round a flower-decked table,
Pouring the cream out and crushing the berry,
NINA and FLORENCE and MARY and MABEL,
Gladly make merry!
Laughing young labourers, doubtless judicious,
Come for reward when they fancy it's paytime;
Splendid the cake is, the tea is delicious—
Grateful in Haytime!

GOING TO THE DOGS.—*Prince Regent*, the best mastiff of the year, was exhibited at the Kennel Club Dog Show at the Crystal Palace last week. It is to be hoped that this worthy winner of the Champion Prize enjoyed himself thoroughly at Sydenham. It will be remembered that the last *Prince Regent* we had in England was a very sad dog indeed.

NOT A RARA AVIS AT HENLEY.—A Water-fowl.

RIVER RUNES.

POTTF!	Waft	Girls!
Pleasure!	Roses!	Chaffing!
Roof	Draught!	Pearls!
Azure!	Dozes!	Laughing!
Stream!	Joke	Doff
Rippling!	Bandy!	Caps!
Dream!	Smoke!	Off!
Tippling!	"Shandy"!	Traps
Bright	Lunch!	Out!
Channels!	Salad!	Up!
White	Munch!	Shout!
Flannels!	Ballad!	Sup!
Blue	Long	Night
Serges!	Breather!	O'er us!
Crew	Strong!	Light!
Urges	Together!	Chorus!
Skiff	Miles	Nip!
Along!	Twenty!	Creep!
Whiff!	Smiles	Strip!
Strong	Plenty!	Sleep!

What is the Next Art-icle?

WE are told that never was Art so patronised in England as it is in the present day. So it would appear to be from the following advertisement, which appears in the *Daily Telegraph* July 3:—

TO ARTISTS.—A City Firm has an export order for 2000 Oil Paintings, from 3s. to £2. Artists wanting Employment can address, &c.

Here is a brilliant opening for merry old Academicians, festive flagstone "screevers," and "distinguished amateurs."

"A GENERAL BOOTH" on the site of the late Grecian Theatre sounds like a tent on debatable ground between Church and Stage. It was the latter: it isn't the former.



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

"WHAT, BACK IN TOWN ALREADY, OLD CHAPPIE!"

"YES, OLD CHAPPIE. COULDN'T STAND THE COUNTRY ANY LONGER. CUCKOO GAVE ME THE HEADACHE!"

A LOOK INTO LIMBO.

"THE neighbourhood," said I, "seems like one huge unwall'd lunatic asylum."

My guide smiled significantly, and pressed his finger to his involuntarily curving lips.

"Do not put it in that way, please," said he, softly. "It may give needless offence. These poor people not so long since ruled Society. It is their pleasing delusion that they do so still. Pray do not disturb them in that soothing belief."

Such an odd assortment of head-gears I never saw as among these people. Some wore huge Mob-caps many sizes too large for them, so that they seemed like sons of Lilliput masquerading as Brobdingnagian grandmothers. These assumed airs of the most autocratic self-assertion. Others bore Phrygian caps of varied colour and cut, blood-red and black being the prevailing tints. These flaunted feverishly, and attitudinised most ludicrously; some, posing in postures of statuesque calm, coldly contemplated vacuity; some striking attitudes of Ajax-like energy, desperately defied the invisible. Yet a third class, and these the most numerous, sported Fools' caps of every conceivable variety. Their wild, bewildering differences of port and bearing defied classification. In one thing only were the crowds of cap-bearers alike: they all looked fatuously self-complacent.

"And you say that these singular creatures once ruled Society?" said I, incredulously.

"Yes," replied my interlocutor, "until the time of the 'Great Revolt,' and of their common banishment hither."

I solicited further enlightenment.

"Those persons with Mob-caps," said my informant, "were once known as 'Grandmotherly Legislators.' Their ears, which, did their

BEFORE THE FOURTEENTH.

(Fancies among the Flags.)

THEY push them up with shoulders broad,
And hardened hands, the classic blouses;
They push them up, and louts applaud,
And loafers the trite task amuses.
There 'POLYTE perched on cross-bars shouts
A higher bar to GUGUSSE lower;
And PRUDHOMME, gaping at them, pouts
Because the work is getting slower.

But keener eyes than PRUDHOMME's, though
The dust of time their glass besmirches,
See May-poles into gibbets grow,
And find the flagstuffs sting like birches.
The scaffolds make one think of spars
Strewn by the winds of war pervading;
And those same recreative bars
Suggest to some some barricading.

Those self-same poles the Eagle bore,
Than which poor Poll is now supreamer;
Our *lycée* tunics once we wore
Beneath that feebly-coloured streamer.
They flung unto the summer breeze
Crowned N.'s despite the scarlet scowler;
Those N.'s are now nonentities,
And we are men—a fate that's fouler.

And we are men, and tired beneath
The paltry poles, the tawdry towers,
We see a handcuff in the wreath,
And *immortelles* seem all the flowers.
The banners wave like whips; some souls
Think R. F. silly as the lily;
And sailing life's sea 'neath bare poles,
Some find these July breezes chilly.

For we took Bastilles then at heart,
Quizotes whose castles filled three Castilles;
And now we know no human art
Can batter down the basest Bastilles;
Those Bastilles of the mind that hold
Rebellion's recollections wizened,
And white, like LINGUET, old and cold,
And *à perpétuité* imprisoned.

It's only waiting swords, we know,
These Gallic hands consent to twine a
Garland of olives; they've a crow
In peace-hymns—crow of Cochin-China.
And *bonnets-rouges* as *coiffures* go,
Less *chic* than shako and than casque are;
And when they shout that war's a woe,
An echo answers, "Madagascar!"

caps permit, you would perceive to be inordinately long, were ever open to the urgings of fanatics, the pleas of prigs, the plaints of Puritans. They were the hope of the ignoble army of Faddists and Crotcheteers, of all whose fancy inclined to folly, and whose temper tended to tyranny. Perched in high places, they, like a Dionysius' ear, listened to the multitudinous whims of fools, and, like the hands of a Briareus, carried out the imperious behests of fanatics."

"And people put up with them?" said I.

"For some time," replied my informant. "The Faddists were many, and even more noisy than numerous. When it comes to voting, six who shout do more than sixty who sit silent. Hence it was that their great hocus-pocus device of Local Option met with such huge success—until it was understood."

"What was Local Option?" I asked, curiously.

"A scheme for giving the six who love shouting, supreme control over the liberty of the sixty or six hundred who dislike noise, and so hold their tongues until, in self-defence, they are compelled to use them."

"And those personages in Phrygian and Fools' caps?" I pursued.

"They had various names," replied my guide, "Teetotallers, Anti-Vaccinationists, Free-Contagionists, Sabbatarians, Marriage-Restrictionists, and a hundred others. But they were all alike, in aim and temper. Their yearning was in most instances to narrow the scope of individual liberty, and extend that of restriction, prohibition, compulsion. In all, it was to make their own preferences the rule for the rest of Society. Those Gentlemen in the Phrygian caps claimed, indeed, to be the only consistent friends of freedom. But whether they wished to impose the yoke of the majority on the minority, or of the minority on the majority, it *was* the yoke they yearned for power to apply, and the conception of a rational liberty was entirely beyond their grasp."



AFTER THE COBDEN CLUB DISCOURSE.

(Adapted from "Après le Sermon.")

"And how came they congregated here?"

"Society revolted. It began to find itself cobwebbed round with restrictions, and nullified by negations. Wherever a man chanced to be, the probability was that some 'Local Majority' hindered him from doing what he wanted to do—say, drink a glass of ale—or compelled him to do what he *didn't* want to do—say, catch Small Pox. For liberty to do ten—perfectly innocent—things, he must travel into ten different counties. In Surrey, he could smoke, but not drink; in Durham he could drink, but not smoke. In Yorkshire he could do neither, but he might take snuff, which was strictly prohibited in Westmoreland. Nay, in Little Pedlington coffee was banned, in the adjoining Hookem Snivey buttered toast was anathema, whilst in the adjacent Hole-Cum-Corner bacon was as strictly under interdict as at Bagdad. He therefore had to take a round of a dozen miles in order to get his breakfast. This was soon found a bore, and people began carefully to consider the real nature and claims of 'Local Option.' Of course it was then all up with the Faddists, since it was seen that for six people to compel five to do or refrain from doing an innocent or indifferent action, *unless such compulsion were absolutely necessary to the well-being of Society*, was mischievous despotism. It was discovered that, in a large proportion of his actions, the individual may fairly and uninjuriously be ruled, *not* by the majority, or the minority, but by his own judgment or

taste, and that intrusion on *that* sphere is tyranny, whether the intruder be an individual, or a majority of 'all the world to one.'"

"Strange that people should ever have thought otherwise," said I.

My interlocutor smiled—a slow wise smile of subtle significance. "People," said he, "do *not* think until they are obliged to. Hence the temporary sway of stupidity in its active form of fanaticism and faddiness, over stupidity in its passive form of blind acquiescence. At last, however, the complication of discomfort and disaster produced by the rule of 'King Crotchet' and his triumphant myrmidons *compelled* suffering Society to think."

"And the result?"

"The 'Great Revolt'—so it is known in History—of Common Sense against Crotchetdom, and the banishment of the Crotchetters, *en masse*, hither. Here they are happy in an imaginary *reductio ad absurdum* of their several theories, without practical injury to anyone."

"Like harmless patients in a spacious lunatic asylum?" said I.

"Perhaps," returned my guide, smiling ambiguously. "But we *call* it 'Noddy-Cap Country, or the Limbo of Fads.'"

MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

WITH fair complexion, watchet eyes,
With lips as red as any rose,
With such an air of frank surprise,
And TENNYSON'S "tip-tilted" nose;
With bird-like music in each tone,
And hair a most bewitching brown,
In short, with charms she boasts alone,
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

She likes the Season, she declares,
As I once liked it long ago.
Though she encounters endless stares
From languid loungers in the Row.
She's always fresh for ball or rout,
Though maiden Aunts severely frown;
I trow it's but to gad about—
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

She cries "Academy," 'tis mine
The task to take her; quite a brute
She thinks me, if I draw the line
At visiting the Institute
And Grosvenor on the self-same day:
And so I win the martyr's crown;
'Tis just to go on in that way,
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

She loves the ancient London sights,
The Tower, TUSSAUD'S, and Monday
"Pops,"

The theatres fill up her nights,
The mornings she will spend in shops.
We go to Greenwich where we dine,
Or I to Richmond drive her down:
For such enjoyments I opine,
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

I wait upon her night and morn,
Like some poor "Bobby" on his beat;
I earn alternate praise and scorn,
I carry parcels in the street.
I know of all the ill-used men,
That I'm—Why, what a charming
gown!

I'm not so very wretched when
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW EXHIBITION.—
Get up "An Exhibition of Temper." Make
it International. Who'll get the first prize?
If the evidence in a recent case may be taken
as ground to go upon, there's a certain—or un-
certain—SARA B. who might stand a chance

THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER ACADEMY.

(Splendid Collection of Parliamentary Portraits, mostly done by "The Other Fellows." The Speaking Likenesses speak for themselves and for the Artists.)



Lord Selborne, painted by Lord Cairns.



Lord Cairns, by Lord Selborne.



Earl Granville, by Mar. of Salisbury.



Mar. of Salisbury, by Earl Granville.



Earl Derby, by Lord Carnarvon.



Lord Carnarvon, by Earl Derby.



Earl Spencer, by Duke of Abercorn.



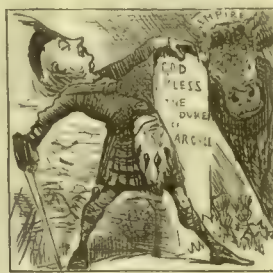
Duke of Abercorn, by Earl Spencer.



Lord Sherbrooke, by Lord Cranbrook.



Lord Cranbrook, by Lord Sherbrooke.



Duke of Argyll, by himself.



Bishop of Peterborough, by some one's Deceased Wife's Sister.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 2.—"Sorry we didn't get the Criminal Code Bill through Grand Committee," says ATTORNEY-GENERAL. "If it had gone on, meant to introduce Amendment, taking power, on deposition signed by two of his colleagues, to seize the Grand Old Man when he is coming down to House after dinner, carry him off home, and put him to bed. Reckon such power judiciously used, would shorten Session by from fortnight to three weeks, and lengthen his life by ten years."

G. O. M. certainly responsible for a pretty pickle to-night. Going on swimmingly with Corrupt Practices Bill. Clause after Clause added. Been nine days getting seven Clauses through. At to-night's sitting got eight Clauses. Ministerialists looking pleased. ATTORNEY-GENERAL beginning to think he doesn't manage so badly, after all; RANDOLPH sitting moodily pulling his moustache, inclined to be a little short-tempered with WOLFF, as if it was his fault that business was getting on. No one to wrangle with. Nothing to be done but go home, and let 'em go ahead since they were in the humour.

Just about to leave when G. O. M. appeared. RANDOLPH put down his hat, begged WOLFF's pardon for being snappish, and prepared for larks. Found opportunity forthwith. Referred to withdrawal of GREEN-PRICE from Radnor in order to make room for HARTINGTON thrown out in Lancashire. Five years later, GREEN-PRICE made a Baronet. That's a few years ago, but no matter. Then there was HARCOURT JOHNSTON retired from Scarborough. Dodson goes in for Commons, and H. J. goes up to the Lords.

HARTINGTON and Dodson both present during this recital. HARTINGTON looks lazily under rim of his hat at RANDOLPH. Wonders how he can fash himself so with thermometer at 80° in the shade!

Dodson studiously puts on appearance trifle more like wooden figure-head than usual. But G. O. M. in uncontrollable fury. RANDOLPH watches him, skilfully rubbing places that seem sore. JOSEPH GILLIS chimes in, WARTON laughs, RANDOLPH sits down, and Grand Old Man bounds to table like a mad bull. Hour and a half spent in rowing, after which too late for business, and progress reported.

"Not at all," said RANDOLPH, when they complimented him on the skill with which he got PREMIER to interrupt business. "Easiest thing in the world. WARTON can do it. JOSEPH GILLIS rarely known to fail."

Business done.—Eight Clauses of Corrupt Practices Bill passed.

Tuesday.—Mr. WARTON had happy thought to-day. Has had them lately at rate of one a week. Last week varied monotony of counting-out by getting House dismissed before five on Wednesday. To-day, "gone one step further," as Sir WALTER BARTHELOTT says. House met for Morning Sitting. At ten minutes to seven progress reported on understanding that House would meet again at nine, and go on with Corrupt Practices Bill. If, between ten minutes to seven and seven, House could be counted, Evening Sitting impossible, Government arrangements upset, and everybody inconvenienced.

Member for Bridport sat through last hour of Morning Sitting in state of subdued excitement. Hardly keep his secret, especially from JOSEPH GILLIS. Would doubtless have confided it to him, but coolness which arose the other day through JOEY B. counting him out, not yet overcome. But JOSEPH would hear of it in good time, and his generous appreciation of a master-mind probably bring him to apologise. WARTON, his heart warmed by triumph, would forgive, and a friendship, sweet as that of JONATHAN and DAVID, be resumed.

Progress reported twelve minutes to seven. Members, believing business to be over, rush out to make the most of dinner-hour. WARTON sits on extreme edge of bench, eagerly watching departing throng. His hand trembles with excitement. Spills large pinch of snuff down

back of neck of Mr. MONTAGUE SCOTT, who sits below. MONTAGUE doesn't notice accident. Probably will by-and-by. Members filed out. SPEAKER running through Orders. In five minutes it will be too late. Four minutes is risky. In three all may be over. WARTON can stand it no longer. Jumping up, trembling with excitement, moves a Count. SPEAKER taken aback. Whips momentarily paralysed. Bell rings. Astonished Members stopped as they hurry off. Come trooping back a hundred at least, and WARTON's great coup fails.



"Lord Randolph Charges the Khedive."

me. Be prouder than ever of me down at Bridport. Rather think I have reached the highest standard of legislative capacity. Expected when RANDOLPH wouldn't go to Manchester that the Conservatives would invite me. Perhaps they will now. Must be proud of me."

Business done.—Passed two Clauses of Corrupt Practices Bill.

Thursday.—*Toujours perdrix* was bad about dinner-time," SOLICITOR-GENERAL observes; "but *toujours* Corrupt Practices Bill before dinner, at dinner, and after dinner, and ditto day after day, is a little worse."

"Reminds me," says Mr. PULESTON, "of my late friend, ARTEMUS WARD's experiences in personal confinement. 'The jale,' he writes, 'was an ornery edifice, but the table was liberally supplied with bakin and cabbage. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after the bakin I could help myself to the cabbage.' Debates here liberally supplied with CALLAN and CHARLES LEWIS. When you don't hanker after CHARLES LEWIS, you can help yourself to CALLAN."

This not the whole of the truth. There is also JOSEPH GILLIS, who adds variety to any feast. JOSEPH with his thumbs in the armhole of his waistcoat, spectacles on the end of his nose, his head on one side, and his impressive "It seems to me" is worth a journey to behold. Effect on Members generally is that they immediately start on journey, but it is from their door outwards. On their return, probabilities five to one that JOEY B. is on legs again, and "It seems to me" reverberating through the House. Scored great point to-night. Objection taken to one Amendment that it was not necessary, affecting only the scum of the population, and therefore not requiring special legislation.

"Yes, Sir ARTHUR OTWAY," says JOSEPH, in his oratorical attitude, "but I know Cavan very well, and it seems to me that, at a general election, the scum of the population always comes to the front."

Committee cried, "Hear, hear!" and roared with laughter, which JOSEPH modestly appropriated as appreciation of his humour.

Late at night Treasury Bench threatened with thunderstroke. Mr. STANHOPE

on legs discussing Amendment. Grandiose Old Man seated amid few Ministers present. Having had at question time a little fling at a vicar, and having since dined, was in good humour; made few jokes for Sir C. DILKE and ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and cheerful conversation goes forward. Mr. STANHOPE stops with air of surprise. Can it be possible that anyone would talk whilst he was addressing the House? Will not believe it for some minutes. Presently evidence of senses grows too strong. Stops and bends darkening brow upon Treasury Bench. Remarkable effect. Grandiose Old Man suddenly stopping, looks indignantly at DILKE, as if it were he who had sinned. DILKE tries to hide behind G. O. M. ATTORNEY-GENERAL and SOLICITOR-GENERAL become suddenly immersed in consideration of Amendments, and dead silence falls on Committee. Noting effect, STANHOPE proceeds with speech. No one hurt. Offence not likely to be repeated.

"Terrible eye young STANHOPE's got," the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whispered through blanched lips to his learned colleague. "We must be careful."

Business done.—Seven Clauses added to Corrupt Practices Bill.

Friday.—More Corrupt Practices in the morning, and at Evening Sitting proposal to extend full enjoyment thereof to Women. Mr. MASON mildly supports proposal; Mr. NEWDEGATE solemnly opposes it. BERESFORD HOPE draws pleasing picture of Act in full working. Ladies in Parliament: Lady for Prime Minister, marries Leader of the Opposition, and forms Coalition Government. ATTORNEY-GENERAL and COURTNEY wrangle from Treasury Bench. Resolution rejected by 130 votes against 114. Great outburst of cackling in Ladies' Gallery.

Business done.—Eight more Clauses of Corrupt Practices Bill passed.

WIMBLEDON WHIMS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Officer in charge of the Range Department.



Pool Shooting.



Kneeling Position.



[Regulation IX.] "Blowing Off is not allowed except on presentation of a Ticket."



[Regulation X.] "Slings may be used in Shooting for a Prize."



Marking a Magpie."



Signalling a Miss.



Deciding a Tie. Chequered Stock.



Standing Order.



Tattoo.



Posting a Guard.



Telling Off.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM does not care much about the French Capital at the present day. What she really enjoyed was Paris under the Second Umpire.



A NEW TASTE IN MEN AND WOMEN.

She. "WHAT A FINE-LOOKING MAN MR. O'BRIEN IS!"

He. "H'M—HAH—RATHER ROUGH-HEWN, I THINK. CAN'T SAY I ADMIRE THAT LOUD-LAUGHING, STRONG-VOICED, ROBUST KIND OF MAN. NOW THAT'S A FINE-LOOKING WOMAN HE'S TALKING TO!"

She. "WELL—ER—SOMEWHAT EFFEMINATE, YOU KNOW. CONFESS I DON'T ADMIRE EFFEMINATE WOMEN!"

THE GOOD LITTLE PIG GONE WRONG.

A MONAGHAN MORALITY.

THERE were three little Pigs, three Hibernian Pigs,

Who came from one litter or brood;

Two were up to all manner of mischievous rigs,

But the third little piggy was good.

He was clean in his habits, and mild in his mien;

And his tail had so natty a curl,

That of all the young piggies ould Ireland had seen,

Little Ulster was reckoned the pearl.

He was made quite a pet, and they tied up his tail

With a smart orange-coloured silk bow;

And he stuck to his sty, and his trough, and his pail.

He ramble and root? Oh dear no!

Those two other Pigs broke their bounds every day,

And foraged and rummaged all round;

But this good little Pig was contented to stay

In his own little sty, safe and sound.

But alas and alas for this good little Pig,

His neat tail, and his nice little way!

In a neighbouring field, that was grassy and big,

He beheld his two neighbours one day.

They were routing and grubbing with vehement snouts,

And turning up all sorts of food;

And that good little Pig he experienced doubts

As to whether he wasn't too good.

Orange ribbon was all very well in its way,

So was honest sty-keeping repute;

But then how delightful to ramble and stray!

And was not a snout made to root?

Mere wash got monotonous after a while;

What tit-bits those fellows did find!

Suppose he were just to pop over the stile,

And join in. He'd a jolly good mind!

Then a black-a-vized bystander, watching him, said,

"Go it, Piggy! Come, don't be a fool!

For a great deal too long by the nose you've been led,

And succumbed to tyrannical rule.

That rich field would be yours, if we all had our rights;

Like those fellows there, take my advice,

Go in for free forage and all its delights,

You will find it uncommonly nice."

Alas and alas for that good little Pig!

His proprietor's pet and his pride;

For his pink little snout, his Arcadian rig,

And his tail sweetly curled on one side,

When next that Proprietor looked at the sty,

Bad example had proved all too strong;

There were three naughty Pigs on the rummage—why?

The good little Pig had gone wrong!

THE OVER-EATING AND 'ARRY MATCH;

OR, WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

The Scene represents the interior of a well-known fashionable resort during the progress of a popular annual fête. Carriages full of loudly and over-dressed people, opening hampers, clattering knives and forks, munching cold chickens and salad, and drinking champagne-cup, are discovered jammed together fifteen deep, and surrounded by a seething crowd, rendering locomotion impossible in every direction. In the centre, somewhere out of sight, a few schoolboys, unnoticed by the general throng, who are indulging in gossip, scandal, flirting, small talk, shouting, plate handing, amidst peals of laughter, are doing their best to sustain the interest of a good old-fashioned English game, supported by occasional cheers from their more immediate partisans and sympathisers.

Enter an Old Etonian, accompanied by an Unsophisticated Friend.

Old Etonian (picking his way through the gate, enthusiastically). You'll see now if it isn't one of the freshest, healthiest, and prettiest



2

MISCHIEF !!

P-RN-LI, "BEDAD, I'VE BIN AN' SPOIL'D HIS 'ULSTER,' ANNYHOW!!!"



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 5.

TO FIND THE STEAMER YOU REQUIRE, AND SO AVOID BEING TAKEN TO HOLLAND, WHEN YOU ONLY WANT TO GO TO MARGATE.

sights you've ever set eyes upon. And so manly, too, I can tell you, to watch the boys play out a fine innings pluckily! It's eight-and-twenty years since I saw the last match here, and I remember we had only one more wicket to go down when— (*Slips over a sandwich-paper, and falls heavily.*) Confound it! what's that?

[*Endeavours to assist himself on to his legs by clutching at a pile of dirty plates. They fall with a crash.*]

Military-looking Youth (with cruel collar, standing on step of a drag, good-temperedly). How's that, Sir? (*Alluding to the number of broken plates, in same pleasant vein.*) Three to slip, eh?

[*He passes a jug of claret-cup to another military-looking youth, also with a cruel collar, and laughs long and loud.*]

Old Etonian (recovering himself, but knocking his head against an unobserved carriage-spring in the process). Bother!—but, bless me, what's happened to the place? Why, where's the match going on? What's all this?

Unsophisticated Friend. A sort of Town Derby, ain't it?

[*There is some applause in the distance. On hearing this, the crowd, who are inspecting the hind-wheels of carriages, try to struggle through some of the shafts. They are swept up against an open barouche.*]

Old Etonian (losing his temper). Confounded crush! Call this the Eton and Harrow Match? Why, it's more like a prize-fight! It's disgraceful. Where are the Polices? Why, the last time I was here, in '54, one could watch the whole thing as comfortably as— (*There is another burst of distant applause that again suddenly excites the crowd, who are still inspecting the hind-wheels of carriages, to push, hustle, and climb frantically on to something. He is driven with a jerk on to the steps of the barouche, and his hat falls into the middle of an al fresco lunch. About to use a big D, but noticing that the luncheon is being devoured by Ladies.*) Oh, thank you, I am sure, very much. (*Receives hat.*) I beg your pardon; but I really couldn't help it! (*Observing that the fair occupants, who smile, are quite gay with blue satin.*) Ah! perhaps you could tell me. Who are at the wicket now?

Observant Young Lady who knows Everybody (not heeding him, and continuing her conversation). Yes; and there are the BROTHERTON SMITHS; and that funny old creature in that Harrow carriage, the fourth on the left—is Lady POPPENHAM. And, yes,—there are the FILTER GRUBBS; and NELLIE and TOPSY CLOWS. What hats!—do

look at them; and over there, just by the GRIMLEY's drag, do you see him, there's Major FOOTMAN, ah, he sees us. (*Bows knowingly to someone in a white hat and a gardenia on a carriage-wheel two hundred yards off.*) Dear me, what a lot of people there are one knows here to-day. I think it's better than it was last year.

[*Goes on with her lobster-cuttlet.*]
Fashionable Mamma who knows Everything (continuing another conversation in undertone to tremendously well-dressed Friend who is deeply interested). Well, after that, my dear, there was a terrible scene,—as you can imagine! (*Whispers.*) Yes—and she's at Paris now, and serve him right. Then, of course, you've heard all about that dreadful affair at Wimborne! Everybody knew how it would end. (*Whispers again.*) Oh, but she did! But people never believe anything till it's too late. And they've had to put down the carriage and everything. In fact, *Entre nous*, they do say—

[*Whispers again, and continues to recount a long and stirring series of social horrors carefully gleaned, but not selected, for a quarter of an hour.*]

Old Etonian (hearing another distant shout, and unable to restrain himself any longer). Might I ask you to be so good as to tell me who are at the wickets?

Fashionable Mamma who knows Everything (graciously). Well, I really don't know, but we can soon find out. Who is it, CISSEY? Where are the wickets, dear? Can you see?

[*Looks vaguely towards the entrance.*]
Observant Young Lady who knows Everybody (glancing brightly over a sea of carriage-boxes). Oh, I think it must be Harrow! No, it's us, I think! (*After deliberation.*) No, it's Harrow—at least, I think so. (*Laughs pleasantly.*) But, to tell the truth, I really am not quite sure which it is. Ah! there's some one out!

[*Loud shouting to celebrate the conclusion of the match. After a desperate struggle for life, during which he is jammed against a wall, tripped up, deafened, and dusted, the Old Etonian, hopelessly separated from his Unsophisticated Friend, finally finds himself, exhausted and with his hat crushed, swept forward among a chaos of cabs to a secure spot outside Lord's.*]

Old Etonian (saved at last). Well, if they call that beastly picnic Cricket—I'll be—

[*Uses a final big D. And there is every excuse for Old Etonian.*]



Little Wife (indignant. She had just let him in, 12:30 Midnight). "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU GAVE ME THE SLIP TO-DAY, YOU UNMANLY WRETCH!"

He. "SUSH A PLACE THAT FISH'RISH-EXSH'RISH'L, MY DEAR! SHIMPLY COULDN'T FIND YER. WEST SHIBERIA, 'N SHINA—NOT THERE,—SHPAIN—NOT THERE! LIFE-BOASH—'FRESH-MENSH"—(this seems to remind him)—"FISH-DILLER YER' SHEAP—BUT MAKESH Y ULCOM LY SHIRSHY!!"

THE WARDROBE OF THE KHEDEVE.

(An Additional Chapter to "the Important Revelations.")

THE Englishman, by means of a heavy bribe, had managed to enter the bedroom of the Viceroy of Egypt. He was accompanied by a poor Fellah, who trembled in every limb.

"I have looked over the correspondence of your Master, and have obtained all I want," said the Frank, "and now I wish to examine the contents of this cupboard."

The poor Fellah sank upon his knees, and protested that were he to open it, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. Plying him with gold and threats, the Englishman overcame his objections. The doors were opened.

"And what is this?" asked the European, pointing to a costume consisting of an ulster-coat, a pair of tustian breeches, and some silk stockings.

"Those articles were worn by my master," tremblingly answered the Northern African, "in the British House of Commons."

"He was there!" echoed the Englishman, overcome with astonishment.

"He was," replied the Fellah, "disguised as a Parnellite. It was his object to obstruct the

British Government. You remember that the head of his house (the Padishah) is of Hibernian extraction?"

"So I have been told," returned the Englishman. "And what is this costume?"

"Those feathers adorned my master when he was in Zululand."

"Zululand! What was he doing there?"

"Woe is me!" cried the unfortunate Fellah. "I have betrayed my master! I thought that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had discovered the presence of His Highness in South Africa. It is well known in Egypt that the Khedive was the right hand man of CETEWAYO!"

"Indeed," murmured the Englishman. "And what is the meaning of these blue spectacles, and suit of quaker-cut clothes?"

"Oh! those," replied the Fellah, with a quaint smile, "are only worn by my master when he is stealing books from the principal European libraries."

"And does he descend to such paltry pilfering?"

"Only in hours of relaxation," answered the Egyptian, quickly. "As a rule, His Highness prefers large things to small. You will see sartorial reminders of his career in the shapes of the umbrella he carries invariably to Capel Court when he goes there to rig the market, and the white waistcoat he wears when he takes the chair at a meeting of a Bubble Company."

"And what are these uniforms?" further inquired the Englishman.

"He wore this in Afghanistan when he was fighting the British and their carefully-chosen Emir. This when serving in the army of the Boers. He was merely a boy when he opposed you in Abyssinia, and only assisted the Ashantees with arms and money."

"Dear me! He seems to have been very treacherous!"

"Seems! Why, had I time I could prove to you that he has been at the bottom of every intrigue directed against the maintenance of British prosperity. His last effort to destroy you was to take shares in the Channel Tunnel Company, and secretly agitate in favour of the Air-holes of the Underground Railway!"

"The villain!" murmured the Englishman between his clenched teeth. "And now I will ask but one more question. Although his name is TEWFIK, I see that everything is marked with a large B. How is this?"

The Fellah refused to answer. He declared that the risk of revealing the secret was too great. At length, however, by promising him the written protection of Mr. WILFRID BLUNT, and offering him the title-deeds of a large estate in Ireland, the Englishman carried his point.

"You want to know why all his things are marked with a big B.?" whispered the still apprehensive Fellah, looking round to see that they were not overheard. "I will tell you. Because his name is not TEWFIK! He calls himself TEWFIK; and when away in his native country, leaves a deputy to play his part. But I repeat, his name is not TEWFIK!"

"Not TEWFIK! Then what is his name?"

The Fellah looked round once more apprehensively, and then replied in a voice tremulous with terror—

"The real name of the Khedive of Egypt is BISMARCK!"

Five minutes later a telegram was despatched from Cairo to London. It was addressed, "Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."

WHY ought my eldest brother to be a Clergyman?—Because he's our Pa's son.

A BALLAD OF BATHING.

"The universal experience of our race has shown the value of sea-bathing in both preventive and curative medicine."—*British Medical Journal*.

WHEN we go to the Sea, shall we bathe?—that must be For all men a practical question;

For enjoying your dips in the sight of the ships Is sure to promote good digestion.

Now the sound *British Medical Journal* has said From bathing you'll get satisfaction;

But don't bathe if you're old or it makes you feel cold, And brings on no proper reaction.

For a child under two no sea-bathing will do, It's too great a shock to the system;

But hard-workers, they say, should take baths every day,

And won't feel quite right when they've missed 'em. So go down to the shore when your labours are o'er, Plunge into the waves in commotion,

For far better than pills, as a care for your ills, Are the numberless smiles of the Ocean.

AGITATION among Barristers. Election of "Provisional Bar Committee." Clearly, all the SPIERS and POND's girls will be eligible.

THE QUEEN distributed the Red Crosses to the Nurses last Friday. The "Red Cross Nurse" doesn't sound like a very gentle attendant in a sick-room. Rather Betsy Prigish, eh, *Mrs. Gamp*?

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 144.



MR. CHARLES SANTLEY.

"AND WHATSOEVER TENOR REIGN, I'LL BE YOUR BARITONE, SIRS!"

STARTLING SURMISE.

IN the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury, only a few days since—

"The Archbishop expressed his fear that the Welsh-speaking population in English towns slipped through the fingers of the Clergy, and endeavours should be made to prevent that."

This very grave account of the Welsh-speaking population in English towns can hardly fail to remind the reader of a rather peculiar passage relative to the Welsh language in one of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, the First Part of *Henry the Fourth*, wherein, Act III., Scene 1—

"GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words and then the Music plays. Hotspur. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh."

If such is the case, there may indeed seem to be special reason for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY'S apprehension that the Welsh-speaking population referred to "slipped through the fingers of the Clergy." Certainly, endeavours should be made to prevent that; but that, perhaps, may be nothing more dreadful than their slipping into the hands of the Dissenters.

FOOD FOR THE MIND.—A Scotch friend has suggested that Mr. IRVING should adopt, as his motto when away from England in America, the words, "Dinna forget!" But the eminent tragedian says he can never cease to remember "The Banquet of the Fourth."

SAYING of old Mr. Weller's adapted by the KHEDIVÉ—"O SAMI, SAMI, why were there an ARABI!"

IRVINGITES AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE Irving Banquet at St. James's Hall was a remarkable sight. As a demonstration of friendship, esteem, and respect for Mr. IRVING, it was an unqualified success; but, as a real dinner, and not a Stage Banquet of "properties," it was about as unsatisfactory as such monster feasts generally are.

On entering, we meet everybody whom we have been meeting every day during the Season. Everybody is delighted to see everybody else. Yet, somehow in every recognition there is an element of suppressed surprise—a sort of raising the eyebrows, and a mute inquiry of, "Hallo, old chap! what you here?" which, as the admission is two guineas, does not seem a very flattering comment upon the state of finances generally.

Where was our "ROBERT"? The undisciplined waiters had a rough time of it. At first, the guests being hungry and thirsty, are irritable, and nothing can be obtained fast enough. Then the next phase of conduct, on the part of the guests towards the waiters, is a sort of cringing servility. Finding that angry violence has no effect beyond scaring away the ministering angel, and so losing the small chance that previously existed of getting something to eat and drink, the guest begs, implores, and holds out lavish promises of fees, to be paid after the banquet is over, if the waiter will only fetch him something, no matter what. The knowing hand goes so far as to give the waiter a trifle in advance, as earnest of what is to come (but which doesn't), if he will only see that the supply is equal to the demand throughout the evening. Then follows the third phase when the guest, so to speak, expands, and, becoming good-humoured and jolly, cuts a friendly

joke with the waiter, and beginning to take a more roseate view of everything, nods and takes wine with friends at a distance, and addresses the waiter genially as "My good fellow," or "Just ask that gentleman, there's a good fellow!" or "Get me a little more so-and-so, there's a good fellow!" which state of amiability, when the speeches have commenced, is succeeded by a sudden burst of strong adjurations to the unfortunate waiter to "Stand out of the way there!"—"Get out!"—"Don't block the passage!"—"Lie down!"—"Go away!"—"Don't make that noise!" and so forth, until the perspiring attendants efface themselves against the walls, and refuse to come out at anyone's bidding, until the most interesting speech is well on in its career, when they have their revenge by letting off soda-water bottles in various parts of the Hall.

There is a "Table of Honour" on a lofty dais: here sits the Guest of the evening on the right of the Lord Chief Justice who looks every inch a Coleridge, and not altogether unlike a polite version of the Ancient Mariner in evening-dress. When the Ancient Mariner, later on, holds the five hundred guests with his glittering eye, and evinces a marked tendency to be prolix, the resemblance becomes stronger than ever. Behind the Chairman (the representative of the Ancient Mariner aforesaid), rising like a Cleopatra's needle from among the banked-up flowers, is a column of ice, which, from our point of view, seems to threaten Lord COLERIDGE'S head, either with a violent cold for the next morning, or with toppling over, crashing down like an iceberg, and smashing him. This causes me for some time a considerable amount of anxiety; but, finding that nothing happens, and that I am losing my dinner by keeping my eye on the safety of the Lord Chief, I come to the conclusion that the danger is only imaginary, and that the ice-block has been placed behind the

guests at the Table of Honour to cool their enthusiasm. The dinner ended, a flourish of trumpets proclaims silence for the Chair, or rather for the Ancient Mariner in it. The Toastmaster's voice is audible, but, speaking for some of us at our table, it is not always intelligible. He waves a *bâton*, apparently under the harmless delusion that he is directing something or other, probably the cheering, but no one

pays the slightest attention to his movements, except when he becomes very demonstrative, when the Guest of the Evening and the Ancient Mariner keep their heads well out of the reach of the formidable weapon.

Lord COLERIDGE proposes "The QUEEN!" whereupon a comic band in the Upper Gallery,—led by a really humorous Conductor, who has hitherto shown a strong tendency to come over the balustrade at all risks and join in the festivities below,—plays a comic version of the National Anthem with a burlesque part for the fife or flute, such as the fife-boy used to play in the Army of *Bombastes Furioso*. Though this performance gives universal satisfaction, it is not repeated. Then, as an appropriate musical illustration to the toast of "The Prince of WALES," Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING sings something about "Here's to the soldier that bled—" but upon whom the soldier, who it may be presumed was a properly diploma'd Army-Surgeon, performed this operation, I am unable to ascertain.

Then the Ancient Mariner, being once more started, proposes the health of the American President; whereupon Mr. CHARLES SANTLEY, unable to restrain his feelings, springs on to the platform, and, after an enthusiastic reception, sings "*O Ruddier than the Cherry*,"—whether out of compliment to the American Minister (he was standing with his back to Mr. LOWELL all the time) or as a graceful allusion to the dessert, was not stated.

Once more the Ancient Mariner rises to give us the toast of the evening,—which toast in the Mariner's hands is rather a dry one. The Ancient One does not appear to be well up in his subject, and the subject (perhaps this is owing to the Coleridge manner) seems to be less and less congenial to him as he goes on. He tells us in effect that a living Actor is better than a dead Dramatist; and alludes occasionally to someone of "the name of SOPHOCLES." He is by turns flattering and apologetic. He finishes his line of illustrious Actors at MACREADY, omitting all allusion to PHELPS, CHARLES KEAN, and ROBSON. In speaking of living Actresses he forgets Mrs. KEELEY, and in the body of the hall we rectify the omission, much to our own satisfaction.

Lord HARDWICKE, as representing Literature, Art, and everything else, smiles approbation throughout, but occasionally a shadow passes over his genial countenance as he surreptitiously eyes his cigar-case,

presses it with regretful tenderness, and then returns it to his pocket with a suppressed sigh (evident from a distance), and once more looks up, broad and beaming, with the air of a man who is thoroughly pleased with everything and everybody, specially himself, and delighted to see his friends rallying round him on an occasion like the present. Except for that cigar-case, and for the restriction on tobacco in that assembly, his Lordship is the happiest man present, and, with a very little pressing, he would soon yield to the illusion and rise to return thanks heartily

glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner in the Chair. And so the cigar-case disappears till happier times. The Ancient is still speaking. He gives us the usual twaddle about "purifying and exalting the Dramatic Art," and the audience is becoming restless under the infliction, when the Chairman commences a sentence with "When I was a young man,"—which rouses everybody. We all anticipate a good story, or perhaps a song, telling us "How I became a Lord Chief Justice." But the Ancient Mariner loses his opportunity. The anecdote was evidently on the very tip of the Chairman's tongue, and Lord HARDWICKE was leaning back in his chair, smiling on the audience with a sort of "I know—what's-coming—you'll-like-it" expression, when the Chairman seemed to catch somebody's eye, whether Sir JAMES HANNEN's, who doesn't like the sort of thing, or Sir JOSEPH CHITTY's, who had heard it before, and didn't care about it, it was impossible at our distance from his table to decide; but, be that as it may, the momentary light fades from the Chairman's eye, and giving up the idea of telling that racy story, and subsiding once more into the Ancient Mariner, he button-holes the five hundred guests with a firmer grip than ever. By the time he has arrived at the finish we are under the impression that he had alluded to himself as a mere amateur (whereat there was some applause), that SOPHOCLES had something to do with America, and that at some time or other, not mentioned in history, CICERO had been the proprietor of the Lyceum Theatre.

Then Mr. IRVING makes a modest and sensible speech, noteworthy for being untheatrical, and for its taking the honour paid to himself as a tribute to the entire profession of which he says he is proud to be selected as the representative. He speaks it trippingly and acts it to perfection, the "business" with the Ancient Mariner being especially good. At this point Lord HARDWICKE becomes enthusiastic, under the impression that smoking will now begin. But his Lordship is once more doomed to disappointment, though he revives on seeing Mr. SIMS REEVES step up, to sing, out of compliment to the Coleridgean representative of the Ancient Mariner, the "*Bay of Biscay*" in his best style. And though Mr. LOWELL made the best speech we've ever heard from him (we shan't say how many we've heard,—that's no matter), and though Professor TYNDALL gave a humorous entertainment, popping up and speaking like a Punch-doll, with his legs apparently hidden in the works of the grand piano, and though Mr. TOOLE, in proposing the Chairman made a capital hit by resuscitating the once popular phrase, invented by Counsel COLERIDGE in the Tichborne Trial, "Would you be surprised to hear"—yet the success of the evening, beyond all the speeches and all the songs (though SANTLEY's inimitable "*Vicar of Bray*" ran it closely), was the "*Bay of Biscay*" sung by SIMS REEVES; and that,—strangely enough, considering the aim and object of the great banquet,—was the verdict of us all.

The Church was represented by an epistle from an Archbishop to say he couldn't come, and by the Chaplain of the Savoy (Mr. D'O'LY CARTE's chapel of ease), who said grace. But there wasn't much to be thankful for in that dinner.

Talking of grace, the gallery was crowded with Ladies, chiefly of the theatrical profession, who had the extreme pleasure of seeing the animals feed, and, we should say generally, of getting as much boredom for half-a-guinea as could possibly be had for the money.

A propos of America, nobody made the slightest allusion to the one IRVING—Christian name WASHINGTON,—whose memory Englishmen and Americans will always delight to honour. It would have sounded like a happy augury for the success of the IRVING whom we are now sending over to them.

Bon voyage to HENRY IRVING, who goes to America with the tragic *Bells* and the merry *NELL*.



The Irving—Bank Wet.



"The Bay of Biscay" and "The Vicar of Bray."



Professor Tyndall's Entertainment.



"Johnnie" Toole and "Chappie" Coleridge.

Johnnie. Your health, Chief!
Chappie. Yours!

[Dashes his wig, and dances an Ancient Mariner Hornpipe.]



CRICKETIANA.

Ethel. "IT'S SUCH A SPLENDID MATCH, AUNT JANE! JUST FANCY, ALL THE STUDDS ARE PLAYING!"

Aunt Jane. "THE STUDDS! AH, YOU MEAN THE STUDENTS, I SUPPOSE—JUST AS YOU SAY THE UNDERGRADS FOR THE UNDERGRADUATES."

CONVERTED SAVAGES AT THE ALBERT HALL.

(By a Visitor from the Society Islands.)

IF ever the promoters of an English Fancy Dress Ball had a splendid chance of dispelling the Continental idea that we Britishers take our pleasures sadly, the Savage Club,—composed of Artists, Dramatists, Authors, Journalists, Musicians, and Comedians of all sorts who pride themselves on keeping alive the free-and-easy spirit of true Bohemianism,—in giving their *Fête* at the Albert Hall last Wednesday, under Royal patronage, in the presence of Royalty, for the endowment of a Scholarship in the Royal College of Music (of which Institution we've heard something before, if we remember rightly) most certainly had that splendid chance, and having signally failed to avail themselves of it, must reckon it as among the lost opportunities.

Never was anything more brilliantly dull, that is, up to 1'15 A.M., when there having been nothing in the previous entertainment to warrant a hope of something lively coming later on,—that is, after supper,—a considerable number of disappointed and wearied spectators followed the example of Royalty,—which, specially the better half of it, must have been tremendously bored,—and got away from the realisation of glittering melancholy as quickly as possible. Perhaps those who left might have been the Kill-joys and *Incubi*, and of course it is open to those who remained late to say that the fun did not begin until after supper. If this be so,—and no Savage I have met has protested that such was the case,—then it was a very poor compliment to their Royal Highnesses to have given them all the weariness, and kept for themselves all the amusement. It would not be a very nice thing to tell their "Royal Brother" that "we had such fun when you were gone,"—but, most undoubtedly, they did not have it while their Royal Brother and the Princess of WALES and all the other Royalties were present. It seemed as if the Savages, in assuming their native costume, had wrapped themselves in wet blankets, and put a damper on any little jet of fun or humour that dared to flicker up in a vain attempt at enlivening the proceedings.

MR. LIONEL BROUGH, as a comic Policeman, after a few struggles to infuse some life into the business of the scene, gave it up in despair, and it was in a voice broken with emotion that he gasped into a friend's ear, "My boy—I—

can't—get 'em to do anything. It's awfully slow." Once he braced himself up for a powerful effort: he pretended to "run in" somebody of importance; but this spasmodic burst of pantomimic humour met with no response. People in fancy costume only stared, and said to one another by way of explanation of the extraordinary proceeding, "That's BROUGH," as if such conduct would be just what was to be expected from a Low Comedian who didn't know any better, and who was eminently out of place on such an un-festive and solemn occasion as a Fancy-Dress Ball given by the Savages.

MR. COWEN, who had composed an admirable Barbaric March, was almost heartbroken at the lack of spirit with which it was performed. "The Savages," he said, "didn't march up to it!" The two GROSSMITHS—GEORGE and WEEDON—in first-rate costumes, were perpetually hiding themselves away in corners to avoid being taken on to a distant platform and forced to share with the gaunt Mr. ODELL the penance of contributing towards the general depression.

Excellent were the songs and recitations chosen; first-rate were the individuals, such as Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, for example, who gave them. But nothing of that sort could succeed in that vast building. The music was heavy, and, even when the dancing commenced, the principal part was played by "The Waits,"—for the intervals between the dances were so long and so dull—no set of masquers taking advantage of the *entr'acte* to do anything—that the time hung heavily on all except those happily constituted persons who are never tired of sitting and gazing on Royalty. The fact is there was no one at the head of affairs to give it the necessary go and spirit. It should never have hung fire for a minute. It should have been wild, rollicking, reckless, the fun getting fast and furious towards the small hours. But the Savages were as tame as *Friday* after a month of *Robinson Crusoe's* society, and there was no one inclined to rollick. The Savages seemed overawed by the presence of Royalty, and appeared anxious to show how respectable they could be.

Everyone had looked forward to the "Buffalo Dance." Here, at all events, they said, was a chance. For this, many, who would have gone long before, stayed, in spite of the Royal Party having disappeared from their box,—in itself a bad omen for the "Buffalo Dance." At last on came the Savages, and in came the buffaloes. It may have amused the performers and a few intimate friends, but it neither amused nor interested anybody else. It was vague, pointless, and irritating. The question was, who were most to be pitied,—the idiotic buffalo dancers, the unfortunate musicians who had to play the stupidly monotonous tom-toms, or the audience that witnessed the performance, staying on and hoping against hope that something amusing would be done at last. But though it began well,—and for one second a Savage, who might have been Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN, did some excellent pantomime, which, being lively, was instantly suppressed,—it soon settled down again into the same hopeless weariness that characterised this Fancy Dress Ball up to 1'15 A.M., when, as the song says, "Weary, so weary, of waiting,"—which might be a chaunt for our "ROBERT," by the way,—I wrapped my auld cloak about me, and hied away to a cheerful supper-party, when, being treated much after the fashion of a drowning man by the Humane Society, I was slapped heartily on the back, restoratives were applied, and in a few minutes I was able to recount how I had suffered and escaped from the Converted and Too Respectable Savages.

TO-NIGHT, a Great *Fête*, whereat Royalties take stalls,—and actively preside at them,—for the establishment of an English Church at Berlin. All sorts of exceptional entertainments are to be given, and the two Archbishops will probably play a match at Lawn-Tennis for the benefit of the new fund. Mr. and Mrs. BEERBOHNE TREE are playing a duologue. When you are Trees, it is just as well to make yourselves Pop'lar Trees.

"WHAT with the horse-boats," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "the steam-lunches, the condolers, the outragers, the Canadian caboose, and the banyans, we had the greatest difficulty, at Henley, in getting from one side of the river to the other."



"UP WENT THE PRICE OF MEAT!"

(Mr. Chaplin obliges the Farmer with his new Comic Song.)

BOOTHERATION.

THE recent decision in the Booth, Eagle, and Grecian Contract Case must have been "caviare to the General." But why, whenever Salvationists are brought, by their own fault or misfortune, into Court, are they "taken up tenderly," and treated with such special consideration? Is noise made by Salvationists in their so-called religious meetings to be tolerated any more than noise made by any other sect? Would a procession of Roman Catholic Orders, with banners, music, and chanting, and all the paraphernalia of their religious ceremonies, sanctioned by the use of centuries, and "no new thing" of the day before yesterday, be protected by the Law? Isn't such a procession illegal? And, if so, why shouldn't sauce for the Roman Goose be equally sauce for the Salvationist Gander? Or *vice versa*.

But why any processions? whether of Ritualists, Reformers, Salvationists, Romanists, Bradlaughites, or Freemasons? A Procession is a nuisance at any time, and should only be permitted on rare and exceptional occasions. As to the noisy Religious Services which disturb the peace and quiet of neighbourhoods on the Day of Rest, they should be all confined within the four walls of their own Tabernacle, Camp, Church, or Conventicle, whatever it may be, and those walls should be, by Act of Parliament, of a sufficient thickness to prevent the escape of all noise. And what a benefit for the worshippers within, as all noise outside would be excluded also.

If the maxim of "Keep yourselves to yourselves, and don't say nothing to nobody," were acted upon by all these so-called, or self-styled, Religious Bodies, how much happier we should all be. "Inquirers after Truth" can call on them, and if they find Truth at home (not *Truth's* proprietor and representative, Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., of course he is always very much at home in the House), they can step inside and remain there. Only don't let the different parties parade the streets, and come out and disturb good folks who, unable to forego their absolutely necessary work even on Sunday, are compelled to remain at home and to find their religious service in the practical maxim *Laborare est orare*; or those more fortunate who would make holiday of rest in the open air, away from the Screechers, the Preachers, the Ranters, and Canters. An Englishman's house is his Castle,—if it is a public-house it may be his Elephant and Castle,—and an Englishman's House of Prayer should be as private as his Castle; but, even in his own house, if an Englishman is a nuisance to his neighbour, the "aggrieved parishioner" has his remedy. Liberty for all, but don't make too free with Liberty.

SONG ON A SUMMER BEVERAGE.

WHEN the Summer skies are glowing,
And the Swains the hay-crop mowing,
And the cornfields yellower growing,
Whilst young lovers whisper bosh
In the hawthorn shade together,
During warm and sultry weather,
When the bloom is on the heather,
Slake your thirst with Lemon-Squash.

Jove, of Mount Olympus Rector,
Gods' and mortals' Lord Protector,
Daily draining bowls of Nectar,
Wont, at Hebe's hands, to wash
Down Ambrosia, robed with kirtle
Gilt sky-blue, in crown of myrtle
Twined with olive, fared on turtle;
Quaffed a kind of Lemon-Squash.

Fresher than the crystal fountain
Alpine Traveller, his account in,
Says he met with up the mountain,
Where he heard the *Ranz des Vaches*:
Cure for morning qualm, that crosses
Chest o'erlaid with wines and sauces,
Last night's work, to cool hot fauces
Nought will serve like Lemon-Squash.

Sometimes put a slight addition
To its simple composition,
Tending to augment fruition;
Islay, Lorne, or Farintosh.
If your whiskey be not handy,
As for Jove's own Nectar, SANDIE,
Let us mingle rum or brandy,
So make Punch of Lemon-Squash.

Cricket.

LAST week the usual match "Gentlemen v. Players" (invidious distinction!) was played at Lord's; the Gentlemen distinguishing themselves greatly. The force of emulation could further go if we had a theatrical contest, Amateurs v. Professionals, playing a new and original piece. The palm to be awarded by a Critical Committee. An umpire could be present to score the laughs, tears, applause, and hits made in the course of the piece by each Actor. Good notion. Let the School of Dramatic Art, if it still exists, try it.



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 6.

THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION STATION. ANY TIME IN THE DAY. PREOCCUPIED TRAVELLER—FORGOTTEN WHICH STAIRS TO TAKE. TWO MINUTES TO CATCH TRAIN. Puzzle—To find a PORTER, OR ANY OFFICIAL, OR ANYONE, TO PUT YOU (HIM) RIGHT.

ROBERT AT GREENWICH.

I AIN'T bin werry well lately, praps just a leetle too much igh living, so as I was reckmended a change of hair for a week or two just to invigorate my constitushun, I accepted a offer for Grinnidge where the Wite Bait Season has just about begun. Grinnidge is a nice place, Grinnidge is wen it tayn't low water and wen there ain't no bad smells from the River. There's ginerally 2 or 3 smoking steamers a rushing along to make the plaice lively, and wen the sun's a goin for to set and is throwin quite an alo of crimson glory on the back of the Ile of Dogs, and you've had a good dinner and a few glasses of our '47 port, which ain't quite all gone yet, you might amost fancy yourself in Wenice, or in any other lovely waterin place, always exceptin Margate, which has a charm of its own for the Citizens and the Citizenesses of our grand old City as amost nothink can equal.

We gits a good deal of wariety in our warious companys at Grinnidge, not exactly from the lighest to the lowest, coz we never has none of the lower orders here, a reel fish dinner wouldn't suit them to begin with, and one of our little bills wouldn't suit them to end with; but from the lordly four horse drag with a dook or a markis on the box, and a lot of swells, who not only don't care what they pays, but who axshally seems to like it all the better the more we charges 'em, down to the little City Club as comes down by the four-penny steamer, and laughs and talks away all dinner time, till I takes 'em the Bill, there's naterally a great many degrees of hungry humanity, but, as the Poet says, "one taste of dinner makes the hole world kin," and I've seen a reel live Dutchess make as hearty a dinner as if she had been nothink but the wife of a Fishmonger or a Lorriner, whatever mysterious gentleman that may be.

There's one thing as always strikes me on these intresting ocasions and that's the wonderful stories—I think that's the genteel name for 'em—as is told by gents as is quite old enuff to know better. I heard one on 'em only yesterday say, ashally without blushing, that he heard Professor HUCKSLEY say that on the coast of Norway there was a mountain of codfish nearly 200 feet deep! I think that about as

good a staggerer as even a Waiter ever heard. Of course the first thing that suggests itself to my perfseshal mind is, with a mountain of cod how about the necessary oysters? but of course nobody bleeved him.

By way of wariety we had quite a swell Wedding Breakfast last week, and that's always a most intresting ewent for all on us.

There's a certin kind of sumthink about a Wedding Breakfast that it's werry difficult to describe. Nobody seems to be quite at his ease. The poor bridegroom tries werry hard to look as if it was all a mere ornary ceremony as he went through about wunce a month, but fails miserably. The poor bride in all her magnificent array, so unnateral at breakfast time, ginerally feels no doubt as uncumfetable as she looks. But that wasn't the case with our Bride, not by no means. Having reached that all serene period of igsistence when blushing is looked upon as a thing of the past, our Bride marched her young husband about with a air of triumph beautiful to see. The Bridesmaids giggled as usual and whispered as usual, and the young Mashers wore such fearfully stiff collers that they didn't dare turn their heads round for fear of cutting their throats. And the rich old uncle who paid for the Brekfast without a grumble, and behaved werry well to us—so he must have been a reel gentleman, for we laid it on pretty thick—proposed the elths of the appy cupple in one of the shortest speeches as I ever heard, and then the young husband proposed the Bridesmaids with such a degree of unnecessary warmth, and the prettiest of the lot blushed and trembled so werry percepterbly, that the middling-aged Bride gave a sort of suppressed scream and a gasp and flopped off into a regular fainting fit before you could say Jack Robinson!

It must be a wery fine thing to be married to a great fortune, I should think, I never had that good fortune myself, so I can't speak from igsperience, but I should think so, never the less I did not envy that young husband his ride with his wealthy bride on his wedding day after she'd recovered when going to catch the train, and I should think from what I saw, and from what I heard from MARY, that all the honey he tasted during his long long wedding-month could have been gathered by the laziest bee as ever improved the shining hour, from the werry smallest flour as ever opened.

ROBERT.

"Then there is another fact," he was heard to say above the uproar.

"Oh! oh! oh! Yah! yah! yah! 'Vide! 'vide! 'vide!" Four hundred Gentlemen in frantic stage of indignation. HOWARD more beaming and benevolent than ever, though increasingly difficult to follow in his remarks.

"Looking at these things," says he, "I have come to the conclusion—"

"Hear! hear! hear!" House ringing with cheers.

"I have come to the conclusion—" (*renewed cheers*)—"that the time has now arrived—" Deafening applause, amid which HOWARD, after some gesticulation in dumb show, resumed his seat.

Business done.—CHAPLIN'S Motion, which MUXDELLA says will practically prohibit importation of Foreign Cattle, carried by 200 votes against 192.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Something like old times in House to-day. During epoch of spirited Foreign Policy rarely night passed without British Fleet sailing for the Bosphorus, or sailing back again. Russians at the gates of Constantinople, or report of one of the Grand Dukes being seen crossing the Caucasus. This afternoon PREMIER described how Gallic Cook has been crowing in Madagascar—even sticking his spurs in British Consul. Also a Missionary been appropriated by devastating French Admiral.

"Never," says EVELYN ASHLEY, "knew war begin, or threatened in foreign parts, but there was a Missionary in it. '*Cherche la femme*,' TALLEYRAND said, when there's a social difficulty. '*Cherche le missionnaire*' when there's a war in remote corners of the earth."

Grand Old Man, in quietest way, which evidently meant business, intimated that explanations had been demanded in Paris, and they were expected to be of a certain kind. No bluster or responsive wing-flapping. But House feels the affair will be properly attended to.

Thursday.—Quite a pleasant evening spent in Committee of Supply, with Corrupt Practices to follow. Mr. DILLWYN observing Irish Members absent, endeavoured to get up debate on old lines. PETER informed of situation, patriotically left dinner, and hastened to Committee. Vote going forward on Stationary. Sir GEORGE BALFOUR makes important discovery. Stationery Expenditure at War Office decreased during Egyptian Campaign.

"Always does," says Sir GEORGE. "When war going on no time for useless correspondence."

Shall look into this question. What we want to do is to keep down Estimates. War is costly. But if there are more than corresponding savings in Stationery Department, war becomes duty of Political Economists, like myself, PETER, and DILLWYN. Shall summon meeting in tea-room, and talk this over.

Meanwhile PETER in pursuit of Economy, urges that private Members shall have privilege of franking. "Members of Government," says he, "can frank up to any amount of postage. Get their private letters franked," he added, amid groans from WARTON, who begins to think not so bad to be a Minister. "It would," PETER adds, "be much more economical and lead to large saving, if this privilege of franking were extended to private Members."

Go entirely with PETER, more especially since Parcels Post coming in. Feel people of Barks would take deeper interest in me as their Representative, if I could not only frank their letters, but move about their parcels on economical terms. *Business done.*—Ten Votes in Committee of Supply. Progress with Corrupt Practices Bill.

Friday Night.—Excitement about Sir ARTHUR HATTEY's hat revived by report that it was PARNELL who took it. Fresh crowds in cloak-room round the bandbox in which the mysterious hat reposes. Various opinions among Members. Many remember that PARNELL wore band of crape on hat. Mysterious hat has deep band of crape. On other hand, hat is marked with initials, "A. M." That a poser.

EDWARD CLARKE, fresh from Old Bailey, pooh-poohs difficulty. Says if a man once gives himself up to dissipation of exchanging his hat, initials in the last he leaves are of no consequence.

"All very well for him to be uncrowned King of Ireland," says Sir ARTHUR HATTEY, with some bitterness. "But he's no right to go and crown himself with my hat."

What with worry and excitement, alternating hope and despair, Sir ARTHUR falling away. Used to be plump, well-featured, carefully dressed, and happy. Now clothes hang on him loosely. Checks sunken, eyes haggard, and developing unaccustomed fretfulness. Pretty to see Sir CHARLES FORSTER in these circumstances. Follows Sir ARTHUR about at deferential distance, anxiously eyeing him. True delicacy of soul shown in fact that he never wears his hat when he passes him. This silent, unobtrusive sympathy only aggravates Sir ARTHUR in present temper.

"Wants to play BILDAD the Shuhite, or ELIPHAZ the Otherthingite, with me," he growls. "Wants us to sit down on the ground together, and mourn. But I haven't the patience of Jon. I don't want a comforter; I want my hat."

Corrupt Practices Bill through at last. Amendments towards end swallowed wholesale. WARTON pathetically protests against this indecent haste. "SOLICITOR-GENERAL says no one opposed this suggestion," he says, speaking of one of five hundred Amendments. "Why, I opposed it." House emphatically of opinion that it comes to the same thing. Cross (who on this happy occasion mustn't forget to call Sir RICHARD) fussing about in grandest Cross style. Bill ordered to be reported. DODDS falls upon ATTORNEY-GENERAL's neck, is dragged off by SOLICITOR-GENERAL as if he were BRADLAUGH, and all go home.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England has accepted an invitation from the New York Bar Association to be present at its next annual meeting. The New York Bar Association sounds like "Liquoring-up."

LAWN-TENNIS LOBS.

Served by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



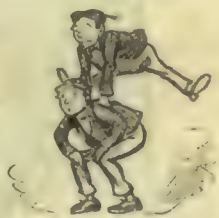
Gentlemen's Doubles.



Smart Service.



Ladies Singles.



Back Play.



A Splendid Rally.



Smothering the Bawl.



Deuce!



Two Sets to One.



Playing up to the Net.



Love Game.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN "IMPRESSIONIST."

THAT an "Impressionist" is not impressive
In a "claw-hammer" on a public platform;
That cheek's not *chic*; that two hours' talk's
excessive;
That "form" is a fine thing, but not quite that
"form";
That fish-like gasping and complacent gloating
Are not the choicest of rhetoric graces;
That there is tedium in stale anecdoting
Sprinkling a prairie-flat of commonplaces;
That elevated chin and sidelong glances
Are very ancient tricks—in MARY-ANNE;
That maid-of-all-work coquetry enhances
The nauseousness of the aesthetic manner;
That "Beauty-worship" is a bogus *cultus*,
As urged by spirits maudlin, morbid, mummy;
That played-out Charlatans with cant insult us
Who recommend their cult to—"Evrabuddy"!



THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE ACTOR HAS IMPROVED OF LATE YEARS, BUT STILL LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED.

Walter Lissom (*the Jeune Premier of the Parthenon*). "I ASK YOU ALL, LADIES, HAS AN ACTOR EVER YET BEEN MADE A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, OR EVEN HAD THE REFUSAL OF A PEERAGE! NEVER!"

Chorus of adoring Duchesses, Marchionesses, and Countesses. "SHAME!"

A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.

Reynard loquitur—

CHARMING! A really capital arrangement.
(*Seeing I cannot wholly kick you out*)
Will quite prevent deplorable estrangement
Between old friends, removes all lingering doubt.
An *entente cordiale*, indeed, *mon ami*!
Pledge of enduring peace and lasting love,
(*Should like to serve you—well, as they served SAMI!*)
Typed by the olive-branch and cooing dove.

Those "Forty Centuries" of our Little Corporal
Never looked down on such a scene as this.
(*Had not your countrymen been lulled to torpor all*
They ne'er had managed such a chance to miss.
How nice to have you for a friendly neighbour,
Co-operative in civilising toil,
Ready to share—this time—the glorious labour
(*Yet waive the Lion's portion of the spoil*).

How strong you look, how muscular, how sturdy!
What music in your clear sonorous voice!
(*Sacr-r-r-e! I'd sooner hear a hurdy-gurdy!*)
Concessions to the comrade of my choice,
My love and magnanimity displaying,
I make with joy. Our interests are conjoint.
You seem prepared for toiling. (*And for paying.*
Which, after all, is the important point!)

A Lion so Titanic, so imposing,
Egyptian sands have never seen before.
(*All giants are susceptible to glozing,*
From Polyphemus downwards.) He who bore

Atlas's load, as *locum tenens*, never
Showed broader shoulders or more mighty thews.
(*Dieu merci, Hercules is seldom clever!*)
C'est magnifique! My paw you won't refuse!

C'est un succès pyramidale—colossal,
Our *solidarité*; the heavens must smile
Upon our love. (*I wish that I could toss all*
Your "traps" and you yourself into the Nile,—
All? Well, no, not the millions; they'll be useful!)
How pleasant to reflect that in despite
Of little tiffs, and journals of abuse full,
We are so (*Sacr-r-r-é!*) thoroughly "All Right!"

Leo loquitur—

All right? Hold on! You take too much for granted.
'Tis pleasant—on fair terms—to be allied,
But this "arrangement" is not quite what's wanted;
The reciprocity seems all one side.
Concessions? Heaven forbid that friendship's purity
Should be disturbed by too great greed of pelf;
But what do you concede? Eh? What? Security?
My friend, I will look after *that* myself.

Rising Seat in Surrey.

WITH regard to extension of the Parliamentary Franchise in any measure the Government may contemplate, their consideration should be given to the present anomalous condition of Wimbledon. Although the territorial division of that part of Surrey has not as yet been erected into an electoral district, nevertheless nearly the whole of Wimbledon Common, now the Volunteers are encamped there, is under Canvas.

PROSPECTS OF THE GROUSE.—No fear of M.P.'s much before September.



A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.

M. REYNARD DE L-SS-PS (*un Français avant tout*). "ENCHANTED TO MAKE CONCESSIONS SO VALUABLE TO A COLLEAGUE SO OBLIGING. AND AS FOR SECURITY——"

BRITISH LION. "'SECURITY'! THANK YE, MOSSOO! WHEN I DO MAKE AN ADVANCE, I'LL LOOK AFTER THE 'SECURITY' MYSELF!"



"A WORD AND A BLOW!"

First Gent (Cell). "YE MET 'M AT ME BROTHER'S, THE MIMBER, I THINK!"

Second Gent (Saxon). "YES, BUT I HAVEN'T ANY FAVOURABLE IMPRESSION OF HIM—'N FACT—'UM—HE STRUCK ME AS A LIAR."

First Gent. "DID HE, THIN!! I HOPE YE HIT 'M BACK, SURRE!"

CRUCIAL QUESTIONS.

"The control of the traffic will be under the direction of a British Naval Officer."—*Concession Item.*

Is it absolutely necessary that he should be a good Sailor?

Ought he to be of a distinctly melancholy turn of mind?

Will he be received on his arrival with a salute of one gun?

If this can be amicably settled by skilful diplomacy, will the British Government undertake to pay for the necessary powder?

Will M. DE LESSEPS have occasionally to cap him?

Will he have occasionally to cap M. DE LESSEPS?

Will they, on this account, occasionally avoid each other?

Will he, on his decease, have a right to a public funeral?

Will he, meantime, be expected to dine on board every vessel going through the Canal either way?

Will he be compelled to wear a cocked hat on Sundays?

When no business is doing, will he be permitted to dance a quiet hornpipe on the margin of the Bitter Lakes?

Will he say that this reminds him of a Bank holiday?

Will M. DE LESSEPS complain of this remark as a "regrettable incident"?

If a 5000-ton ship gets aground, and blocks the Canal, will he have the privilege of directing it to move on?

If, notwithstanding, it find itself unable to move on, what will he be expected to do with it?

Will he have a right to blow up the Canal as a precaution, in time of war?

Will the Company have the right to blow him up, as a recreation, during a period of peace?

When the dividend on the traffic touches 50 per cent., will he be allowed a bonus of half a farthing in the pound, and be presented with a new suit of clothes?

If he gets this within the next ninety-nine years, will he be really happy?

If he doesn't, but falls overboard when nobody is looking, will he be much missed?

And will M. DE LESSEPS, or will he not, on suddenly hearing the news, dance a cancan, and make an "unseemly manifestation"?

PLACED BY M. DE LESSEPS:—*The Suez Canal*, 1; *La France*, 2; and the *Rest of the World*—nowhere!

"THE TITLE ROLE."

MR. IRVING made an excellent speech at the supper given to him by Mr. BANCROFT last week. Among many sensible things said by him on that occasion, he intimated that he would rather not accept a title, and prefix "Sir" to "HENRY," as long as he was Knightly appearing before the Public. But when he retires—a day long distant—surely he would then accept a title if he considered it a compliment to his profession, and a public recognition of the Actor's social status.

For ourselves, we should wish to see a new Order established, say of Knights of the Round Table of Art and Literature, which should be equivalent to a C.B., and be accompanied by a decoration. For a Knight of the Drama a "Star" would be evidently the appropriate insignia of the Order.

The Sisters of the Brush must not be forgotten. Mrs. BUTLER, Mrs. JOPLING, and Mrs. PERUGINI would hold rank equal to the "Ladies of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem," or be Baronesses, unless their husbands were decorated, in which case they would share with them, by Royal Licence, the honour of the title.

On the Stage the rule would be the same, when it would be an advantage to the Actresses to retain in the playbill their married names, instead of continuing to pass themselves off on the Public as spinsters,—a form of deception, which, in its commencement, was not entirely innocent. But we have latterly changed a good deal of that for the better.

Then, again, in conferring titles would arise the question, are we to Knight the Actor, whoever it may be, in his professional, i.e., his assumed name, or his real name? For, contrary to the custom in every other profession,—with which it is true, the profession of an Art does not stand precisely on the same ground—the man who goes on to the Stage, no matter from what class of Society he may come, assumes, as a rule (to which, at the present moment, we are only acquainted with one recent exception), an *alias*; and this, too, in some instances, where he has come from a theatrical stock, been

brought up to the footlights, and inherited a good theatrical name, on which he is unwilling to trade. This last instance, however, is intelligible. What a revelation of real names there would be, if the *Heralds' College* had to go into the matter, in order to confer the titles, unless the Crown, the Source and Fountain of Honour, decreed that, as the compliment was intended for the profession, the professional name should be retained and distinguished.

No Actor has ever been knighted: yet WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE must have had a pretty good chance of the distinction at the hands of ELIZABETH. His *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* and his *Sir John Falstaff* were perhaps against him.

On the whole, we fancy everyone who takes any interest in the subject would rather see a special Order—(nothing to do with the Theatrical "Orders"—"not admitted after Seven")—created for the recognition of distinguished services to Literature and Art, than to have our few and exceptionally good dramatic Artists included in the rather mixed assembly of East-End and West-End Knights. An English Order of St. Cecilia could be created for the Musicians, and the distinguished order, with collar, of "S.S. Genesis and Gelasius, Comedians and Martyrs, A.D. 286 and 297," for the worthy Actors. Mr. P. is not much of a Hagiologist, but ALBAN BUTLER was, to whose learned work the reader is hereby referred. Their festival is kept on August 26th, when the Order might be instituted. There can be no objection to bringing in Saints as Patrons, while we have a Theatre dedicated to St. James the Apostle, under the management of Messrs. HARE AND KENDAL, and a Hall of Entertainment, the Home of the Gallery of Illustration, dedicated to the Patron Saint of England, Saint George, under the management of Messrs. ALFRED REED and R. C. GRAIN. We present these hints to the Rouge Dragon at *Heralds' College*, or any other learned monster who may happen to be on the premises.

For the present the Channel Tunnel is "floored." When will it be roofed?

DIARY OF AN ATHLETE
IN THE DOG-DAYS.

(Suggested by the "Fashionable Fancies" in the Morning Papers.)

7 A.M.—Run on a bicycle. Did ten miles before breakfast. About 60° in the shade.

9 A.M.—Lawn-Tennis. Two hours' bout single-handed. About 70° in the shade.

11 A.M.—Cricket. Stayed in for a couple of hours, and made sixty-two runs. About 80° in the shade.

1 P.M.—Rowing. One hundred and twenty minutes of really good practice against the tide. About 90° in the shade.

3 P.M.—Polo. Another two hours' work in the roasting sun. Might be almost anything in the shade.

5 P.M.—Skirmishing drill and the new attack with my Volunteers. So busy, that had no time to discover whatever it was in the shade.

7 P.M.—Public Dinner. Hardest work of the day. Nothing to eat, dull speeches, and temperature fever-heat in the shade.

9 P.M.—Two hours at the play. Frightful crush. Judging from the Stalls, about 100° in the shade.

12 MIDNIGHT.—At a dance. Waltzed incessantly until the morning. Heat awful. In the conservatory amongst the fernery at least 120° in the shade.

3 A.M.—Dumb-bells and bed. Thoroughly done up. Tropical temperature of no great importance now, as all my senses are just at present—like my atmospheric readings—"in the shade."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 145.



"SELF-HELP,"

BY SMILES.

"SUN-SPOTTERY."

"Mr. OLIVER arrives, after much argument, at the conclusion which might have been anticipated, 'that Sun-spottery is not what it is represented to be, but is, for the most part, humbug.'"—*The Globe*.

THEY say that great wars have begun
From horrid spots upon the Sun,
Each national calamity
Springs, so it seems some savants say,
From spots upon the orb of day,
Destructive of all amity.

They also note each spot appears,
At certain intervals of years,
With fatal periodicity;
From SABINE and from WOLFF
we learn
They make the compass-needle turn,
And bring on electricity.

Professor JEVONS—here's a game!—
Declared that Sun-spots were to blame
When English commerce got awry;
But Mr. OLIVER has thrown
A new light on the Sun, and shown
The humbug of Sun-spottery!

"It's always a sign of stormy weather," said delightful Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, at Margate one day, "when you see the purposes rolling about in the orphan."

THOUGHT UPON THOUGHT-READING.—LABOUCHERE & IRVING BISHOP: *Nolo Episcopari*.

SUNDAY AT THE SALON.

AND the last. Delicate acquaintances suggest breastplates and scent-bottles, or, at least, getting up very early in the morning, and paying my franc for a privileged peep from eight till ten. But as "the play" has long since ceased to be "the thing," the Pictures have given way to the People with a democratic devotion that should make even Birmingham's JOHN and JOSEPH put up patronising eyeglasses at them. And the People's day is Sunday, from ten till six.

Breakfast first. The Champs Elysées on a Sunday are woefully destitute of decent inns. The "Moulin Rouge" is no more, and the "Ambassadeurs" bears an ill name as a breakfast-place. The *dilettanti* who take a roll, some Lyons sausage, and a *chopine* in their pockets, are not to be imitated. The Administration thinks it is enough to feast the eyes, and its myrmidons vigorously discourage peripatetic luncheons. No rows of cabs and broughams at the door, but an unceasing queue—a tail in interminable numbers—come to see its own illustrations by the best Artists. Not very many sterling hall-marked working-men, perhaps; there is the Fête de Neuilly on the same day, you see, and the grass and trees at the Buttes Chaumont are green, and solicit smokers in shirt-sleeves. Middle-class artisans, shopmen and girls, tradesmen, provident fund-holders come to save a franc, students come for fun, writers come for character, a few painters come to feel the pulse of public opinion, and a sprinkling of politicians come to do the democrat. The tail winds in slowly but surely, beset by cheap Catalogue vendors—from two to ten sous—containing information enough to satisfy anybody save the painters who don't happen to be named therein; and after running a blockade of fair but irrepressible angels of charity in twelve-button gauntlets, who want money for the Orphelinat des Arts, the Alsace-Lorraine

schools, &c., shudders at the sculpture, and rushes, panting, to the *salon carré*.

Bara must be seen first of all. The *Baras*—there are two of them—have put the people's taste to a sore test. There is the rude nude *Bara* of HENNER, a meagre Paris *gamin*, whose uniform consists of a pair of drumsticks, and not a bit of historic upholstery or scenic carpentry about him. "That *Bara*," the *prudhommes* who know their history, say, with veiled eyes, "if it had only been a nymph or a Venus, clothes wouldn't so much matter;" and they pass on to that other *Bara* of M. WEITZ's, the true heroic youth in red and gold lace, a sublimated *Sandford* and *Tom Brown*, in the act of exclaiming, "We must not say '*Vi-ve le Roi!*' for that would be laugh-ty." This is a very popular work with the mothers, who have all a fondness for heroic cherubim.

More patriotism in oils—not olive oil generally, nor oil upon the waters. FLAMENG's "*Camille Desmoulins*" draws the young patriots and patriotesses. It is nice and rosy and touching. *Camille* tells the messenger to sit down to dinner, plays with his pink baby facing his pink wife, and a pink servant in grey takes away the plates. "What a pity he's so ugly!" the Girl-critics from the Faubourg say. "*Marat*," flanked by ROBESPIERRE and DANTON, by M. SOUDET, is one of those pieces of hectic tawdry that always attract—as subjects, not as works—pictures that need half a page of description in the catalogues. Before ALEXANDRE BERTIN's fine canvas, the "*Funeral of Hoche*," the old soldiers take their stand for a quarter of an hour; and you hear hoarse talk of *parement*, *brandebourg*, *calotte panache*; while the young warriors study the anatomy of a Lady dressed by Madame GODIVA, *couturière*, two frames off. The "*Femmes de Paris demandant du Pain à Versailles*" is out of date in more than one respect, and the general apathy of the multitude abundantly proves



COURAGE!

Papa. "GLAD TO SEE YOU TO-MORROW EVENING. MY DAUGHTER ALICE WILL SING, AND BEATRICE WILL RECITE TO US A NEW POEM SHE'S COMPOSED. WE SET AT NINE."

Young Man. "THANKS! YOU'RE VERY KIND. 'MOST HAPPY. I'LL BE WITH YOU AT NINE!"

it. Famine and Versailles are no longer closely linked in the popular mind, and M. BROUILLET's careful work only suggests LOUISE MICHEL and the bakers' shops to the Sunday Art-patrons—the more forcibly that he has dressed his figures like 1880, not like 1789.

A distinct current bears one towards PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, and it needs a strong flood to do it. It is composed of the little *rentiers* who have some ideas about Art, and whose daughters have taken prizes for sepia—the destined Puvist Chavannists of all time. "Poor man, and when he wakes!" "It is always something to have dreamed!" are the profound criticisms of the holiday makers around M. DE CHAVANNES' fagged peasant asleep on a hillock with supernaturally clean Love, Wealth, and Glory hovering about him. Another allegory, "*Judith*," is popular, chiefly for the reason that the Bethulian widow wears a Tartan costume of the latest pattern, and that a number of enthusiasts think the chief figure is JUDIC.

GERVEX appeals to the Sunday folk in another fashion. They don't know his name, but gravitate instinctively towards his little bits of varnished realism. "*Comme c'est ça!*" is uttered three hundred times a day before the "*Bureau de Bienfaisance*"—a pigeon-hole where meagre women wait for alms, and a vigorous harridan in a red shawl argues

with an angry clerk. It is certainly that—particularly the shawl. BASTIEN LEPAGE is one of the few modern Painters whose names mean anything to Sunday spectators. With them it is "*Faut voir M. LEPAGE*;" he painted GAMBETTA." He is worth seeing, even this year. His "*Village Love*" is a love of a picture in townsfolks' eyes: the exaggerated rustic is making such rurally robust love to a stout country lass with such an intensely bucolic eagerness to believe everything! And if the houses and trees in the background look as if they were about to fall on the lovers' heads, it would only be what they deserve, an ancient Lady remarks to a dilapidated husband, who has been looking too long, under the pretence of analysing "*l'œuvre*."

Andromaque is studied as a matter of duty. The People always runs to the pictures with a label on them, and is prepared to find anything *hors concours* superb. An ingenious young haberdasher who had discovered that the Ministère des Beaux Arts out of fourteen purchases had bought twelve nudities, even he found himself irresistibly attracted by the *acquis par l'Etat*. *Andromaque* is strongly, almost violently, conceived and executed, but it is a sore puzzle to the Catalogueless. M. ROCHEGROSSE's heroine is throwing herself on the swashbuckler who has seized her son by ULYSSES' order. She is held back by the Greeks, and ASTYANAX is about to be cast from the walls. There is blood everywhere—ROCHEGROSSE has HENRI REGNAULT's insatiable thirst for gore; and the captor of the young Trojan has the head-piece of a Huron, not the helmet of a Greek; but, for all that, the suspended breath of the common spectators is enough to prove the power of the composition. The mother touched if the Greek didn't.

And when one comes away with *Prudhomme* and the real "*Salon* headache" in the evening, it was refreshing to see the *cafés* open, and to know that our virtuous countrymen had been loafing round tavern-doors from three to six, accumulating thirst, and with never a wicked picture to see.

THE PRICE OF MEAT.

AIR—"The Sands of Dee."

AYE, CHAPLIN, warn the Cattle off,
That come from foreign lands;
At mild MUNDELLA sniff and scoff,
And force the Government's hands.
Posing as potent champion
Of Agriculture sweet;
But what of the effect upon
The Price of Meat?

Aye, CHAPLIN, warn the Cattle off!
It matters scarce at all
To gentry of the genus "toff"
If rumpsteaks rise or fall.
But to the poor Consumer, prey
Of all who scheme or cheat,
It is the question of the day,—
The Price of Meat!

Aye, CHAPLIN, warn the Cattle off,
And win the Farmer's smile;
To you the Landlord well may doff
The complimentary "tile."
But the poor proletariat throng
Quite otherwise will greet
"Protection," which will lift, ere long,
The Price of Meat!

THE GREATEST CONVERSAZIONE IN LONDON.—A sitting of the House of Commons.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

Only the other day, due to the frequent and increasing presence of certain "Continentalisms" in the communications addressed to him at the Foreign Office, Earl GRANVILLE had, by means of a Circular, to direct the attention of "all members of Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Services to the necessity for greater care as regards the use of pure English in Official Correspondence."

A Rider to the above, further enjoining on his subordinates the use of "plain" English, has just been issued by the noble Lord, and at the present moment it will probably be read with some interest. The following are a few specimens selected for their guidance:—

Phrase as formerly couched.

Future rendering of same.

We express no appreciation of your annexation of this Colonial possession.

Would you, at your convenience, kindly signalise to us your veridical course of action?

It will be our endeavour to oppose the suscitation of national excitements.

The difficulty can be easily categorised as quite unmotivated.

An increase of your profits out of the Canal, and partial arrestation of our commercial prosperity, is what we shall not recommend to you.

Our minimal assistance will be £8,000,000 sterling at 3½ per cent.

It would distress us greatly further to ruffle our mutual antecedent solidarity.

Regrettable incident.

We should like to know what the dickens you're up to now?

If you don't let us know what your little game is, and precious quickly too,—then look out for squalls.

You seem to think JOHN BULL has put his spirit into his pocket! Not yet, Mossoo, I can tell you.

Confounded impudence—that's what it is. Come now, what do you mean by it?

Fancy we're going to lay an embargo on our trade for ninety-nine years, for your special benefit? Why, you must be a "pack of greenhorns!"

You surely don't think we're going to find that for you for nothing?

Unless you take jolly good care what you're about, I tell you what it is, my boy,—we shall be coming to blows.

Show your sense, then, and apologise!

JUSTICE—VERY MUCH—IN THE FUTURE!

SCENE—Interior of one of the Royal Courts under the Amended-Improved-Recently-Re-revised-New-Rules. The well of the Court full of starving Solicitors. Briefless Silks and Stuffs are heard giving vent to deep emotion in the pews reserved for their use. Sharp Judge on the Bench perusing a Daily Newspaper.

Sharp Judge. I really must beg the Bar not to sob quite so loudly. It really is impossible to read in such a hubbub. Any cause to be tried this morning?

Official. It will be within your Lordship's recollection that the Court has wiped off everything, and that most probably there will be no further business before it until after the Long Vacation.

Judge. Ah! to be sure!

[Continues his perusal of the Morning Paper.]

Enter a Small Tradesman, who looks about vaguely, as if in search of a resting-place.

Small Tradesman. If you please, my Lord, I am a Juryman.

Judge *[taken aback]*. A what? *[General astonishment.]*

Small Tradesman. A Juryman.

Judge. Why, my good man, it is impossible. There must be some mistake. We haven't had a Jury case for the last five years!

Official *[who has looked into the summons]*. Please, my Lord, it is a practical joke. The poor man has been imposed upon.

[Exit Small Tradesman.]

Judge *[indignantly]*. Too bad! I only wish I had the perpetrator of the hoax before me! I would assuredly commit him for contempt! *[Aside.]* Should like to have the chance. It would give me something to do!

[Resumes his reading.]

Enter a Plaintiff, timidly.

Plaintiff. Oh, I beg your pardon, but can anyone tell me where I can get advice?

The Entire Bar *[rising like one man]*. This way, please.

Judge *[severely]*. This is most indecent! Until I know the case I cannot say that he will be allowed Counsel. *[The Entire Bar subside, and recommence their weeping.]* Now, what do you want, Sir? Have you a Solicitor?

Plaintiff. No, my Lord, but I should like to have one.

All the Solicitors in Court *[speaking as loudly as their famine-created weakness permits them]*. This way, please—

Judge *[angrily]*. Silence! *[To Plaintiff.]* Now then, you Sir, what is your case?

Plaintiff. Oh, please, my Lord, Mr. JONES owes me £10.

Judge. Then you can get on without professional assistance. Under Rule 432, as your claim is so small, I cannot allow costs either for Counsel or Solicitor. *[Deep wailing heard from both branches of the Profession.]* Silence! And now, where is the Defendant?

Defendant *[rising from a bench at the back of the Court, where he has been seated.]* Here, my Lord, and I would observe that—

Judge *[interrupting]*. You must not waste the time of the Court, Sir! Now then, the Plaintiff will state his case in as few words as possible.

Plaintiff. Well, my Lord, it was just like this. You must know, about October last—

Judge *[excitedly]*. Stop, stop! That won't do at all. Here I will help you. Did you lend Defendant the money?

Plaintiff. Yes, my Lord, and—

Judge *[interposing]*. That will do. You mustn't say any more under Rule 879. And now you, Sir—do you owe the money?

Defendant. No, my Lord, I do not; for it was just like this. When I found that—

Judge. No, no! Stop! I can't hear any more from you under Rule 342, which limits the defence to a sentence of not more than six words. *[Referring to an enormous volume.]* Ah, I see that by Rule 27,431, in such a matter as this, no Witnesses are allowed.

[Closing book.] So the case is complete.

Plaintiff *[urgently]*. But, my Lord, may I not say—

Defendant *[implovingly]*. And can't I explain that—

Judge *[very angrily]*. Be quiet both of you! According to the Rules now in force, you have had ample opportunity of bringing the matter fully before me! *[More composedly.]* What I gather is this. That the Plaintiff says that he has lent some money to the Defendant—an assertion which the latter denies. Thanks to the novel procedure, you are not put to the expense of Counsel, Solicitors, Witnesses, and Juries. *[Renewed sounds of lamentation.]* Silence! *[The sobs subside.]* In fact, matters are simplified all round. In the olden days I myself should have felt it my duty to have carefully summed-up after weighing the evidence and listening to the arguments. But having no Witnesses, you have no evidence,—and employing no Counsel, you have no arguments. Under these circumstances my duty is plain. I have here in this pocket a small coin of the Realm. I produce it. *[Suits the action to the word.]* I toss it into the air—so. And catch it in my hand as it descends—thus! I then decide in my mind, before looking at it, that the head shall represent the interests of the Plaintiff, and the tail the interests of the Defendant. And—

[Scene closes in upon the Suitors anxiously awaiting the Judge's decision.]

THE BRADSHAW JUBILEE.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the first British Railway Guide having just taken place, it has been suggested that a Grand Procession (something after the fashion of the Lord Mayor's Show) should be organised to proceed from one given point to another—say from Hanwell to Colney Hatch—in honour of the interesting occasion. Should the idea come to anything, no doubt the following will be found to be a more or less accurate "programme of precedence":—

Railway Managers to stop the Traffic.

Deputation of Trains that arrive before they start.

Deputation of Trains that start but never arrive.

Deputation of Trains that neither start nor arrive but only run. Railway Passengers who have not read Bradshaw, wearing tweed suits, and accompanied by their portmanteaus.

The Chief Official of Bethlehem Hospital.

Railway Passengers who have read Bradshaw, wearing straw in their hair, and accompanied by their Attendants.

The Boy at Mugby Junction,

Supported by the Young Ladies of the "Refreshment" Department.

Bradshaw's prototype—the Sphinx of Egypt.

Practical Jokers (admirers of Bradshaw) two and two.

Persons who, after consulting Bradshaw, have caught a Train—rejoicing.

Persons who, after consulting Bradshaw, have not caught a Train—swearing.

Engine-Drivers in full dress, with their Trains.

Misanthropes and Cynics (admirers of Bradshaw) two and two.

The Editors of Rival Railway Guides, in chains.

Band, playing "The Sleeper Awakened."

Grand Triumphal Car, containing the 600 Monthly Volumes that have been published during the past half-century.

Public Orator, repeating "Lines from Bradshaw."

And the Public in general, attempting to discover "what on earth it all means!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be sent by the Senders.

GOOD-WOOD MADE BETTER AND BETTER.

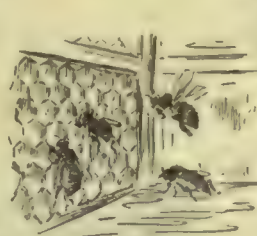
(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Good Woo'd.



Staying the Course.



A Ceiling Race.



Struck Out of his Engagement.



No Takers.



The Pick of the Stable.



A Rank Outsider.



Bet 'a Off.

A PURELY TECK-NICAL MATTER.

An advertisement in the back page of a daily paper at the commencement of last week, informed the public that a very interesting ceremony was fixed to take place on the 26th of July and following day, at the Duke of WELLINGTON'S Riding-School. The occasion was to be the sale by auction of many remarkable things, including "two antique sedan-chairs richly carved and gilt, formerly the property of H. M. Queen CHARLOTTE (unless previously disposed of)" and "an Egyptian Cabinet inlaid with mother o' pearl." The last item was suggestive of the military glories of an illustrious commander of Volunteers who has recently been presented with a field-officer's commission in the Regular Army, and no doubt its birthplace was not far from Tel-el-Kebir. The advertisement concluded with the intimation that the collection "might be viewed at the Palace by special orders with Catalogues (price one shilling each), to be obtained at the Auctioneers." A visit to those persons elicited the further facts that the Palace was Kensington, that the special orders were easily obtained on the presentation of twelve pence, and that the property was being sold "by command of H.R.H. the Duchess and H.S.H. the Duke of TECK."

The Catalogue which was presented with the "special order," was an unpretending little pamphlet. Bound in green, it bore on its cover nothing but the words, "Kensington Palace," and the names and business address of the "Auctioneers and Land Agents" who had been "commanded" to dispose of the "little lot." The title-page was more pretentious. What are technically known as "bold lines," were given to a "superb richly-carved Bombay Drawing-Room Suite," an "elegant Gilt Suite in crimson satin," and some "Chippendale Cabinets and Chairs." Much smaller type was devoted to "a Dining-Room Suite in leather," and "a few Oil Paintings;" while "Ormolu Wall-Lights, Candelabra, and a variety of other effects," was scarcely legible. No doubt, to account for the absence of *articles de toilette*, &c., the collection was announced as "the valuable surplus decorative and ornamental furniture removed from the Palace."

The Catalogue contained over three hundred items of a miscellaneous character. This will be easily credited when it is stated that No. 1 consisted of "a 4ft. iron fender, brass fire-guard, and a 5ft. 6in. bright steel fender, with ormolu moulding," No. 13 of "a 7ft. carved walnut easel, with shield and foliated scroll mount," No. 15 of "a pair of finely-executed bronze busts of 'Her Majesty' and the late 'Prince Consort' on a pair of 48-inch Scagliola pedestals," and No. 322 (to jump from the beginning of the Catalogue to the end) of "five kitchen chairs and a beer stillion." The furniture was displayed in the private apartments, and can be dealt with in their respective rooms:—

Council Chamber.—Fenders and busts as above. Also "The superb Bombay Suite." Also warlike trophy, described in italics as "A very fine specimen from Egypt." After the last two items,

"Three 7-feet-6 mahogany cornice-poles, with gilt ends and brackets and lacquered rings," and "A japanned purdonium and scoop" are comparatively uninteresting.

Drawing-Room.—After a couple of "Marqueterie and buhl cabinets," and a "grotesquely-carved figure of Negro boy, supporting tray for cards," comes the gem of the collection, "The richly-framed Louis XVI. drawing-room suite," with its "richly-figured crimson satin damask, stuffed and spring seats." Shortly afterwards the Catalogue describes "Three pairs of Madras curtains," a good deal of miscellaneous china, a bust or two, "A very fine Louis XIV. chiming bracket-clock in ebonised case." The contents of this room concludes with "136. Chinese Fish," "137. Twenty Dessert Plates, painted in Japanese subjects, with gill-shaped edges"; and "138. An Antique Pistol-case, with carved top and silver entablature, presentation to Prince of Wales, 1799." Altogether a curious and interesting collection!

Ante-Room.—Another "4-foot iron-fender." Then some "what-nots." Then a small chintz drawing-room suite, politely described as "elegant." Then a number of small articles, inclusive of "155. Three Jasper Vases"; and "153. The extra chintz covers to the suite." Nothing of importance after this till a family relic, "160. A Superb Bronze Bust, 'King Charles the First,' 30 inches high, in armour, after VAN DYCK." Next, more ancestral presentations, "162. An Oil Painting, three-quarters portrait, 'King George the Second,' in gilt frame"; and "163. A ditto, ditto, 'The Queen.'" The effect of these exhibits is a little spoilt by an oil painting, described in the catalogue as "a spirited production," and called "The Cock Fight." However, the "first day's sale" is brought to a mildly waggish conclusion with "166. An Occasional Table, with inlaid marble top and drawer, on a quaintly-carved stem and plinth."

Dining-Room and Library.—The fender, as usual. Then "A noble chimney glass." Next a Turkey carpet. Of the remainder, perhaps the most interesting item is, "A gaselier, with Sugg's patent burners and reflector."

Sitting-Room.—The invariable fender, a few chairs, and "208. A Terrestrial Globe, on mahogany tripod stand, with magnetic compass and green-baize cover."

Books and Engravings.—A number of family portraits, such as "Prince George of Denmark," "Anne, Princess of Orange (1734)," and "Sophia of Brunswick (1700)." Then some good oil paintings. The "whole to conclude" with a family library, consisting of "the works of Kings CHARLES THE FIRST and JAMES THE FIRST."

And, at this point, it may be as well to stop without entering the Hall, the Vestibule, or the Offices, although in the latter appear a "Set of six metal dome Dish-Covers in sizes," and "A capital Refrigerator in japanned oak case." Considering that this is a sale of the "surplus furniture" (family portraits and kitchen chairs!) of one of the most deservedly popular ladies in England, the "Bonnie Princess MARY," it is impossible to read the Catalogue with satisfaction,—no, not even when it is regarded as a stimulant to satire or a feeding-ground for laughter!



ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

A SKETCH IN A BALL-ROOM.

'ARRY AT THE ROYAL EVENING FÊTE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

You *must* cut the "turnnuts" and come up to Town, my dear boy, London's gettin' more lummy each day; there's sech oshuns to see and enjoy! And now you can mix with the toffs—reglar toppers I mean—on the cheap;—It's a sin to go wasting your days amongst chawbacons, 'taters, and sheep.

If you'd only bin with me larst night! I was "in it," old man, and no kid, As a chap of my form *can* be in it, if ready to blue arf a quid. 'Twas the "*Feet of the Season*," and 'ARRY, I tell yer, old pal, was all there, With a claw-'ammer coat a lar Masher, stiff collar, and 'igh-scented 'air.

You'll 'ave 'eard of the Fisheries, CHARLIE, the Kensington Show. Well, larst night, They'd a *Feet* in them Gardens, old flick, as was somethink too awfully quite. Fairy Land not a patch on it, CHARLIE,—Cremorne reglar out of the run, For pootiness, Royal Princesses, swell yum-yum, and general fun.

Ten bob and snap togs took me in, and I chummed with the very *elect*, Which, for what I call "Haffable Mix," give me this 'Aughtykultooral *Feet*. 'Twas the "*Feet of the Season*," and that covers a lot, as a rule, But the Fanciest Fair I have bin at, to *this* little game was a fool.

Real jam—in all senses, my boy, for the crush was a caution to snakes,— But the lights and the ladies—*such* swells!—coloured lanterns, and magical lakes! "Jest like What ho!" a Countess remarked. Not quite fly to 'er meaning. But lor! They've their slang, I suppose, these Big Bobs,—jest as *we* say, "I'll give yer what for!"

Lady DUFFERING—bully for her, mate!—a pootier parcel who'd wish?— 'Ad a Lucky Fish Pond—with no water—and charged us "a shilling a fish." And we hangled with meat-hooks for toys, me and WALES—he's a brick—on the banks; Till I guess both our piles of loose silver 'ad gone in "all prizes, no blanks."

Arter wich, being dry, I made straight for the *booffy*, and wot do yer think? Well, I ain't took aback by a trifle, but, Scissors! it did make me blink.

When I called for a cocktail, my pippin, I didn't percisely expeck That the barmaid who ladled my lotion would be—Princess MARY OF TECK!

Arf-a-crown for the tippie was stiff, but the *feeling*, my boy, there's the nick! It was wuth all the ochre, I tell yer. I hordered another 'un, quick. Arter that mere Chineses came cheap, though the Marquis Ts'ENG serving out tea Was as funny as figgers on tea-chests; but then, I'm not nuts on Bohea.

Well, I can't tell you arf on it, CHARLIE, time, paper, and memory fails. The rose-bud enclosed you will value,—'twas bought orf the Princess of WALES; Which, if she's not the pick of the basket,— But there, I don't wish to intrude,— There *are* some who're such pure and high-pitched 'uns, that even to *praise* 'em seems rude.

'ARRY fancied himself, I assure you, 'obnobbing along o' *sech* Nobs; As at home as a cat in a cream-shop. And vy not? They pocket our bobs— (Cleared *me* out to a tanner)—they wait on us, finding it well wuth their while; And there's many a barmaid in London more 'orty and huppish in style.

So why should *we* chuck on the bashful? Sech Haffable Mixes all round Do dollops of good, my dear boy; and they suit *me* right down to the ground. Splendid splurge, and no error, this *Feet*,— couldn't do the trick better in *Parry*,— And a Duchess to draw him his bitter comes awfully yum-yum to 'ARRY.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.

AT Lewes Assizes the other day, before Lord Justice BAGGALLAX, a French governess was charged with ransacking the boxes of the pupils during their absence on the occasion of the visit of the Princess of WALES to Eastbourne, and stealing every article of jewellery she could lay her hands on. We are informed that—

"The Judge sentenced the prisoner to twelve months' hard labour, and told her if she had been an Englishwoman he would probably have inflicted a much more severe sentence."

It is to be hoped the French nation will appreciate this extraordinary courtesy on the part of the learned Judge; and we should very much like to know what the sentence would have been had the culprit in question been a German, an Italian, a Spaniard, or a Chinese.

Simple Fees for Fees Simple!

MR. PUNCH begs to give notice that, as early as possible next Session, he will introduce a "Bill for the better adjustment of the Rates by making the Landlords pay their fair share of the Parochial Expenditure, as they very largely benefit by the Parochial Improvements." This measure, when it reaches the House of Lords, will be conducted, at considerable personal sacrifice, by the Duke of MUDFORD. The short title of this statute will be, "The Justice to Tenants Act."

"WELL, tastes differ as to cheese," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "But, for my part, I think there's nothing to beat one of the small Muscatel cheeses, or a slice of Commonbeer."

THE LADIES OF THE LAKES.



THE THREE LOVELY DAMSELS, ENNERDALE, BORROWDALE, AND DERWENTWATER, RESCUED BY THE DOUGHTY KNIGHT OF ST. STEPHEN'S FROM THE RAILWAY ROUGH AND MINERAL MISCREANT WHO WOULD HAVE DONE THEM A FATAL INJURY.

[The Bills for Railway and Mineral development works in the Lake districts of Ennerdale, Borrowdale, and Derwentwater were rejected on the ground that "serious injury would have been done to the beauty of the scenery" in these localities.—From a P.M.G. Note.]

No Perseus for Andromeda, in ages past or hence,
Shall prove a braver champion than the Knight of Commons Sense,
Who, buckling on his armour, threw down the glove to fight
For valleys that are Sweetness, and lakeland that is Light!
A hideous, snorting monster, with a shriek of steam for breath,
Threatened all the silent mountains and the dreamy dales with death.
Far across the flowered valleys you could hear the tearful wail
Of the Fawns of Derwentwater, and the Nymphs of Borrowdale,
Crying, "Save us from the tyrant who his iron sceptre shakes!"
So the Knight of Commons Senses saved the Ladies of the Lakes!

Up, Tourists! then, and scatter your knapsacks in the way
Of the gallant Knight who conquered this monster in the fray;
Up, Artists! from your easels, and add your meed of praise
For the rescue of the lakes of blue, the haze of mountain greys.
A moment more and it were lost, for children yet unborn,
The golden, silent sunset, the lone and lovely morn.
Had tyranny succeeded, and flaunted signals red,
Then Cumberland were crying and Derwentwater dead.
But the valleys are rejoicing, and a shout the echoes wakes,
For the Knight of Commons Senses saved the Ladies of the Lakes!

THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER ACADEMY.

(Splendid Collection of Parliamentary Portraits, mostly done by "The Other Fellows." The Speaking Likenesses speak for themselves and for the Artists.)



Sir Charles Dilke, painted by Ashmead-Bartlett.



Ashmead-Bartlett, by Sir Charles Dilke.



G. O. Trevelyan, by J. Biggar.



J. Biggar, by G. O. Trevelyan.



Campbell-Bannerman, by W. H. Smith.



W. H. Smith, by Camp.-Bannerman.



H. Labouchere, by C. Newdegate.



C. Newdegate, by H. Labouchere.



J. K. Cross, by W. Woodall.



W. Woodall, by J. K. Cross.



J. Bright, by himself.



J. Cowen, by himself.



Sir W. Lawson, by a Member who does not agree with him.



The Member, by Sir W. Lawson.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 16.—Curious thing to note how House of Commons guards supremacy of English language. Since Mr. Lowe has become Lord SHERBROOKE, only one man in House who dare quote Classics. Several try, and are received with varying degrees of coolness by Radicals below Gangway. Sir S. NORTHCOTE is graciously permitted to introduce tag from HORACE or JUVENAL. No one else on the Bench dares to try. Sometimes in set Debate, lasting for genial week or fruitifying fortnight, a Gentleman introduces few more or less familiar lines, which are received with grudging absence of contradiction. Naturally supposed that if a man has week to get up speech he may be all right in Latin quotation. What Gentlemen below Gangway note with withering scorn is the sort of vocal boulders over which ambitious orator climbs before he reaches the level of quotation.

"Remember once, dear Toby," says Lord BARRINGTON, "sitting near DIZZY; just reaching point of interesting anecdote; Hon. Gentleman on other side delivering oration; observed DIZZY's attention distracted. 'Stop a moment,' says he, 'Hon. Gentleman opposite just remembered he's forgotten his latch-key. No,' he added, after pause, 'only going to drag in that appropriate quotation from CICERO, beginning omnibus bonis. Sure to take in House, especially at this time of year, when Omnibus Companies declaring dividends, and bonuses looked for.' Go on, BARRINGTON."

This jealousy broke out to-night when VILLIERS STUART gave notice of question as to terms of Concession to M. DE LESSEPS. VILLIERS STUART not been in the Church for nothing, nor has he made "Gleanings on the

Nile" without purpose, Stratford-atte-Bow used to be a place where good French spoken. Cairo and Alexandria now places where best accent acquired. No use hiding light under bushel. Lord GRANVILLE, Sir C. DILKE, and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE credited with best French going. Waterford County shall show the way. So VILLIERS STUART, clenching his fist, stiffening his back, and gazing aggressively at Opposition Benches, begins to quote from original concession to the Victorious LESSEPS, "Noos avong donnay ah notre ahmee, M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS," &c.

Great uproar in House. Ministerialists above Gangway genially impartial. Radicals below Gangway coldly supercilious. Conservatives behind Front Bench openly sarcastic. Irish Members below Gangway undisguisedly contemptuous. Mr. KENNY shakes his head, JOSEPH GILLIS cheers noisily, and, on the whole, reception chilling, and House with effusive satisfaction lapses into English language.

Business done.—Progress with Naval Estimates.

Tuesday.—Pretty to see Lord REDESDALE's hair gradually rising (wherever possible) as Lord SALISBURY delivered himself to-night on Suez Canal question. All right for considerable portion. Quite proper to oppose Government on this as on other matters. But when Marquis went on to lay down principle that neither KHEDIVÉ, LESSEPS, nor Egyptians have any right of property in Isthmus of Suez, Lord REDESDALE first began to feel faint, then teeth chattered, and next thing that presented itself was that gradual uplifting of the hair that frightened Lord DENMAN.

"Good Heavens, TOBY!" the old boy said to me as I gave him an arm out, "what are we coming to? HEALY couldn't say more than that; PARNELL not a patch on him. Begin to have dark suspicions about SALISBURY. Excellent man. No one better for slashing at GLADSTONE or hacking those Liberals: but when it comes to Communistic doctrine, begin to ask myself which is the real

SALISBURY? All very well to say Isthmus is 'the water-way of nations of the earth.' Capital phrase. But these things spread, and those confounded Radicals sure to get hold of it. When I go westward, along Jermyn Street, want to get into Green Park, have to turn up Arlington Street, and so double Cape of Piccadilly. Would be nearer to go through **SALISBURY'S** house. Why shouldn't I? No. 20, Arlington Street, is the near end of the Metropolitan ratepayer. Question is, why shouldn't he take it? 'Those-of-that-opinion-say-Content-Not-Content-Not-Content-Contents-have-it.' And Lord REDESDALE, scowling upon me as if I had challenged a division, went off.

Lord JOHN MANNERS back in House of Commons. Been away for long time.

Laid up with gout,
And couldn't get out,

to quote from poem composed for occasion by Mr. WARTON. House welcomes Lord JOHN with hearty cheer for Fine Old English Gentleman as he is.

Agricultural Holdings Bill going forward. Firm of BARCLAY, BORLASE, HOWARD & Co. in opposition. Company very small, but despair deep.

"May as well withdraw the Bill. Worse than useless. We're all ruined," cries Mr. HOWARD, beaming upon House the very picture of rosy prosperity.

"Ow-ard it is to think of 'OWARD and 'unger," whispers Mr. BROADHURST. BARCLAY groans assent to HOWARD's dismal prophecy. BARCLAY much better fitted for character of ruined Agriculturist. His gloomy conspirator-like air highly effective at present juncture.

Business done.—Clause 1, Agricultural Holdings Bill, agreed to.

Thursday.—"I'm a modest man, TOBY," said EVELYN ASHLEY, just now, "but if I fancied myself at all it would be as answering questions. All very well to talk about DILKE. I call him dry. No point about him. Just sets himself to answer question in briefest form, giving much or little information according to circumstances. HARCOURT's better. He takes proper view of opportunity of question hour. Excellent opening for making joke or snubbing a man, or trotting out a little sermon. But, if I may say so, fancy there's more point about my style. See neatness and completeness of rebuff to Premier of Queensland. Just now Colony a little irate on account of New Guinea business. Fine opportunity for rubbing sore spot. So when head of Queensland Government telegraphs opinion on Suez Canal arrangement, and question put to me in the House, instead of simply answering, I say, 'The Premier of Queensland, with all his virtues, does not seem to have the virtue of knowing how to wait.' That's neatly turned, don't you think? Make 'em mad out in Queensland, whilst causes me to shine in Parliament and keeps the eye of the nation upon me."

This seems conclusive, but somehow not quite sure whether it's first business of Under-Secretary to stir up bad blood in Colonies. As Sir CHARLES FORSTER remarks, "A smart answer doesn't *always* turn away wrath, whatever the proverb may say." In fact, I hear quite other view of ASHLEY's pet answer this afternoon. Heard him distantly alluded to as "a priggish Under-Secretary"; also references made to trouble bred in GLADSTONE's last Ministry owing to habit of young men and old being too smart at question-time.

TIM HEALY back with us again. TIM's genial habit of going to prison about once a year, combined with the peculiar cut of his hair, gives rise to suggestions as to cause of his absence. But it's all right this time. He's only been away fighting the Monaghan Election, and now takes his seat in place of GIVAN.

"Another Liberal sent Givan away," as RICHARD POWER says. Interesting correspondence between BRADLAUGH and Sergeant-at-Arms been passing during last few days. SPEAKER having heard of it calls upon the Sergeant to tell the House about it.



Bradlaugh and The Beetle.

"Unaccustomed as our young friend is to public speaking," said the SPEAKER, waving his hand in familiar way towards Sergeant, "I trust the House will accord him its favourable attention."

No need for apology. Captain GOSSET appeared at the Bar amid

rounds of applause from both sides. Having fixed an eye-glass as he had seen O'DONNELL do, brought in two tumblers of water *à la* ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, and made provision for sitting on his hat when he resumed his seat after the manner of Mr. NEWDEGATE, he said in loud firm voice,—

"I have to inform the House that I have received a copy of a writ of summons in action brought against me by Mr. BRADLAUGH, the Member for Northampton, claiming an injunction."

"Fetch it up, old hoss," said the SPEAKER, "and we'll have the lot read at the Table."

Sergeant-at-Arms brought up papers, but Sir ERSKINE MAY, persisting in regarding them as confidential, whispered contents in ear of Mr. MILMAN, his colleague at the Table. House mad as the Colony of Queensland; bellowed "Speak up!" But Sir ERSKINE not to be moved from the path of duty. Went on whispering, and when he had, apparently, reached the end, sat down, and House went into Committee on the Agricultural Holdings Bill.

Friday.—Morning Sitting began at two o'clock. Concluded at seven. Business, to further consider Agricultural Holdings Bill in Committee. First three hours given up to miscellaneous matter—a private Bill, a fusillade of questions, a profoundly interesting argument between HARDINGE GIFFARD and ATTORNEY-GENERAL as to whether Sergeant-at-Arms should appear to plead in Bradlaugh action. At five o'clock reluctantly got to work, and disposed of few Amendments.

A NEW KNIGHT.

THE honour of Knighthood has been conferred on Mr. EDWIN SAUNDERS, Dentist in Ordinary to the QUEEN. If the Dentist in Ordinary is made a Knight, what title is reserved for the Dentist in Extra-ordinary? May he never be required! All of us know what an ordinary toothache is, and how grateful we are to the Ordinary Dentist who will remove the grinder—just as a policeman will order off an irritating organ-grinder—without pain and trouble to the sufferer.

At the ceremony, which was most impressive, HER MAJESTY sitting in the ordinary dentist's mechanical chair while attendants stood around bearing the dental implements as insignia of the Order, in a room hung around with drawings from ARTHUR TOOTH's Gallery, the Knight elect, having taken the solemn oath specially composed for the occasion, and commencing "By gum!" was presented with a copy of BOYLE's *Court Guide*, containing the Statutes of the Order. During the proceedings the Choir, accompanied by Her Majesty's Private Band performing on tooth-combs (lightly covered with tissue-paper), sang the following Ode:—

AIR—"British Grenadiers."
Some talk of Alexanders,
And some of Hercules,
But what to EDWIN SAUNDERS
Are all such swells as these?
For smiling Ladies have no friend
Like him to soothe their fears,
He'll teeth extract,
Make 'em all compact
For the British Grinning Dears!
Chorus—For smiling Ladies, &c.

After this, the Chaplain read an extract from the works of PETER DENS as to the obligations of the new Knight, who was then invested with the ribbon of the Order, on which was inscribed "*Tirez le premier.*" The Chaplain (BOYLE, Lecturer), in the course of an excellent discourse, remarked, "Mr. SAUNDERS is a true professional Christian. When people go to him, 'grin like a dog,' and 'show their teeth,'—What does he do?—he returns them good for evil. Is he not a worthy Knight?"

As Mr. EDWIN SAUNDERS, the Dentist, has been knighted, why should not an eminently popular Actor receive the same honour? The qualifications are the same,—they can both "draw." And which requires the greater skill, to "draw" a house or a tooth?

"Nolo Equescopari."*

To Doctor BANKS,—
"Wilt join the ranks
Of Knights?"

From BANKS,—

"Declined with thanks."

* Translation—"I will not be made a Knight." This is Canine-ical, and not Canonical, Latin.—*Vide Toby's Lat. Dic.*

"ALL's Swell that ends Swell," as the Masher said when he complacently surveyed himself from top to toe, from crown of new hat to tip of new shoe, in a pier-glass.



A HINT FOR THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

REGINALD FRONT-DE-BŒUF, 19th Earl of Torquillstone (a lineal descendant of the famous Baron immortalised in *Ivanhoe*.)

Viscount FRONT DE-BŒUF (his Son).

Alderman ISAAC (descended from Isaac of York).

REBECCA (Daughter of the Alderman).

SCENE—The old torture-dungeon in Torquillstone Castle, recently restored.

The Earl. "HEARKEN, THOU SON OF ISRAEL! UNLIKE MY KNIGHTLY ANCESTOR, I COVET NOT THY MONEY-BAGS, HARD-UP THOUGH I BE. 'TIS THY FAIR WISE DAUGHTER REBECCA I WOULD FAIN HAVE, TO WED UNTO MY BIG BOOBY OF A SON, YONDER—NOT INDEED FOR HER DOWRY'S SAKE, PRINCIPALLY AS THOU MAYST DEEM FIT TO MAKE IT; BUT IN ORDER THAT BY MIXING OUR DEGENERATE BLOOD WITH THINE, OH WORTHY SCION OF AN IRREPRESSIBLE RACE, THE NOBLE AND COMELY BUT IDIOTIC BREED OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF (WHICH BIDDETH FAIR TO BE SNUFFED OUT IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE) MAY SURVIVE TO HOLD ITS OWN ONCE MORE! NAY, AN THOU CONSENTEST NOT, SIR JEW, THEN BY MY HALIDOME I 'LL—"

[Torture must be left to the Reader's invention.]

"THE FRIEND,—IN NEED!"

The Irrepressible One loquitur—

ALLAH be praised! The Infidels are stuck.

What luck!

Sweet as iced sherbet midst the flames of Tophet
Is such revenge. Deriders of the Prophet
And me his duteous and devoted henchman,

How feel you now? The Frenchman
Whom you played off against me, and then shelved,
Has happily avenged me. You have dived
A pit for your own feet. The helpless tumble

May help to humble

You and your shrewd dog, DUFFERIN—Sheitan snatch him!
Who bested me at Istamboul. *He's* cunning,
But the imperious FERDINAND might match him,
And as for GRANVILLE there—not "in the running,"
As the horse-loving Islanders might say.

Well, e'en an Infidel dog must have his day!
They thought that *I* was out of it. Oh, rather!
Each snub-nosed son of a cremated father

Turned up that snub at me at an acuter
Angle. But, like the Pasha's slippers, *I*

Also "turn up" again, and by-and-by

I hope to have the Saxon as a suitor,
And to his knees in suppliant posture bring him.

Oh, how *I* 'll wring him!!!

Ah! shove, pull, tug away! You can't get off.

You scoff

At me as an old "stick-in-the-mud?" How now?
I see big beads upon the Grand old brow,
And "Pussy"'s less inclined to purr than scratch.

You've met your match!

The East has its resources. You smart Giaours
Who grip Time by the forelock, lose at last
The lingering service of the loitering hours.

You are too fast!

Meanwhile *I* am *en évidence* again.

Gr-r-r! does it give you pain
To see your ancient friend and old ally?

Ah! why?

We *used* to pull together, and you've found
To pull without me is to run aground.
Ha! ha! Your ancient partner it will gratify

To ratify

Your action—if made worth my while, of course.
If not,—well, you will find you've no resource

But caving in. You may deride, doubt, flout me,

But you can't do without me!

[Chuckles.]

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM heard someone speaking of the *Food Journal*.
"Ah!" remarked the good old soul, "I suppose that must be the
Morning Appetiser, which I've always understood to be the organ
of the Victuallers."



“THE FRIEND,—IN NEED!”

SUBLIME PORTE (*more “sublime” than ever*). “HI! I SAY! YOU CAN’T GET ON WITHOUT ME; BUT—‘BACKSHEESH,’ YOU KNOW.”

[“ . . . Any modification or extension of the privileges granted to M. DE LESSEPS must receive the sanction of the SULTAN before it can be carried out.”—Lord E. Fitzmaurice’s Statement in the House, quoting Sultan’s communication.]



SUBURBAN PUZZLES. No. 1.

THE HAMPSHIRE HEATH PUZZLE. TO FIND OUT WHERE TO RIDE SAFELY,—THE SO-CALLED "RIDE" HAVING BEEN STREWN WITH WHAT AMERICANS WOULD CALL "SMALL ROCKS."

A RIDICULOUS MUS FROM MONTE CARLO.

THE Prince of MONACO has entered into negotiations with the French Government for the sale of his dominions. His Highness wants £400,000 and a formal promise that the Blanc Concession shall not be withdrawn until 1910. So much has already been made public. The following further stipulations are now published for the first time:—

The French Government to have use of the Army (eight generals, splendid band of thirty musicians, and five well-trained and serviceable privates), on condition that the Prince retains any fees that the Band may receive for attending garden fêtes or evening parties.

The Rates and Taxes to be collected by the French Government on the understanding, however, that any Christmas-boxes that may be given to the collectors to conciliate them, shall be handed over to his Highness as his just perquisites.

The family pedigree of the GRIMALDIS to be inserted in the French histories in use in the Government schools. The Prince to be paid a royalty upon the sale of the text books thus amended.

The Monaco Regalia to be exhibited in every French city. Admission, a franc. Children and schools half-price. The French Government and the Prince to share the proceeds of the show. All expenses connected with bill-posting, advertising, and agency in advance, to be defrayed by the French Government.

The Prince to retain the right of conferring orders of knighthood and patents of nobility for ten years. The French Government during that time to suspend the Legion of Honour and the new Agricultural Decorations, so that the Prince's prices may not suffer from untradesmanlike competition.

As his Highness will become a French citizen on the completion of the contract, some compensation should be allowed for the loss of "crowned headship," say, the free use of the Palace at Versailles, and the right to ride as "a feature" in the show of the Parisian Lord Mayor when there is one.

And, lastly, although his Highness has asked only £400,000 for this valuable property, an additional £1000 be paid to the vendor by the vendee on the completion of the contract just to wet the bargain.

A WIMBLEDON WAIL.

(By a Sorrowful Southron.)

CONFOUND those shootists from the Land o' Cakes!
They've picked out all the plums; *our* Cake is dough.
Descending from the North, they sack their "takes,"
And grin and go.

The Badge! the Queen's!! the International!!! Oh!
These—and the rest—make really "a big order."
Must the Blue Ribbons (of the Camp) *all* go
Over the Border?

Never a Saxon shot—the more's the pity!—
These pottiest of potters to out-pot.
YOUNG, CALDWELL, INGRAM, RAE, MACKAY, M'VITTIE!
It's Scot and lot!

Never a "crack" to give the Sawmies taste
Of licking, though we've many a smart and handy one?
Life and the Camp to me are now a waste,
A very SANDY one.

For "bawbies" and for "pots" I will no more hunt;
We're out of it; they beat us in a canter.
But if they'd start a Caledonian Bore Hunt,
I'd join *instantly*.

A ROYALTY ON AN EXHIBITION.—THE QUEEN has given permission to the Water Colour Institute in Piccadilly to dub itself "The Royal." There is a Hall of Music in Holborn, called "The Royal," and so to prevent any confusion, the full style and title of the Painters' Establishment will be the Royal Piccadilly Water Works. By which title, *Mr. Punch*, Honorary President of everything generally, wishes the Institute henceforward to be known.

THE "SWEETS" OF VICTORY (AT WIMBLEDON).—Bulls'-eyes.

"NE SUTOR SUPRA CREPIDAM."

EVERYONE will be sorry for the position in which the Rev. M. TIMMINS, the Rector of West Malling, found himself when he was charged with causing the death of a young girl by administering to her a teaspoonful of the oil of bitter almonds. He was acquitted, though it was proved that the chemist who sold the poison had cautioned him as to its dangerous nature. We have nothing to say against the verdict, but we do hope this will be a warning to amateur doctors not to meddle with what they do not understand. Let them leave the administration of physic to those who have made it their profession; for a little knowledge of medicine is indeed a dangerous thing. The Clergy are, we fear, although they mean well, great sinners in this respect. They have a noble errand in the world—that of preaching the Gospel, and this terrible case should teach them to stick to that, and not meddle with the Pharmacopœia.

MR. W. H. SMITH said last week that "there is a good deal of light gold about." How does he know? We wish we could get a lot of it. The lighter the better for us, as we should immediately employ it as floating capital. Don't want "heavy gold," and then lose sight of it as "capital sunk."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 146.



SIR C. W. SIEMENS, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c.

THE ELECTRIC KNIGHT-LIGHT.

SOCIAL DIFFICULTY IN A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

THERE is a deal of hesitation felt just now in starting the subject of Madagascar at a large dinner-party during a dead silence, as no one likes to be the first to display his ignorance on three points, as to which some objectionable person, who "only asks for information," is sure to request that he may be at once enlightened. The three points are—

1st.—The proper pronunciation of "Tamatave."

2nd.—To whom does Madagascar belong?

3rd.—Why are the French bombarding "Tamative" or "Tamatave?"

4thly.—Where is Madagascar?

The funny man will, of course, confess at once that he knows nothing at all about it, and immediately get credit for being thoroughly up in the subject, having only alluded to it for the sake of letting off a pun and saying that in his opinion the French Admiral at Madagascar is simply "mad-a-gascarnading."

FROM THE FISHERIES—SUNDAY TALK.—"Open confession is good for the Sole," said a fishy voice, jestingly. "That remark," replied the Sole, "is out of place." So it was. The other fishes, who, contrary to their usual arrangements, were all in a row, expressed their approval.

VOTE FOR VIRTUE!

"No man ought to be allowed to receive one farthing for his services at an election. Were this the rule, numbers would be ready to sacrifice their time to the success of their political principles."—*Weekly Paper*.

SCENE—Committee-Room of the Popular Candidate of the Future, discovered in consultation with his Professional Adviser.

Candidate. So my Address has been printed and published.

Adviser. Gratuitously. The Editor of the local paper insisted upon defraying all the expenses out of his own pocket.

Candidate. No doubt because he is anxious to sacrifice his wealth to his political principles?

Adviser. Yes. To quote his own words—"All my little earnings, the outcome of advertisements and fashionable reporting for twenty years, shall be devoted to the advancement of international civilisation."

Candidate. Most gratifying and unusual.

Adviser. Pardon me—not unusual. We are all doing our best for you. I myself, for instance, am usually considered by my neighbours a sharp country solicitor, as fond of fees as a fly of honey, or, to use a more appropriate simile, as a fox of chickens. And yet here am I giving you all my time, and actually incurring expenses out of pocket, on the express agreement that you do not pay a farthing for anything. And why is this? Because I want you elected to Parliament in order that you may do your best to advance scientific research.

Candidate. You are interested in science?

Adviser. Not in the least, personally, but theoretically I consider that scientific research will probably benefit the human race. Surely that is enough. You now understand why I throw over costs?

Candidate. Most good of you.

Adviser. Not at all. I am only following the example of my fellow-townsmen. Has not the livery-stable-keeper supplied you gratuitously with horses and carriages, because your view of the policy we should pursue in regard to Japan coincides with his own; and are not the local banker, brewer, and surgeon walking about at

this very moment as sandwich-men, displaying your placards, because they think with you on the subject of colonial expenditure?

Candidate. I cannot be sufficiently obliged.

Adviser. We don't want you to be obliged. We are helping the Measures, Sir, not the Man. And now it is time to commence visiting the constituents. And as we are going into the homes of several family men, mind you don't flatter their wives or kiss their children, else your election will most assuredly be annulled under the provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act! (Scene closes in upon a tableau of Electoral Purity triumphant, and Canvassing Vice nowhere.)

ON A RECENT MUSIC-HALL TRIAL.

MUSIC has charms to soothe the legal Bench,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak,
But mixed with dancing is a fearful crime,
A thing to drag through every stuffy Court
Where legal gentlemen expound the law—
A law as bad as any law can be—
And yet the waltz is danced in six-eight time—
A time that pleases much the legal ear;
And strange it is in all this land of trade—
Of trade that prides itself on being free—
The line is drawn so savagely at hops!

"NOTHING escapes the attention of my Uncle the Admiral," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "He is always on the Khedive, as the Egyptians say."

EVENING SONG FOR WIMBLEDON.—"The Camp Belles are coming!"

APPROPRIATE FOR A DEADLOCK.—A Skeleton Key.



LUCID.

Barber. "DEAR ME! YOUR BEARD'S VERY STRONG, SIR. HOW OFTEN DO YOU SHAVE?"

Van Jboom (Dutch Mariner). "DREE TIMES A WEEK EFFERY TAY BOT SONDAIE — TEN I SHAI'ES EFFERY TAY!"

THE FREE REGISTRY DODGE; OR, HOW TO HOOK A HOUSEHOLDER.

SCENE—Interior of a shop (from which the counters have been removed) in a large thoroughfare. Several Servants seated round the room. Firm and Powerful-looking Person presiding at a desk, supported by several Sharp Female Attendants. Shop-front profusely decorated with placards, suggesting that "no charge" is made for anything. Enter a Timid Servant, nervously.

Timid Servant. Oh, please, I am looking for "the Countess." Here's her Ladyship's advertisement. (Producing newspaper.) "Wanted, a good Cook accustomed to riding in her employer's carriage, who will not be expected to get up before eleven o'clock, and—"

Sharp Female Attendant (interrupting). Yes; that's all right. You can wait.

Timid Servant. But she gives her address here.

S. F. Attendant. Yes; it's all right. (Turns to Lady and Gentleman who have entered.) Yes, Mam?

[Firm and Powerful-looking Person at the desk becomes on the alert.

Lady. I was not aware that this was a Registry. (Producing newspaper.) I have come in answer to an advertisement from "BLUE RIBBON," who writes from here. "Excellent plain cook, accustomed to do the house-work of a family of sixteen. Can clean windows, attend to horses, and knows how to sweep chimneys—"

S. F. Attendant (interrupting). Yes, Mam; if you will walk into this room, we will send some one to attend to you.

[Lady and Gentleman enter an inner apartment—after a pause, the Timid Servant is introduced.

Lady (after a short conference). Thank you; that will do.

[Accompanied by the Gentleman, she prepares to leave the establishment, when the Firm and Powerful Person interposes.

F. and P. Person (severely). I beg your pardon; but you took this young woman's name.

Lady. She gave it to me; but—

F. and P. Person (decisively). Then I must trouble you to pay me an engagement-fee of five shillings.

Gentleman (explaining). But she is not engaged, and unless she is—

F. and P. Person (coldly). Be kind enough to read that placard. (Points

to a poster headed "Rules," "No Booking Fee," "No Entrance Fee." Severely.) And, now, the five shillings, please.

Gentleman (argumentatively). But this placard says "five shillings on engagement."

F. and P. Person (loftily). The word "engagement" is defined by the "Rules." We consider asking for a name an engagement. (Turning to Timid Servant.) And your fee too, please. (The Timid Servant pays, and receives, in exchange for her shillings a name and address written on the back of a circular. Turning to Gentleman sternly.) And now yours, Sir.

Gentleman (feeling that he cannot well refuse his fee after the Timid Servant has paid hers.) There you are, but—

F. and P. Person (interposing). I must really refer you to the Rules. (Gives Lady similar document to that already presented to Timid Servant, and bows.) Should this young person be unsuitable, Madam, you can come here for another.

Lady. But "BLUE RIBBON," who is "accustomed to a family of sixteen, and sweeps chimneys"?

Timid Servant. And "the Countess" who likes her Cook to ride about in her own carriage, and to get up at eleven?

F. and P. Person (with cold politeness). Really, Madam, I have other matters claiming my attention.

[Exit Lady, Gentleman, and Timid Servant—to put it mildly, dissatisfied!!!]

VALE!

(A respectful distance after Præd.)

GOOD-BYE to the Season, its crosses,
Its care, and caress, its cabal,—
Let us drown both its gain and its losses
In Styx, or the Suez Canal!
Though pleasure be near, or too far be,
We've kept it up early and late,
From the dust and the din of the Derby
To the Fair at the Kensington Fête.
Let the desperate dog, or the dreamer
Dividing his lips with a weed,
Recross the sick streak in a steamer,
A travelling tourist—in tweed!

Good-bye to the Season,—the races,
The fun on the heath and the hill,
When somebody cares what the pace is,
And nobody asks for the bill:
The Wimbledon tennis and cricket,
The glory of RENSCHAW and STUDD,
The thunder at Lord's and the wicket,
When Eton played Harrow in mud;
The meets in the Park, and the coaches
With steppers both showy and fast,
All fade as the autumn approaches,
And Fashion goes seaward at last!

Good-bye to the Season! the dances
Of tomahawk Savage and swell,
The sighs as the morning advances,
Divorcing the bold from the belle,
That night in July in the moonlight,
With myriad lamps in the trees,
The river at Henley in June-time,
Half love and half indolent ease,
The Maidenhead launch and the dinner,
The gold in the West turning grey,
The triumph of Saint and of sinner,
Will fade with the season away!

Good-bye to the Season! but listen,
Old Time keeps reversing his sand,
Fresh tears in loved eyelids will glisten,
And hand will keep searching for hand,
We shall come from the sea and the heather,
Refreshed and with faces burned brown,
To face life with courage together,
Or find care in charge of the town.
Though the past to the loved one and lover
Be sorrow, success, or a spell,
It has passed like a dream and is over,
Good-bye to the Season! Farewell!

A REAL "RIFLE" MEETING.—A Burglars' Rendezvous.



"His hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears."—BYRON.

Newly-arrived Yankee (sympathetically, to Sir Gorgius's pet Flunkey).
"I GUESS, YOUNG MAN, YOU'VE SEEN A DEAL OF TROUBLE!"

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. XI.—THE DUST-CART.

Q. WHAT is a Dust-Cart?

A. A Public nuisance.

Q. But was it designed with that end in view?

A. By no means. It was designed as a nuisance-remover, and even claims to be so. It is this which makes it perhaps the most inadequate and exasperating of the minor appliances of civilisation.

Q. How did this state of things come about?

A. It would take long to tell in detail. But given greedy monopolists, inefficient and self-seeking Local Authorities, insolent understrappers, and a too, too patient Public, and you have the elements of this and many other miscarriages of public justice.

Q. What is the ostensible function of the Dust-Cart?

A. The removal from premises of Private Citizens of the miscellaneous accumulations of refuse conveniently generalised as "Dust."

Q. How is this function exercised?

A. By methods ingeniously annoying and adroitly evasive.

Q. How are these carried out?

A. Through the agency of terrible myrmidons known colloquially as "Dustmen."

Q. What are these beings?

A. Men of ill-favoured aspect, and often almost demoniac demeanour. The gifts required in a Dustman are various; the chief essential, however, is a hideously hoarse and stentorian voice.

Q. Why so?

A. The first—and it would sometimes seem the sole—duty of a Dustman is to make a noise.

Q. With what object?

A. With the Dustman, as with the street-boy—"noise for noise's sake" is probably the unconsciously guiding principle. It may be that in an argumentative mood he would assert that he howls forth his ear-torturing crescendos of cacophony with the view of making his

presence known—to people in the next parish. But, at heart, I am persuaded he would resent the vulgarisation of his matchless faculty for shindy, by "hooking it to some useful end."

Q. At least, it cannot be difficult to ascertain the whereabouts of a Dustman?

A. On the contrary, a Dustman is as difficult to track as a cuckoo, or a will-o'-the-wisp. His yells make morn hideous for hours before his bodily presence becomes visible to the expectant householder.

Q. But if you send for him?

A. He goes on shouting, and does not come.

Q. And if you are fortunate enough to arrest him in the middle of a shout, and opposite your threshold?

A. He at once discovers that his cart is full, and that he can't take you till next round.

Q. Why then go on shouting?

A. Presumably to keep his voice in training.

Q. But once having fairly caught your Dustman, what ensues?

A. A long negotiation between him and yourself or your representative.

Q. Why is this necessary?

A. The Dustman is a person of polemical proclivities, and of punctilious tastes. Many points and difficulties suggest themselves to his discursive fancy and pessimistic bias. To remove the dust from your bin into his cart seems a simple process—to you. His views are entirely different. He eyes your house with critical disfavour, and suggests that it is "a orkurd'ole as ever he see." The quality of your "Dust," too, meets with stern disparagement as "muck." He doubts whether he ought to touch it, but if he should so far favour you, he presumes you'll consider it "with a hextry bob at least." Should you not see it in the same light, his hoarse offensiveness will develop itself in aggravated ways. He will make scarcely veiled observations of an extremely uncomplimentary nature respecting "some on 'em." Should he be asked what he means, his sardonic reply is "Oh, nothink!—same as you do, seeminly. Nothink for nothink 'ill satisfy even you," he supposes.

Q. And when you have finally secured his services?

A. His object is naturally to make them as inadequate and as vexatious as possible?

Q. How does he effect this?

A. By making as much "mess" as he can—trampling over flower-beds and clean flags or floors wherever possible, shouting forth unpleasant remarks not always unmingled with oaths, and winding up probably by going off before your bin is half empty, on the plea that his cart is full.

Q. What is the consequence of these singular arrangements?

A. That "Dust" is the incubus of the British householder, especially in the suburbs. It is an illustration of the dilemma to which the ordinary citizen is frequently reduced by the joint action of Authority and Monopoly.

Q. How so?

A. Authority issues an edict, Monopoly bargains with Authority for the profit resulting from putting it into force. The Citizen's business is to obey, and pay. He pays certainly once, probably twice or thrice. His convenience is the last to be consulted. His only appeal lies to Authority or Monopoly, and such appeal, always troublesome, is generally futile. Q. E. D.

Q. But could not these evils be obviated?

A. There is perhaps only one real difficulty in the way.

Q. What is that?

A. The ease with which they could be remedied.

A SCRUMPTIOUS RAILWAY CAR.

COLONEL MAPLESON's special train of "Mann Boudoir-Cars," the *Pall Mall Gazette* informs us, is to have a special Car for the DIVA PATTI. It is fifty-five feet long, with "a large drawing-room thirteen and a half feet long, furnished in amaranth wood, and embossed leather, profusely decorated, gold predominating." This isn't a Mann Boudoir-Car; it's a Woman Boudoir-Car; a Triumphal Car, too, with a vengeance.

ATR—"The Low-Backed Car."

When last I heard of PATTI,

She was well on her way

To sing somewhere

She didn't care

As long as folks would pay.

The Queen of Song was borne

Along

Without a jolting spring

And PATTI, she,

While sipping tea,

To herself was heard to sing:—

"Oh, I sit in a Boudoir-Car,

An expensive and gay *Di-va*!

I lounge and I chat in

Chairs gold, blue, and satin,

In MAPLESON's Boudoir-Car!"

It is not yet fixed when Madame PATTI is to appear at the Fisheries in her new entertainment, entitled "The *Diva* and the *Belle*—all in one,"—when she will simply appear as herself. For this unique performance, it is whispered that Madame PATTI will receive eight hundred pounds a show. That's what "A Mere Song" means now-a-days,—to PATTI.

OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.

Catching Crabs and Flounders in the Thames.



Catching Wails at Whippingham.



Catching Soles and Skate on the (Sea) Serpentine.



Catching Whiting from the Strand.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE!

(A Story of a Coastguardman.)

THEY sing their songs and their lifeboat lays, and the gossip to guest from host
Is of wreckage wild in the Winter-time round the dangerous Cornish coast;
There are plenty of yarns of the sailor, and of fishermen out at sea,
There are tales of the lighthouse-keepers, and of women who bend the knee
When their mates are away in the storm-time, and the cottage is left to the roar
Of the hurricane lashing the surf to foam, and screaming about the shore;
But best of all tales that ever I heard to make me think better of men
Who fling in their lives for duty—it happened—you ask me when?
On a wonderful Summer's evening, just as holiday-time began,
It had for its scene old Cornwall—its hero a Coastguardman!

A party of "trippers" had ventured to visit the rocks and caves,
Where the sea-birds find their houses, and ignorant folks their graves;
You may search for wild adventure on the sea-coast south and north,
But for beauty travel by Truro to the village of Perranporth.
It was there on this summer evening, on the beach, as the daylight died,
That a wandering, thoughtless fellow was caught at the turn of the tide;
Up came the sea and trapped him, cutting the ground from his feet;
He rushed, but he couldn't go onward—then back, there was no retreat!
Up came the sea still closer—was it death? Not a second to count—
Then setting his teeth at the danger, to the cliffs he began to mount.

Tearing the turf and the grasses, and scaring the sea-birds' nest,
Clinging with feet and fingers, and bruising his arms and breast,
At last with a desperate struggle he lifted his life to a stone,
Where he held with a cry for a second, suspended in air, alone!
Once more death barred his passage; and his terrified face turned grey,
For the ledge of the rock he clung to was crumbling slowly away!
"Where is the man for a rescue?" so the cry of agony ran.
"I am that man, God willing!" said REGAN the Coastguardman!

Then followed a terrible silence, a horror that might be felt,
For the village was emptied of women, who muttered their prayers and knelt;
They could see the eyes of the shivering man, with the agonised face turned
grey,

As stone after stone from his safety-ledge kept slowly crumbling away!
"Bring me a rope!" said REGAN, "and bind it about my waist;
Look at that wretched fellow! In a second he'll fall! Make haste!
Keep the cord tight in your hands, mates—there, tighter so, and stiff;
Now, wait till I give the signal! Then haul me over the cliff.
Why do you stand there staring? I'll save him, mates, if I can;
If I die, I have done my duty!" said REGAN the Coastguardman!

He swooped to his prey like an eagle, as they lowered with bated breath:
This man with his brave life given to a fellow condemned to death.
The silence grew more awful, and agony paled on the lip
Of the women and men who waited—till at last with a mighty grip

The man of the Coastguard seized him, and tightened his
arms around
This prize he had risked his life for—then searching for
safety ground
They swung from the ledge together, for the rope was
taut and stiff,
Till it dragged the burdened hero to the arms of the
crowd on the cliff!

There are times when the heart's too full, Sir, for even
our English cheers.
But the women they crowded around him with kisses,
and prayers, and tears!
So tell it about from South to North, proclaim it where
you can;
Go spread it forth from Perranporth—this tale of a Coast-
guardman!

QUITE SURPRISING.

THE *Times* critic on Mr. IRVING as *Louis the Eleventh*,
speaks of his "seemingly toothless jaws," as if he
had expected the Actor to have all his teeth taken out
in real earnest, and then adds, with all the *naïve* and
frank admiration for his own cleverness which might be
shown by a sharp schoolboy on his seeing Mr. IRVING for
the first time in this part, and seeing how he makes up
for it—

"For by a skilful artifice in staining his front teeth, Mr.
IRVING produces all the effect of toothlessness."

Dear us! how wonderful! The "skilful artifice" is
"no new thing" invented and patented by Mr. IRVING,
as, had it been "a skilful dentifrice," it might have
been, but a very simple "dodge" familiar to all character
Actors, Amateurs, and to everyone professionally in-
terested in the practical Drama. We should say the
receipt would probably be found in Mr. DUTTON COOK's
amusing book on the Stage, in which he treats of all such
details.

We shall expect in some future *Times* critique by the
same hand to read, "Miss ELLEN TERRY, as *Juliet*,
preserves seemingly the most juvenile appearance. She
has all the fresh, clear, and peach-like complexion of a
girl of sixteen, which was, if we remember, the age of
SHAKESPEARE's heroine. For by a skilful artifice, Miss
ELLEN TERRY colours her cheeks with a delicate pink
cosmetic applied with a prepared hare's-foot, and softens
the outline with pearl-powder delicately laid on with a
small puff, which gives all the effect of extreme juve-
nility." Similar observations may be made as to arti-
ficial whiteness of different Actresses' hands by the aid
of bismuth, a remarkable discovery made by Miss KATE
VAUGHAN; also on the "remarkable darkness of the
eyelashes by the skilful artifice of painting them with
Indian ink—an invention lately patented by Miss NELLIE
FARREN;" and our attention will be directed to "the
marvellous lustre of Miss ANYBODY ELSE'S eyes, produced
by her unique discovery of the use of belladonna."

As to the "toothlessness,"—anyone playing dilapidated
old men have used some such device ever since making-
up became an art. Who recollects Mr. ALFRED WIGAN
as the old Frenchman, *Achille Dufard*, on the first
night? Here and there a tooth in his head, that was
all; and such a yellow, parchment, snuffy old skin!

"ANY ORNAMENTS FOR YOUR FIRE-STOVES?"—When
Mr. RAPHAEL TUCK, lineal descendant of the family of
which the Friar was the best-known member, is not
busied in inventing Christmas and Easter Cards, he turns
his attention to small ornamental screens for the drawing-
room fire-place in summer time, screens which, besides
supplying an artistic want, and filling a vacuum, suggest
that on every family hearth, the great scene from the
School for Scandal is being played by dolls—a *Lady
Teazle* doll being, of course, concealed on the chimney-
side. Mr. RAPHAEL TUCK has sent us a sample, of which,
being really worth mentioning, we at once took notice.
If cold weather sets in and settles the present fate of this
invention, we advise everyone artistically and economi-
cally inclined to go in for a RAFFLE-TUCK. When we
think of those hideous and dangerous paper-shavings,
every one must acknowledge that these newly-designed
screens are a Grate Improvement.

THE REAL HAUNTED HOUSE.

(Some distance after Hood.)

Miserable Dweller in Urban Slum. "Ah! WHEN THEY'VE QUITE DONE WITH YOU, PERHAPS THEY'LL GIVE ME A LOOK IN."

A HOUSE it is— if house that may be called
Which is dismantled of all human graces—
Haunted, indeed! By what? But half enwalled
And semi-roofed it seems. Foul dirt displaces
All ancient decoration; what was paint
Is sooty slime; where paper hung, sparse patches
Of foulness cling. His very soul goes faint
Who enters there, his sickened breath he catches
Like a choked swimmer, for the fetid air
Reeks with revoltingness, the very charnel
Is sweeter than this pestilential lair.
Whose breath were death to the ditch-loving darnel.
And over all there broods a horror drear,
As of a waste by witchcraft foul enchanted,
E'en silence whispers to the listening ear—
This house is haunted!

Haunted by no dim memories of old days,
By no romantic wraiths of dames departed.
No solemn spectres pace these dark stairways;
No ghostly legends, grim, yet human-hearted,
Cling to these tottering walls. It were some cheer
To hear the old time-honoured clank or rustle;
But nought of ghostly deigns to harbour here,
And crows that creak, or cellar-rats that hustle
Behind the mouldering wainscot, savour not
Of old romance, but modern waste and ruin.
There is no poetry in floors that rot,
O'er swamps that no marsh blossom ever grew in.
The only spectres are the pallid swarms
In human shape that herd like clustering cattle,
Conscious, like brutes, that swinish huddling warms,
Though roof make leak and paneless casement rattle.

These throng the tottering tenement, these crowd
The rooms, the passages, the doorless entry,
Eager for covert scant when winds are loud,
They'd crowd, they'd throng, though Death himself
stood sentry.

As well he may, invisible, for here
He finds lush harvest, the insatiate reaper !
Oh, for a whiff of clover, or the dear
Fresh smell of rain-wet furrows ! See a creeper
From the chill street, rag-vestured, famine-worn,
Draws near his—home ? Well, yes, some purse—
belonging

Perchance to Priest or Statesman—this forlorn
Starved waif hath plumped a little, sorely wronging
His stomach by that tribute to the god,
The great god Property, as careless wholly
Of poor mankind as any that did nod
Upon Olympian amaranth and moly.

This is his "holding" ; tenant he, poor wretch
Of tenement that *never* knows "improvement."

Hither the Law its mandate doth not stretch,
Hither, by Civilisation's mighty movement,
Driven, with myriads more, he hides and lurks,
A helpless "nuisance," shunned by the Inspector,
Ignored by Bumbles and by Boards of Works,
By all forgotten—save the rent-collector

Of *Carabas* or *Mawcorm*. Rosy-gilled
Bucolic grumbler about drains and leases !

Here leases were a joke, here drains are filled
In such fair sort as the death-rate increases.

Improvements *here* ? Go to ! Not worth the while
Of Property, which battens like a vulture

On garbage-heaps. Compulsion ? Statesmen smile
Now upon Trade, anon on Agriculture.

They've loud and potent voices. But the mute
Furtive and impotent Slum-dwellers 'scape them.

Yet plans for men foul-herding like the brutes
Cool reason clamours for. The heads that shape them

Will earn their owners more enduring praise
Than faction's brainless peans loudly chaunted ;

Ah ! when grim Pestilence stalks forth and slays
Its myriads, men will own in dread amaze

This House is haunted !

"LE HIGH LIFE."—*Change of Name and Residence.*—
Duke and Duchess of Tick to White Wash Lodge,
Richmond.



POPULAR FALLACIES.

THAT SMOKING IMPAIRS THE EYESIGHT.

BUT MASTER GODFREY, WHEN HE'S ENJOYING A MILD HAVANNA, CAN SEE
PAPA COMING—OH, MILES OFF !

AIX AND PAINS ;

OR, THE PENALTIES OF PROPRIETORSHIP.

It is satisfactory to know that the recent capital advertisement given, at the request of its enterprising Proprietor, by "*Monsieur le Directeur du Times*" to the hotel which Princess BEATRICE happens to have selected during her temporary residence at Aix-les-Bains, has been supplemented by the despatch of the following nice little explanatory and private letter, direct from Printing House Square :—

MON CHER MONSIEUR LE PROPRIÉTAIRE,

C'ÉTAIT croyez-moi, avec le plus grand satisfaction que je me suis trouvé dans une position de vous faire un bon tour, par l'insertion dans mon journal *Le Times* de votre franche et très spirituelle petite lettre de 22 Juillet. Sans doute, vous avez déjà vu le numéro ; et si le prominence que j'ai donné à votre contribution vous a fait sauter de joie, ne m'envoyez pas, je vous prie, vos remerciements ; car je suis sûr que vous êtes, pour le moment, plein d'un vif dévouement, même d'un bienveillance presque irrépressible envers moi ?

Vous avez bien compris, n'est-ce pas, que si ce n'était pas pour l'argent que nous recevons de temps à temps pour des petites services de ce genre, ce serait impossible de conduire *Le Times* dans une manière respectable et digne de la haute voie occupé, comme nous disons en Angleterre, par le "leading journal" ?

C'est bien connu que M. GLADSTONE me paye quelque chose considérable, à ce moment-ci, de n'être pas abusé tous les jours, et que MM. les "Shipowners" pendant la séance récente sur le Canal de Suez ont eu le très bon sens de m'envoyer, avec empressement, un "five-pound note." Mais une finesse honorable ne vous manque pas non plus. Vous avez la bonté, en me priant toujours d'insérer votre avertissement, de dire à la fin de votre charmante petite lettre, "je suis, du reste, prêt à payer ce que cela coûtera, si vous avez la bonté de m'envoyer la note."

Cela est très bon et très polie, mais je vous prie de ne faire rien du sort. Non. Et je vous dirai pourquoi. Dans quelques semaines

ce qu'on appelle chez nous "Le Dull Season" sera arrivé ; et, si vous pouviez, mon cher Monsieur le Propriétaire, dans ces tristes jours-là seulement envoyer moi encore des lettres, deux ou trois—naïfs, fraîches, admirablement comiques, et, tout à fait, en fin, hors de ligne, comme celui-ci qui vous m'aviez fait l'honneur de m'adresser l'autre jour, croyez-moi je serai payé mille fois, car vous ferez, bien sûr, la fortune du *Times*.

En attendant, votre bienveillant réponse, j'ai l'honneur, mon cher Monsieur le Propriétaire, d'être, le votre très sincèrement,

CHINERY, Rédacteur en Chef.

P.S.—Je ne crois pas qu'il y a des fautes de grammaire, ni de l'orthographe dans ce lettre, mais si, par hasard, il y en a un ou deux qui m'ont échappées, M. Blowitz, qui est toujours très exacte, sans doute, les corrigera en route.

"LOOK AT HOME !"—The "German Crown Prince and Princess"—(Five shillings the pair, the better half being worth nearly all the money)—are going to stay at Norris Castle, the Duke of BEDFORD's beautiful place in the Isle of Wight, which his Grace has offered to place at their disposal. The grounds of Norris Castle adjoin those of Osborne. Oh, if his Grace would only put his Grace's beautiful Garden—Covent Garden, we mean—at our disposal for a while ! If the Duke's Covent Garden grounds adjoined those of Buckingham Palace or Marlborough House, there would soon be a drastic remedy for the present state of Mud-Salad Market and its environs. Are the residents in the Market, in Henrietta Street, in Southampton Street, Wellington Street, and the tributaries East and West all asleep, or have they "learned to love it," and become as helpless and hopeless as Circe's enchanted swine ?

OLD Indians as a rule like sticking to a red-tape policy. Odd that they should object to a little bit of RIFON. The Rajah TULIP SLANG says that "ILBERT'S Bill" is not going along Rippingly.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



LOOKING BEFORE HE LEAPS.



SUEZ-CIDAL.



RECOVERY.

NURSERY RHYME ADAPTED TO THE TIME.

There was a very Grand Old Man,
And he was wondrous wise;

He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out all his "Ayes."
But when he found his "Ayes" were gone,
With all his might and main

He jumped out of that quickset hedge,
And scratched them in again.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 23.—Grand Old Man comes up to-night smiling, with small geranium flower-pot in button-hole, and pair of largest collars in stock. Been a little difficulty, he understands, about Suez Canal. Government made bargain with LESSEES which some people didn't like. "Very well, then," says G.O.M., "we'll drop it. Know old story about boy caught creeping through hedge into orchard? 'Where are you going?' shouted irate proprietor. 'I'm going back again,' said the boy. Well, we'll go back again. Last intention in the world to give offence. Everyone shouting out for new Canal. We thought we'd get one made. Arranged everything with LESSEES; but if you don't like it, for Goodness' sake don't have it. Really no compulsion in the matter, and no occasion for fuss."

All this he explains in speech forty minutes long. GRANVILLE, in other House, smiled through same discourse in ten minutes. House not nearly so delighted at its conclusion as might have been expected. Gentlemen who have been shouting out for past fortnight, get their own way, but refrain from unseemly indications of triumph. In fact, begin to shake their heads and look more gloomy than ever. Not quite sure that Government have done right. Much to be said for project, especially if no better to be got. Clearly no better to be got, and what does this infatuated Government mean by going and giving up one of the most skilfully-contrived arrangements ever submitted? More we think of it the warmer we grow. Expect there'll be a row in this quarter now; which makes life worth living in Parliament. Getting a little tired, doncha know, of blowing up Government for making Provisional Arrangement. So now going in with coat off to cuff them for dropping it.

Found CAVENDISH BENTINCK in brown study to-night. (Don't know why it should be called brown any more than blue or green, but adopt usual phraseology.) Preparatory to going into study of any tint, CAVENDISH hitches hat well on back of head, so as to give full play to front locks of hair, lets go halyards of shirt front, thrusts hands in pockets, and stares into space.

"What's the dear boy thinking about?" DILKE asked. "Or is he sitting for his portrait? Going to be done in this style for the fresco companion-picture to St. George in St. Stephen's Hall?"

"No; I was thinking why GLADSTONE should have made DODSON a Cabinet Minister."

"You needn't make yourself ill with thinking too hard," said Mr. HENEGAGE. "GLADSTONE never liked DIZZY to beat him in anything, even in a joke. So he made DODSON Cabinet Minister because DIZZY made you Judge-Advocate-General. That's what's called capping a joke."

I fancy CAVENDISH didn't see it. He went off very quickly, to make inquiries, I expect.

Business done.—Got through ten Clauses of Agricultural Holdings Bill.

Tuesday.—Little row in House of Lords to-night. Manchester Ship Canal Bill down for Second Reading. Lord REDESDALE doesn't like Ship Canals.

"Never had them in my day!" he growls. "Content then with ordinary and proper thing broad enough for canal-boats. If this thing goes on, have England cut up into mince-meat in a few years. Make a sort of Holland of the Island. Never be able to drive half-a-mile without coming across ship in full sail. Have steamers pouring black smoke into your front bedroom window, and get hit on the head with maintop mizzen boom when you look out to see where smoke coming from. Had enough of Ship Canals at Suez. Have no more of them here as long as I'm Chairman of Committees."

So puts his foot down on proposal. Warns House if they agree to Second Reading he won't undertake to find Committee. This would have been enough at one time; but House sadly changing. Growing quite Radical. Dares dispute what REDESDALE says. When he got up, in defiance of Rules, to make second speech, there were cries of "Order!" The stout Earl aghast.

"I am," he gasped, "standing up for order."

"You'd better sit down for it," Lord GRANVILLE smilingly said.

REDESDALE mechanically felt in trousers' pocket for his ruler. Attempted to draw it out. But Lordships only smile, and with scowl at unoffending Clerk at table, he resumed his seat.

"Take me away, TOBY," he said a little later, in plaintive tones that brought tears to my eyes, and nearly made me howl. "Take me away, and if it can be conveniently done, bury me in Westminster Abbey. The Constitution is in danger; the Throne is toppling to a fall; the sunset of the Empire is at hand, and the House of Lords has shouted ME DOWN."

In the House of Commons Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, with apologetic manner, gives notice of a motion on Suez Canal affair. Agricultural Holdings Bill goes forward by leaps and bounds. Even DODSON can't materially delay it. Conundrums rather gone out of fashion since MARUM put his famous one to SPEAKER and never received answer. But Mr. CAINE thinks of another one.

"Why is DODSON the most attached partner in the world?"

Give it up. Always give up a Conundrum promptly.

"Because he's never far off Fogg."

Business done.—Agricultural Holdings Bill passed through Committee.

Wednesday.—The Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill in Committee. One of those afternoons of thrilling excitement when the Scotch Members in possession. Claymores flashing in sunless air. Dirks produced when arguments fail. GEORGE ANDERSON, in full Highland costume as representing a Lowland town, offers, on Clause 4, page 2, line 3, to dance Highland fling. Mr. McLAGAN, differing from the LORD ADVOCATE, on meaning of words "fair and reasonable" in Clause 5, suddenly stoops down and produces a carving-knife out of his stocking, whilst far away floats the music of the bagpipe, Sir ALEXANDER GORDON, it is understood, having obtained permission from the SPEAKER to allow a Highland piper to sit on one of the blocks of ice in the ventilating chamber. Sometimes music sounds as if piper, who like Mr. ANDERSON simply wears kilt, were not comfortable.

On the Conservative side Sir HERBERT MAXWELL makes many appearances.

"Nice young man, HERBERT," says HENRY. "Remarkable instance of the prodigality of Nature. Might have thought there was only material in Universe for production of one Young SAMUELSON, and we've got him. But there was a considerable quantity over. So HERBERT MAXWELL was born, and the Conservatives have their Young SAMUELSON to prevent us from being too much puffed up with pride of possession."

Business done.—Reached Clause 5, Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill.

Thursday Night.—"Mind you're in the House at Question Time. TONY, dear boy," CHAPLIN said this morning, "I've got a question about Suez Canal that'll fetch the Government. Spent all yesterday drawing it up. Consulted GORST and other eminent legal Authorities. You'll find they can't get over that. There'll be some fun, I promise you."

So there was. But, as Sir CHARLES FORSTER remarked, the laugh was on the other leg. Others beside CHAPLIN had awkward question about Suez Canal. There was the Diet DE WORMS and Sir HENRY WOLFF (who always run in couples now RANDOLPH's gone), Mr. GORST, himself, and HENRY. All questions on different points, each knottier than the other. Seemed impossible for Government to get out of the thicket without a scratch.

But Grand Old Man took charge of the catechism, and nothing ever seen more delightful than his fence. Courteous almost to verge of personal affection. Most anxious to give all information. Read the question over with manifest interest, giving fresh grace to its periods by his elocution. Then, turning with friendly smile upon interlocutor, said something varying in length from three sentences to seven. Seemed a full answer, though a link missing somewhere. Perhaps didn't catch it. Would understand better when full report of reply seen in print.

CHAPLIN not quite so radiant after answer received. A little doubtful about precise point. Didn't somehow seem to have got such grip on the Government as had anticipated. But wait till report out in evening papers. After this appears CHAPLIN anxious to change subject. Fact quite clear G. O. M. has said nothing to compromise Government either to CHAPLIN or to any other of his questioners, each one having been quite certain in advance that at least he'd cornered the Government.

This excellent play almost eclipsed in dealing with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Motion. G. O. M.'s fatherly interest in Sir STAFFORD as in a little boy playing Politics; his obvious desire to look leniently upon his effort; his hint that perhaps it had better be left alone; and his crowning declaration that if it would please Sir STAFFORD to go on, there was nothing in the Resolution Government could not accept—equal to DIZZY's best manner.

Business done.—Education Estimates discussed.

Friday.—Another day of all talk and no work. Discussion on India closing at half-past five, DODSON emerged from Fog with English Agricultural Holdings Bill in hand. House indignantly repulsed him. Then LORD-ADVOCATE turned up with Scotch Bill, ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland being kept in reserve with Irish Bill if that wouldn't do. House consented to look at the matter, and was beginning to make little progress, when JOSEPH GILLIS woke up at the sound of the Scotch accent, and talked Bill out.

At Evening Sitting, House thinly Mustered, whilst SALT Peppered Education Department.

"APPROBATION FROM SIR HUBERT STANLEY," &c.—Mr. GLADSTONE last Thursday was understood to allude to the PORTE as the "Competent Authority" in any Suez Canal question. To be thus mentioned by Mr. GLADSTONE is indeed a good omen for the SULTAN. Fourth Party brought him into a question, and he figured in two or three letters on this subject. The Irrepressible One, the "Unspeaking Turk," being one of those Diplomatic Orientals "*qui sait attendre*," is sure to be "in it" sooner or later, as indicated in Mr. Punch's last week's Cartoon.

THE CORPORATION WAKING UP.

WHATEVER other effect, whether for good or for evil, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's rash Bill for abolishing the Grand Old Corporation and substituting for it a Brand New One, may have had, there can be no doubt that it is waking up the City Fathers to a keener sense of their duties and responsibilities than they have exhibited of late.

We take from the *City Press*, presumably their especial organ, an account of their late proceedings, from which we select the plums, adding a little of our own spice, and leaving the solid pudding for stronger digestions:—

OPEN SPACES. ALEXANDRA PARK.

That other Grand Old Man, Earl SHAFTESBURY, and that handsome member of a handsome family, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P., and many other less illustrious Swells, attended the Court of Common Council to petition that they would preserve Alexandra Park as they had preserved Epping Forest, as an Open Space for ever.

Mr. SNOWDON, who said that he had, of course, an intimate knowledge of the value of some of the hilly districts in Wales—"Hear!"—wanted to know the price.

Mr. WILLIAMS said he didn't know it.

Mr. SNOWDON: How much have you got towards it?

Mr. WILLIAMS (*emphatically*): Not a penny!

Mr. BEARD: Is it mortgaged?

Mr. WILLIAMS: Yes; up to the hilt, and down to the Lake.

Mr. BEAK: How far is it from Finsbury Park, as the crows flies?

A PETITIONER: There ain't no crows there, so we don't know.

Mr. BEAK thereupon moved, that the Court adjourn until that important evidence be obtained. That not being seconded, it fell to the ground, and was carried out by the Hall-keeper and his assistants.

Deputy SANDERS asked Lord SHAFTESBURY whether he thought people cared about Open Spaces? To which the noble Earl replied, with an amused smile, that he should rather think they did.

Mr. HUGHES, who wore the blue ribbon, but not on his garter, asked if any drinks would be sold there; to which Lord G. HAMILTON quietly replied, "Only such as the Corporation themselves indulged in." At which the Court laughed convulsively.

Mr. BEDFORD said the Park was surrounded with difficulties. (*A Voice, "No! palings!"*) Well, palings were difficulties if they were too high, as he had often found in Epping Forest when it was enclosed. But difficulties were just the thing to suit the Corporation, because they made them wake up. The first question was, is it worth doing? Is Alexandra worth having? Is Alexandra beautiful? Is Alexandra a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, like their own artistic Griffin? (*Laughter.*) The next question was the mere contemptibly commercial question, how much will it cost? Surely this is a matter of such infinitesimal importance that he almost blushed to mention it. (*"Oh, oh!"*) Who was the sordid soul that called "Oh!" Had he no poetry in his mere commercial nature? Did he prefer his miserable pounds and shillings, and even pence, to the dewy grass, the songs of birds, and the breezy zephyr? (*Voice, "Fireworks!"*) He scorned to notice such prosaic interruptions, but as he feared there might be among them some few who would wish to hear something about the mere paltry question of ways and means—"Hear!" from Deputy MCSTINGER.—he would condescend to bring himself down to their low level. The cost of the beautiful Park that crowned our Northern suburb, as Venice crowned the Adriatic, was, he was proud to tell them, in the classical words of our great Poet, "nothing to nobody." (*"Oh, oh!"*) Let him explain his somewhat obscure meaning. (*"Hear!"*) They had among their Officers one, who, having dedicated his whole life to the mysteries of finance, had at last succeeded in discovering an enormously productive Tax that nobody paid! (*Great sensation.*) Some of the clearest intellects in that abode of innocence, the Corn Exchange, had endeavoured in vain to trace it to its source, but it had entirely eluded their grasp, and their great Magician, to whom MASKYOBURLEAX and COOKIT were but children, had watched their fruitless efforts with a pitying smile. The farmers of America had claimed the credit of freeing Epping Forest, and had authorised him to state their willingness to purchase the fair Alexandra on the same terms. (*Loud Cheers.*) A certain Member of Parliament, whom he would not condescend to name, had said the tax was a fearful charge upon the poor man's bread—(*A laugh.*)—but as a poor man would have to consume seventy-five half-quartern loaves before the tax would amount to a farthing, even if he paid it, which he did not, he would leave such contemptible twaddle to the purlieus of the House of Commons. In conclusion, he would say, let them soar above the slanderous mud of Chelsea, and seek refuge in the pure air and brilliant sunshine of Open Spaces! (*Loud cheers.*) He moved it be referred to a Committee.

Mr. INICE supported the motion, and said that the Alexandra Park would be a bulwark, and a rampart, and an outpost, and a fortification, and a parapet, and a breastwork, and a balustrade, and a defence—(*Left speaking.*)



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE RECITER.

STUDY OF A GROUP OF PEOPLE, WHO HAVE BEEN SPECIALLY INVITED TO AN AFTERNOON TEA, TO HEAR HERR BOGOLUBOFFSKI, THE GREAT PIANIST, AND SIGNOR JENKINI, THE FAMOUS TENOR. SOMEHOW OR OTHER, HOWEVER, NEITHER OF THESE GENTLEMEN HAPPEN TO TURN UP, AND TO COMPENSATE FOR THEIR UNACCOUNTABLE ABSENCE, LITTLE BINKS, THE HOST (WHO, BY THE WAY, TRIES TO CULTIVATE A PERSONAL RESEMBLANCE TO MR. IRVING, AND FLATTERS HIMSELF HE SUCCEEDS) MANAGES TO RECITE THE "DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM," (TO VERY SLOW MUSIC ON THE PIANO BY MRS. BINKS), BEFORE ANYBODY CAN MANAGE TO GET AWAY.

AN ISTHMIAN GAME.

How stands the Game? And the friendly foes,
Have they *really* been playing to win? Who knows!
Veterans both; but the Frenchman's fast,
Killing in service, and good to last.
As for his rival, "Humph!" says the ring.
"Takes it too easy, no pace, no sting."
"Spoons like a novice," grumbles one.
"Slow on the ball," grunts another. "Can't run!"
"Places so wildly," protests a third.
"Plays into the Frenchman's hands. Absurd!"
"That the redoubtable GLADSTONE smash?"
Blundering play, at once feeble and rash;
Not in the hunt with the Frenchman!" "Why?"
"My conviction, he doesn't half try."
"Not his true form by a lot, I know."
"Then the more shame for him, selling us so!"
"If the game is played out, he is bound to lose.
Rather not be in his backers' shoes."
"Much better stop it, and take him away.
Not fit to play for a pipkin to-day!"
So the spectators, exceedingly sore,
Backers or enemies. How stands the score?
Little—at present—or lost or won.
Genial foes! Are they playing in fun?
"Halt, *mon cher* LESSERS! Your 'service' is grand!
Wonderful volleys! Most flexible hand!"
"Honoured opponent, your praise is sweet;
Pleasanter player I never *did* meet!"
"How stands the game?"—"Well, so far as I see,
The score at present is 'Vantage to me.'"
"Pardon me! that is an error—though small.
We don't play the 'deuce,' so it's 'Vantage all!'"

CETEWAYO.

CIVILISATION'S Victim! Trapped or petted
To please her varying moods; first fought and netted
To serve her interests, then, to content
Her meaner mood of maudlin sentiment,
Patted and made a puppet and a show!
Could we your inner feeling rightly know,
Spoiled Savage, it would probably be this:—
"Better her biting sword than her betraying kiss!"

A' CHANCE.—Nothing could have been more cheerful than the prospects and more encouraging than the retrospects of the United Telephone Company—(may the Company remain long and happily "United" in the best financial bonds!)—as presented by the ever freshest, ever freest, ever most genial of Chairmen, Mr. JAMES BRAND, who ought to be known by this time as the perpetual personification of "Brand new." Six per cent. at present, and, let us hope, with great impartiality, not having a fourpenny bit in the concern, cent. per cent. for every message sent in future,—unless some other dear clever boy starts up and invents something which will supersede telephones and telegraphs. Here's a chance for Mr. IRVING BISHOP. The development of a Thought-Reading Company might work up into something big.

TAKING the view very clearly and warmly expressed by Lords Justices BRETT, COTTON, and BOWEN, who, if not bound by hard and fast law, would have been inclined to give the stern parient what 'ARBY calls "What for for himself," we would far rather be a SARA's son than a child of AGAR. And rather than AGAR-ELLIS's child we would be Somebody-Ellis's, Anybody-Ellis's in fact, says Lord Justice PUNCH.



AN ISTHMIAN GAME.

W. E. G. (in "exceptional and temporary" French). "EH BIEN, FERDY MON CHER, OÙ SOMMES NOUS? WHERE ARE WE NOW?"

M. DE L-SS-PS. "MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND, IT'S 'VANTAGE' TO ME!"

W. E. G. (politely). "PARDON! WE'RE NOT PLAYING 'DEUCE'—IT'S 'VANTAGE ALL'!"

M. DE L-SS-PS (with equal politeness). "SOIT!—ALL-A-RIGHT!!!"

JUSTICE IN UNEASY SLIPPERS.

"Anything more undignified than the spectacle of a Judge in his official robes delivering an important judgment in such an apartment—the private dressing-room of his Lordship—can be hardly imagined."—*Daily Paper*.

SCENE—Lord PENZANCE'S Private Dressing-Room at the Palace of Westminster, converted into the Court of Arches. Shower-bath in corner, B. Toilette-table, C. Boot-cupboard, L. Chest of Drawers, R. Door, L. The room inconveniently crowded.

Lord Penzance (seated, in full forensic costume, in front of the toilette-table, finishing his shaving). There! that's done for the day! (Turning round.) And now how are we going on?

Usker. Please, my Lord, there's no room for any more of the Bar. There are two Queen's Counsel waiting outside who say they're engaged in the next case. They've been knocking at the door like anything.

Lord Penzance. Come, come, we must show a little patience. See,



Lord Penzance giving judgment from his Dressing-table.

this will give more accommodation. (Gets up, and seats himself on toilette-table.) There, that ought to ease us. Admit the members of the Inner Bar. I am sure their respective Juniors will be satisfied to appear before me in the passage. (The doors are opened, and the couple of Q.C.'s are admitted.) Sorry you should be inconvenienced, but the LORD CHANCELLOR absolutely refuses to have us at the Royal Courts. I wrote to him myself on the subject—so did the late Archbishop of CANTERBURY. So we

must make the best of it. On the last occasion of our meeting you will remember that I had myself to hear an important case from the boot-cupboard. However, I am most anxious that the convenience of everyone should be considered. If I might offer a suggestion—there is still standing-room on that chest of drawers.

[The Q.C.'s bow, and climb on the piece of furniture mentioned. Registrar of the Court (occupying the wash-hand-stand). I beg your Lordship's pardon, but I find my present resting-place very insecure. When the Court adjourns for the day, perhaps your Lordship will kindly order the carpenter to look to the legs of this—hem!—structure.

Lord Penzance (courteously). Certainly. But at the same time I would mention that personally I should prefer to put the wash-hand-stand—so to speak—out of bounds. The official who occupied that coign of vantage at the last sitting of the Court somehow or other contrived to destroy the soap-dish. (With a sudden burst of anger.) It really was very annoying!

Registrar of the Court. Please, my Lord, it wasn't me. It will be within your Lordship's recollection that the Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury was occupying the wash-hand-stand at the last meeting of the Court.

Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury. Certainly I was. But I would respectfully submit to your Lordship that I could not have destroyed the soap-dish, as the crockery-ware had been removed from the wooden frame before I took up my position. As a matter of fact, I was myself standing in the hole usually occupied by the basin.

Lord Penzance. Quite so. I am sure that no officer of this Court would treat the Bench—or, to be quite accurate, as I am seated upon it, I should say the toilette-table—with disrespect. But I confess I was annoyed—only for the moment—at what I imagined to be the wanton destruction of the soap-dish. (Explaining to the Bar.) You see it spoils the whole set!

Leading Q.C. (sympathetically). No doubt, my Lord; no doubt (Referring to papers). Your Lordship will remember that judgment was to be delivered to-day in the case that occupied our attention at the last sitting of the Court.

Lord Penzance. Certainly. But, before I commence the delivery of my judgment, I should like to know if the Court's Shorthand-writer (who, by the way, I do not see in his customary place on the top of the boot-cupboard) can hear me.

A Voice. Certainly, my Lord. Your Lordship speaks with such

admirable distinctness that I can catch every syllable. I would explain that I gave up the top of the boot-cupboard to a sister of one of the suitors.

Lord Penzance (smiling and bowing). I am not surprised at the Shorthand-writer's act of self-sacrifice, now that its cause has been brought thus prominently before me. (A Lady on the top of the boot-cupboard blushes and simpers.) But can the Shorthand-writer see me?

A Voice. Yes, my Lord, through a crevice in the brickwork. Perhaps your Lordship would kindly explain to the Lady that she need be under no compunction in occupying my old place, as, in its stead, I have found a very comfortable seat up the chimney.

Lord Penzance (to Lady, with a smile). You hear what he says. (With some hesitation, but much courtesy.) I may add, however, that as my judgment will be very uninteresting, and the accommodation is so extremely limited, my dressing-room, I should say the Court, will have to be entirely devoted, after the adjournment for luncheon, to the exclusive use of the parties in the suit. (Lady gets down from the cupboard, angrily, and leaves the apartment in a huff.) This incident is very painful to me! However, it is better as it is! And now I will deliver my judgment. (Holds forth from the toilette-table until the usual time for the midday adjournment, when the Court is cleared for half-an-hour.

On the resumption of business, his Lordship, who in the interim has changed his position and disappeared from view, continues.) I think, by the new arrangement, we have economised space. Before concluding my judgment, I should like to hear Counsel once more upon the point to which I alluded at our last sitting.

Leading Q.C. With your Lordship's favour— (Enters into an exhaustive argument. At its conclusion.) I trust I have made myself clear to your Lordship, although I have not been able to address the Bench personally. We have had ample oral evidence of your Lordship's presence in Court, but have not had (since the midday adjournment) the advantage of actually seeing your Lordship. (A pause. Then the sound of falling water. General consternation.)

Lord Penzance (putting his head out of the curtains of the shower-bath). There is not the slightest occasion for alarm. Exercising my discretion, I occupied some of the time of the Court in considering the admirable arguments we have just heard, in a position particularly favourable to calm deliberation—a position I took up when the Court was cleared at luncheon-time. You will notice that I have accommodated myself to circumstances, and am addressing my audience, like SOCRATES, from my bath! I am still a little unsettled on one point, so I will retire a few minutes longer, to turn it quietly over in my own mind. (Disappears. Sounds of falling water renewed. When they have subsided, his Lordship puts out his head, and continues.) Resorting to my old habit when practising at the Bar, I have just taken a "refresher." (Much laughter, during which his Lordship shakes the water from his wig, and resumes his wonted gravity.) And now I am quite decided, and have no doubt that—

[Completes the delivery of his decision. Scene closes in upon the Court of Arches, the Judge's Dressing-Room, and, above all and before all, the Dignity of the Law!]

Mem. at the Mansion House.

(After hearing Mr. Russell Lowell's speech.)

AFTER the windy blasts, as loud as dear,
Of Civic Bumbledom's big Boreas-bustle,
'Tis sweet as zephyrs 'midst green leaves to hear
This gentle RUSSELL.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM likes the entertainment at the Fisheries. She says the Foreign Thingummyjigian Band plays beautifully. "I like to see them," says Mrs. R., "in full unicorn, when they're dressed in Prussian Blue and wear the regular German Pickletub helmet."

AN ADDRESS TO THE CROWN.—"One on the nob." (Ask a pugilist, or Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOLE.)



OLD PLAYS FOR NEW AUDIENCES.

AT TOOLE'S Theatre, T. W. ROBERTSON the Younger has reproduced *M.P.*, considered at the time of its first appearance, thirteen years ago, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, one of the least satisfactory of the "Cup and Saucer Successes" associated with the name of his late father. And yet the piece, in spite of its old-fashioned hits at not very modern election bribery, and certainly very ancient burlesque, has its merits. It is brightly written, and capably played by at least two members of the new Company—Miss GERARD and Mr. G. D. WARD, who are Metropolitan additions to a *troupe* chiefly taken from the Provinces. Altogether, it does not require a wizard to prophesy that TOOLE'S Theatre, with *M.P.*, will not be "M.T."

Yet another restoration. The Adelphi Management have produced a capital revival of *The Streets of London*. Late in the Season as it is, the Streets of London—from which all who can get a holiday are flying, in order to see the genuine *Green Bushes* in the Country—will attract the crowds of Country Cousins who invariably come up to Town just at this time.

THE Government should not trade or speculate, say the Radicals. Certainly their experiment as Black-king makers (in Zululand) has not proved such a shining success as to excite the jealousy of Messrs. DAY AND MARTIN.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 147.



M. WADDINGTON,

THE CLEVER BULL-POODLE OF ANGLO-FRENCH BREED: *MAIS, L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE.*

RHINE AND REASON.

(By the Brummagem Byron.)

"A little railway has been constructed from Königswinter to the 'castled crag of Drachenfels.'" *The World.*

THE castled crag of Drachenfels

We used to climb to from the Rhine,
And classed it with the Rhenish "sells"

When toiling up the steep incline!

But now I bustle up by steam,
To take a lunch of fruit and wine;

And gaze upon the rolling stream,

And hurry back along the line!

I'd stand a "first return" with glee,

And double joy wert thou with me!

POOR plucky, but too desperately rash, Captain WEBB! To swim Niagara was the swummit of his ambition, and he failed. It seems uncertain whether the Railway Companies encouraged him, or not. We fancy not; but if they did, we should probably have heard by this time that they have handed over the very poor compensation of two thousand pounds to his widow.

"On, Stanley, On!"

SAYS M. DE BRAZZA,
"You try all your art, Sir,
But as to the Congo
You shan't farther on go."

THE UNKINDEST "CUT" OF ALL (for M. DE LESSEPS).—An English Suez Canal.

A COMIC COMPLAINT.

(Which, but for its subject, might be a Chapter of Happy Thoughts.)

I WILL never again speak disrespectfully of the Colic. Somehow I had come to consider it as a comic complaint, as something which had come to be designated by the Clown at Christmas,—if I remember rightly as to when and from whom I first heard the expression,—as the "Collywobblers." I could almost swear that if not in a Pantomime it was at all events a Clown in a Circus, a "Shakspearian Clown," too, to whom, as a boy, I looked up with a sort of reverence; I say, emphatically, "a sort of," because I cannot now arrive at *what* sort of reverence it was. But, anyhow, he was Shakspearian, and I was a good deal brought up on SHAKSPEARE in my earliest youth, beginning with a light diet of "Lamb's tales,"—which, I am bound to say, stood me in good stead for many years, established me above my fellows as an authority on SHAKSPEARE, whose plays I don't suppose I really tackled—"tackled" is the word,—until long after I had left school.

But the less I knew about SHAKSPEARE, except being taken to see him as a treat at Drury Lane or elsewhere, when his matchless works were associated in my mind with Christmas time, tips, an oyster supper,—in a real late supper place in the Strand, divided into small compartments like stalls in a stable, with the luxury of drinking beer out of a pewter pot, and a general feeling that at fourteen years of age I was quite the man about town—I say, with the exception of these rare opportunities of making acquaintance with SHAKSPEARE, I had little taste or opportunity for the private study of his works, and so, as I commenced by remarking when I interrupted myself, the less I knew about SHAKSPEARE, the greater was the mysterious veneration with which I came to regard his name and anything or anybody who was Shakspearian,—and when I say "anybody" I mean distinctly one person, to whom I have already alluded, who was always known

as "The Great Shakspearian Clown," and who was invariably attached—I have never been able to ascertain the mysterious connection—to a Circus. I have been a pretty regular Theatre and Circus-goer in my time, but I never remember having seen a Shakspearian Clown, as such, taking the part of an ordinary Clown in a Pantomime, even when that Clown preserved the traditions of his order, and had not compromised his dignity by descending to tumbling and acrobatism.

[Note.—I cannot help pausing, as I write the word "acrobatism" for the first time. I fancy it ought to be "acrobaney,"—like necromancy, only, on the other hand, a professor of the latter art is not called a "Necromat"—so we'll leave it at "acrobatism," which is a good word, and proceed with the subject in hand.]

With this youthful reverence for SHAKSPEARE,—"reverence to authority" was early instilled into me as a principle, and SHAKSPEARE was always being brought forward as "an authority," so hence logically my reverence,—no wonder that anything that fell from the lips of a Shakspearian Clown, praised as such by my elders, who pointed him out to me immediately on his appearance in the Ring, and said "There he is!" with as much earnestness and pride (as having a share in him at so much a head paid for our seats) as if he had been the late Lord BEACONSFIELD or the present PREMIER, should retain a firm hold upon my memory. I am sure that that Shakspearian Clown on more than one occasion inquired most anxiously after the health of the Master of the Ring, a magnificent person in a fancy uniform of uncertain nationality, which would have been decidedly military had it not been equally naval, and would, therefore, have been (when I come to think of its gold epaulettes, gold braid, blue trousers with gold stripes, patent leather boots, and spurs) the very uniform for a General of the Horse-Marine Force, had such a branch of the service ever been called into existence by the necessities of some extraordinary campaign.

The Master of the Ring! There has never been one like him



THE ODD-JOB MAN.

"I WANT YOU TO MEND THE LEG OF THIS KITCHEN TABLE, SMITHSON. DO YOU FEEL EQUAL TO THE JOB?"

"EQUAL TO THE JOB, M'M? WHY, ME AND A FEW MATES O' MINE BUILT THE 'OLE OF THE NEW LAW COURTS, M'M!"

[Job turns out a complete failure all the same!]

since, and never will be, for I speak of the past glories of "ASHLEY'S," and of the immortal WIDDICOMB, who disappeared many many years ago, and who, I am convinced, as I never saw any record of his death and burial, nor have ever met anyone who had, is even now, at this present moment, existing somewhere, like the old Dutch Navigators in the Harz Mountains, like the O'DONOGHUE on his white horse under the lake, like the Cid in the Spanish mountains, and is ready dressed as of yore, epaulettes bright, heavy moustache black as jet, hair luxuriant and glossy, splendid complexion, piercing eyes, with spotless white kid gloves, carrying a long flexible four-in-hand whip, waiting for the resuscitation of the Ancient ASHLEY'S, and only occasionally revealing himself and his "scenes in a—ghostly of course—circle" to some be-mused Cockney Rip Van Winkle, who may have taken too much at the "Mother Redcap," and lost himself on Primrose Hill.

The Shakspearian Clown was invariably deeply concerned for Mr. WIDDICOMB'S—I, as a boy, always thought he was either Admiral or General WIDDICOMB—health. It was on one of these occasions, when my young mind was so fresh to receive impressions, that the Shakspearian Jester wanted to know how Mr. WIDDICOMB was, and when that Gentleman, who, though always politely addressing the fool as "Sir," seldom answered his questions directly, replied by asking "Why so, Sir?" the Shakspearian Clown at once explained that his anxiety as to the state of Mr. WIDDICOMB'S health arose from his "having heard that he had been laid up with the collywobbles in his pandenoodles"—whereat the audience, myself included, laughed prodigiously.

I remember that Mr. WIDDICOMB did not seem best pleased with the Shakspearian Clown's facetiousness on this occasion, and even emphasised his displeasure with a smart crack of the lash, which made the Jester hop and cry, "Oh! please don't, Sir,"—whereat, being quite sure that our favourite Clown was only pretending, and wasn't in reality hurt the least bit, we all laughed again; and more heartily than before, as we felt somehow that our laughter at the previous allusion to the mysterious complaint from which it had been given out that Admiral or General WIDDICOMB had been suffering had been a little ill-timed, and had been, in fact, an ebullition of risibility not in any way to be proud of as a specimen of our sympathy or of our good-breeding.

What part of Mr. WIDDICOMB'S anatomy, or of anyone's anatomy,—

though he being such a remarkable man it might have been something special in *him*,—the "pandenoodles" were, where the "Collywobbles" had given him so much internal trouble, no one has ever been able to afford me the slightest information. But as to the "Collywobbles" there has never been any doubt in the mind of any schoolboy. Now, no one that I ever met ever spoke seriously as from their own painful experience in my hearing of "the Colic," but, on the contrary, classed it under the head of "Collywobbles" generally, so that I came to consider "Colic" as a specific form of the generic "Collywobbles": "Colic" being evidently singular, and "Collywobbles," a collection of wobbles.

This view was borne out by two things: first, a confounded song—I can't help being annoyed with it, having been deceived by it all my life up to now,—of a bacchanalian character, commencing—

Punch cures the gout,
The "Colic," and the "ptisic."

But what "ptisic" is, or whether I have even correctly remembered its orthography, I don't know, and most medical men whom I have consulted have given it as their opinion that the "ptisic" was an effort of the Poet's imagination in order to end the line with a word to rhyme with physio,—the verse being—

Punch cures the gout,
The "Colic," and the "ptisic,"
And it is allowed to be (three times)
The very best of physio.

If by "Punch" were meant the periodical in which this essay appears, then everyone with the command of threepence would be able to cure himself by the expenditure of that trifling, but never better spent, amount. But, alas, it is not so—and as to the awful concoction known as "Punch," by whomsoever made, whether bottled, cold, or in the bowl, hot, let him who shall dare to say that it is any specific for Colic (we needn't trouble ourselves about "ptisic"), or remedy for the mildest attack of that excruciating malady, be henceforth and for ever anathema. Well, that song led me astray; "the Colic!" who would care for a complaint which you laughed at with boon companions round the bowl—almost drinking its health—and which everyone of a jovial temperament put on a par with the imaginary "ptisic," or joked about, out of the song, as Collywobbles, or very contemptuously as "wobbles," without the "colly."

In later days, when "collics" were the fashion, it occurred to me that the Colly-wobbles might be "wobbles" peculiar to this class of dog, as "staggers" are peculiar to horses. But I dismiss this, as it has no bearing on the comic aspect in which I had come to regard this complaint. What finally fixed my idea of it was seeing at my friend BOODELS' a drawing by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, called "The Colic." It represented an old-fashioned elderly spinster, in an old-fashioned dress—date about the Waterloo period—with a cord tightly bound round her waist, at each end of which were little comic imps viciously pulling with all their might and main, and doing their utmost to bisect the unhappy elderly Lady at a given point. The elderly spinster was represented as holding her hands to her hips, and her face was expressive of the most excruciating agony.

Unfortunately, like the mishaps which happening in a Pantomime ought to cause intense suffering to the baby, who is sat upon and smashed, to the nurse, who runs away screaming, to the tall man, whose head comes off (without much apparent inconvenience to himself), and to the policeman who is shot out of a cannon and his limbs scattered about (till subsequently collected and put together by some ingenious process), but which only provoke the spectator to shouts of laughter, these torments as depicted by the late GEORGE CRUIKSHANK in his own inimitable fashion, simply amused me, specially as the Artist had silly pointed the moral by introducing on the wall a portrait of the sufferer herself in her previously robust health, standing at a spirit-cupboard, and holding a rum-bottle to her lips, with her head well thrown back. "Oho," said I, "that was what used to bring on the old-fashioned Colic at the Waterloo period,—or more correctly the Rummies period,—was it? Well, thank Goodness, we don't do that nowadays; and at all events I never"—and so on (I admit it now), in the most pharasaic style.

But the other day—no matter how—no matter when—suddenly I was laid up. I writhed with pain; I tossed

about; I rolled from side to side; I groaned and groaned till I was afraid the neighbours would send in to ask me to go and groan somewhere else. I kept on groaning—it was a relief—a great relief. Even people at a meeting, who don't agree with the speaker's sentiments, or who don't approve of some one he has mentioned, groan, and it relieves them. When I am ill, what is the use of "silent suffering?" If you want real sympathy and pity, groan. Don't overdo it: at unequal intervals is the best for sympathy. Then, as I got worse, up sprang old cowardly enemies, led by a force under command of General Gout in my left foot, and attacked me in the most cowardly and dastardly manner. Within a few hours I was prostrated; writhing and groaning.

Then came the Doctor. He prescribed. I became a trifle better, and, on the first opportunity (after two days of it), but before I had reached the improved stage when I could wait to consider whether I should groan or not, I asked him (as I always like to know), "Doctor, what have I been suffering from?"

"Well," he replied, thoughtfully, "a complication——"

"Yes, yes, I know that," I interrupted, impatiently; "but what began it?—what gave me all the pain? I've had a sharp attack of something. What is it?"

He hesitated. A light—a light that had broken in upon me when I was in one of my worst writhings at night—a revelation that came upon me when my head was hot, when idiotic fantastic faces, in white cooks' caps, (the ghosts of past good dinners) would come in crowds and grimace and gibber at me—that light by which, in those long, weary hours, I had seen re-produced in a waking vision CRUKSHANK's picture of the elderly spinster in tortures—that light which, at the same time, had shown me three jovial souls, seated at a round table, singing that verse I have already quoted—that light which had brought back to me the Shakspearian Clown cutting jokes at WIDDICOMB's expense, while I was in agonies, and the clock was monotonously ticking off the minutes in that hard, unsympathetic manner, so remarkable in all clocks in a sick room,—that light broke upon me now, as I raised myself up in bed, and, looking him straight in the face, said, "Doctor, I know. I have had an attack of the 'Colic'!"

"You have," he replied, as if he were surprised at my naming it.

"It has been a sharp attack?" I inquired.

"Very," he answered, emphatically.

"Doctor," I asked, diffidently, "'Colic' is an old-fashioned complaint"—he assented—"and I have always associated it with 'Collywobblers.'" He smiled. "It is not *that*, is it?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Then I have been wrong in considering 'Colic' as a comic complaint, eh, Doctor?"

"Comic!" he exclaimed, utterly astonished. Then, shaking his head slowly, he said, "It's the very reverse of comic. The pain is most severe; and, when the——"

But here he went into a technical description of the malady. It was very learned, and he even gave me the Latin word for it, which would be used in the Medical Scientific Dictionary; but the Colic by any other name would be as painful. One thing, however, I vow—that never again will I speak disrespectfully of the Colic, and never, never, never smile at, or countenance, any playful allusion to this malady by the style and title of "Collywobblers." No, never!

Our Too Sensitive Neighbour.

BETTER not annex New Guinea for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of France.

Better not make any fuss about the Tamatave affair for fear of wounding French susceptibilities.

Better reconsider the Channel Tunnel Question, and let us have two or three Tunnels from Dover to Calais, because if we don't we may wound French susceptibilities.

VIRGINIA and Paul have found their way to the Gaiety. They have come from America, bringing with them any number of choruses. They call themselves a "Comic Opera," but this they certainly are not, as they are unquestionably a "Burlesque." It is not strange, considering their intimate acquaintanceship, that they should have first seen the (theatrical) light in the United States. Music bright, dresses pretty. For the rest the heroine herself is admitted by both worlds to be "beautiful." Under these circumstances it is probable that however often you see Virginia, she will never pall upon you.

M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR commenced his answer to the Duc DE BROGLIE's question about Tonquin with "Tu Duc,"—"Ne me tenez pas," interrupted the Duc, but it was at once explained to him that "Tu Duc" was the name of the Chinese leader, and the irate Nobleman was pacified.

SORS SHAKSPEARIANA.—CAPTAIN WEBB.

(Drowned in his attempt to swim Niagara.)

"I SAW him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him: Never more
Came he alive to land.

Alas! he's gone."

[From *The Tempest*, very slightly adapted, and we only wish we could give it exactly.—Act I., Sc. 1.]

BEGINNING IN SMOKE.

(Supplementary to a recent Correspondence.)

SIR,—Your Correspondent, "A RESIGNED VICTIM," is wrong in supposing that this vicious habit, if contracted early in life, must be regarded as incurable. On the contrary, the process of cure is as simple as it is certain. When a young man, like most young men, I squandered my income lavishly on high-class cigars, giving often as much as five farthings a-piece for the most remarkable brands. The mischief done to my health was appalling, and, spite the character and quality of the tobacco, I was continually seized with vertigo, nausea, paralytic amaurosis, intermittent mania, and all the symptoms of diphtheric tetanus. An accident came to my rescue. A friend recommended me one day to try a cigar of which he was able, by a fortunate chance, to let me have seventy-five boxes at a figure that brought down the price to about something like forty a shilling. I did not mind this for a really good cigar, and took the whole consignment. I at once tried a sample of my new purchase. Incredible as it may sound, I gave up smoking then and there. When my friends, inveterate smokers, dined with me, I put these fine cigars before them. They have all gradually given up smoking—at my house. You may regard this as a curious phenomenon, but it is the case; and I leave "A RESIGNED VICTIM" to account for it as best he can, and inspect, if he likes, the seventy-four surplus boxes that, though now in prime condition, still remain, somehow, on the hands of one who where a cigar is concerned has always considered himself

AN EXCELLENT JUDGE.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, "A THOUGHTFUL M.D.," is a fool. I shall be one hundred and five next March, and I have smoked an ounce of Birdseye every three hours for the last two-and-ninety years. As I am always blowing a cloud, humorous friends (sorry wit, I call it) allude to me as "Old Furnace," but I prefer, Sir, very much to subscribe myself to you as

BLASTUS.

SIR, MR. EDITOR,—I've smoked (rather) ever since I was four, and I'm now close on thirteen, and I ain't a bit the worse for it. I began on penholders, mother's bonnet feathers, and brown paper, but I've now got into Pickwicks. Uncle smokes Pickwicks. Woppers. Them's the Pickwicks I've got into; becoss I tried to break Uncle of Pickwicks. I tried to break Uncle of Pickwicks by putting all the right ends into Blacking. That broke Uncle; but didn't he have a jolly row with his cigar man! Aunt thought it was the Blue Ribbon. It wasn't. It was the Blacking. Uncle don't like Blacking. I do; and ain't I having a time of it? Oh, no!

BOBBY.

SIR,—I had the misfortune yesterday to swallow my pipe—a handsome full-sized Hungarian briar. Can any of your Correspondents tell me what I had better do?

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

ADMONITUS.

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed.]

CHANGE OF NAME.—There have recently been some complaints in the *Times* that the well-known C. S. Coach, Mr. WREN, has frequently claimed as the results of his own special training pupils who had only been with him a short time, and who it was said owed their success in examination to former instructors. If this were proved, Mr. WREN would have to change his name, and instead of a Wren he could become a Cuckoo. But we can't think that a WREN would be a Robbin' in any sort of way.

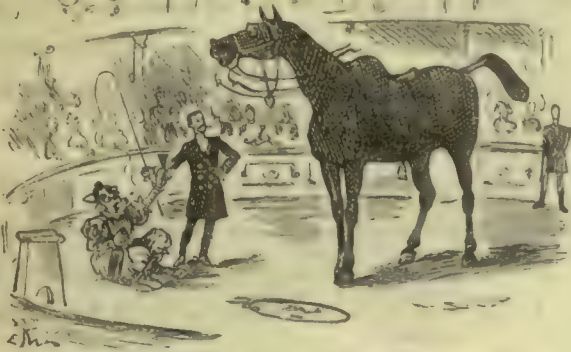
"THE Diversion of the Sir Darya," read out LAVINIA RAMSBOTHAM, "Bless me!" interrupted her excellent Aunt, "I thought it was the name of a new poem, but of course it's a new Knight. Well, my dear, go on and tell me how he diverted himself."

"TO BE CONTINUED—IN TWO PARTS."

(The way to settle the Hyde Park Corner difficulty.)

THERE is no doubt that those who destroy should also be able to construct. Reform means a change of pattern, not an eating-up of material. Thus, a heavy responsibility rests upon those who pulled down the Duke of WELLINGTON'S Statue—to put it up again. Where? Echo answers, "Air!" And there is something in the idea of sending it up high-aky-high, over a charge of gunpowder. Still, this would be a primitive method of dealing with the scandal, the more especially as many may think that the Statue has been blown up enough already. So, discarding Echo's suggestion, it will be necessary to discover another answer to "What to do with it?" The latest idea, to "melt it down," seems crude.

As a preliminary it may be as well to consider the work of Art—it must be of Art, for it certainly has nothing to do with Nature!—as a whole. Then, regarded as a whole, the Statue seems to be easily divisible into two parts—the horse and the rider. How these two parts ever came together, it is difficult to understand, unless the work was executed



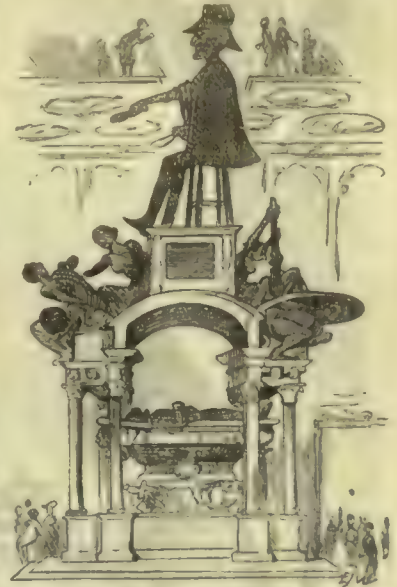
The Horse without the Rider. The "Steed" in the Circle.

by contract. The horse is evidently on the worst possible terms with his rider. He is stretching out his head as if in search of food, and seems to be on the eve of walking into a stable low enough to unseat his rider as he passes through. On the other hand, the Duke appears to be supremely unconscious that he is on horseback. He apparently is giving his whole mind to the rather absurd task he has set himself—to shoot some small birds with a telescope. Thus it may be convenient to separate these incongruous companions who, after so many years of forced neighbourship, no doubt regard each other with familiarly-engendered contempt.

As the nobler creature (purely, of course, from an artistic point of view), priority for the horse. At a glance it will be seen that the charger cannot be used as a saddler's dummy for the display of harness. His attitude is too absurd for any purpose of that sort. However, there is a refuge open to him. A comic horse is always popular in a Circus. Any quadruped of ordinary intelligence can escape the shafts of the bathing-machine for almost an unlimited time by learning how to find a handkerchief concealed in a heap of sawdust placed in an accustomed spot; or, better still, by taking "a glass of sherry wine with the Clown." Thus, by fitting up the statue of the horse with a little simple machinery, he would become quite an attraction at HENGLER'S, SANGER'S, or any other well-known hippodrome.

Having disposed of the charger, "the hero of a hundred fights" remains, and fortunately a capital site is waiting to receive him. He is certainly ridiculous. This is as it should be, as the pedestal that should be given to him is equally grotesque. It is generally imagined that there is a magnificent monument to the Iron Duke in St. Paul's Cathedral. Nine people out of ten, if asked what they thought of the Wellington Memorial in WREN'S masterpiece, would answer, "Oh, it's very grand—in fact, splendid." Such a reply would only prove that nine persons out of ten never visit the Church of the Metropolis from one year's end to another. It has been asserted that the Dean and Chapter have acted in a foolish spirit in placing this "grand monument" in an out-of-the-way corner with a screen in front of it to make it the more difficult of identification. This is unjust to the Cathedral dignitaries, who have shown much wisdom and discrimination in their choice of a site for what may be also aptly called a sight! But such a sight! The effigy of the Iron Duke is resting upon a stretcher, which has been placed upon a sarcophagus three sizes too small for it. The Sculptor has evidently observed the insufficiency of the accommodation provided, as he has called in the assistance of some cherubim, who are doing their level best to keep the stretcher from tumbling over. The sarcophagus itself rests upon

the feeblest of foundations. A lot of miscellaneous armour has been piled into a heap, and this heap serves as a stand for the diminutive sarcophagus and the extra-sized stretcher. Up above, on an arch, are two pairs of Ladies and Gentlemen. The first pair, to the West of the monument, consists of a skittish young female thrusting a male would-be football player off a pedestal. It will be admitted at once that the idea is admirable as a practical joke. Regarded however as an ornament to the interior of a Cathedral, it is, to say the least, unsuitable. On the Eastern side a Lady is literally "sitting" upon a Gentleman, who is grumblingly bearing her weight on a shield. This, too, is funny but foolish. Fortunately the top of the monument has no statue, and here the effigy of the Iron Duke now resting at Hyde Park Corner might be placed with the most telling effect. No doubt it would be rather tall for the present chapel, but the roof might be removed to allow of the head appearing in the next storey. A clerk's stool would serve as an excellent support to the horseless rider.



The Rider without the Horse. The "Dook" on the Square.

Thus finished, the monument, taken as a whole, would be assuredly judged incapable of further improvement. The door of the screen might then be locked, and the key lost, and (who knows?) in years to come the Statue might be forgotten! But before shutting the door for good, it would be as well to add the Griffin and other equally appreciated works of Art to the collection, so that the space of the to-be-sealed-up chapel should be fully utilised.

Should the above scheme be adopted, the greatest benefit to the community would be immediately secured. However, should sentimentalists object to a plan so sensible, so reasonable, there is only one alternative. Instead of regarding the monument as a whole, it should be gazed upon in a hole. Someone should dig a pit large enough for the reception of the Statue. The horse and his rider should be slipped in, and then the opening should be filled up. This would be following the precedent set in the case of the Statue of CHARLES THE FIRST. However, in the case of CHARLES THE FIRST the exact spot where the Statue was buried was remembered. In the case of the Iron Duke—The remainder of the sentence is obvious.

THE BIRDS IN CONCLAVE.

The Grouse loquitor.

"THE reports from the Moors are encouraging." Trash! I could write a report that would settle their hash; I could tell them of over-destruction, disease, Of a bad hatching season, and then, if you please, All the Cockneys would think that the sport was too dear, And would leave us in peace, say till this time next year.

The Partridge.

You are right, my dear Grouse; but, my friend, don't you see, If they spared you, it would be far harder on me; 'Tis in vain I am "wild" when the season begins, What with villainous "chokebores" the murderer wins; And although with the Frenchmen* like rabbits I run, One must sometimes get up to that terrible gun!

The Pigeon.

Came a quavering voice from a little Blue-rock: "The approach of the season may give you a shock; But your grief, like my own, would be far more profound, If they potted you very near all the year round!" "Oh, shut up!" cried the Grouse and the Partridge. "You will Find protection henceforth in the Andersen Bill!"

* Not the countrymen of valorous M. LESSERS, but the French partridges, which do run.



"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING WITH THE CRUET-STAND?"

"OH, WE'RE ONLY OILING THE JOINTS OF THE TORTOISE. IT MOVES ALONG SO STIFFLY, POOR THING!"

BUMBLE IN WONDERLAND.

In which our Old Friend liberates his pent-up feelings after spelling out, in the "Times," a marvellous account of the Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, which President Arthur is shortly about to visit.

GOODNESS gracious! I rubs my old eyes, as though dust or delugion had got 'em. It feels like that cove in the play—I allude to a party named Bottom—Or old *Ripping Winkles* hisself; but it isn't no dream, nor no spell; And that 'ighly respektibul *Times* isn't likely to tip us a sell.

Wich this new-fangled rot about Parks, Open Spaces for kids, and sech muck Is a thing as I 'oped 'ud die out. Arter this, I'm afraid, no sech luck! Bits o' graveyards and haecres o' waste as fillantopists clammer for here, Wy, they're mere tailor's cuttins compared with the wonders of Yankeedom's speer.

Three thousand, three hundred square miles as a Park for the People! Oh, lor! The mouth as can bolt that at once must be blessed with a wonderful jor. And I wish I could only believe as the *Times* was a-aving a lark. When they writ that there "leader" o' theirn on the Yallerstone National Park.

Park? Jest as well talk of all Kent as a feller's back-garden, you see; And there's me thought that Paddington plan as owdacious a dodge as could be!

I oppoged it, in course, tooth and nail, as a vile waste of building-plots. Yes, But Three Thousand Three Hunderd Square Miles! Oh! it puts one's ideas in a mess!

Rocky Mountings runs through it! Thinks I, well, that don't sound like building-plots, quite;

Wich wy Nature should go in for 'ills is a puzzler. Perhaps it's all right. Can't build Willas six thousand feet up, on a blooming volcano, you know. And so I read on quite relieved. But, lor' bless yer, it wasn't no go.

The things as that harticle told, on the word of a party named NORRIS, Surpasses the wunderflest dreams of the poets, from TUPPER to ORRIS.

Though I must say as geysers, and spouts, Gobling Labyrinth, "grizzlies," and that, Isn't quite *my* idea of a Park, as I'd greatly prefer on the flat.

But the waste of it! That's wot I kicks at. That there Hact o' Congress sets forth, As the whole of that Yallerstone "lot"—wich ten figgers can't tottle its worth—Is "reserved and withdrawn" from the builders and miners and sportsmen, and such, Set apart as a Park for the People! The People! By George, it's too much.

The People be jiggered, I say. Oh, I know all that dashed "People" rot; Means workmen, clerks, women and kids, tramps and mudlarks; a narsty low lot Interferin' all over the place, stopping perks, spekylation, and trade. But after this Yallerstone game they'll be fifty times wuss, I'm afraid.

Wich I thought Uncle Sam 'ad more sense than to chuck away dollars that way. Wants BUMBLE out there. Lakes and Springs, game and fish, woods and forests would pay; And though biling spouts and huge gulfs, as the *Times* sez, may savour of Tophet, Jerry Builders and Railway Directors 'ud soon turn the lot into profit.

All I 'ope is it may not be *ketching*. Jest think if the parties who fuss About Paddington Park and the graveyards got playing this caper on *hus*! We ain't got no Yallerstone range, but that our Open Spacers won't tumble To NORRIS's 'ideous tip is the warm hasperation of BUMBLE!

IN the case of *Heaven v. Pender*—which, if there were anything in names, sounds as if the plaintiff must get far and away, very far and away, the best of it—the Judge of the Bow County Court (whence it came up to the Court of Appeal) thought that the plaintiff, a working painter, who had fallen and been injured in the course of his work, "was entitled to recover." That was some consolation to begin with; but the conscientious County Court Judge reserved the point, which, after being argued several months ago, was only decided last week, by which time it is to be hoped the painter had thoroughly recovered, as he was "entitled" to do, from his injuries. The appeal was decided in his favour, their Lordships expressing their surprise that the amount of damage claimed was only twenty pounds. *Fiat justitia ruat Cælum*. Poor Cælum, after all, can hardly be said to have fallen on his legs. Can the poor painter be assisted from the Royal Academy Charitable Fund?

A PROPOS of the Suez Canal, of which subject everyone is just now heartily tired, Mr. CORRON wrote a letter to the *Times* last week, commencing—

"SIR,—As I had no opportunity of addressing the House on Monday evening last, I shall esteem it a favour if you will kindly permit me to make the following remarks in the columns of the *Times*."

Good Heavens! if the Editor of the Leading Journal should allow all the Silent Members who, night after night, have no opportunity of addressing the House, to make their unspoken speeches in print, what would become of the news, the telegrams, and the leading articles? Let us hope that this will not be considered as a precedent, and that the cautious Editor of the *Times* will intimate to Mr. CORRON, should he want to run another few lines off his reel, that it reelly won't do.

WHILE OUIDA was writing her latest novel, it was noticed that she was more *distracted* and eccentric than was usual with her. The reason is now evident. She had been struck by an idea, and had taken to *Wanda* in her mind. What a wanda-ful mind!

HERE FLIES A POST!



SPLENDID SPECIMEN OF A "CARRIER."

HERE *flies* a Post!

Marvel of the day.
Better bird than most,
Match him if you may!
Wondrous strength of wing!
Wondrous breadth of back!
Pelion you may fling
On him, he'll not slack.
Carrier-pigeon swift,
Does his mile a minute.
Then his power of *lift*!
Mercury not in it!

What would LESBIA say?
Ah! her dove-borne letter
Quite eclipsed to-day!
She would own this better.
Far beyond *her* dreams!
She might vent her passion
Now in quires or reams,
(Were that still the fashion)
Send not only things,
Feather-light and tiny,
Kisses, blossoms, rings,
Tresses small and shiny;

She could send her slippers,
Nay, all minor luggage,
Such as tourist-trippers,
In this trunk-and-rug age,
Comfort-marring, cram
Into railway carriages.
World is not all "jam,"
Billets-doux and marriages;
So our flying post
Not alone Dan Cupid
Serves, but all the host
Of Interests grave and stupid.

Merchant and his bales,
Youngster hoop that trundles,
Tradesman hot on sales,
Old dame sweet on bundles.
Here's the flier's health!
Business well may boast,
Love, Law, Wisdom, Wealth,—
"Here flies a Post!"

A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER's life has
its "Sporting" side. He is deeply
interested in Sweep's takes!

LITERARY LIGHT REFRESHMENT.—We see announced *Turnovers* from the *Globe*. This publication will probably be followed by *Tarts* from the *Times*, *Meringues* from the *Morning Post*, *Twists* from the *Telegraph*, *Dough-nuts* from the *Daily News*, *Sausage-Rolls* from the *Standard*, and *Amsangwitches* from the *Advertiser*.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says, "I prefer SHAKESPEARE's hysterical plays to all his others, though I like his sentimental and rheumatic plays very much." But she says she cannot understand why he didn't make a play out of the sad story of OLIVIA CROMWELL and CHARLES THE FIRST.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PAIRING SEASON.

"The restrictions upon Pairing have now been relaxed, and it is expected that by the end of the week a large number of Members will have left town." *Standard*, July 31.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 30.—Mr. SMALL, the latest messenger of peace from Ireland, made a start-to-night as legislator. Asked the Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board whether he knew to what hour the Master of the Poland Street Workhouse stopped out at night, and whether he was in possession of any information that went to show his average hour of going to bed? Really feel necessity of saying this is not a joke; matter of solemn and serious fact. SMALL gravely gave notice of this question; it appears in printed list of fifty-eight addressed to Ministers to-day. When turn came, SPEAKER called upon him, and he rose in High Court of Parliament, put the question, and Parliamentary Secretary of Local Government Board, with equal gravity, answered him!

"It's his modesty," said Mr. GIBSON. "Am not sure whether he's an Irishman born and bred, but representing an Irish constituency is enough to inculcate principles of modesty. SMALL's his name, and small's his question. But it is better to begin in a small way and work upward than start at the other end and come down."

Understand that this sort of thing is likely to extend. Mr. HEALY will give notice to ask PRIME MINISTER whether it is true that the Charwoman of the House of Commons has broiled bacon for breakfast, and, if so, how much?

Mr. BIGGAR to ask the HOME SECRETARY whether he is in possession of any information he can communicate to the House as to rumour of Policeman A 278 having been observed in area of house in Belgrave Square, and whether there is any reason to suspect he was in communication with the Cook?

Mr. O'DONNELL to ask the Under-Secretary of State for India whether he can inform the House at what hour in the morning the Guikwar of Baroda gets up, and which side of the bed he is accustomed to select for descent?

These only sample of questions framed on basis of Mr. SMALL's. In every case where unsatisfactory answer is given, Adjournment will be moved.

Debate on Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Resolution on Suez Canal lasted all night. Not very lively affair. Chief interest in result of Division, which showed a majority of 99 for the Government, thus setting them up at end of Session.

"What d'you think of that for a majority on the 30th of July?" said Grand Old Man. "More than I expected, or anybody else. It's a triumph of good whipping, and convincing proof of loyalty of Party. GROSVENOR often hears murmurings when majority on Division, sometimes taken by surprise, accidentally falls off. Wonder whether he'll hear as much of this? Must go and thank him before I forget."

Tuesday.—House adjourned at Twenty Minutes to Five this morning.

"BLAKE did it," TREVELYAN yawned, as we walked home together. "BIGGAR spotted him in the Gallery, and they determined to make the most of the opportunity. Don't often see a resident Magistrate except on the Bench, and then he has rather advantage of them. Now they had him, and they've given him a benefit. Must really beg BLAKE, if he comes in again, to shave off his moustache, wear a wig, or otherwise disguise himself."

Great excitement at commencement of Sitting this afternoon. CAVENDISH BENTINCK brought up to the Table under strong escort. Looked like bad boy found stealing apples, making faces at a policeman or catapulting a Dean. Seems he's only got into wrong Lobby.

"Found myself," he says, "in company with thirty-seven of the most confounded Radicals in the House. Meant to vote 'Aye' and got into 'No' Lobby."

FINDLATER telling for Ayes. Duty to inform SPEAKER of Cavendish escapade. What with excitement of the moment, and what with CAVENDISH prompting him by furtively prodding him in the back, FINDLATER couldn't speak. Tongue moved, eyes rolled between CAVENDISH on his left and SPEAKER in awful majesty in the Chair; but no sound issued. House cried "Bar! Bar!" CAVENDISH

with his indescribable roll, trotted down to the Bar, and faced about. Loud cheers and laughter. Speechless FINDLATER, led on one side, brought to with a glass of water, whilst CAVENDISH, called up to the table, was catechised by the SPEAKER.

"Did you hear question put," says SPEAKER.

"No," says CAVENDISH, bold as brass.

So SPEAKER put the question to him *solus*, as if he were the whole House of Commons. "Will you vote Aye or No?" says SPEAKER.

"Aye," says CAVENDISH, in firm voice, feeling called upon to sustain the dignity of the House. So his intelligent and valuable support reckoned to "Ayes," and CAVENDISH retired to make a quiet inspection of both Lobbies, and learn once for all which is the "Aye" and which is the "No."

"Used to manage it once," he says, "by turning up cuff of right sleeve. 'No' Lobby on the side coming in. But somehow it was not there when you went out. Quite reversed, in fact. Never could make it out. Then hit on scheme of watching Irish Members. They always go into 'No' Lobby. Consequently other must be 'Aye.' But once, out of pure cussedness, they changed about, and I got into mess. Mosh remarkable things thesh Lobbies. Sort of thing no fellow can understand."

Business done.—English Agricultural Holdings Bill read Third Time.

Wednesday.—Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill carried through report stage by little strategy. At a Quarter to Six rule of House required Debate to be adjourned. Everything was settled except the formal question that the Report be agreed to. Should OTWAY make a plunge and put question?

"We're over the border," he whispered to Sir FARRAR HERSCHEL, nervously looking at clock.

"Never mind," said the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, "many questionable things been done on the Scotch Border."

"Well, I'll go Farrar and hope we won't fare worse," said the Chairman; and he did, putting the question, declaring the Report Stage carried and getting out of the Chair as quickly as possible.

"If there's a row perhaps the SPEAKER had better deal with it. I must go and write a letter."

There was a row, of course. TIM HEALY indignantly protested against breach of Rules, backed up by CALLAN.

"If there's one thing that hurts me in this House," said TIM, "it is to see any breach of order." "And me, too," said PHIL CALLAN. But SPEAKER waved off champions of order and went on with business.

Scotch Members said nothing; were in truth exhausted with excitement of earlier scene. House being cleared for a Division, DALRYMPLE rose to address Chairman. Dragged down by coat-tails. Reminded he could speak at present juncture only seated, and with hat on. On other side, LORD-ADVOCATE also held down by main force. "Put your hat on!" they hissed in his ear.

But LORD-ADVOCATE in same position as PREMIER when similar crisis arose last Session. Hadn't got a hat with him. MORGAN OSBORNE proffers his, which, after critical examination, LORD-ADVOCATE declines. Mr. DUFF forces his upon Right Hon. Gentleman. He takes it in hand, turns it round once or twice, and hands it back. SOLICITOR-GENERAL, warned by former experience, makes no offer. Remembers how his hat wouldn't do more than cover a few bumps on massive brow of PREMIER. Not going to run that risk again. Other hats pressed upon LORD-ADVOCATE. Examines each carefully, but, apparently for various reasons, rejects them in turn.

"Never saw a man so particular about a hat," said JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL, evidently huffed. "Thinks he's going to be charged for the loan." Whilst LORD-ADVOCATE hesitates, time flies, sand falls in glass, question put, and opportunity gone.

Business done.—English Agricultural Holdings Bill read Third Time; Scotch passed the Report Stage.

Thursday.—PREMIER questioned as to date of Prorogation, says he "has not laid aside the hope that it may take place on the 25th." Members assume air of agonised resignation. The 25th is Christmas Day, and of course they must adjourn then, if only for a week. Thought perhaps they might get off by 25th November. PREMIER explains; means 25th of August. General feeling of incredulity, melting into sentiment of joy.

"Nice state of things we've come to under Liberal Government," says Nestor NEWDEGATE. "House of Commons positively thankful to get away by the 25th August. Comparatively new Members can remember when to be here on the 12th August was regarded as high treason, and House rarely sat after the 8th. They'll go on from bad to worse, and during CHAMBERLAIN'S Premiership there'll be no recess except two days at Christmas, and we'll have the House in Supply on Good Friday."

House in Supply to-night. Scotch votes under discussion. The burning question of Chairmanship of Fishery Boards fanned into blaze again by Sir GEORGE BALFOUR and Mr. BARCLAY. Seems present Chairman is something in the Stationery line. "Why a Stationer?" pipes Sir GEORGE BALFOUR in tremulously pathetic tones. "Why not a retired Lieutenant-General, formerly a member

of the Military Finance Commission of India, Assistant to the Controller-in-Chief of the War Department, a Liberal, and in favour of the abolition of the Law of Hypothec. These be qualifications. But why a Stationer?"

"Why a Stationer?" Mr. BARCLAY asks, his general discontent with life receiving fresh access as he contemplates an ex-Provost of Edinburgh in this comfortable berth. "Why not a Merchant Ship-owner and Farmer, six years Town Councillor of Aberdeen, a Liberal, and a supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE?"

House answers, "Why?" and proceeds to discuss the vote for Lion King-at-Arms and the Petty Bag Office, topics which excite the deepest marvel in HENRY'S ingenious mind.

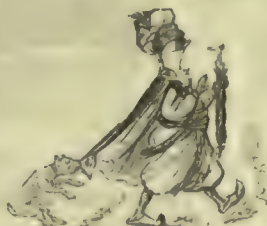
"What is Lion King-at-Arms?" he asks. "Got one under the Treasury Bench, or in the Secretary to the Treasury's office? Could he be brought up to the Bar, or might Hon. Members have an order to see him? And the Petty Bag. What's the Petty Bag? Happen to have one in your pocket? Could we have one placed in the library? Is it made of leather, nickel-plated lock and fasteners to outside pocket, fitted with soap-glass, pomade-jar, scent-bottle, tooth and nail-brush, glass, all with electro-silver mounts, this price £18 10s., or with sterling silver mounts, £25? Bring in the Petty Bag, and let's look at it before we vote the money." *Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

Friday.—Great Conservative demonstration promised for to-night. Effects of Monday's Vote on Suez Canal to be retrieved. Lord RIPON to be hurled from Vice-regal chair; ASHMEAD BARTLETT to reign in his stead. At Three Minutes past Nine ASHMEAD, having made special contract with the Water-works Company to lay on main, rose rejoicing in certainty of constant supply of water. MACFARLANE rose at same time, moved Count, and House forthwith adjourned.

Business done.—None.

RANDOM SHOTS FOR THE TWELFTH.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Renting a Well-stocked Moor.



A Shooting Party.



Choke Bore.



Birds were Strong.



Marking Black Game.



Small Bags—One Brace.



Giving 'em both Barrels.



Dropped his Bird.



MUSIC AT HOME. (THE EGOISM OF GENIUS.)

Eminent Violinist. "DELL ME—WHO IS DAT LIDDLE PALD OLD CHENDLEMAN VIZ ZE VITE VISKERS AND ZE BINGE-NEZ, LOOKING AT ZE BIGGUS!"

Hostess. "IT'S MY UNCLE ROBERTSON. I'M GRIEVED TO SAY HE IS QUITE DEAF!"

Eminent Violinist. "ACH, I AM ZO ZORRY FOR HIM! HE VILL NOT PE APLE TO HEAR ME BLAY ZE VITTLE!"

THE LOVING CUP.

AIR—"Fill the Bumper Fair!"

Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT sings—

FILL the Loving Cup!
Every drop we swallow
As we tilt it up
Speaks of—fun to follow!
Wit *now* softly flames,
Mutual flattery passes;
We call no bad names,
Idiots, dolts, or asses.
Fill the *Loving Cup*!
Yet each drop we swallow
As we tilt it up
Speaks of—fun to follow!
Icarus, they say,
Soared on waxen pinions,
Till the solar ray
Lost him air's dominions.
We, in rhetoric warm,
Soar 'midst bumpers bright'ning.
(That is, till Reform
Sends its scathing lightning.)
Fill the *Loving Cup*, &c.
Would you know how long
Safely you'll inherit
Fruits of centuried wrong?
Long as BULL will bear it!
Best enjoy your day,
Brief,—so seems inform us,—

Let's be kind and gay
Whilst the bumpers warm us.
When careless JOHN wakes up,
And takes to close inquiring,
Then—but fill the Cup,
I am not now firing
Rhetoric's shot all round
Deputation flying;
(SMITH, I fancy, found
Situation trying).
Fill the *Loving Cup*, &c.
Some drops in this bowl
Savour scarce of pleasure?
Well, *you're* sound and whole!
(Thank our lack of leisure!)
If I'd had the power,
If the Grand Old Man—well,
Scorn-spouts I can shower
On fools fit for Hanwell,
Cits who won't back me
When I'd fight you buffers,
Yet on bended knee
Ask my help—the duffers!
But fill the *Loving Cup*!
Every drop we swallow
As we tip it up
Speaks of—fun to follow!

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

(By Macaulay Stiggins, C.C.)

CHAPTER I.

LONDON was founded by King LUD, as everybody knows; but very few people know that his Palace was situate in the North-East corner of Ludgate Circus, and can be viewed at any time between the hours of nine A.M. and twelve P.M. on applying to the Restaurateur or Restorer of it. A small fee is expected by the fair attendant, in return for which slight refreshments are provided. As the primordial inhabitants of London were not a literary race,—and, indeed, their descendants have never been distinguished in that particular line—the King divided the City into twenty-six districts or Wards, so called from being parts of the large Look that was connected with the City Quay. These twenty-six Wards were named after the letters of the alphabet, as a means of teaching the ignorant inhabitants their A B C.

After a time the Wards were named after their most distinguished inhabitant, or from some peculiar circumstance connected with them, and retain their names to this day. For instance, Aldersgate was named from a row of Elder Trees near the Gate, from the berries of which fine fruity Port was first made. Bassishaw was so called after a certain eccentric Bashaw with three tales, which he recited on every possible occasion, and who resided generally in the Bankruptcy Court in Basinghall Street in that locality. Candlewick was named after the inventor of the celebrated farthing rush-lights; he afterwards retired to Hampton Wick, and died in the odour of tallow. Dowgate, or Doughgate, was named after the discoverer of the renowned Baking Powder warranted always to rise to the occasion.

The Ward of Portsoken was obviously named from the jovial habits of its inhabitants, it being customary for the rude mob to salute them as they staggered home from the London Tavern as Port Soakers.

Bread Street Ward was inhabited principally by Bakers, who, on the many occasions when they were convicted of selling bad bread or



“THE LOVING CUP.”

(MINISTERIAL BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE.)

THE LORD MAYOR. “HERE’S TO OUR NEXT MERRY MEETING, SIR WILLIAM! ‘THREATENED MEN LIVE LONG!’” (*Drinks.*)

“We are told that London wants no reform or changes in its admirable Institutions. . . . London never had a Government worth speaking of to look after its interests . . . it had no Government. Where was the Corporation of London? . . . You come to me for a remedy. . . . I see only one remedy,—in constituting London into a body able to take care of itself. When it is once so constituted,” &c., &c., &c.—*Sir W. F. Harcourt’s reply to the Anti-Water Companies’ Deputation, vide “Times” Report, August 1.*



SUBURBAN PUZZLES. No. 2.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. WHERE TO FIND A PLEASANT RIDE.

giving short weight, were drawn through the City on hurdles for the first offence, for the second were put in the pillory with a full-sized mill-stone round their necks; for the third offence they were banished the City, and had to go and set up in business in the Strand or over the water. No Baker was allowed to deal in Starch, Alum, or Potatoes. In the reign of HENRY THE FIRST a penny bun weighed ten pounds, and, being so weighty, was called *avoirdupois*.

Vinty Ward was full of Vintners, always a jovial and prosperous race. If found guilty of selling bad wine, they were compelled to drink every drop of it, but not in larger quantities than sixty-three gallons a week, which measure, from that peculiar custom, was always called a Pub's Dread, since corrupted by time into Hog's Head.

Billingsgate Ward was so named from the powerful and strictly classical language spoken in that locality, especially in the far-famed Fish Market, which was established by EDWARD THE THIRD for the benefit not only of Corporations in general, but of the Corporation of the City of London in particular, who, after enjoying their rather fishy monopoly for about five hundred years, generously gave it up, and allowed all kinds of fish to go to the cheapest Market, except smelts.

Broad Street Ward was so called because, being the home of the Stock Exchange, it was denounced by the first Bishop of London as the Broad Way that leadeth to destruction.

The principal Officers of the City were originally the Lord Mayor's Fool, the principal Gorger, who tested the food, and the principal Gauger, who tested the drink. The oldest inhabitant of each Ward was called its Elder, or Alderman, and about a dozen of the commonest fellows in each Ward, who had nothing better to do, were called Common Councilmen, and their principal duty in those wild days was to keep watch over the City by night, their reward being an ample supply of the food that had been tested by the principal Gorger, and of the drink that had been tested by the principal Gauger; but, as the best wine was sold at fivepence per gallon, probably they did not consume any great quantity. They also received twopence per night.

As no one was allowed to leave his house after Curfew, the duties of the Common Councilmen were probably not over burthensome. In the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST they were superseded by Parochial Dogberries, who were dressed in white great coats, and called

Charles'. In the reign of WILLIAM THE FOURTH their coats were taken from them, and they were consequently called Peelers, but afterwards, as their wages were paid in shillings, Bobs, or Bobbies.

The Saxon English of those days was of the purest character: for example, we read that "JOHN GOLLYLOLLY the Dieghere left Whyt-crouchstrete for Grenewyehes."

Bribery and treating seem to have flourished like a green bay-tree: for instance, twelve salt fish, a swan, six rabbits, and one hundred shillings were sent by the Sheriffs to WILLIAM OVERDONE for his Christmas box, who must have felt a little overdone on Boxing Day. WILLIAM FULLBURN, Baron of the Exchequer, had for Christmas twenty salt fish, value 6s., one hat of beaver, lined with cloth of scarlet, value 7s. 6d., together with bread, wine, and poultry; and Sir WILLIAM DE NORWICH received one swan and six capons for Christmas; (and for Easter, one beef carcass, one pig, one veal, twelve capons, and a silver-gilt Ewer, value 26s. 6d., so his services must have been great indeed to be so bounteously rewarded.

It is satisfactory to know that in *Mr. Punch's* own Ward a gallant draper, named JOHN GEDENEY, absolutely refused to serve the office of Alderman! He was thereupon sent to Prison, and his shops closed, and his goods and chattels sequestered. His proud spirit was thus broken, and he consented to serve the hated office, which he did for twelve long years, during a portion of which time he had to do penance for marrying a widow who had made a vow of chastity.

This seems a singular Law, and rather difficult of comprehension:—The fare of a boat full of people from London to Westminster was twopence, but after it was full the price was threepence.

The Lieutenancy of the City of London was created by HENRY THE SEVENTH, who, being a very stingy Monarch, compelled every man who left his tenancy in arrear of rent to join the Army or pay a fine of ever so many marks. In process of time, what had been considered a disgrace came to be regarded as an honour, and when it was finally enacted that they should never be sent out of the Country, except in case of an invasion, all the wealthy Bankers and princely Merchants petitioned to be added to the Corps, whose brilliant uniform is as much an object of envy to Civilians as of wonder to the regular Army. They are forbidden to draw their swords, except on Lord Mayor's Day.

A LIGHT POINT OF LAW.

THE Late Dr. FORBES WINSLOW, the well-known authority upon mental ailments, once wrote a very excellent book, called *Light*, wherein the title-subject was treated exhaustively. A few days ago, in a case relative to the copyright in photographs, the claim of the Sun to derive profits from the sale of his own Sun-pictures was seriously argued, on the score that the luminary in question might be considered their "Author!" Had this point been decided in favour of the centre of the Solar System a dozen years ago, the learned writer might have found materials for an additional chapter to one of his volumes. But it is probable that, in dealing with it, he would have discarded *Light* in favour of his standard work upon *The Obscure Diseases of the Brain!*

AMONG the remarkable instances of escape during the terrible earthquake at Ischia were those of Prince BADINI and his son, who were playing cards, the entire audience at the theatre, and the actors, among whom was a comedian, one PETITO, in a PUNCHINELLO's costume. Facts worth noting by the Pharisaical denouncers of cardplaying, theatrical entertainments, and actors.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that her Cousin, who has long held the dignified post of Reporter of his native town, has recently been made a Debenture of the Inner Temple.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 148.



M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

"HIS EXCELLENCY DON FERDINANDO
CAN'T VERY WELL DO MORE THAN HE CAN DO."
Old Couplet.

A PARALLEL.

("History repeats itself."—*Old Saw.*)

"When the pursuit reached Ulundi Kraal, CETEWAYO fled hurriedly. He tried to mount a horse, but was unsuccessful. He then fled on foot and unclothed for about a mile and a half, when he was spied by some of USIBEPU's men, who stabbed him twice."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A MEMORY? Nay, fresh record; yet it seems
Like reminiscence in the world of dreams.
Strangely familiar, shadowishly like—
Those feet that fly, those cruel spears that strike,
That horse unmastered!
Keenly these recall
That hour of horror when the tragic fall
Of the brave boy, Imperial France's trust,
Smote sharply as the assegai's cold thrust
On English hearts. Pathetic parallel!
As fell the gallant Prince, so later fell,
In the same Afric wilds, the swart-faced King,
Those spearsmen's lord and victim. Time's swift wing
Brings quick reverses in its mighty range,
But seldom one more rapid or so strange.

A FAIR DAY'S WAGES FOR A FAIR DAY'S WORK.—How is the Working Man to get that when it rains?

MISNOMER.—The Army of Occupation in Egypt seems to have nothing to do.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

(A further Extension of the British Empire.)

THE growing tendency to give an International character to all friendly athletic contests having decided the Committee responsible for the recent new table of "the Amended Laws of Cricket" to send a draught of the document to the sporting representatives of several leading Continental and other nations, the following satisfactory, and in some measure important modifications and suggestions have, up to date, been received by the Secretary. It is understood that the Committee will at once resume their labours, with a view to putting the new material, as far as is possible, into some practicable shape, so that the great, though hitherto exclusively English game may at length possess a truly cosmopolitan character:—

FRENCH.

(From the "Général-en-Chef" of "Le Trou-bleu Club de Jeu de Cricquette" at Asnières.)

1. Les wickettes shall be six-feet high, and one and one-half of a foot broad. This will make them visible to the bowlsman, and be a protection to the "keepere."
2. The "keepere" shall stand behind the "wickettes" in a sentry-box. When there is a commotion, he may leave this. But, on the cry of "Play!" reaching his ear from the gentleman umpire, he shall retreat again for protection into the box, and wait "the bye." Then he shall emerge.
3. The dress of the batsman is, for the legs and chest, iron. There should be a casque, also, on the head, of this metal. In the *jeu Anglais*, which is played with a *boulet de canon* of excessive circumference, this will give confidence.
4. If the weight of the protective armour produces on the batsman

a regrettable embarrassment, he must, when desirous of making the run, have recourse to the "drive."

5. The drive should be the drive for six. This will be in a light omnibus, and the batsman can take with him the bowlsman, the keepere, M. le Long-on, Points, Squarr-leg, and the gentleman umpire. When the field is large, this excursion is enjoyable, and mounts the score.

6. For the "French-game," the ball is not so terrible, being of flannel, gaily coloured, enclosing air, and may be approached, even by the slip, with cheerful *élan*. When the ball is thus innocent, the dress of the batsman may correspond. He can wear *pantalons* of satin, spike shoes, epaulettes, and a crimson "top-at."

7. If the batsman encounter difficulty in his effort to beat the ball, thus light and of agreeable appearance, to a desirable distance, he may pursue it furiously with successive strokes to the quarter he has selected for his "it."

8. When the gentleman umpire perceives that by this process of producing the "it," there is nothing left of the ball wherewith to continue the Match further, he will rush to the scoresman and loudly proclaim, "No ball!"

9. This proclamation of the "No ball" to the scoresman concludes the Match, which is now said to be an "over."

RUSSIAN.

(Notes from the Ledger of the Imperial Romanoff Cricketing Society.)

1. The wickets must not be pitched on the field selected for the Match, but somewhere else, known only, the night before, to the Chief of the Police, the Governor of Moscow, and, in special cases, to the Metropolitan of Cracow.
2. If the entire ground should be blown up in the middle of a game, the out Eleven lose their innings.



ASSURING !

Passenger (faintly). "C'LECT FARES—'FORE WE GET ACROSS ! I THOUGHT WE——"

Mate. "'BEG Y'R PARDON, SIR, BUT OUR ORDERS IS, IN BAD WEATHER, TO BE PARTIC'LAR CAREFUL TO COLLECT FARES ; 'CAUSE IN A GALE LIKE THIS 'ERE, THERE 'S NO KNOWING HOW SOON WE MAY ALL GO TO THE BOTTOM !"

3. The ball must not be filled with dynamite, except when an unpopular Member of the Diplomatic Corps is at the wickets.

4. It is understood that the destination of both umpires, after the Match, is Siberia.

5. The CZAR can go in when he likes, and never gets out.

AMERICAN.

(From the *Slickville, U.S.A., Fair Play Wanderers' Club.*)

RULES 1 to 45 (British style) can be taken as fixed right enough.

46. Deals with the umpire. Thus:—An umpire shall be boss of the money going on any given Match ; but to put his character above suspicion, he mustn't be known to have been bought more than five times deep by both sides.

47. He shall not be got at earlier than three clear months before the date fixed for the game.

48. Drugs may be given to the bowler the same, and of the same strength as at the London Marylebone Club, St. John's Wood.

49. While one Eleven is in the field, the captain of the other may "educate" the refreshments. But he must stop at Nux Vomica, Strychnine, the stronger Bromides, and BUNKER'S Family Knock-me-down. N.B.—It is smarter cricket to keep the last in hand for a second innings, where the play is a good deal speculative.

50. The wicket-keeper may have an eight-shooter inside his kneepad ; but he mustn't introduce it freely into an innings until there's an unpleasantness about the gate-money, or till one of the umpires has had a hole made through him, in a temper, by the last man out.

THE BAJJERWEE ISLANDERS.

(From the *New Fetish-Ball and Thigh-bone Club Customs Register.*)

1. The toss for the innings shall be decided by the meeting of the two Elevens in ambush at daybreak, armed with the *Curjin*, or sacred Bajerwee brain-knife.

2. What is left of the two Elevens after "the toss," shall then commence the Match with a war-dance ; the wickets having been previously covered with fresh tripe in anticipation of victory.

3. The ball shall be the skull of the Honorary Secretary of the local cricket-ground, lent for the occasion.

4. The victorious Eleven will eat their opponents at the conclusion of the game.

5. The skin of each umpire shall belong respectively to the family of the opposing long-stop.

Other suggestions are pouring in fast ; and one, that both Elevens should go in simultaneously in top-boots, and armed to the teeth, on horseback, sent by a Kirghis Khan, has been well received by those members of the Committee who are in favour of rapid cricket and the one-day Match system. At present the desirability of ironing out the bowling, and keeping the champagne on the popping crease, is occupying much attention. Rule 40, enjoining on the wicket-keeper the necessity of not making any noise to impede or startle the batsman, is to be further amplified. He will not be permitted to stand on his head, suddenly imitate the cackling of poultry, trip up the hitter, or, on the delivery of a ball, sing "*Tom Bowling*" without a protest from the umpire. It is decided, too, that the stumps will in future not be drawn, but photographed. The issue of the Committee's report is awaited with much interest.

A Seasonable Hint.

(For City Gradgrinds.)

"I'm sick, and want a holiday." The plea
Of the poor Clerk with long-drawn drudgery pallid.
Illogical, my man ! Can you not see
"Invalid" reason cannot be held valid ?

COMPLAINT WITHOUT "GROUNDS."—The Suburban Householder's grumble at the absence of Garden.

THE AUSTRALIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—"Quite a small fleet of powerful gun and torpedo-boats." Gnatty little cruisers.

CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Ox, thou! so oft invoked in gloom or mirth,
Muse! gay or sombre at the warbler's will;



Heaven-lit, or touched with lurid
fires of earth,
Wilt thou once more forsake thy
tri-forked hill,
Or let me dip in thy much haunted
rill
Lips little used to aught save
earth's red wine?
Lo! WHITMAN, WILDE, and TUP-
PER twangle still,
Perchance the most good-natured
of the Nine
Will even deign to grace a prosy
tale like mine.

II.

Lately in London's maze there
dwelt a youth,
Who in that aimless labyrinth
took delight.

He skimmed his *World*, he trifled with his *Truth*,
He watched Burlesque's belauded lamp at night.
Ah me! he was in sooth a shallow wight,
Much given to crackling chaff and hollow glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight,
Save ballet *belles* and bibulous company,
And Turfdom's sordid thralls of high or low degree.

III.

Childe CHAPPIE was he hight:—but whence that name—
A *sobriquet*—it needeth not to say;
Suffice it that it was of modish fame,
Like "buck" or "dandy" of an earlier day;
For town's loud losel-swarms, gregarious aye,
Are now, as in the mightier olden time,
Slow, sheep-like souls, informing common clay;
Not all Society Journals' prose or rhyme
Can make their dull wits bright, their stupid lives sublime.

IV.

Childe CHAPPIE basked in Fashion's fullest sun,
Disporting in Mayfair like a Mayfly,
Heedless that when his little day was done
Came the long night of moody misery
That lesser insects know not; the dull eye
And nerveless hand of the exhausted "Swell,"
The desert waste of dull satiety,
That loathly limbo where drear memories dwell,
More joyless and more lone than eremite's dark cell.

V.

As yet Childe CHAPPIE was alert of heart,
And with his fellow-frolickers would flee
From home's calm haven, forum, fane, and mart,
For cynic scorn congealed all fantasy
And quick affection of fresh youth, and he
Regarded these as tame and "awfully slow."
He loved all haunts of modish revelry,
Where pleasure rolled in full and feverish flow,
And e'en for change of scene descended yet more low.

VI.

And none did love him, though the town he'd scour
With youths who called him "bonny boy" and "dear."
These were but comrades of the cheery hour,
The sharers of his "fizz" or bitter beer.
Yea, none did love him—not his chum most near,
Nor she who willingly his gifts would wear,
For only the false Eros haunts the sphere
Where folly's moths dance in the blinding glare,
And callous Cires flaunts in aureate-tinted hair.

VII.

But after his first "Supper," wild with glee,
He seized his banjo, which the youth could string
And twangle, for to nigger minstrelsy
He long had found high zest in listening;
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And piped a farewell in *falsetto* high,
His boon companions loudly chorussing,
And with the "Boy" the beakers were brimmed high,
While to his early haunts he piped his last "Good-bye!"

1.

Adieu! adieu! Home life's a bore
When one is twenty-two;
Nights were not given to snooze and
snore,
Day's hours are all too few.
When the sun sets o'er land and sea,
Life's beacon blazes high.
Farewell, domestic fiddle-dee-dee!
My early Home—good-bye!

2.

A few short hours, and Sol will rise,
To give grey morning birth;
We shall be prone with sleep-crown'd
eyes,
Dreaming of night's mad mirth:
Whilst yonder, round my father's hall,
My sisters, dear, but dull,
Will toss the early tennis-ball,
Or pull the morning scull.

3.

Let love be hot, let wine run high,
I fear not love or wine.
From tame delights of home I fly,
Life's fiery press be mine!

I mean to do the whole mad round,
Stage, Sport, Club, Friendship,
Love;
For in these things do joys abound
Home's doldrums far above.

4.

My sire will "row," me vigorously,
My mother sore complain,
But o'er life's wildest waves I'll
fly
Ere I touch shore again.
Let sermons scare the goody-good
From "Stage," or Bar, or Ring;
But I, who am of gayer mood,
Intend to have my fling.

5.

With, ye, my bonny boys, I'll go
The fastest pace that's set;
With hopes to lead the field, you know,
And out all record yet.
Welcome, the riskiest game that's
on!
Brim, brim the beaker high!
Life's fizz till the last bubble's gone!
My early Home—good-bye!

HOW TO MAKE THE "A. P." HAPPY.

(A Fragment that ought to be picked up in the Twentieth Century.)

THE poor Old Man woke after his sleep of just a score of years. He had fallen off to slumber after the Alexandra Park had been closed, as a place of entertainment, to the Public. His drowsiness had been caused by the tones of a popular lecturer. He was recalled to consciousness by the bright voices of clean-looking children. A particularly cheery lad was standing beside him.

"Pardon, Monsieur, mais vous êtes—" said the boy to the Old Man, in excellent French. RRP was too feeble to reply.

Then the lad addressed him in ten different modern languages, each of which he pronounced without the vestige of a British accent.

"I do not understand you!" gasped the Veteran.

"English!" exclaimed the lad. "Why, from your poverty-stricken appearance, I believed you to be a foreigner. But allow me—you require refreshment."

And before RRP could answer a word, the lad had felt the Old Man's pulse, and administered a restorative.

"I know a little about medicine," the boy observed, with a smile. "In fact, I know a little about everything. My weakest point is my knowledge of languages. I frankly confess that I scarcely know a dozen words of Chinese; and as for Hebrew, I only read—not speak it."

"You must be some young Gentleman of quality?" queried RRP, now perfectly recovered from his recent fatigue.

"I'm only the son of a bricklayer, and come from an educational establishment that has been recently opened in the neighbourhood. I belong to the Universal School (originated by the Combined Metropolitan School Boards), and am one of the dullest of its scholars."

"Marvellous!" murmured the Old Man. "And now, as my eyesight is rather weak, can you describe my surroundings?"

"Certainly!" promptly responded the lad. "Yonder is a ground used exclusively for athletic exercises. Many years ago, the same spot was a race-course. But we have improved upon that. The large building at the top of the hill is a public library, very extensively frequented on a Saturday afternoon by the costermongers. That Park to the right is a very perfect botanical garden, much in favour with the coalheavers, who have recently devoted the greater portion of their leisure moments to the consideration of the European *flora*. Beyond, a cricket-ground, a croquet-lawn, and a field devoted to archery. The public swimming-bath (once private property) is also a feature. That excellent road running up from the Railway Station (in conjunction with the Metropolitan line, upon which engines worked by compressed air are, as you probably know, now only allowed to be used), to the Farthing fish-dinner Saloon, is made from the chopped-up stones once forming Temple Bar. Then—"

"But where am I?" asked RRP, impatiently interrupting the boy as he was about to describe a hundred other improvements.

"Where are you!" echoed the lad. "Why, in the grounds of the old Alexandra Palace."

"But to whom does it belong?"

"To the People, of course," replied the urchin. "Twenty years ago the place was purchased by the London Corporation for the use of the inhabitants of the Metropolis for ever. They followed the advice of Mrs. GLASSE, 'first catch your air,' and have made the most of that air ever since."

"Are you really telling the truth?"

"Certainly. The Alexandra Park Estate was bought by the City in 1883, and will be a boon to the Public to eternity."

RRP was delighted to find that the Corporation, unlike himself, had *not* been asleep!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



A DISCORD IN BLACK AND WHITE.

House of Commons, Monday Night, August 6.—Great sensation in House to-night. Appearance of FORSTER in military uniform. Marched up House with sword clanking at heel. Gave military salute to SPEAKER. Found Dr. LYONS in his seat. Significantly touched hilt of sword. Doctor beat hasty retreat, and Right Hon. Gentleman, entrenching chin behind stock, threw out his hair in skirmishing order, and deploying his legs so that they formed an impregnable laager, awaited the sound of the trumpet. It came on FORSTER's Motion to reduce Vote by salary of British Resident in Transvaal. General FORSTER then advanced to the front, and, saluting, made spirit-stirring speech.

"Give me," says he, "five thousand men and a hundred thousand pounds, and I'll undertake to make the proud Boer bite the dust. I'll re-establish MACARONIE, BLANC MANGE, TIPPITYWITCHIT, LANGY-G'LANGY, and all the other noble savages for whom it is our duty to pour forth our blood and treasure. Not our own personal blood, of course, nor exclusively our own treasure; but the blood of our soldiers, and the hoarded savings of our taxpayers. For myself, I will establish a safe basis of operations at Cape Town, and thence direct operations that shall fill the world with envy and admiration."

"General," I ventured to say to him, when he had resumed his seat amid loud cheers from Mr. WARTON and Mr. Alderman FOWLER, "we're all proud of you. Believe, if you got the chance, CLIVE would be nowhere; and how well you look in uniform! But aren't you—hem!—isn't the lower part rather short?"

"Yes," said our Only Other General, looking down at his legs. "Fact is, I borrowed ACLAND's uniform. Much struck with it when he made speech on moving Address. But 'tis a little short in places."

Going down Corridor half-an-hour later, met large tree in flower-pot apparently moving along. Coming nearer, caught glimpses through foliage of a familiar collar, and presently aware of the gleaming of a well-known eye.

"Has Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane?"

"No," said Grand Old Man—for 'twas he—"it's come by Parcels Post. Just carrying it into my room. Mean to refresh myself

occasionally during evening as long as it lasts. Much troubled about FORSTER," he added, putting the tree down, and dexterously lopping off a branch here and there with his pen-knife. "Gone on the war-path now. Asks me if I've given away new Field Marshalship, which, as HARTINGTON says, we're going to create 'as a certain kind of compensation to the Army,' because CONNAUGHT's nobbled another Colonelcy. Hints that he knows someone who would just suit the post. But don't see how it's to be done. Give me a lift up with this pot, dear boy. Thanks. See you again later. Just been making a speech on Transvaal. Will make another on Zululand a little after midnight."

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—WARTON in very subdued frame to-night. Grand Old Man made several statements at Question Time, and long speech on National Debt Bill, and he did not once interrupt him!

Fact is, had a bad time of it this morning. On Saturday, three Bills he has blocked all Session escaped him. Got into Committee, and thereafter blocks inoperative. At two o'clock this morning, SAM MORLEY proposed to go into Committee on one of these, prohibiting payment of wages in Public-houses. WARTON rose to protest. House, delivered from his thralldom, jeered at him. WARTON, affected almost to tears, feels for his snuff-box.

"Oh, go on!" cries DODDS, in sarcastic tone, like small street-boy jeering Policeman from safe distance. This too much for WARTON.

"I appeal to you, Mr. Chairman," he said, in broken voice. "Is it decorous, when I am taking breath, for an Hon. Member to say 'Go on!' in that way?"

House laughed; WARTON sobbed. "Never mind," said the faithful TOMLINSON, handing him fresh pocket-handkerchief. "They would have jeered at WOLSEY in the hour of his fall." WARTON still standing tremulously taking snuff. Sir ARTHUR OTWAY goes on as if no human soul near at hand were in direst anguish.

"Clause 2 stand part of the Bill? As many of that opinion, say Aye, contrary No; think the Ayes have it. Clause 3? Clause 4? Clause 5?"



OH, WOMAN! WOMAN!

Mamma. "BOTH SMYTHE AND ROBSON WERE MOST ATTENTIVE TO CELIA LAST NIGHT, PAPA! ROBSON'S AS GOOD AS GOLD, WITH THE TEMPER OF AN ANGEL—LIKE HERSELF!—AND SMYTHE'S A HEARTLESS, SELFISH, DISSIPATED YOUNG FIEND! I DO HOPE IT WILL BE ROBSON!"

Papa. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. IF ROBSON'S REALLY ALL YOU SAY, SHE'LL PRECIOUS SOON GET TIRED OF HIM. WHEREAS, FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION OF SMYTHE, I FANCY SHE WOULD BE ABLE TO LOVE HIM FAITHFULLY ALL HER LIFE LONG. ANY WOMAN WOULD!"

Each proposal received no other challenge than a sob from WARTON, which, not being recognised in Parliamentary procedure, passed without notice. Bill through Committee in five minutes, and Mr. MORLEY, who in some places passes for a kind-hearted man, actually moved that the Third Reading should be taken. This brought up WARTON, with new emotion.

"The Hon. Member for Stockton has interrupted me," he wailed. "His conduct is exceedingly rude," he whimpered.

House ought to have been abashed at this. If WARTON had been in habit of rudely interrupting other Members, from the PREMIER downwards, it would have been different. But with his blameless life it was painful to find him subjected to this. House, however, only laughed. Bill read Third Time, and WARTON went home through the fresh morning air a Crushed and Heartbroken Being.

Business done.—National Debt Bill read a Second Time.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Members clearing out at increased rate. Pairing the first Order of the day. Takes precedence of Notices of Motion. Came across H. W. SMITH walking on Terrace this afternoon, very neatly dressed. Glazed straw-hat, several sizes too small, on back of his head; blue shirt widely open at throat, with black silk handkerchief loosely tied in sailor's knot; short jacket; trousers exceedingly tight at the knee and round the hips, with much waste material about the ankles; telescope under arm.

"I think she'll weather it, Mate," he said, fixing his telescope on a barge running under the bridge forty yards off. "But with the wind in that quarter, and a chopping sea, you can never make sure unless the skipper knows every rope. He'd have done much better if he'd hauled on the bowline at Chelsea Bridge, sorted his starboard suppers, let go his taffrail, and put the helm hard a-lee. But a man must be brought up all his life to the sea, or at least been First Lord of the Admiralty, before he can thoroughly understand the river."

"Going anywhere?" I ask, eyeing his toggery. "Off to Teddington Lock?" or, peradventure, to Putney?"

"No," said H. W., shutting up his telescope with a slap, and hitching up his

trousers. "Off to the Baltic. About the roughest sea one can find this time of the year. NORTHBROOK is satisfied with the Solent. Give me the blatant, blustering, billowy Baltic," and H. W. sheered off, with his legs wide apart, as if the terrace were adrift in a heavy sea.

Business done.—Report of Corrupt Practices Bill.

Thursday.—Irish Members back in force and high spirits to-night. Paper crowded with Questions. Out of total of fifty-six they have thirty-two chiefly composed of parish gossip and Ballydeobol slander.

"Saves pence and trouble," KENNY explained. "A lot of us just over from Ireland, peremptorily summoned by PARNELL. Would have to write or telegraph to say arrived safely. Instead of that, put question to TREVELYAN in House of Commons about the thickness of the porridge in Ballymooney Workhouse, or as to whether it's true that one of the Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act is not on speaking terms with his mother-in-law. Question and answer telegraphed to Ireland, and people at home know we're all right. Besides, some of our fellows haven't come up to the scratch, and it's well for your constituents to know that you're here making things hot for the Government."

TREVELYAN's patience marvellous. Temper imperturbable. Irish Members shout and jeer, and make melancholy imitation of laughter.

"'Pot-house Party' better name for them than 'Parnellites,'" says HARCOURT. "PARNELL at least knows and observes the ordinary manner of a gentleman."

It was this booing and bellowing that used to drive FORSTER off his balance, and deliver him up to the enemy. TREVELYAN takes no notice. Answers question, and sits down.

"Difference between FORSTER's way of dealing with Irish Members and TREVELYAN's," says Mr. GIBSON, "is that FORSTER came to his work with assumption that Irish Members had no right to question Chief Secretary. TREVELYAN graciously and abundantly concedes right, and answers the most ridiculous and insolent question in matter-of-fact, official, and always courteous manner. I believe if HARRINGTON, KENNY, or SMALL were to ask him, 'How many are twice two?' he would simply answer, 'Four.' That's where he has 'em. They chiefly want to advertise themselves in Ireland; and the cheapest and surest way is to have a row with Chief Secretary. But when TREVELYAN takes their question seriously, and answers it fully, they can do nothing but bellow, and they know that won't recommend them to their constituents, who feel that the lowest amongst them could do it as well."

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Friday Night.—No one being in the Clock Tower just now, have got permission from SPEAKER to send down a few things, and take up my quarters there. Find, on the whole, it's more convenient. Scarcely any use going home after House adjourns. Hardly turned in before time for House to meet again. Adjourned this morning at twenty minutes to three. Quite early as compared with Monday and Tuesday's sittings. Going to sit all night now, meeting again to-morrow at noon. Much better live on premises. Have arranged accordingly.

Business doing.—Slowly, but firmly killing us all.

Impromptu.

(By an over-worked M.P.)

FAG-END of the Session? Thou cynical wag!
Beginning, or middle, or end, it's all "fag."

Discovery or Invention?

In connection with the alleged discovery of a certain Moabitic Manuscript, it has been stated that a message had been written "to the Consul at Jerusalem, Baron VON MÜNCHAUSEN, desiring him to prevent SHAPIRA from making the find public." But M. SHAPIRA did publish it nevertheless. *Query*:—Had anyone ascribed the authorship of the wonderful document in question to Baron MÜNCHAUSEN?

THE PRACTICAL EASTERN POSITION.—Facing the situation in Egypt.



A VERY SWEEPING MEASURE!

"After a private consideration of the Manchester Ship Canal Bill for not quite ten minutes, the Chairman of Committees in the House of Peers announced that 'they had arrived at the decision that it was not expedient to proceed with the Bill in the present Session of Parliament.' The decision caused profound surprise."—*Daily Paper*.

DOBBS!

[Mr. Dobbs has been finally successful in his contest with the Grand Junction Waterworks Co., the House of Lords having set aside the judgment of the Court of Appeal, and restored that of the Queen's Bench Division.]

HERE'S a health—not in water—to stout Mr. DOBBS,
Who has floored the big ogre who bullies and robs.
Not mighty Achilles, who fought with the rivers,
Was more of a hero; the man who delivers
The prey from Monopoly's terrible maw,
Who tracks through the labyrinth windings of Law

The new Minotaur, must be stiff in the back
As classical Theseus or Nursery Jack.
He's the hero who tackles herculean jobs,
Though he bear the scarce classical *nomen* of DOBBS.
The fame of which name mayn't be slighter or shorter
Because, in one sense, it is "written in water"!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

CAN we wonder at the Ocean being occasionally rough, when we consider how continually it is "crossed"?

FREE-(AND-EASY)-DOM AT DRURY LANE.

THERE have been so many disputes about recent events in Egypt, that it must be a matter of satisfaction to the Student of History to learn that Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, in conjunction with Mr. G. F. ROWE, have settled the matter between them. We have the authority of Lord WOLSELEY of Cairo, and other talented persons for believing



A Substantial Shelter. The Captain and the Captives.

that the pictures of battles presented to us a few months ago by the first-named of these Gentlemen, in a drama called *Youth*, were absolutely startling from their reality, and anyone who ever saw Mr. RYDER in the character of a retired Ecclesiastical Masher, in the piece in which those pictures appeared, must have shared the expressed opinion of the Rev. Mr. PENNINGTON, and the (no doubt) secret conviction of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, that Mr. HARRIS knew

the Clergy and their characteristics—to put it colloquially—down to the ground. With such a guide, then, as the Lessee of the National Theatre to conduct us, we cannot do better than take the “children home for their holidays” to Drury Lane, to brush up their knowledge of Modern Egyptian History. The First Act of *Freedom* is introductory. We are in a bazaar, where Eastern Merchants are busily engaged in the rather fruitless labour of folding and unfolding a strip of carpet, while native women carry, on their heads, jars, at an angle conclusively proving them (the jars and their heads) to be empty. Then we are told by a retail slave-dealer, who, although Egyptian by birth and in appearance, is unquestionably Whitechapel by education, that a certain, or rather uncertain *Araf Bey* is in love with the daughter of a local British Banker, *Miss Constance Loring*, the betrothed of one of the noblest, the most talkative, the most energetic, the most patriotic and the bravest of men, *Captain Gascoigne, R.N.* When it is added that this hero of superlatives is also one of the portliest of Naval Officers, it may be readily and accurately imagined that the part is thoroughly well filled by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. But *Araf Bey* has a better half, a sort of Egyptian *Mrs. Caudle*, who determines to thwart his plans, and it is ultimately this tartly-talkative Lady who kindly kills him off in the middle of the Third Act, when his presence in the Drama is apparently a cause of some embarrassment to the joint Authors of the piece. *Araf Bey* explains to those who it may and may not concern his desires, and then leaves the Stage clear for the exhausting antics of a Lady of title, her daughter,



The Harlequinade-Quartette; or, Rehearsing for Boxing-Day.

a Yankee, and a Dutch Courier, whose characteristics are almost identical with those of Clown, Columbine, Harlequin, and Pantaloon.

When this would-be merry harlequinade-quartet have done a little easy tumbling, the English Banker, in the person of that fine old representative of the worst types of Dramatic Villainy, Mr. E. F. EDGAR, is introduced with his daughter to assist at the grand entrance of stalwart *Captain Gascoigne Harris* and his equally stalwart crew. *Captain HARRIS* is also accompanied by a number of female slaves, varying in age from early childhood to extreme maturity, and wearing rags peculiar to the land of the Nile and also to the Emerald Isle. These slaves fondle his knees, evidently regarding him as a substantial shelter. He makes many patriotic speeches, which would be more effective if the Yankee

member of the harlequinade-quartet refrained from capping them. The reason this individual does not refrain is the more easily understood when it is remembered that the representative of the Yankee is Mr. G. F. ROWE, one of the Authors of the piece. *Captain Gascoigne Harris* has not only secured the more and less attractive Irish-Egyptian females, but also their master, a wholesale slave-dealer. This vindictive person (for he is very vindictive) has been covered with chains by the Captain's command. And here we have a glimpse at history. The English Naval Officer appeals to the British Consul to imprison the wholesale slave-trader, and, at the instance of *Araf Bey*, his request is refused. Whereupon the Captain vigorously upbraids the Consul in clap-trap artfully contrived to snare applause, and then with his dozen portly mariners crosses bayonets with the Egyptian troops. Imposing *tableau*, and first escape of the hero of the piece from instantaneous death.

In Act Two the forgiving Captain has made it up with the timorous Consul, who is, in fact, conducting the marriage of the emotional



Strange Proceedings at an English Wedding in Egypt. “Nautchy,” but nice.

Naval Officer with the Banker's daughter. The Consul has thoughtfully engaged a ballet to entertain the wedding-guests, who, as the whole of the court-yard is occupied by the dancing, watch the movements of the nautch-girls from some flights of steps. The bride is very properly seated in the place of honour under an umbrella. *Captain Gascoigne Harris* and his fat lads enter, the latter bearing bouquets. There is no chaplain apparently to be obtained for love or money, so the Naval Officer marries his bride off-hand, or rather on hand, by placing a ring upon her finger. Then the Egyptian *Mrs. Caudle* enters in a gorgeous sedan-chair, bringing a splendid wedding-present from *Araf Bey*. Then, somehow or other, an *émeute* takes place, and the bride is sent away in the gorgeous sedan-chair. Then the British Banker appeals to the mob, and being, no doubt, recognised by them, in spite of his respectable disguise, as Mr. E. F. EDGAR, a Veteran Theatrical Ruffian professionally conversant with Stage Vice in all its branches, is, not unnaturally, immediately shot. Then *Captain HARRIS* is patriotic about the British Flag. Then there is a great deal of firing on both sides. The Egyptians swarm over the walls—imposing *tableau*—and second escape of the hero of the piece from instantaneous death.

In Act Three *Constance* has fallen into the power of *Araf Bey*, but is saved by the Egyptian *Mrs. Caudle*, who rescues her. Her lover, however, is seized by some comic assassins, who, earlier in the piece, have assisted in the “knockabout business” with the harlequinade-quartet, just as he is on the eve of escaping from a Rhineland Castle that has been “adapted” to the banks of the Nile. The funny murderers fire upon all the virtuous characters as they are swimming in the waters of the river, *à la Colleen Bawn*. Imposing *tableau*, and third escape of the hero of the piece from instantaneous death.



A Curtain Lecture. Caudle Bey catching it!



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 7.

TO KNOW THE RIGHT TIME AT WATERLOO STATION.

In the Last Act, poor *Captain Gascoigne Harris* has been terribly bullied by the wholesale slave-dealer. He has aged materially, now looking about fifty. He is clothed in rags, and is rendered somewhat grotesque by being tied to a dromedary. When he complains of thirst, his merciless master shows him water, and then, with a cry of "No, you don't!" spills it in the sand. In fact, the unhappy Naval Officer is the subject of a number of cruel and even rather vulgar practical jokes. In the nick of time, however, a British gunboat comes at the rate of about two hundred knots an hour up a canal which flows conveniently beside the Pyramids, and "brings to" in front of the wholesale dealer's encampment. It is unnecessary to state that the hero and heroine are immediately united, the wholesale slave-dealer suppressed, the harlequinade-quartette rendered happy, and the comic murderers provided for. When all this has been done, the vessel fires a heavy gun apparently point blank at the Captain himself! Imposing *tableau*, and last escape of the hero of the piece from instantaneous death.

So much for *Freedom* from one point of view. Its chief characteristic is a certain *laissez aller*—a free and easy manner, noticeable in its construction. However, it would be unjust not to praise the Stage Management, the Scenery, and, in the cases of Messrs. HARRIS and FERNANDEZ, and Misses SOPHIE EYRE, FOOTIE, and BROMLEY, the Acting. Taken as a whole, the play is good. But taken as a part, with the dialogue well pruned, and the harlequinade-quartette halved, if not entirely omitted, it would be better.

St. Stephen's Epitomised.

(By a Weary M.P.)

THE rule of the House is a paradox quite,
For what do we witness here night after night?
Perpetual "Motions"—with scarce any movement—
"Amendments" eternal—and little improvement.

A NOVEL NOTION.—The last popular romance, *Unspotted from the World*, has a misnomer for a title. As a matter of fact the book has been spotted by the world—as a very good story.

"VIVE LE ROI!"

"Mr. ASHLEY thought we might conclude that CETEWATO was still with us. (Laughter.)"

"Sir M. H. BEACH said he trusted Her Majesty's Government would not incur the very grave responsibility of doing nothing."

From Ashley, Downing Street, to Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg.

HAS he really turned up again? If so, interview at once. Prepared to treat handsomely this time. Mean to do something. Pile it up if necessary. Wire back lowest terms.

From Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg, to Ashley, Downing Street.

HAVE seen him. Successful. Complains bitterly of being badly used, but on receiving a new walking-stick, pair of epaulettes, top-hat, free admission to the Crystal Palace, and two dozen of marmalade, with an autograph letter from HER MAJESTY, is prepared to return, with five hundred fully armed followers, to Melbury Road, and have another palaver for a few months all round. One or two more supplementary conditions to follow.

From Ashley, Downing Street, to Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg.

EXCELLENT. Government quite agreeable to everything. Only waiting supplementary conditions.

From Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg, to Ashley, Downing Street.

HERE they are. Madame TUSSAUD'S Collection complete. JOHN DUNN's head in a fish-kettle, the skin of the Hon. Secretary of the National Temperance League, and twenty-two dozen of a sugary receipt for sea-sickness.

From Ashley, Downing Street, to Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg.

CERTAINLY. With much pleasure. Is there anything else? Shall have them all by Parcels Post—shortly.

From Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg, to Ashley, Downing Street.

War-dance and compliments. What does "shortly" mean?

From Ashley, Downing Street, to Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg.

Eh? Why, when Parliament's up!



REFLECTED GLORY.

Shopman. "HERE! HI! ARE YOU HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BAYSWATER?"

Magnificent Flunkey. "I HAM!"

CUT AND COME AGAIN!

WOODMAN, *don't* spare that tree!
Your efforts it will tax;
Its fall we scarce may see,—
"Twill try the keenest axe.
Ygdrasil's self would not
Prove a much tougher task,
A long and arduous lot
Of labour it will ask
From axe, and bill, and saw;
As *lignum vite* tough;
Forester stout, but raw,
Will find that labour rough.
Of wide and ancient growth,
Deep root and spacious spread,
Some foolish souls were loth
To see it bow its head
Beneath the Woodman's stroke;
But 'tis not of the stock
Of sturdy British oak,
That braves the tempest's shock.
It is a tree of bane,
For all its leafy show,

It grows and spreads amain,
But little lives below.
So, Woodman, spare it not!
Cut, Woodman's boy, and hack,
Though you have scarcely got
Full strength or finished knack.
Lop if you may not fell,
Prune if you cannot top;
It cannot but be well
Its growth to check or stop.
Ply bill or saw until
The axe may have its way.
The ancient Woodman, WILL,
In forestry grown gray,
Knows that to lay it prone
Is hopeless task to-day;
Or one sharp axe, his own,
He at its root would lay:
Watches half smilingly
Loppings though small not vain:
"They'll thank us by-and-by—
Cut, lad,—and come again!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We have all heard of a famous pedestrian known as BLOWER BROWN. We are now told of an expert swimmer who rejoices in the appellation of BLOW JONES. We are only waiting for a good "all round man" to be named BLOWN ROBINSON, and we shall be perfectly happy.

"THE RAILWAY PASSENGER'S DUTY" (from *Railwaydom's point of view*.—Open your purse and shut your mouth, and see what WATKIN sends you.

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

If ever there was one important body of men whose werry soles ought to be filled with gratitude to another equally important body of men, it is Her Majesty's Ministers as regards the Grand old Cooperation.

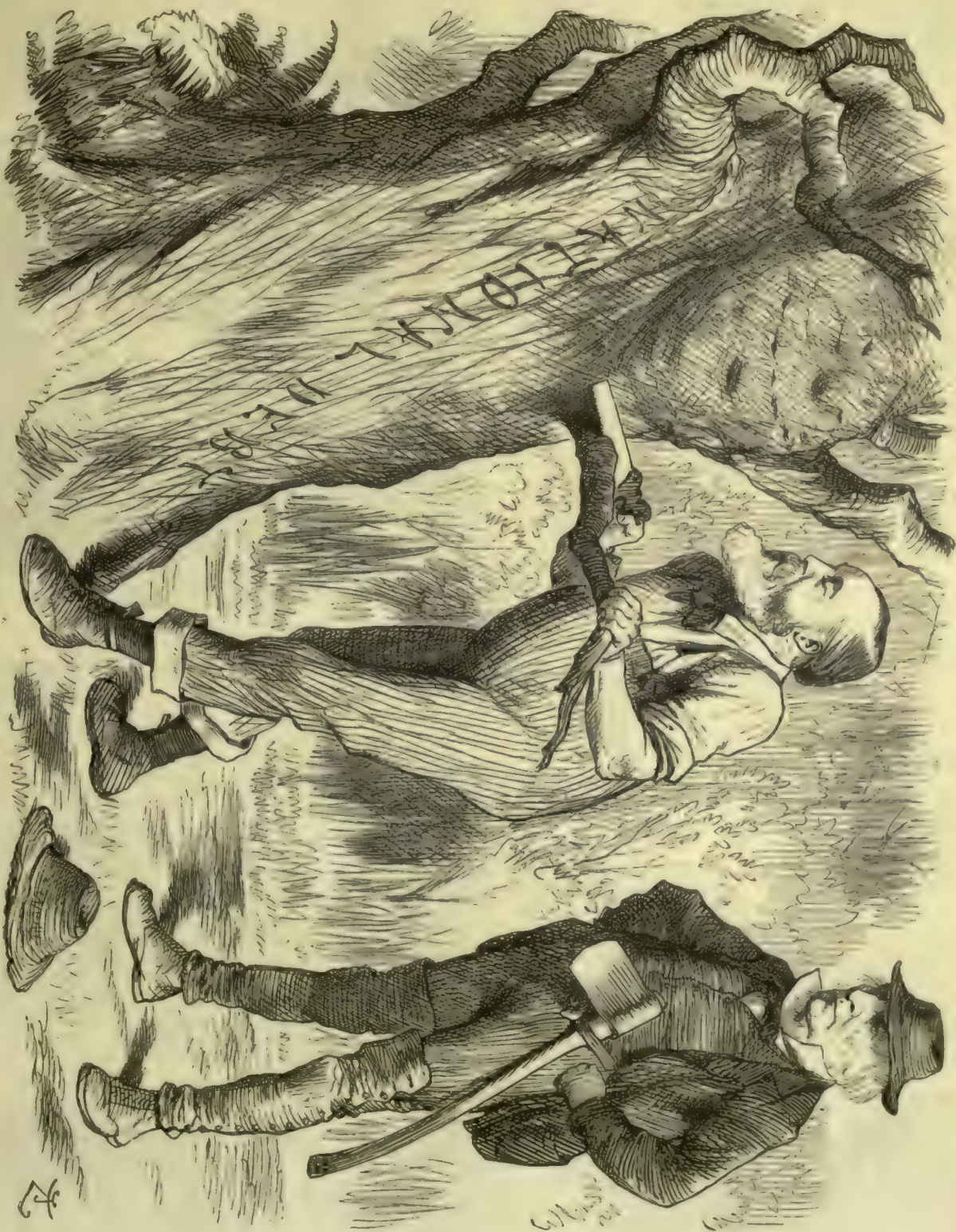
We begins our horgies with 'em at Gildhall in Nowember, and we finishes 'em with 'em at the Manshun House in Orgust. No matter whether they are our friends or our foes, conservatives or raddicles, reformers of good things or conserwaters of bad uns, we never goes a hinch from the strait line of time-onered custom, but sets such a egsample of igh-minded forgiving horsepitality as praps the world has hardly never seen.

And so it was at the gorgeous Bankwet on Wensday last.

I couldn't restrain my natral curiosity to see how "my rite hon-nabel frend the LORD MARE," as the Aldermen allers speaks of him, would receive the Hed of the Government as is pledged to their destrucshun; so, when I heard him enounced, I peeped out of the Egiptshun All, when nobody wasn't a-looking, and had a good look at 'em. Ah, the site as I took at 'em was a site indeed!

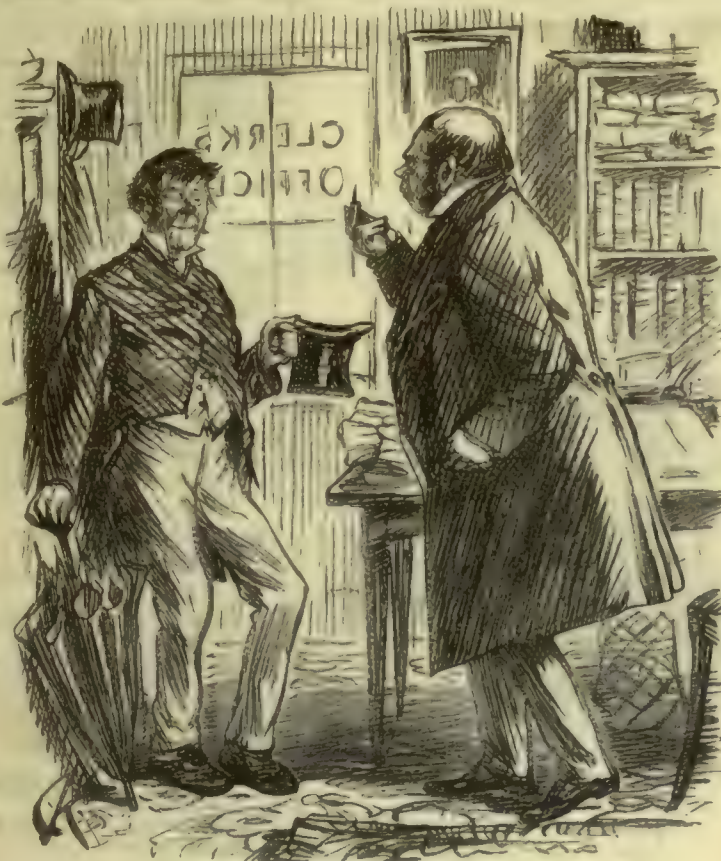
It was a trying moment for both those elustrious men, and, as they drew near, as the poet says, "the boldest took his breath for a time"! There was a sort of half-and-half smile on both their wisages, but it was about as reel as the shake hands before the fight between the Game Chicken and the Artful Dodger. Both tried their best to look easy and dignifide, but only one succeeded, need I say witch? There was a carm look of quiet satisfacshun with things in general, about the LORD MARE, that fairly puzzled his would-be Destroyer, and I noticed arterwards, when I handed him his favrite dish of stewed Tung with Salary Sauce, he looked at me with quite an umbel look, and said, "No, thank you, ROBERT!"

But where was the owdacious Sir WILLIAM VERDANT HARCOURT? His own beloved Horgan, the *Daily Noose*, that has the largest circulation of any Liberal Paper in the World, whatever that may mean, enounced that he would cum, then why was he conspiknious by his absense? Must I reweal the naked fac? Then be it known to all, that the bold Secretary of State who denounces the Corporashun behind its broad backs, in langwidge that I dare not repeat, and even



CUT AND COME AGAIN!

WILLIAM THE WOODMAN. "WORK AWAY, MY LAD! EVERY LITTLE HELPS!"



INCORRIGIBLE!

Irish Attorney (to his Clerk, who has taken the Blue Riband, and has been "celebrating the event"). "I'LL NOT STAND IT, SURE! WID YER PLIDGES! INSTID O' TAKIN' PLIDGES YE'RE ALWAYS BREAKIN', YE'D BETTER MAKE NO PROMISES AT-ALL-AT-ALL—AND RAPE 'EM!!"

accepts their generous invitation to dinner, no sooner sets his two astonished eyes on JOHN TENNIEL's highly flattering Cartoon, than, instead of jining all the rest of the world in their harty laugh, as every wise and sensible feller would, he sends off to the Mansion House to say that he has just thort of a werry speshal engagement, and can't come! And it is wispered as how he has follard it up by ordering no more *Punches* to be brort into his sollem manshun. Poor Sir WILLIAM! He fust loses his temper, and then loses his dinner.

The Bankwet was upon the hole p'raps the most successfulest as was ever given in that nobel All of Horspitality. I missed the long row of Royal Attendants with their lovely gold bull'em opperlets, as we has when we has lots of Princes, but even this was partly purwided by the wonderful amount of what the French call "cheek" of his grace the Dook of WESTMINSTER. Wishing ewedently to give a sort of sample of how he means to cum out when he is elected LORD MARE of New London—long be the day!—he had acshally asked for the loan of two of Her Majesty's Royal Footmen, and there they was not only standing behind his cheer but acshally condensing to wait upon him and his beautiful Dutchess! However the LORD MARE as usual was quite equal to the occasion, and hordered up his Coachman and Postillion to stand behind him, who, tho' they wasn't of much use and got a good deal in everybody's way, made a werry respectful show for our stable old Institution.

Nearly all the Ministers of any importance was there. The lowly minded Gent from Brummagem didn't put in an appearance, being probably engaged in toiling or spinning, or some such low oeyou-payshun, but that didn't seem to spile nobody's appetite, and the absense of the Senior Member for Chelsea, *harcades hambone*, as BROWN said, which I bleeves is sarcastic French for "a nice pair!" was endured without a murmer. It is said his Republican instincts is shocked at the sight of so many Livery-men.

The LORD MARE of course made the speech of the evening. In fac he didn't leave much for the Magnificent Elderly Gentleman to say, but nevertheless, he made a grand speech, and wound up with words of hope for all on us, as would have out Sir WILLIAM's hard hart to the werry core.

A FAREWELL VERSE.

As it is possible that one particular dramatic star, now about to set for a season beyond the Atlantic, will yet have time to dazzle the provinces a little before his final departure, and need perhaps an *encore* verse for the famous Lyceum Ballad, the singing of which an enthusiastic contemporary insisted made fair women grow pale and faint, and sent strong men streaming in tears into the lobbies,—here is one for him:—

When other slips and other stalls
Their tales of frost shall tell,
And SHAKESPEARE but the house appals,
Though it be papered well!
When *Juliet* is far too stout,
And *Hamlet*'s eighty-three!—
Don't ask me if I have a doubt
That you'll remember me!

To which may be added the following final verse, that might be sung by the rest of the company during the voyage in half a gale of wind:—

When Yankee talent fumes and frets,
And London yawns and stares
To find, instead of HENRY's "sets,"
But flats, with painted chairs!
When 'mid Atlantic's "Much Ado"
We're hopelessly at sea,—
And far too ill to think of you—
P'raps you'll remember we!

THE BARE TRUTH.—A truth announced in a somewhat remarkable notification:—"Nuda Veritas restores grey hair to its original shade." Does it. *Nuda Veritas*, as to hair may be supposed to signify baldness. In order, then, to be effectually applied as a restorative of grey hair, does it require the head to be shaved first?

Dirge.

(By an un-paired M.P.)

Is life indeed worth living? Truly yes!

When tramping on the Twelfth the heather o'er;
But August at St. Stephen's will, I guess,
Make him a pessimist whose joy is less
As his desires are Moor!

Next in importance to the speeches of the LORD MARE and of Mr. GLADSTONE was the Speech of LORD DARBY, tho' it was about the shortest, and why? because he revealed one of the profoundest and importantest Cabinet secrets as ever was diwulged even after dinner. In *Wino Werytas*, as BROWN said, which means, I believe, that "good wine needs no gooseberry-bush," in witch I quite agrees. LORD DARBY acshally said that wen they are about to appoint a Ambassador, or Governor, or a Secretary of State, the first question they asks is, not wot brains has he got, not what egperience has he got, not what nollodge of the world has he got, but, what sort of Wife has he got?

Ah! my LORD DARBY, no wonder you're such a favrite with the fair sects! A sweeter complement or more hellegantly put was never paid 'em since our werry great granfather gammoned EVE.

I wonder what the Government will do for to shew their gratitood to the LORD MARE. They can't make him a Knight as he is one every day, and they can't very well make him a Barren-Knight as he has got a werry numerus number of offsprings all ready, so p'raps it will be a Wicount, like LORD MATCHBOX SNEERBOOK, who was present.

I'm almost afeard as he spoke out too strongly for his own interests, both BROWN and me we both thort so, and so did His Lordship's Postillion. He's a man of werry few words, of course, being a Postillion, but he thinks a lot, as he's plenty of time to do, and wot he says he means, and what he did say was, "I thinks as if his Lordship had rid 'em a little more with the enaffle, and not quite so much with the curb, they might have jogged on together pretty cumferal for some time longer." But when his public dooty stands in one pair of scales and his privet interest in the other, I knows from a long egperience which will have to go to the wall.

ROBERT.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM considers a slice of a good Best failure ham, nicely broiled, and a dish of Matter-of-fact peas, one of the best things you can have for luncheon at the present time.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THIS DAY—MONTH.

(Forecast for the use of Parliamentary Obstructives.)

OFFICIAL Reception of anybody and everybody by the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade.

Annual Shutter Closing in Eaton Square.

Marylebone Club, Lord's. Single Pitch-and-toss Match by the Gate-keeper against himself.

General Afternoon Meeting of nobody in the least worth knowing in Piccadilly.

Covent Garden Party in Bow Street.

Sweeping out of the rooms of the Royal Society, and appointment of new Charwoman.

Further Exhibition of the Wellington Statue at the corner of Hamilton Place.

Re-chalking of Courts of Princes. Admission without voucher.

Two-in-hand Club. Random Meeting everywhere all day of the General Omnibus Company.

International Bathing Match in Serpentine after half-past Eight P.M.

Perambulating Flower Show in Seven Dials.

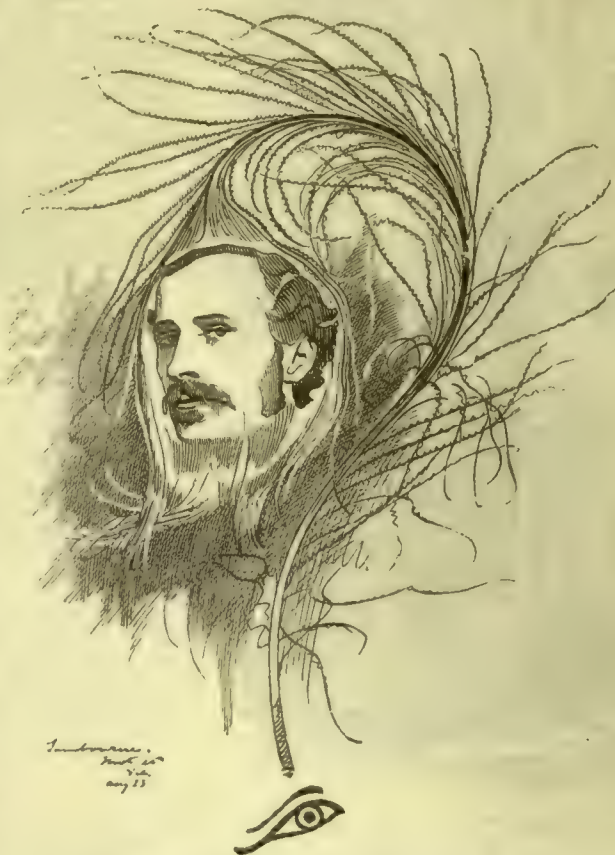
Levy—for arrears of Taxes in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

Drawing-Room Entertainment at East-End Music-Hall.

Public Recitation of "Oh, Solitude, where are thy Charms!" by the Single Horseman in Rotten Row to the Policeman on duty.

And Farewell Dinner to the SPEAKER by the remnants of the still sitting House of Commons on the occasion of his temporary, but sudden departure for Colney Hatch.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 149.



ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, ESQ., M.P.,

AN INQUISITIVE BUTTON-HOLDER WHO REPRESENTS HIMSELF; IN FACT, A SPECIMEN OF "HOOK AND EYE."

STANZAS TO SALT.

[The *Lancet* is given to understand that amongst other follies of the day some indiscreet persons are objecting to the use of salt, and propose to do without it. Nothing, says our contemporary, could be more absurd.]

Why shouldst thou incur an unmerited odium,

What hast thou done now, and what is thy fault?

Why will people not eat thee, Chloride of Sodium?—

That is thy chemical name, Common Salt.

For whether our diet be wholly leguminous,

Or if we eat both our mutton or beef,

You aid in the decomposition albuminous,

Giving our nature the proper relief.

Why should all our functions be terribly sent awry

By leaving salt out when eating our meals?

The doctors have said the canal alimentary

Steady improvement from salt oft reveals.

We know that the cow and the horse and the buffalo

Rush off to "salt-licks" in prairie or wood;

So, even if you should a friend's feelings ruffle, oh!

Warn him that salt does him infinite good!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says there has been a good deal of annoyance caused at the church she is in the habit of attending, on account of the Rector introducing two Aconites and a Thoroughfare to take part in the service.

CHARITY NOT AT HOME.

(From the Diary of a Patriotic Philanthropist.)

Monday.—Application for a subscription to the Local Dispensary. Too absurd! I make a point of always contributing to the collection on Hospital Sunday once a year, and this institution must have benefited by my almsgiving.

Tuesday.—Letter from the Secretary of the Lone Widows and Poor Orphans Rescue Society, asking for my help. As the Association claims to have been founded one hundred years ago, it must have been very badly managed to need assistance now. Refuse.

Wednesday.—Circular from the Discharged Prisoners Anti-Contamination League. No sympathy with this movement. Do not believe that convicts can be reclaimed by getting them employment on their release. Throw the circular into the waste-paper basket.

Thursday.—Appeals from no less than one dozen Hospitals, all telling the same story—closing Wards on account of failing funds. Very sorry, I am sure; but really these institutions should be self-supporting.

Friday.—Polite note from the Secretary of the Institution for the Relief of the Foreigners of Europe, sending me a ticket for a ball. Must consider this, as strangers deserve our sympathy at all times. Pigeon-hole envelope and enclosures.

Saturday.—Ah, a charity after my own heart! Society for the Support of Prosperous Natives of the Equatorial States. Of course! Must help the prosperous natives of countries distant thousands of miles from England. Distinctly our duty to increase their prosperity. Sent off a cheque to the Secretary for £1000 as a first instalment. Shouldn't have slept comfortably if I hadn't!

"DRAWN GAME."—A Picture of Still Life.

DUPLICITY.

A Rondeau on One who has Rounded on Us.

[A Reuter telegram says that in many of the seditious letters seized in the Punjab, significant mention is made of the Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH's visit to India.]

D'you leap, sing, feast, or wed, or build, or bury,

We said, scarce six months since;

Would you make mourning, or would you make merry,

We asked, O Nut-brown Prince.

You "flanked" the proudest tribute for a statue

(Leech, bard, clown, king,

You didn't care); and now sedition's at you,

DHULEEP SINGH.

No more your diamonds shall shed a fairy

Light o'er patrician halls;

Hindu PARNELL, preceding Hindu CAREY,

Black HEALYS! ochre SMALLS!!

Your Eastern mug must pour froth like a fountain—

That's the seditious thing—

And you'll become an Asiatic Mountain

Dew-leep SINGH.

CAN the proposed subsidy of £120,000 a year to ABD-UL-RAHMAN be looked upon as Ameer trifle?

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM caught cold the other day. She has had, she says, to use a gargoyle for her throat every morning.

A FEE-SIMPLE.—The "Inquiry" Fee to a Jew Moneylender.



"FOR EXAMPLE."

Pater. "WELL, MY BOY, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE COLLEGE? ALMA MATER HAS TURNED OUT SOME GOOD MEN——"

"Young Hopeful." "YA-AS—SHE'S JUST TURNED ME OUT!"

[He had been expelled!]

ADAPTING: BY THE GAUL.

(About the Moral of the Sardou-Uchard Case.)

Mario Uchard (suddenly alive to the fact that he once wrote something about a wife going wrong). Here, I say, *cher ami* (for I'm not going to quarrel with you, even though you do out me out of the playbill, and the pay-bill, too, of the Auteurs Dramatiques), you know that's my idea, a wicked wife with a child—original situation in French literature, *hein?*

Sardou. Well; and who cribbed it from DIDEROT? and what about *ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN*? Besides, I'm an Academician, and I make more stage-rights in a month than you by your books in two years. But if you like to denounce *Herr VON POITZTAUSEND*, who has just reproduced two scenes out of my *Fedora* at Berlin, I am your Dramatic Author. We'll make a flaming franc pamphlet of it in the interests of dramatic morality.

Alphonse Daudet. I'm not going to bring an action against you, *CLARETIE*; *pas si bête*. I find my books manage to sell without that kind of advertisement. But you know, you industrious *chiffonnier* of letters, that if *Numa Roumestan* had never been written, *Monsieur le Ministre* would never have been played.

Claretie. Well, if a writer in this enlightened Republican era can't paint the pitfalls and deceptions of undue ambition, I may just as well put all my reams of *papier écolier* (two reams a day is my figure) in the waste-paper basket.

Zola. I am a Pontiff. I am above such pitiful recriminations; and I only just mention the fact that there is such a book as *Son Excellence Rougon*.

Claretie. Oh, yes; quite so. (Convulsed with indignation.) But look here—look at this Italian paper—the miserable robbers have actually put a Minister of Public Works on the stage, and made him come to grief in the same *dénouement* as mine. Where is international honesty—where is the *Gendarmerie*?

Octave Feuillet. And they are playing the *Monde où l'on s'ennuie* all over the United States!

Paul Féral. I have given up my *Bonu*, it is played in Eskimo.

Catulle Mendès. They have the *Mères Ennemies* in Russian, only they turn them into fathers for political reasons.

An Anonymity. And they are going to play my "*Pschutt, Pschutt, Pschutt!*" at the next Handel Festival, with words by M. SIMS GEORGE GILBERT!

Omnes. Plundered on every side! Unhappy, too generous France!

The Ghost of Dumas Père. Going in for original copy, all of you, eh? Well, suppose everyone of you who takes something out of my works only twice a year deposits my *droits d'auteur* at the foot of my Boulevard Malesherbes statue—and even ALEXANDRE, who lives close at hand, won't have fingers long enough to collect the bank-notes.

Omnes. *En v'là un gèneur!*

A CHARING CROSS CAROL.

A BUSY scene, I must confess,
The Continental Mail Express!
The babbling of boys and porters,
The shouting of the luggage-sorters.
Indeed a vast and varied sight,
Beneath the pale electric light;
The roll of trucks, the noise, the hustle,
The bawling "By yer leave!" and bustle.
While anxious tourists blame and bless
The Continental Mail Express!

Though wanting minutes ten to Eight,
Still people hurry through the gate:
Now London's dull, the Season over,
They flit from Charing Cross to Dover;
They take their tickets, pay their fare,
They're booked right through to everywhere!
To lead a life of hopeless worry,
With Bradshaw, Baedeker, and Murray.
And yet they hail with eagerness
The Continental Mail Express!

I think of toil by rail and boat,
And cackle at the *table d'hôte*;
Of coin of somewhat doubtful mintage,
And wine of very gruesome vintage;
Of passes steep that try the lungs,
And chattering in unknown tongues.
Of Rhenish hills, Italian fountains,
Of forests dark, and snowy mountains—
To start, I'd give all I possess,
By Continental Mail Express!

'Tis Eight o'clock, save minutes two—
Here comes a stout, fur-capped Mossoo;
He's in a fluster at the wicket
Because he cannot find his ticket;
And over there may be espied
A pretty little two days' bride.
How bored she'll be with six weeks' spooning,
How wearied with the honeymooning!
Yet *lots* go, leaving no address,
By Continental Mail Express!

Eight-five! The lading is complete,
The last arrival in his seat;
The porters' labour's almost ended,
The latest evening paper vended.
We wish departing friends "Good night!"
A whistle blows, the Guard says "Right!"
We watch the red-light's coruscation,
Then slowly, sadly, leave the station.
All London's gone, say more or less,
By Continental Mail Express!

RECENT PUBLICATION.—"Spare Cash. What Shall I Do with it? A new Work for the Guidance of Investors." Additional answers—Buy shares in Joint Stock Mining and Manufacturing Companies on the faith of Circulars and Prospectuses which you receive by Post. Invest your Spare Cash in German and other Lotteries in reliance upon Advertisements sent you by the same conveyance. Subscribe to the erection of Statues and Testimonials, in order that your name may appear in print. Forward contributions to the Anti-Tobacco and Anti-Vaccination Society, the Restriction upon Marriage Perpetuation Society, the Society for keeping Museums and Galleries of Art closed on Sundays, and the United Kingdom Alliance. If you have any Spare Cash that you don't know what to do with remaining, remit it to the Headquarters of the Salvation Army. Invest your Spare Cash regardless of any suspicion that you may possibly do worse than make ducks and drakes with the money.

CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!
Art little like *this* epos to inspire.



Goddess of Wisdom! Were the
Golden Ass
A hopeful subject to arouse thy fire?
The Gilded Youth for whom I wake
the lyre
Would deem thy wisdom owlish,
tedious, slow,
The leaden sceptre and dominion dire
Of Boredom dread in thine Olympian
glow,
Thy grave broad brow, and strait-
laced breast of virgin snow.

II.

But where's Childe CHAPPIE? I
must not forget
To track that dawdling pilgrim.
Vestured brave
In sheeny hat, and collar closely set,
Snowy as ever laundry-maid did lave
Or deft, "clear-starcher" stiffen, see
him wave

A morning greeting to his comrades dear,
Chanting the Comic Opera's latest stave
In husky tones he vainly strives to clear
With deep astringent draughts of foaming Bitter Beer.

III.

The night's hot fever yet his pulses feel,
He hath "a head," and nodding to his friend
Makes the brain whirl like the revolving wheel
Of hurrying Hansom, and his back to bend,
To flick a dust-fleck from his bright boot-end,
Brings feelings scarce of comfort or of joy.
Alas! why did they liquors wildly blend?
What may they quaff this nausea to destroy!
Shall it be B.-and-S. or bumpers of the "Boy"?

IV.

At least they will not miss ACRAZIA's wiles,
ACRAZIA brassy-tressed, with bistro deep
Eye-ringed, who at yon counter stands and smiles,
The bar's blonde siren, to whose haunt fools creep,
And o'er her calculated witcheries keep
A jealous watch, as with her Lamia glide
She hands the boys, their sapless brains to steep,
Potations; they self-deemed astute and "snide,"
Of *nous* bereft, low chaff the bar-queen golden dyed.

V.

Her reign is brief, soon are her glories gone;
But London's Lamia hath full many a lair.
Comus at every bar erects a throne,
And each may find a newer Circe there.
Crass CHAPPIE! could another ever share
That shrewd and callous heart it were not *thine*.
Dolls of the trim-drawn tie and sleek-smoothed hair
In dozens daily bow at that coarse shrine,
Each deeming to his suit her favouring eyes incline.

VI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
CHAPPIE hath many a pathway yet to tread.
To Waterloo they swiftly bowl along,
He and his chums, by fond delusion led
Drawn from the *Sporting Spanker*, lately read,
O'er a late breakfast; little schemes deep fraught
With hopes Utopian circling in each head,
Of "tips" and "morals." With such lures are caught
The Turf's green gulls, by no experience trained or taught.

VII.

Region of Rascality, where SENLAC rose,
Star of the fool and warning of the wise;
He who, sore baffled by remorseless foes,
Shrunk from the fight, and lost the longed-for prize.
Region of Rascality! turn honest eyes
From thee thou harpy-haunt of sordid men!
Where honour falls, and only tricksters rise,
Where the pale Swell, hard hit, fills high again
To foil the Rahab eyes that glitter in his ken.

VIII.

Childe CHAPPIE deems the winner he can spot,
He backs *Penelope*, swift as the wave,
And long-limb'd TEDDY's mount; puts on the pot.
But the Turf's maw's insatiate as the grave:
Dark *Sappho* wins. CHAPPIE sits blanched, but brave,
Swell breasts are so imbued with pluck and fire,
Could he have won, though,—at the odds they gave!—
Well, bad luck's not eternal, but will tire
Pursued with dogged grit. Once more awake the lyre!

1.

Hail, glorious Goodwood! Thy promise afar
Gives hopes to the Plunger. The fortune of war
Shall change when the summer shines bright on thy lawn,
Thy tints of crushed strawberry, lemon, and fawn.

2.

Ah! who is more brave than your Johnny of note,
With his snowy shirt-front and his dainty dust-coat?
He leaves London's streets to the hucksters' dull flock,
And comes down by the Special with hat at full cock.

3.

Mayfair hath sent forth her fair dames to the race;
For the turf they abandon the Park and Hans Place.
Ah! those roseate cheeks shall glow redder before
The last gloves are won and the last race is o'er!

4.

The Beauties of Stagedom, red-lipped and long-lashed,
Who teach the pale lads what it means to be mashed,
Have left the dull Strand and the dingy stage-door,
And are here to win gloves and maybe something more.

5.

"Oh, talk not of 'cutting it'! 'Form' knows not fear.
I'll pull it all back upon *Junket*, my dear.
Fate has floored all the Prophets this time—it's a bore,
But there's Goodwood to come, and Newcastle Town Moor!"

6.

"A cropper I've come, but it shall not be said
That this Johnny's a cocktail blue-funked off his head.
When *Junket* romps in for the Cup, from the ranks
Of the winners shall CHAPPIE be missing? No, thanks!"

7.

"Let's liquor! There isn't much harm done *so far*.
Hail, Goodwood! 'Tis there we'll renew the wild war.
The Lawn that so often has seen us before,
Shall see us—and see us as winners—once more!"

WOMAN'S RIGHT.—Not to be left.

HORTICULTURAL CUTTINGS.

Culled by Dumb-Crambo Junior.





SEA-SIDE PUZZLE.

TO FIND YOUR BATHING-MACHINE IF YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE NUMBER.

SHALL DOBBS HAVE A STATUE?

"WHO on earth is DOBBS?" asks JONES of Cheapside, as he hurriedly gobbles down his elegant breakfast at his suburban villa at select Surbiton, fearing to lose his train. We will tell JONES, and the rest of the world at the same time, and then we will discuss the question with which we began.

Mr. ARCHIBALD DOBBS, then, is a gentleman of remarkable energy, courage, and public spirit, as will be readily acknowledged when we inform the world of London what he has done for them. Being dissatisfied, as most of us are, with the price charged for the supply of water, he appealed to the Magistrate, contending the charge should be based upon the rateable value of his house, and not upon its gross value, but the Magistrate decided against him. Not having a very high opinion of the legal attainments of a Police Magistrate, he boldly appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench, and they decided that the Magistrate was wrong, and Mr. DOBBS right. The Water Company, well knowing the importance of this decision, immediately gave notice of appeal to the Court of Appeal. Matters now began to look serious. However public-spirited a man may be, the fighting at law of a wealthy public Company is no joke. So Mr. DOBBS appealed to the Public to assist him. But the Public is a very curious body in relation to such matters; and while they readily follow a Royal lead anywhere, or for any object, are very slow in assisting a man in fighting their battles, and, with the exception of some assistance from the Corporation and from one or two of the Vestries, the response was but small. When the appeal came on before Lord COLERIDGE and two other eminent Judges, the decision of the Queen's Bench Division was over-ruled, and Mr. DOBBS declared to be in the wrong.

Some men never know when they are beaten, and, fortunately for all of us, Mr. DOBBS is one of them. So he boldly appealed to the House of Lords, and they have decided, unanimously, that the Police Magistrate was wrong, that Lord COLERIDGE and the two Lords Justices were even more wrong, for they ought to have known better, and that gallant Mr. DOBBS is right.

Now, let us see what the result will probably be. As their decision will reduce the power of the Water Companies to charge us for water

by about one-sixth, the saving to the Metropolis by this plucky proceeding will be about £150,000 a year. Now for the question with which we began. Shall DOBBS have a Statue? Certainly not; it might be as hideous an abortion as that just removed from Hyde Park Corner; but surely some means can be devised by which the Public might show their appreciation of good judgment and great pluck combined for their interest. In one large City house, of exceptionally high rental, where the consumption of water is but small, it is calculated that they could lay in as much beer as they consume water, and at less expense. Mr. DOBBS has begun a great work with conspicuous success, and if his effort be properly appreciated, others will be induced to continue it, until the giant water-monopolists be brought to reasonable terms.

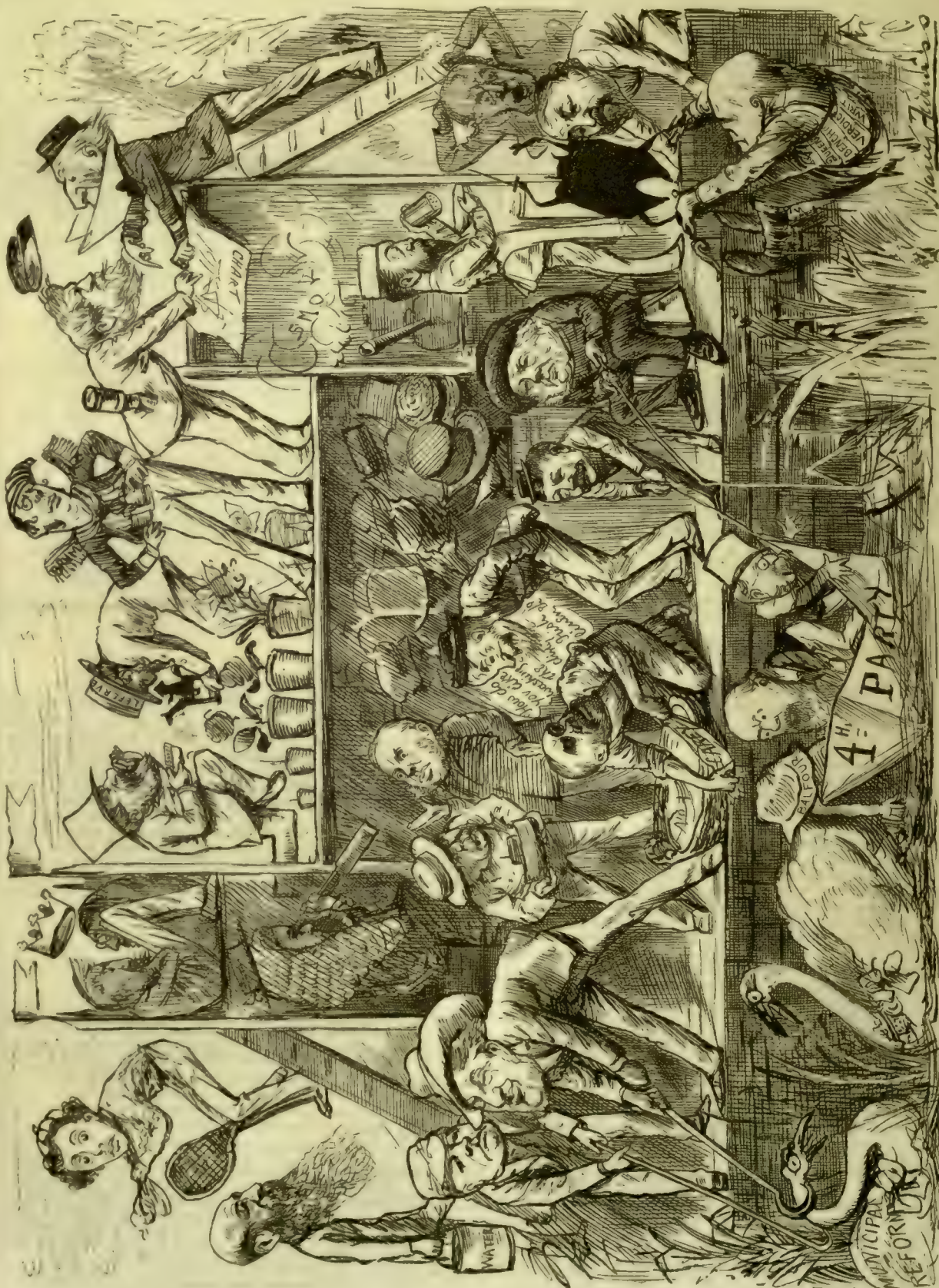
THE PEERS TO THE PREMIER.

It's truly disgusting! You give us no work
Till too late at the table to be a beginner.
Pray what is the use of a good knife and fork
You can't use till the end of the dinner?

THE PREMIER TO THE PEERS.

You swear your light labours your zeal disappoint?
As Political Cooks you our toils would be halving?
Go to! If the times are so much out of joint.
'Tis because of your "cutting and carving"!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM cannot exist without her fashionable and Court Intelligence. Miss LAVENTIA commenced reading aloud a paragraph from *Truth*, "The QUEEN has also commissioned the Duke to invest his father-in-law—" when she was interrupted by her Aunt exclaiming, "Good gracious! LAVENTIA! What on earth could he be invested in? But go on, my dear; I am most anxious to know who was the broker, as I should like to go to him myself."



THE "HOUSE"-BOAT, OR A PARLIAMENTARY THAMES-BANK HOLIDAY.

(Suggestion for next Year, instead of the Greenwich Dinner.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, August 13.—Donnybrook Fair in House to-night. "But," as O'SHEA says, regretfully, "Donnybrook under disadvantages. Been raining all night; slush up to your ankles, and the whiskey bad."

Whole thing had too much air of pre-arranged performance. Not been a lively Session for Irish Members.

"We've never been the same men," says T. D. SULLIVAN, with a sigh, "since FORSTER left us. He was the making of us as a party. Always foresaw the consequences. Told HEALY he was doing a bad thing for Ireland—that is, for us—when he and the rest combined to drive out FORSTER."

What with that, and stoppage of American funds, things gone hard with the patriots. Felt necessity of having at least one good burst before Session closed. The nearer the end the more useful the effect. Government obligingly assented. Irish votes postponed from week to week till to-night, when, after due notice, they are moved. Large muster of Irish Members. Severe competition for *Grand Prix*, to be won by Member who can heap on absent men the coarsest abuse without being suspended. HEALY very good. HARRINGTON a poor creature, making shrill echoes of HEALY's invective. The O'KELLY moderately explosive. O'BRIEN intense, not to say too-too. T. P. CONNOR blustering. All the delicate nature and highly-strung temperament of Mr. CALLAN vibrating at what, falling in love with his own sarcasm, he frequently alludes to as "the chaste and virtuous BOLTON." But the palm and the *prix* carried away by JOSEPH GILLIS. Something so delightfully judicial in his manner whilst saying most horrible things, and over all the air of conviction and ingenuousness, that endear JOSEPH to the least susceptible heart. Moreover, he reaches heights unscaled even by the venomous weakness of HARRINGTON. He represents the murderers of Lord F. CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE as the helpless victims of Government machinations, done to death by bribed witnesses and packed juries.

"I suppose now," I said to Mr. HEALY, "that this sort of thing goes down in Ireland? A little wearisome here after the seventh hour. One feels as refreshed as if he'd been bathing in the Thames by a sewer outfall. But of course you must live."

"Sorry for you, TOBY," said TIM, who isn't such a bad fellow, after all. "But we're obliged to do it. As you say, we must live. But won't trouble you again. This'll see us over the Recess."

Business done.—Some Irish Votes passed.

Tuesday.—Quite affecting scene in House to-night. Bankruptcy Bill comes up on Report stage. Conservatives insist upon falling on CHAMBERLAIN's neck and kissing him.

"Never was such a Minister," says Mr. RITCHIE. "No, never," says Mr. WHITELEY. "Well, hardly ever," says Mr. DIXON HARTLAND, who, having fought Bill tooth and nail in Grand Committee, feels necessity of coming down gently.

General chorus of testimony as to skill, tact, and ability shown by CHAMBERLAIN in piloting the Bill through Grand Committee.

"Talk about the lion lying down with the lamb!" says HARCOURT, who doesn't remember any time when his undoubted



RETROSPECTION.

SCENE—Aesthetic Neighbourhood.

Converted Betting Man (plays First Concertina in Salvation Army Band). "POOTY 'OUSES THEY BUILDS IN THESE SUB'BS, MR. SWAGGET."

Mr. S. (Reformed Burglar and Banner-Bearer in the same). "AH! AND HOW 'ANDY THEM LITTLE BAL-CO-NIES WOULD 'A' BEEN IN FORMER—"

[A warning flourish on the Concertina, and Mr. S. drops the subject!]

excellence was acknowledged from Conservative Benches, "nothing to this. Does anybody know where I could find a cockatrice's den? Should like to go and put my hand in it."

"Better try your foot," says ATTORNEY-GENERAL. "More accustomed to putting that in."

"Tell you what, young fellows," HARTINGTON says from under the brim of his hat, "CHAMBERLAIN's done more than saved the Bankruptcy Bill. He's saved Grand Committees. If his Committee had not done more than yours, JAMES, we should never have dared to propose renewal of experiment."

Sir WILLIAM McARTHUR wanted to ask "How about Madagascar?" HENRY, desirous of changing the subject, proposes to ask the worthy Alderman "How about Lambeth?" Not sure, however, that he'd make much of the question. Few scenes of equal interest to that

witnessed in one of the Committee Rooms the other day, when Sir WILLIAM received visit from large body of his Constituents. Hadn't called to ask him to sit for his portrait, or to receive piece of plate, or even to invite him to dinner. Simply looked in to ask him to resign his seat.

"Can't imagine," says Mr. WOODALL, "anything more uncomfortable or more embarrassing than to be shut up in Committee Room with twenty or thirty of your Constituents, who insist upon your resigning."

But Sir WILLIAM equal to occasion. Nothing could exceed urbanity with which he beamed upon them through his spectacles, or the personal interest with which he turned from one speaker to the other, anxious not to lose a single word of so interesting a conversation. When all had finished, Sir WILLIAM, leaning gracefully upon his gingham umbrella, blandly explained that, whilst anxious not to offend anyone's prejudices, he really could not, in the interests of the vast electorate of Lambeth, yield to the solicitation of deputation. No anger; no resentment; no scornful words; only the bland smile, the benevolent presence, and the gingham umbrella persuasively pointed to the door through which the deputation presently filed, agreeing that they hadn't made much out of the visit.

Business done.—Tremendous. Irish Parliamentary Registration Bill passed through Committee, Bankruptcy Bill finally disposed of, and Irish Tramways Bill read Second Time.

Wednesday Afternoon.—"AGNEW doesn't speak often," Lord HARTINGTON said just now; "for, like myself and other Lancashire Members, he feels responsibility attaching to our position. As SHAKESPEARE says, 'What Lancashire says to-day, England thinks to-morrow.' So, except at Salford, Lancashire chary of speech. But when AGNEW opens his mouth he says something. Only wish he'd opened it sooner on this particular point."

These remarks, somewhat extended for HARTINGTON, refer to brief address by AGNEW on question of WARTON's Wednesdays. WARTON always comes down at noon on Wednesday with fresh supply of snuff, strongly suspected of being medicated. Members about to enter House find him there. He offers snuff. The unwary take it, become violently agitated, and, instead of following original intention of entering House, retire. Come round in from half-an-hour to an hour, according to strength of constitution. But in meantime SPEAKER been waiting for House to be made, and legislative machinery at a stand-still. Members begin to fight shy of snuff of late, so WARTON bodily blocks the way. Tries to prevent them entering. AGNEW brings this under notice of SPEAKER, who utters grave rebuke, and WARTON temporarily snuffed out.

Business done.—Scotch Local Government Board Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—Distinguished visitor at House at night. Mr. MARWOOD, having professional engagement at Newgate on Monday, runs up to town a day or two before. Where shall he go? Madame TUSSAUD's, the Tower, or Houses of Parliament? TUSSAUD's a little melancholy with its chamber of departed acquaintances. The Tower a place where, Mr. MARWOOD has heard, in the Dark Ages they used to get rid of surplus population by taking off their heads with axe. That's low. Mr. MARWOOD will not countenance it even at this date.

"Shall call on my friend the 'OME SECKERARY at the 'Ouses of Parlyment," he says.

Sir WILLIAM unhappily not at home when his colleague in the Executive Government called. Fact is, had been rather let down at question time by so inconsiderable a person as HARRINGTON. Having to answer question about dog-fight at Blackburn, Grandiose Old Man naturally not content with ordinary reply. Couldn't resist chance of "going for" the newspapers, which, I am told, don't habitually estimate him at his own value. "When gentlemen read these accounts in the newspapers," says he, with a comprehensive wave of his arm, "it will save time and trouble if they assume they are not true."

"Does the same principle apply to information given in American newspapers?" HARRINGTON asked. House, recalling familiar spectacle of last year, when Grandiose Old Man was constantly appearing and reading in sepulchral tones extracts from American newspapers describing the doings of the Land League, laughs and cheers. G. O. M. doesn't like being laughed at, so goes home, and thus misses opportunity of showing Mr. MARWOOD over the House.

In his absence distinguished Hanger-on of the Government does very well. A nice, quiet, mild, elderly Gentleman, of affable manners, and even benevolent countenance. Peers came to peer at him through glass door of Strangers' Gallery.

"Wears a high black stock like me!" cries Lord WAVENEY, with a look of terror coming into his eyes.

Held quite a *levée* in Lobby of House of Commons, but is not at all stuok up. Listened with decent politeness to Lord WEMYSS, making thirteenth speech on Agricultural Holdings Bill.

"Now he uses the long drop in his speech, if I may say so," Mr. M. observed, patronisingly. Whether this professional remark alluded to length of address, or to neatness in despatching subject, left problematical.

After visiting Lords, Mr. MARWOOD not at all above looking in on

Commons. Sat for an hour in Speaker's Gallery. Most of the time had his eyes fixed on Benches below Gangway on Conservative side, where there was a large muster of Irish Members.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. MARWOOD?" I ask, observing his concentrated attention. (No hang-dog look about him. Not a bit afraid of talking to him).

"Ah!" he said, slowly rubbing his hands together, drawing in his breath, and emitting it with kind of hungry sigh. Curious person to talk to. Mysterious and monosyllabic.

Business done.—Mr. HEALY paid off Sub-Inspector CAMERON for endeavouring to keep the peace at Wexford. Sat late, and got some Votes.

Friday.—Curious instance supplied in House of Lords to-night of power of phrase. Cruelty to Animals Bill passed in Commons by overwhelming majority. Getting on very well in the Lords till WEMYSS, making twenty-third speech for the week, severely denounced it as "a germ Bill." "What's a germ Bill?" Lord DENMAN whispered. "Don't know," WEMYSS replied. "But it sounds well." Lords didn't know either. But felt there was something darkly mysterious about a germ Bill. Had heard of "germ theory." Distinctly improper thing. Might have something to do with that; so throw out Bill by 30 Votes to 17.

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

The Start—Training Notes—Inquiry—My Companion—Waking Moments—Observations—Stoppage—Across the Border—Early Wit—Slow Progress—An Offer—Arrival—Embarkation—The Steamer—Laudation—Explanation—Live and Larne—The Quay—The Harbour—Reception—Welcome—Off to the Yacht.

WITH what an air of annoyance and reckless contempt one fellow-passenger always treats another fellow-passenger's bag!

Every man thinks that the whole carriage belongs to him, and looks upon every other person as a trespasser and a nuisance.

Awaking, or partially awaking, about 4.30 A.M. on a lovely morning, I am informed, by a Guard or Porter, that we are stopping at a place called Penrith. This name having a decidedly Welsh sound, it occurs to me suddenly that, in spite of all my precautions at starting (when, to begin with, the Station-Master's clerk, confidentially, and as a great piece of politeness, put me into the wrong carriage, from which the Guard forcibly rescued me, thereby earning my gratitude and a couple of shillings), I have either made a mistake in the train, or that that part of it, in which I ought to have been, has gone on to my intended destination, and another part, with me in it, has turned up in Wales, where, as it seems to me, we are at this moment, when we should be in Scotland, or, at all events, at Carlisle.

There is only one supposition, inadmissible in all railway travelling, and that is, that the driver doesn't know his way, or has taken a wrong turning in the dark, and lost it. A stage-coach, handled by a coachman new to the road, might do this, but an engine-driver can't.

We, my travelling companion and myself, examine *Bradshaw*. This process is always accompanied by a series of impatient exclamations varying in their intensity according to the difficulty of the inquiry. I cannot at a moment's notice define the precise meaning of "objurgations,"—but as, in the course of our *Bradshaw* Inquiry, we do not use very strong language, I am inclined to the opinion that, in this case, we use "objurgations," and while we are about it we objurgate freely. If objurgation doesn't mean this, it is such an ugly word in itself that it ought to. The result is that we find Penrith in something under ten minutes.

Being perfectly satisfied that we are on the right route, my companion, who has kindly undertaken the inquiry, throws down the *Railway Guide-Book* with a "Confound *Bradshaw*!" and reels, with an air of utter exhaustion, at full length, on the seat. Certainly, the study of *Bradshaw* at 4 A.M., after a series of short snoozes,—say, as far as I am concerned, twenty spasmodic attempts at sleep, to be calculated at forty winks each,—is certainly very trying. My companion, who, like myself, is to be a guest on board our friend MELLEVILLE's yacht, and with whom I have a slight previous acquaintance, has commenced the journey by saying that "he never can sleep in a train, and hoping that, if I do, I won't snore." I assure him, of course, that I am never guilty of snoring, and should have prepared myself for a chat, with our cigar, had not my experience told me, with certainty, that, whenever a man begins by informing me how he finds it impossible ever to sleep in a train, he is sure to snuggle himself into a comfortable corner, gradually become huddled up all in a heap, so that at last he resembles a badly-stuffed dummy waiting to be carried about on the fifth of November, the only indication of life being a persistent snore, which slowly increases in tone, until the noise, having prevented anyone else from getting a wink of sleep, suddenly reaches such a pitch of intensity as to wake the performer himself, who, however, merely gives a discontented shrug, huddles himself up again into another helpless attitude, and in less than a minute is again sound asleep, and bringing out the second series of his highly unpopular snoring-entertainment. When

he wakes for good, hours afterwards, he at once complains of the impossibility of getting to sleep when you (his unfortunately wakeful and long-suffering companion) "will make such a confounded noise with your snoring." My companion is no exception to this rule, and so I try to get to sleep first; but I make a false start, and he wins by three snores to nothing.

At Carlisle, being late,—it is rarely my good fortune to travel by a train that keeps to its time,—we have only an eight minutes' wait. Everything in the way of refreshment is at the other end of the platform, a distance apparently of a quarter of a mile.

Awaking to this fact, we run.

Much can be done in eight minutes, but not everything when you have a considerable way to go there and back, when you are strange to the place, when you are on the alert to catch the slightest indication of a whistle or a bell, when you are immediately prepared to drop your hot coffee, cram your bread-and-butter in your mouth, chuck down any coin that comes first to hand without waiting for change, or, if engaged in a refreshing toilette, you will throw down the brush, put your travelling-cap on anyhow (deranging your hair again), hustle on your coat, nearly assault the attendant who is civilly coming at you with a clothes-brush, but give him sixpence, and then, feeling as if you had brushed your hair the wrong way, and were dressed in somebody else's clothes, you run down the platform, the train having moved farther off than before, and anxiously visit every carriage, until, just as you are in utter despair of finding the right one, you see a friendly porter hallooing to you from afar off, or your travelling companion (though he is the very last person to afford you any assistance, having generally gone wrong himself, or, if right, having re-settled himself comfortably, and probably wondering what on earth can have become of you) signalling to you wildly to "come on," as if he were challenging you to a combat of two. By the way, *à propos* of "challenging," I do notice this in my travelling companion, that when he is awake there is a certain asperity in his manner as if he wanted to have a row with me. Seeing this, I prepare soft answers, and avoid any topics likely to lead to difference of opinion. In fact, not being at all certain of my man, I humour him on every point. "Birds in their little nests agree," says the poet, with remarkable poetic licence by the way, and two fellow-travellers in the same compartment ought to be unanimous. *Happy Thought.*—Be unanimous.

The consequence is that my companion appears to be better pleased, with himself, at all events, if not with me, and when once across the Border, we begin—I start it and he follows suit—with that fevered and unnatural jocosity that will exhibit itself at five A.M.—when you ought to be asleep, but can't—to attempt imitations of the Scotch brogue. We don't get much further than pointing out a labourer in the fields—(healthy work a labourer's in the fields at five A.M.—what's he doing?—probably like the early bird, catching the worm—or, still more probably, catching the early bird itself)—and saying, "Eh, Sirs, there's a mon!" or "There's a wee bit lassie!" and we talk of a "drappit in the ee," but we don't risk taking it at five A.M.

With the same forced gaiety we playfully point out to one another several Abbotsfords, a variety of imaginary birth-places of ROBERT BRUCE; of course we select a pig-stye, and ask "who was born there?" the answer being "Hogg;" and then we indicate several BURNS' Monuments, and some hives as the place where the Babwbes dwell; and then we inform each other (for *les grands esprits*, &c.) that a lot of natives in a field are Scots wha hay-making.

After these feeble specimens of early wit and humour, the conversation becomes desultory; then we sleep alternately, each waking up by turn fresh for a talk, only to find the other asleep, and to be annoyed with him. Gradually we feel the pangs of hunger.

Then the train begins to dawdle. At the small stations they appear so pleased to see a train that they cannot make up their minds to part with it. Guard, Station-master, porters, all chatting pleasantly for awhile, and then dashing into business. The business seems generally to be suggested by the head official being suddenly struck by the idea that, as the visits of a train are few and far between, our engine, on the present occasion, may as well be utilised for the moving of a few coal-trucks. More delay. We seem to have got into a line of McDawdles.

To give some sort of colour to the protracted stoppages, someone (if possible, in an official uniform, but anybody will do) opens the door, and requests to see the tickets. This process is repeated—sometimes twice over, by mistake, at the same station—once within every twenty minutes. At last a porter opens the door, and asks if we'll have breakfast on board the steamer (an hour hence), because, if so, he'll wire on. We hesitate. At least I do; for, collapsing as I now am with hunger, I feel, from painful experience, that to order a breakfast beforehand on board a steamer which has to cross the sea to Ireland, may end in bitter disappointment, and be a waste of money. This last reason I think arises from the atmosphere of the country; I am becoming acclimatized, and the first symptom is a partial exhibition of Scotch caution.

It is very fine; it is warm, scarcely a breath of air to move the trees; but, as I point out to my travelling companion, we are not

going to have much to do with trees, and appearances inland are but very untrustworthy authority as to the real state of the case on the coast and on the sea,—and so, my companion being evidently of a hasty temperament, and the porter on the doorstep appearing impatient, the former decides, autocratically, "Wire breakfast for two on board"—and I assent, hoping it will be for the best.

At Stranraer. On board the steamer in correspondence with train,—a correspondence which, I am glad to say, is published in *Bradshaw*,—plying between Scotland and Ireland. It is for the best. Excellent breakfast. First-rate fish, first-rate eggs, better toast was never crunched, and better marmalade couldn't be found anywhere in Scotland. Bravo, Steward and admirable Stewardess! The latter when at work as stern as *Lady Macbeth*, and with a brogue that absolutely so frightens me at first, that I refuse to let her take away my cup to fill it with coffee and milk; but she insists, and I timidly yield, and she returns with it, made exactly as I want it, real *café au lait*. On no passenger-boat that I can remember have I ever met with such a possible breakfast. There is a choice of about half-a-dozen things in fish and meat—for the small sum of two shillings a head, out and come again as often as you like. But to be just before I am generous, nay, lavish, of praise, I should add that on no passenger-boat do I ever remember myself being so well, with such an appetite for breakfast, or (which is five-points out of six in my favour) the sea so calm. I am therefore viewing the commissariat department under exceptionally favourable conditions.

One traveller, who looks like *Rob Roy Macgregor*, badly disguised in a modern tourist suit, goes through the whole course, for, having to return to the saloon in the course of half-an-hour, I find him still at it in the most unabashed manner, evidently taking out his railway and boat-fare in a supply which would serve for three meals in one—*tria juncta in uno*—and last him the day. The Stewardess, Steward, and their assistant regard one another in an uncertain manner. He comes up on deck at last, but I don't think they can have made much out of Mr. ROB ROY MACGREGOR, who, I should say, doesn't often get such a chance when his foot "is on his native heath." By the way, why "foot"? Why not "feet"? The MACGREGOR was not noted for generally standing on one leg like the figure of Mercury! And, if both feet were not on his "native heath," which one was? and where was the other?

Solution of Difficulty. If one of Rob Roy's feet was in one county, perhaps the other was in Ayr.

Ireland, bedad! Ould Ireland! Larne Harbour.

Happy Thought.—Arrange joke beforehand, to amuse them on the yacht. My travelling-companion shall say, speaking of Larne, that he "didn't know there was such a place." To which my reply will be, "Indeed! Well, you see you've got to Larne," or "I always said you had a good deal to Larne," or simply "Live and Larne."

On second thoughts, I won't take my travelling-companion into partnership over this *jeu de mot*. From what I've seen of him when awake, I don't think he is the sort of man to be entrusted with a part in a joke. I will perfect it before dinner-time, and bring it out as an impromptu. This was SHERIDAN's plan. History repeats itself. That's why History is so dull.

Some of the Yacht's crew are on Larne quay, and in a twinkling they have deposited our baggage in the gig, and in another few twinklings we have greeted our host, MELLEVEILLE, the owner of the *Creusa*,—naturally, but unlearnedly, pronounced "*Cruiser*"—the men "give way"—[*Happy Thought.*—That's why a boat's crew should be so obliging, because they're always "giving way"]—and we are now nearing the gallant schooner, *Creusa*.

A SEASIDE STUDY

In Natural History.



A Goat and Two Kids.

A Virtue of Opium.

CERTAIN Missionaries in China declare, in a petition addressed to the House of Commons against the trade in Opium, that the use of that drug "enslaves its victim, squanders his substance, destroys his health, weakens his mental powers, lessens his self-esteem, deadens

his conscience, unfits him for his duties, and leads to his steady descent, morally, socially, and physically." Among all these counts in this indictment of Opium there is one that may be thought to tell in favour of the accused. Does Opium really lessen self-esteem? If so, then perhaps some of the petitioners would do well to take it.



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

(Why shouldn't a Portrait-Painter make his Sitters pay in proportion to their ugliness? He might put it to them delicately, but firmly.)

Alderman Sir Robert. "AH, VERY LIKE THE COLONEL - VERY LIKE, INDEED! FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS, DID YOU SAY? WELL, I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO PAINT ME LIKE THAT."

Our Artist. "OH, FOR YOU, SIR ROBERT, IT WOULD BE TWO THOUSAND! I DON'T WISH TO FLATTER, BUT YOU HAVE—A—A VERY EXPENSIVE CAST OF FEATURES. THE COLONEL'S FEATURES ARE ORDINARY, POOR OLD CHAP? HOOK NOSE, SHORT UPPER LIP, PROMINENT CHIN, LITTLE MOUTH, BIG EYES, HIGH FOREHEAD, AND ALL THAT, YOU KNOW—VERY CHEAP, INDEED!"

NURSE GLADSTONE.

KIDNAPPER? Goodness gracious, not at all!

A Nurse, no more; and e'en that avocation is "temporary and exceptional."

Some people do want so much explanation,
Ask such crass questions,
And make such strange and sinister suggestions.

A Nurse! An honourable office, surely.

What is there in a little loving dandling
To stir the catechists from STAFF, to MORLEY?

The child needs hushed repose, and gently handling.

Why fuss and bother?
The Nurse is skilful—loves it like a mother.

The babe is backward, feeble for its age;
But then, all prodigies are not precocious.
The poor thing's early treatment was not sage.

Shall we expose it, Spartan-like, ferocious,
To danger's full rushes,
Helpless, alone, like MOSES in the bullrushes?

Suppose we did! Who knows who might pretend
To falsely play the part of PHARAOH's daughter?
Some sly French *bonne* its weakness might befriend,
Some Coptic Herod it condemn to slaughter.

No, no, by Isis,
We won't forsake it whilst its fate's at crisis.

We'll "give it a fair start." What may that mean?
Now surely such a query must be needless,

Unless to satisfy the spluttering spleen

Of ASHMEAD BARTLETT. Quidnuncs, hot and heedless,

Like that *Paul Pry*,
May urge such questions; but they're all my Eye.

The babe, we say, is backward; see, poor thing,
How like a Mummy it is swathed and swaddled!
'Twill need a finger kind whereto to cling.

When once it feels its feet, has safely toddled,

Why then its Nursey
May safely leave the child to fortune's mercy.

Those feet don't look like toddling? Why condemn

The tucked-up tootsies of this heir of RAMESES?

When it has proved that it can trust to them,
Then Nurse's function's finished; from the premises

She will begone;
But not—oh not—till it can run alone!

AMONG the improvements to be made during the Vacation in the New Law Courts, "The Wells of the Courts occupied by Mr. Justice KAY and Mr. Justice CHITTY, will be raised." The two Judges evidently share with Truth the distinguished honour of sitting in a well. But surely this contemplated alteration is dangerous. Isn't this raising the wells uncommonly like meddling with the clear springs of Justice? "Better leave Wells alone," as the Bishop of BATH and WELLS said, when they wanted to deprive him of the second part of his title.

MORE WORK FOR THE POSTAL AUTHORITIES.—To lay down the limits for "Parcels of Nonsense"—in Parliament and elsewhere.



NURSE GLADSTONE.

"OH, THE LITTLE DUCKY-WUCKY! NEVER WILL ITS NANA LEAVE IT TILL IT CAN RUN QUITE ALONE;—NEVER!"

SOMETHING LIKE A CIRCUIT.

THE arrangements for the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE's "American Tour," having, according to a Contemporary, at length been "substantially completed by the Committee," it is satisfactory to find that the whole undertaking promises to prove a great financial success. It has long, of course, been known in legal circles that the beggarly pay received by the leading lights of the Bench, when taken in comparison with the heavy sums made latterly by their more fortunate rivals of the Stage, had led to a tension of feeling on the subject that could only find ultimate relief in some spirited outburst. And the determined and business-like prominence of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE at a recent Banquet, showed clearly in which way the wind was setting. It is therefore not a matter of surprise to hear that by the engagement of an excellent man of business, Mr. ELLIOT F. SHEPARD, Lord COLERIDGE, and the learned *troupe* who accompany him, have already managed before their arrival in the States, to fill up nearly every one of their dates, down to the very day of their return voyage home again across the Atlantic.

It is satisfactory, too, to note that, while business has evidently been the guiding motive of all the arrangements, there will be no lack of recreation for the hard-working luminaries *en route*. On August 28 a certain "Mr. SLOANE" gives them a "reception," and on the 29th it is announced that "Judge HILTON will entertain the party." At Windsor, Vermont, they will, on the 1st of September, be shown "Mr. EVARTS's guests," no doubt a rare collection of personages, and well worth seeing. The very next day, too, they will be treated to a private view of "FABIAN's Twin." All this is as it should be. The unusual strain of an extended legal tour cannot be lightened too much with pleasing little distractions of such a character, and it is agreeable to note that even the claims of private friendship will not be forgotten. "On Saturday, September 8," says the Report, "the party will go to Fredericton, New Brunswick, where Lord COLERIDGE will visit his old friend, Lord JOHN FREDERICTON, the Bishop of Fredericton, New Brunswick."

Nor is the Dominion behind-hand in graceful attentions to the hard-working *troupe*. Receptions are offered them freely on all sides. "At Quebec," the report proceeds, "they get a reception and a dinner." This is handsome. At Montreal there is a reception, but no dinner. Ottawa also prefers to indicate its hearty cordiality in the same unobtrusive fashion. There is hand-shaking, but nothing more. But Lord Chief Justice COLERIDGE, Lord Justice BOWEN, Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., and Mr. INCE, Q.C., and the several other distinguished Members of the English Bar who make up the clever performing party, are not likely to resent the elimination of the dining element from the tariff of welcome set before them. Even an injudicious sandwich or two might be too much for them, as a glimpse at the rough sketch of their own capital but arduous programme, suffices to show. In fact, a good deal of severe training will be requisite to enable them to get through it at all.

Still the programme, as far as can be gathered from the brief details as yet published, appears to have been capitally arranged with a view to securing the patronage of every class of the community, and large takings may be confidently expected. Indeed, no expense has been spared, and no device neglected in order to ensure a run of excellent business; and the following preliminary advertisement, drawn up by a well-practised hand, will, immediately on the arrival of the learned party, be inserted in all the leading journals, and continued without intermission daily, till the termination of the tour, as announced, on the 25th October next.

THE LEARNED BRITISH LEGAL TROUPE.

UNPARALLELED COMBINATION OF TALENT, comprising

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE,

LORD JUSTICE BOWEN,

MR. CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C.,

MR. INCE, Q.C., and several other

UNDISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH BAR, who will perform

THEIR ASTOUNDING FEATS, acknowledged by successive

BRITISH JURIES to have often produced on them

ASTONISHING EFFECTS, exciting frequently their

HUMAN INTEREST, and provoking sometimes even

ROMANTIC IDEAS by the most

MAGNIFICENT LEGAL STAGE MANAGEMENT.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.

THE BOSS OF THESE UNIQUE ARTISTS,

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND, will, after delivering one of his

LUCID AND REMARKABLE JUDGMENTS, perform

THE THRILLING AND HAZARDOUS FEAT of

DASHING HIS OWN WIG.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.

LORD JUSTICE BOWEN in his great and unrivalled

ROARING COMIC SCENE of

PUTTING HIMSELF OUT OF COURT.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.

MR. CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., and

MR. INCE, Q.C.,

THE HIGHLY POPULAR PATTERN SILK TAKERS, in their

SERIO-COMIC CHAMBER DUOLOGUE of

A RUSH FOR A REFRESHER.

THE TALENTED TROUPE

DEVILLING FOR RUSSELL, with characteristic Chorus by several rising

MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR BAR, who will dance

A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN OF THEIR OWN CASE.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.—"We have not seen such a clever set of right down cusses for a long time. We will back COLERIDGE to divide himself into fractions and sum himself up again. HILTON had better take to scissors grinding."—*Chicago Sentinel*.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.—"Judge BOWEN is a thing to be seen. He says he's game to cross Niagara on a chain of his own evidence, and we should like to have five dollars on it. He plays too, on the feelings of a jury—without his notes. BARNUM should come to terms at once."—*Nashville Straightouter*.

THE LEARNED TROUPE will appear as under:—Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands, Watkin's Glen, Rochester, Buffalo (reception), Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago (reception by State Bar), Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Sioux City, Omaha, Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, Decatur, Logansport, Indianapolis, Dayton, Cincinnati, Springfield, Columbus, Wheeling, Chattanooga, Pittsburgh, Cumberland, Harper's Ferry, Parkersburgh, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Mansfield, Salamanca, Syracuse, Albany, concluding at New York.

For further particulars apply to ELLIOT F. SHEPARD, Managing Agent, New York. A few dates still vacant.

CON. FOR DISTRICT SURVEYORS.—Why are rumours concerning Mr. GLADSTONE and Prince BISMARCK like Jerry-Builders' houses?—Because they are generally found to be "devoid of foundation."

MOTTO FOR A SUNDAY MORNING SITTING (by an Irish Obstructionist).—"The better the day the worse the work!"

CAN a man who "stands in his own light" be considered to be "in *lux* way"?

"THE SERVICES!"

[A correspondence is going on in various papers as to whether the Army or the Navy takes precedence.]

No matter which Service comes first in the toast,
That we've honoured for so many years,
Be sure that whoever may rule o'er the roast,
We shall drink it with heartiest cheers.
We know that whenever they're called on to fight,
They will make every foe cry "Peccavi!"
So here's to the "Navy and Army" to-night,
And eke to the "Army and Navy."

Let grave antiquarians fiercely discuss

All the *pros* and the *cons*,
and ne'er yield
On which should come first,
'tis no matter to us,
When each strives to be first in the field.

If "*Palmarum qui meruit ferat*" be right,

Then both should most surely be palmy;

So here's to the "Army and Navy" to-night,
And eke to the "Navy and Army."

WELL HEARNED!—For "M.C.C. and Ground v. Mote Park," W. HEARN and G. G. HEARNE lately contributed between them 342 runs out of 443. This may fairly be called the "Hearned increment," eh?

"A SELLING RACE."—The Jews.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 150.



THE BOLD BUCCLEUCH,

MONARCH OF ALL THE LOWLAND GLENS.

"I am sure the Duke himself!"—Comedy of Errors, Act V., Sc. 1.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

A River Rondeau.

At Boulter's Lock—nay, don't
pooh-pooh—
'Tis pleasant, when you've
nought to do,
On dreamy sunny August
days
To lounge and laugh, to
smoke and gaze,
And watch the countless craft
pass through.

The gondola, the frail canoe,
The girls in pink, in white, in
blue;

The Maidens' Eight, beyond
all praise,
At Boulter's Lock!

The pic-nic punt, the laugh-
ing crew—
I'd like to join them, wouldn't
you?

Alas! we cannot always
laze!

So let's to SKINDLE's take
our ways.

I'm getting hungry, *entre
nous*,

At Boulter's Lock!

IMPORTANT POLITICO-LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT is preparing a Political Fairy Tale, in which he will embody those vehement, if somewhat vague and vengeful, views upon Foreign Policy, which an unkind fate denies him a full opportunity of propounding in Parliament. The title of the work will be, *Malice in Blunderland*.

MYSTERY, MURDER, AND THE MONEY MARKET.

(The fragment of a Story picked up in Capel Court.)

"The Madrid journals publish particulars of the Bourse gambling connected with the recent conspiracy. More revelations are promised when the censorship of the Press has been abolished."—Daily Paper.

THE Prisoner, bound hand and foot, was yet able to crawl to a window which separated his room from the next. He was surprised to find that it was furnished more like a City office than what his imagination had pictured to be the head-quarters of a Secret Society ubiquitous in its ramifications. There were tables and chairs, a desk with drawers, and an iron safe. In a corner was a strange-looking little machine, under a glass case, from which continually flowed a thin strip of paper, apparently covered with hieroglyphics. A stern-countenanced but respectably-garbed individual of middle age was seated at the desk, writing. After a while he stopped for a moment, seemed to be thinking deeply, and then approached the thin slip with its strange characters. What he read upon the paper seemed to annoy him, for he stamped his foot impatiently, and touched a button projecting from the wall. Immediately, a secret door was discovered, which opened suddenly to admit a cloaked figure. The man at the desk motioned to the new-comer to throw off his disguise. The peremptory command was obeyed, and the Prisoner uttered an exclamation of intense astonishment as he recognised in the now undraped figure one of the most celebrated diplomatists of modern times. The man at the desk, holding the strip of paper in his hand, appeared to be giving orders which were received by his visitor with obsequious bows. Then the Statesman was motioned to withdraw; and assuming once more his long black cloak, disappeared through the wainscoting. He had scarcely gone before the man at the desk touched another button, and a second secret door was revealed. Again a man in a cloak appeared, to be followed, later on (from a series of secret doors) by another and another and another.

When each in his turn unloaked, he revealed to the watching Prisoner at the window the face of either a General or a Prime Minister of world-wide celebrity. They belonged to many Nationalities. Some were French, others Germans, others Italians and Russians. The man at the desk treated one and all with haughty abruptness. He seemed to be giving them directions, which they appeared to be receiving with slavish self-abnegation.

When he had dismissed the last of his distinguished visitors, he struck a small bell which stood on the desk before him. Immediately the thongs of the Prisoner were unloosened, and he was ushered into the presence of the person he had been watching.

"Stand there!" said the man at the desk when the highly respectable Clerks who had introduced the captive had retired. "Don't utter a word until asked a question, but take out your note-book and listen attentively."

The man spoke in calm tones, but his voice sounded like the voice of a never-to-be-thwarted conqueror. The Prisoner felt that resistance was impossible.

"You are poor, desperate, and daring? It was for that reason I caused you to be kidnapped. You would not shrink from any crime?"

"For a consideration," answered the Prisoner, wildly, but firmly, "I would poison my own grandmother."

"The very man for my purpose," murmured the man at the desk—then he said, in a louder tone, "Take down the following commissions. You will go to Paris, and shoot the President of the Republic the next time he appears on the Boulevards. Then you will go to Berlin, and blow up the King's Palace. Next you will travel to Madrid—nay, cross that out; I have got all I want in that quarter—you will travel to Vienna, and organise a Murder Conspiracy amongst the Railway Officials." He paused, and looked at the thin piece of paper. "And that will do for the present."

"And if I do not obey?" cried the Prisoner, defiantly.

"If you do not obey," repeated the man at the desk, leisurely, "the Curse of the 'House' will be upon you until you die!"



SOME PEOPLE HAVE SUCH A PLEASANT WAY OF PUTTING THINGS.

"BY THE BYE, LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR ARTICLE IN THE PENTONVILLE PULVERISER. IT'S ADMIRABLE!"

"OH, YOU FLATTER ME——"

"NO, I ASSURE YOU—IT'S QUITE SPLENDID—SO GOOD! I WAS NEVER SO SURPRISED IN MY LIFE AS WHEN I SAW YOUR NAME AT THE END!"

"Oh, anything rather than that!" shrieked the captive, and he immediately promised to execute the commissions which had been confided to him—promised, nay, swore!

"You can go," said the man at the desk at the conclusion of this painful scene.

The Prisoner wavered. At length he plucked up courage, and asked a question.

"Have you any objection to telling me your profession?"

"Not in the least," replied the man at the desk. "You will find my description in the *Post-Office Directory*."

"You must be the head of some terrible Secret Society—the General of the Nihilists, or the King of the Irish Republicans."

"Certainly not!" returned the other, indignantly. "I am a person of the highest respectability."

"And yet you have ordered murders, explosions, revolutions! Not a conspirator! Then, in the name of wonder, what are you?"

The question produced an explanatory answer—

"I am merely a leading Stockbroker who has sold rather heavily for the fall!"

Grousely Offensive.

A SPORTING sponge, a shooting bore
Is POTTS; if he's a friend, he'll tax him.

His is the Tennysonian maxim:—

"Let knowledge grow from Moor to Moor."

THE TAMATAVE QUESTION.—Is it all Hova?

PATIENTS AT THE PALACE.

"A Sanitarium and winter resort for invalids and elderly people, within half-a-dozen miles of Charing Cross, is seriously proposed among the hygienic improvements of the future. Instead of going to a Southern country, leaving friends and home comforts behind, the invalids and elderly persons are to enjoy a climate made up of equal parts of Madeira, Algeria, and the South of France, at the Alexandra Palace, on the Northern heights of the Metropolis, and full in view of the Dome of St. Paul's."—*Daily Paper*.

WHENEVER the Dome of St. Paul's is visible through the veil of smoke that habitually hides it, the effect is certainly very picturesque.

I wonder if the fogs in Madeira in November are white and chilling, like to-day's, or yellow and suffocating like yesterday's.

The Resident Physician's manners are very pleasant, but even he cannot prevent my feeling rather uncomfortable with the thermometer below zero.

In the prospectus I notice that the Sanitarium is described as an "airy" building. Perhaps this is why the assistance of two men-waiters and the hall-porter is required to hinder one from being blown away on the grand staircase.

The patient who would insist on sleeping with his window wide open, because "he had always done so at Madeira," will be buried, I hear, some time to-morrow.

Possibly the Resident Physician may be right in saying that the view of London from the sky-lights is far superior to the view of the Mediterranean from Mentone.

The influenza which I caught going to the theatre last night, shows the enormous advantage which the neighbourhood of London possesses compared with Madeira, where there are no theatres and no influenza.

By the constant yells I hear, I fancy there must be some more than usually important horse-race going on in the grounds.

The last application to wind up the Sanitarium was postponed owing to the absence of the Matron, who is laid up with rheumatism and bronchitis.

How curious that another doctor has just been created an Earl for his success in curing the "Alexandra Park Cough"!

Sport!

FOX-HUNTING cruel? Bah! What pack of hounds

Equals the penny-a-lining, social spies

Who break into our life's domestic bounds,

And hunt us with their yelping pack—of lies?

The tenderest heart might blamelessly determine

To hunt these hunters ruthlessly—as Vermin!

RACING MEM. FOR NEXT YEAR.—There's many a slip 'Twixt the "Cup" and the "tip."

"ESQ."

[A Correspondent of the *Standard* recently suggested that Mister and Esquire should be abolished.]

Binks of Peckham unbosometh himself.

I HAVEN'T got a title, and it would seem very queer, If e'er the QUEEN should make me on some happy day a Peer;

I am not a J. P., I'm not a Q.C. or M.D.,

I'm not a blessed Baronet, and not a K.C.B.;

And therefore, if you please, I have a passionate desire

To stick to what I dare to claim—plain "Mister" or "Esquire."

They call me "Mister" when they write for taxes or the rates,

And when they send the little bills they sometimes keep on slates;

But surely I am dubbed "Esquire" when I'm politely dunned,

Say for a small subscription to the new Church organ-fund;

And till I'm Common Councillor to no more I aspire,

So leave me with my comforters—plain "Mister" or "Esquire."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she intends to celebrate the Luther Festival by a visit to the Luther Arcade. She is carefully reading up the History of the Reformation, and supposes that the term of "a Gay Lutheran" must have arisen from the fact of the Great Reformer having given permission to the Landgrave of Hesse to provide himself with a pair of wives at the same time.

VERY appropriate name for the place where Lord WOLSELEY is staying for shooting, "Cannon Hall." Billiards in the evening, of course. Our only General is great at Pyramids.

THE BATHING MACHINE.

A STUDY OF A RARE OLD CONSERVATIVE.



EHOLD an old relic of old-fashioned days,
Recalling the coaches, the hoy, and post-chaise!
It has not advanced in a timber or wheel,
Since first it was fashioned by BENJAMIN BEALE.
It is not æsthetic, nor yet picturesque,
'Tis heavy and cumbrous, expensive, grotesque—
And I feel very certain there never was seen
Such an old-fashioned thing as a Bathing Machine!

The windows won't open, the doors never fit,
The floor is strewn over with pebbles and grit;
A looking-glass too, with a silverless back,
A pinless pincushion, a broken boot-jack:
It smells of old seaweed, 'tis mouldy and grim,

'Tis sloppy and stuffy, 'tis dismal and dim—
'Tis a deer-cart, a fish-van, or something between;
Oh, a hideous hutch is the Bathing Machine!

The driver says "Right!" and he raps at the door;
He starts with a jerk, and you sit on the floor!
It creaks and it rattles, you rise and you fall,
And bound to and fro like a mad tennis-ball!
Again there's a lurch, and you nearly fall flat,
And first sprain your ankle, then tread on your hat—
While you're bumped and you're battered, bruised blue, black,
and green,
In that horrid contrivance, the Bathing Machine!

HOW WILL IT WORK?

"According to a list we printed the other day, several Englishmen have made vast acquisitions of land in the Western and Southern States of the Union. British dukes and earls figure in the statement for many hundreds of thousands of acres."—*Daily Paper*.

The highly interesting question here raised may be best solved by a brief extract from the Parliamentary Reports of the day—say, a generation or two hence, as under:—

HOUSE OF LORDS. APRIL 1, 1883.

On the LORD CHANCELLOR taking his seat as usual on the Wool-sack at a quarter past four—

The Duke of DENVER said,—He had no wish to be too smart on the learned Boss who presided over this august Assembly, but he wanted, as a British Peer speaking from the other side of the Atlantic, to be informed why the sack on which his Lordship was fixed up in that House was stuffed with Colonial Wool instead of American Cotton? The latter was far cheaper, and, he believed, when properly doctored with fine shavings by a patent of his own—about which he guessed he would have something to say to their Lordships later—far softer as chair stuffing, as his Lordship would find out if he tried a specimen or two he had brought with him, and now in the Lobby. He hoped he was not misunderstood. Meantime he would lay a prospectus of the concern upon the table.

The Duke of BUCKLEUCH, who was proud to say he owned not a single acre beyond the seas, and spoke as the largest holder of landed property in the three kingdoms, denounced the proposition as another bit of encroaching Yankee impertinence. It was true that, owing to the operation of successive Land Laws, all that now was left to him was the freehold of his Park-like Villa at Walham Green; but still such proprietorship should, he trusted, have its legitimate weight with their Lordships. It was with a blush of shame that he reminded the noble Duke that his illustrious ancestor, the Marquis of SALISBURY, was an Englishman first and a speculator afterwards.

Lord FORTESCUE considered such retorts simple downright enuseness, and cutely calculated to waste the time of the House. He wished to know, too, why the two dozen extra spittoons that their Lordships had determined to have in the Robing Room had not yet

been handed in. If Black Rod had been cornering over that job, he should vote that that sniggering official be skewered out of his snug box pretty sharp with an apple-slicer.

Lord ABERDEEN guessed he was of the same opinion.

After some desultory criticism on the propriety of the recent fashion introduced by some noble Lords of amusing themselves by whittling during the delivery of the Speech from the Throne,

The Duke of RICHMOND, GORDON and GRIGGSVILLE introduced his Bill for the better preservation and expansion of the Tinned Pork Monopoly Acts. He explained its provisions. He said that, speaking with some warmth on behalf of the American pig-producing interest, the measure he now proposed would make the sale of British-fed pork practically impossible. This would be simply effected by requiring a heavy licence to be taken out by the home producer, while the curing of British-fed bacon would be made penal. The impetus given to the American productive trade by such paternal legislation would be obvious. The Tinned Pork trade would receive a legitimate protection, and large breeders in the States, like himself, would get that proper encouragement from the State that they not only expected, but had an hereditary and constitutional right to demand.

Lord CARLINGFORD, speaking as one of the most powerful land-owners in New Jericho, said he was darned glad to hear that observation. Upon which

The Archbishop of YORK rose, and, amid a scene of some excitement, asked the LORD CHANCELLOR if, as a Spiritual Peer, he was bound to listen to language that he had just been given to understand was more fitting to the atmosphere of an American drinking saloon. He did not like it.

The Duke of NORFOLK said that, speaking as a genuine Frisco straight-outer, he would in that case advise the Right Reverend Prelate to leave it; and he continued to point out that Old York and New York were not precisely on the same spiritual platform.

Lord ROWTON was of opinion that second-class banter came but badly from the Premier Duke of England. His peerage could only date back to the Victorian era; but he would rather sign himself fourth Baron than be largely interested in a Bogus Embalming business, and callous as to the use of a big big D.

The Earl of SLICKSBURG said that, speaking for his great ancestor, the first Lord CALRNS, he regarded the latter portion of the Noble Lord's speech as purely personal, and that he felt bound to argue the matter out forcibly. Whereupon

The LORD CHANCELLOR intimated that if there was to be any firing, he trusted to the good sense of their Lordships' House, to give him ample time to get safe under the Woolsack.

The usual formalities were then proceeded with; and, after a brisk use of six-shooters all round, the debate was hastily adjourned till to-day, without a division.

THE SILVER TEMS!

THE butiful River's a-running to Town,
It never runs up, but allers runs down,
Weather it rains, or weather it snos;
And where it all cums from, noboddy nose.

The young swell Boatmen drest in white,
To their Mothers' arts must be a delite;
At rosin or skullin the gals is sutch dabs,
For they makes no Fowls and they ketches no Crabs.

The payshent hangler sets in a punt,
Willee ketch kold? I opes as he wunt.
I wotches him long, witch I states is fax,
He dont ketch nothin but Ticklebacks.

The prudent Ferryman sets under cover,
Waiting to take me from one shore to t'other;
I calls out "Hover!" and hover he roes,
If he aint sober then hover we goes.

When it's poring with rane and a tempest a-blowin,
A penny don't seem mutch for this here rowin;
And wen the River's as ruff as the Sea,
I thinks of the two I'd sooner be me.

For when I'm at work at Ampton or Lea,
Waitin at dinner, or waitin at tea,
I gits as much from a yewthful Pair
As he gits in a day for all that there.

Then let me bless my lucky Star
That made me a Waiter and not a Tar;
And the werry nex time I've a glass of old Sherry,
I'll drink to the pore chap as roes that 'ere Ferry.

ROBERT.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says her favourite poem is "Gray's Effigy."

LEFT IN TOWN.

I WANDER up and down Pall Mall,
In Piccadilly or the Strand,
And hear like ocean's thund'rous swell,
The roar of traffic on each hand.
The cabs are full, each 'bus and tram
Is loaded, but of course I frown
And sigh and say, it seems I am
The only person left in Town.

I wander into Drury Lane,
Or else the Gaiety at night,
My pilgrimage is not in vain,
Folks view the play with much delight.
Both pit and stalls are full, they roll
Applause from where the "gods" look down;
And still I am, it's really droll,—
The only person left in Town.

If at a restaurant I dine,
The waiters bustle to and fro,
And at the table next to mine
Are seated several men I know.
The same thing happens at the Club,
But who are SMITH and JONES and BROWN?
If I am really, there's the rub,—
The only person left in Town.

No matter, I shall still declare,
Since Fashion issues her decree,
That Town's a desert everywhere,
With ne'er a single soul to see.
And though some millions remain,
Of faithful subjects of the Crown,
I vow I am, it's very plain,
The only person left in Town.

"Who shall decide where Doctors disagree?"—
What is the latest opinion on the state of Mr. SHAPIRA's
skin? "What's the matter with it?" asks Mrs. RAMS-
BOTHAM. "Why doesn't the poor man go to Aix-les-
Bains or Aachen?" It is now at the British Museum.
What a lucky man to get rid of his skin like that. In
the hottest weather he will be able to realise SYDNEY
SMITH's plan, and sit in his bones.



FOR SUNDAY WEAR AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Fair Customer (pettishly). "ONLY FANCY WALKING UP THE AISLE OF A CHURCH
WITH A THING LIKE THIS ON ONE'S HEAD!"

A TOUR DE FORCE.

SOME doubts having been expressed in certain—evidently ill-natured—quarters as to the real character of the "enthusiastic reception" said to have been accorded by his loyal subjects to the young Spanish Monarch during the course of his recent provincial tour, the following stray leaf from his own private journal, picked up at Saragossa, will be read with satisfaction and interest:—

3 A.M. *Barcelona*.—Roused early by MARTINEZ CAMPOS. Says he has heard privately from the Alcalde that several further attempts are to be made on my life to-day. Strongly advises me not to expose myself in public without the cover of a fish-kettle up my back. I refuse, simply replying, "A pretty kettle of fish for a king of Spain!" He bows himself out with a respectful smile. Evidently, I have said a neat thing. *Mem.*—To cultivate this, and keep up my character.

4 A.M.—Bother MARTINEZ CAMPOS! Can't get to sleep again. Never mind; pass spare time in thinking out "neat things." Seem to have got such a good crop of them that I rather hope I shall be shot at.

8 A.M.—Breakfast. DE LA VEGA DI ARMIJOS hurries in and begs me not to touch the coffee. Says it is his belief that it is poisoned. Reply at once, "Then I must see the grounds," and empty the whole pot at a draught. Come, I think that's a good one. Great enthusiasm outside when he tells this to the troops.

10 A.M.—Prepare to visit the Archbishop at the Cathedral. Streets thronged. MARTINEZ CAMPOS here again, this time pale with emotion. Says he has just heard on best authority that a bomb is to be thrown under my horse, *en route*; and, as his business is to ride behind me, implores me, in the name of "that Spain we both so much love," to let DE LA VEGA DI ARMIJOS take my place in the procession, dye my hair, and walk about with him, both of us disguised, in the crowd at the back. I instantly rejoin, with well-assumed asperity, "The King of Spain never dyes!" This is so startlingly fresh—I think it is quite my best one as yet—that it knocks MARTINEZ CAMPOS completely over. I don't believe he'll be able to come, after all. Just like him!

2 P.M.—Procession over! No bomb; though I had a very smart

bit of *repartee* ready for the occasion—if the horse had thrown me over his head. However, said a good thing to the Archbishop. Called me the foundation of the kingdom. Quickly cut in with "Well, come, Your Grace, you're the *Coping Stone*." Don't think he saw it; but blessed me heartily. Shall try it on the Archbishop of somewhere else. Saragossa perhaps.

4 P.M.—Arrived at Cardona. People fairly enthusiastic, but seem to require rousing by some stirring incident. Looked anxiously out over the waving handkerchiefs for an assassin. Positively not one to be seen. Wish MARTINEZ CAMPOS could be thrown—or something. But he will mount such a quiet hack. Ha! at last! He has ridden over a *gamin* who has got in the way. Lucky. Express eager interest in dumb show. Mayor hurries forward, and says boy is not hurt. I produce a *pesta*, and ask his name. Nobody knows. *Now's* my chance. "That's odd," I say, "for I thought everyone here was a card-owner." Mayor in fits. Enthusiasm tremendous. Off as fast as we can.

8 P.M. Saragossa at last. Reception really very fine, but DE LA VEGA DI ARMIJOS and MARTINEZ CAMPOS nagging me all the way about possible infernal machines. Don't believe a word of it. Say I'll "prove it," and get off my horse and walk. Crowd electrified. Carry me on their shoulders to Archbishop's palace. Good. Archbishop comes out in mitre and cope, bowing with his clergy. Fine chance. Compliment him on the *salute of his canons*. Doesn't see it, but blesses me heartily, and says the Ancient City of the Moors throngs to meet me. Thought he would bring in "the Moors." Without a moment's hesitation I rejoin, "the Moor the merrier." He sees that, and is removed in fits. Effect excellent. Dine with the Governor, and bring in something about holders of Spanish fours "being at sixes and sevens," owing to spiteful rumours. MARTINEZ CAMPOS and DE LA VEGA DI ARMIJOS still bothering about poison in soup. Forget my retort, but know it was kingly and excellent, and took twice.

10 P.M.—To bed, safe and sound, arranging more neat things for to-morrow.

TIME FOR "PLAYING OLD GOOSEBERRY."—The Silly Season.



THE NEW HOVA-TURE.

John Bull. "WELL—IT'S NOT FINISHED YET, OF COURSE. IT'S AN UNSATISFACTORY WORK SO FAR. DON'T UNDERSTAND THE 'LEADING MOTIVE,' AND—FM—IT'S RATHER TOO FRENCH FOR ME!"

The Whole Duty of Man.

[The drinking of hot water is now recommended to dyspeptics.]

OUR modern advisers can put it much shorter
Than earlier Doctors—there isn't a doubt of it,
Their physical rule is "take lots of hot water;"
Their mental one, "always keep out of it."

"I DID NOT think my Cousin would have taken offence," said
Mrs. RAMSROTHAM; "but, to my surprise, he retired in high gudgeon."

"The Play's (not) the Thing."

MR. OSCAR WILDE's Play, *Vera*, which the *Herald* dismissed as "long-drawn dramatic rot"—(they have a neat style of criticism in New York)—was, from all accounts, except the Poet's own, *Vera* Bad. MR. OSCAR WILDE has made Brother JONATHAN wild. Will the *Æsthetic* give us some more *Impressions du Théâtre*? If so, he will probably have something to tell of "my Soul's dread weariness," and not very much to say in favour of "my freedom and my life Republican." Alas! poor OSCAR! Played out! Only one thing left for him, to become a trenchant Dramatic Critic, and deal demnition all round.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE HOUR OF PARTING, OR TOBY'S LATEST PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE. AU REVOIR!

House of Commons, Monday, August 20.—JOSEPH GILLIS'S power of expressing thought in brief language something remarkable. To-night, on Vote for Donegal Workhouse, JOEY B., thrusting a thumb in either armhole of his waistcoat, and with a look of unwonted severity manning his genial countenance, said—

"A Whig is a hollow sham."

Criticism might be raised on point of relevance of remark. Whigs have nothing to do with Donegal Workhouse, nor Donegal Workhouse with Whigs. But only poor mind would raise trivial objections of that kind. Sensible people only too glad to have opportunity of seizing great truths howsoever disclosed. Asked him later, "What is a Whig?"

"A Whig," said JOSEPH GILLIS, in same sententious manner, "is anyone I don't like. TREVELYAN's a Whig; GLADSTONE's a Whig. You're all Whigs."

"That, I suppose, is why you're always giving us a wiggling."

The lower part of JOSEPH'S face slowly opened. Cavity widened, till I was afraid his ears would get buried in it.

JOSEPH GILLIS was smiling!

Very kind of him to encourage my little efforts to please. But he is just now in high spirits. For weeks been doomed by PARNELL'S new policy to sit silent, seeing Bills pass, and Votes agreed to. Might occasionally, when PARNELL away, cry "Hear! hear!" or "Oh! oh!" but nothing more. Now HEALY broke loose. Gone on the rampage; determined to show that Irish Parliamentary rowdiness only in its infancy. JOSEPH delighted beyond measure.

"TIM's something like a feller," says he. "Sometimes I suspect PARNELL of being a Whig. Nothing of a Whig about TIM HEALY."

"No," I said. "Quite the contrary. Hair, if anything, cropped too close."

Said this with a purpose. Wanted to see JOSEPH'S seraphic smile again. Thought perhaps on second attempt at least one of his ears might go. Interesting thing to note for a diary. "Remarkable natural phenomenon." "Ear to-day and gone to-morrow"; and that sort of thing. But J. G. too much engrossed in contemplation of HEALY'S superior merits.

"Hard work to beat him on Saturday," he continued. "When he accused TREVELYAN of murdering Irishmen and spitting Irish babes on bayonets, felt quite low. Sure I couldn't top that. But when Grand Old Man talked of probability of his presently going off the hooks, and I cheered the prospect, rather think I beat him. Don't want to boast too much of it; but SPEAKER says it's the most brutal remark he ever heard in the House, and he's been here for twenty years and heard all our rows of last nine years. Told HEALY this; made him quite mad. Says he'll beat my score before Session closes. If he does, must go Nap on him. Afraid it'll be hard work. But up to now I think I'm ahead." Business done.—Brought in Appropriation Bill, happy harbinger of end!

Tuesday.—House of Lords had high old time to-night. Threw out everything they safely could and mauled the remainder.

"We'll show the Commons that there are Barons in England yet," said the Lord Markis, bending his beetling brows upon Earl GRANVILLE. GRANVILLE nods, and smiles pleasantly.

"Go your way, my Lord," he says. "Grieved for the Irish and Scotch, but, from purely party point of view, nothing better for us. Only sorry we couldn't manage to give you fuller opportunity. Already given England a kick by mutilating the Agricultural Holdings Bills. You gave Ireland a whack on the head by throwing out Parliamentary Registration Bill, and you serve out a backhander to Scotland by throwing out Local Government Board Bill. Wish we had a Bill promoted from the Isle of Man, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, or Sark. You might as well go the whole hog. What a Leader it is! What a Premier it would make!"

Fancy this is sarcastic. But no doubt about genuineness of enthusiasm on part of Lord REDESDALE.

"Spoke to you the other day, TOBY," says he, "about Westminster Abbey. Never mind just now. A little low then. Feeling disappointed in SALISBURY. But now he's better than ever. This is what I call Statesmanship. Wish it was not so late in the Session. Otherwise would certainly introduce my Bill for the Abolition of the House of Commons. SALISBURY in humour to back it, and Majority safe to carry it. Shall give notice for next Session."

HARCOURT looking on from Privy Councillor's place by Throne, watched with much interest process of chucking out.

"Curious," he says, "to reflect on the Community of human nature. Often find, in studying Police-Court Reports, that when a man gets drunk he begins throwing furniture out of the window. House of Lords, politically inebriate, pitch out Bills promiscuously."

House of Commons debating Appropriation Bill. STAFFORD NORTH-COTE plays feeble tune on Parliamentary organ. Sort of quadrille, introducing all old and familiar airs sung through Session about Transvaal, BRADLAUGH, India, Ireland, and the rest. GLADSTONE comes out with brass band all fresh and strong, and completely drowns the wheezy organ. ASHMEAD BARTLEY comes to rescue, and in luminous speech discusses everything, including Mr. DODDS, whom he says he is accustomed to treat with profound contempt.

"ASHMEAD," says the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, "is a kind of Parliamentary WHITELEY, a Universal Provider. Always in stock, produceable at moment's notice and anything you may want, from Tamatave to the Ventilators on the Embankment."

ASHMEAD, by the way, started new motto for his family crest: "I for Eye."

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a Second Time.

Wednesday.—Glorious victory for Markis. Carried by Majority of One his Amendment to Agricultural Holdings Bill against disagreement of Commons. Ooray! Would have been more only Duke of RICHMOND went with Liberals. A little awkward it seems on the face of it since RICHMOND is special authority on Agricultural Policy. The Markis only liked it the more.

"Scarcely worth trouble to divide against other side," he says.

"Can do that any day, and beat 'em. But if when you divide the Front Bench, go one way yourself and principal colleague goes the other, life begins to be worth living."

Soothed by this great victory, Markis doesn't further insist upon his amendments.

"Suppose it's all right," says bold BUCCLEUCH. "But confess I don't quite see it. Seems to me, SALISBURY's making us look a little ridiculous. Blusters and threatens the Commons, cuts their Bill to pieces; drives tenant-farmers into arms of Liberals; then, when Commons put up their back and stand by their Bill, we sneak off, letting them undo all our work. This may be high statesmanship. Fancy it is, since SALISBURY arranged it, but don't quite see it."

In the Commons, Indian Budget on at last. End of last Session promise given that it should be introduced this year earlier than ever, instead of which it is later.

"But what can you expect from ANANIAS and SHAPIRA," says Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, hurrying in from British Museum, where has been looking at new version of Deuteronomy.

KYNASTON CROSS, undeterred by depressing surroundings, makes admirable speech—the best Indian Budget speech of two Parliaments.

GLADSTONE here at Question Time. "Is it true that you are going to give the vacant Thistle to Lord DRUMM?" I asked him.

"The Thistle to DRUMM?" says he. "Why, he'd eat it!"



THE LARGE MAJORITY OF ONE.

Lord Gr-n-rd. "Alone I did it!"

[Sinks exhausted.]

Of course DRUMM not the name of the not too brilliant Peer. But Lord RONALD GOWER, hearing I was writing a Diary, begged me of all things not to write in it spiteful things about my contemporaries. "Caddish," he says, "to go to a man's house, retail his conversation, sell it in two volumes to a Publisher, and print it hot and hot."

RONALD an authority on this matter. Mean always to stand by his instructions.

Business done.—Peers cave in on Agricultural Holdings Bill.

Thursday.—Last chance of doing justice to Ireland. Appropriation Bill down for Third Reading. Now or never for emptying the sewer. Wouldn't have supposed there was anything left after Monday in last week and Saturday. Seems to be sort of return pipe. Tim can pour it out on Monday or Saturday till the sewer seems quite dry, and on Thursday on opening the mouth there is the stream as thick and as noisome as ever.

JOSEPH GILLIS confined his eloquence to occasional efforts to get House Counted Out. If he succeeded, all arrangements for Prorogation be upset. SPEAKER, Government, and about a hundred Members kept in town into next week. JOSEPH's gentle eyes glisten at the notion. Tried once or twice. But Lord RICHARD is, as he complains, "on the *ky vivy*." Members troop in, House made, and—then—troop out again, whilst sewer outfall continues, and swamps House otherwise nearly empty.

Only Attorney-General for Ireland on Treasury Bench—he and TREVELYAN, with HARTINGTON occasionally looking in. HARTINGTON has to make a speech on Indian Debate. Horrid bore, but someone must say last word for Lord RIFON, and no one better than Lord HARTINGTON. So sits and yawns audibly. Keeps himself awake by balancing hat on bridge of nose. Once, yawn coming suddenly whilst hat in critical position, it nearly fell into his mouth. This woke him, and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, pleasantly rising to "expose the *qui bono*" of the adjourned debate, HARTINGTON made capital speech, full of point and vigour. Not the slightest trace of yawn in it.

But this came after the deluge, which went on till half-past eleven in monotonous mechanical style. CALLAN belching forth incoherent vulgarity, O'BRIEN hissing out hatred between clenched teeth, and TIM HEALY working himself up into Stage passion, melodramatically maligning mankind in general, and, in particular, "thrampling on the Saxon" as did the lamented but obscure "General JACKSON."

Much of the abuse levelled at Attorney-General for Ireland, who sits silent, immovable, and placid.

"Ever seen Tiflis in a storm, TOBY?" says Mr. BOURKE, who, like Ulysses, has travelled far. "Dooce of a row in the valleys; rain

beating, wind blowing, streams roaring, and, far above, old Tiflis's bald white head rising up cone-shaped. When I look across at PORTER, just now, reminds me of that. Shape of head uncommonly like Tiflis seen from some points."

Switzerland! Ah! Let's go home, and pack.

Business done.—Commons wind up everything.

Friday.—Commons not sitting to-day. Lords have it all to themselves. "And quite right, too!" the Markis says. "Tisn't often—only about once a Session—that we can thoroughly enjoy ourselves. Should be allowed to do it without counter-attraction of other House sitting." So Conservative Lords gather together round hospitable board, and favourite dish served up. The other day a good big bundle of the succulent vegetable. To-day only one, being the Amendment to the Agricultural Holdings Bill, which the Markis stoutly swore that,



AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILL.

come what might, he would stick to. Dish, borne shoulder high, carried round in triumph by the Markis himself and Earl REDES-DALE, as being representative of the type without which these joyous *Salisbury saturnalia* at end of Session could not be.

"Tastes differ," said the Markis, setting the dish down in the middle, and seizing the solitary succulent between finger and thumb. "But if there's one thing I like, it's the leek."

Then he ate it, and Conservative Peers went home more than ever convinced of the greatness of their Leader.

Business done.—Markis eats the leek, and the Agricultural Holdings Bill passes as settled by the Commons.

Saturday.—Prorogation. Rather a dull ceremony. The LORD CHANCELLOR and other elderly Gentlemen got themselves up in red gowns, and were nearly as determinedly funny as the Savages at the Albert Hall. Looking down on scene from Gallery was Japanese Minister, Mr. MORI (mem. not memento).

"Getting up a Parliament down our way," says his Excellency; "so just looked in to see how it's worked. Better go over to Japan in Recess, TOBY, and see our young Parliament. Iro writes me, 'Getting on nicely. Have set up a Biggar, turned out a very respectable imitation of O'DONNELL; now manufacturing a Cavendish Bentinck; have an Ashmead Bartlett in our Eye, and hope soon to have a Warton. Some difficulty about this last. Had to behead fourteen before we could get one to take snuff properly.' Iro wants to know whether there's anything more wanted to make first-class House of Commons. Wish you'd go over and give him a few hints. Not far. Think it over." I will.

Business done.—All.

LE CHOLERA ANGLOPHOBE.

SCIENTIFIC REPORT.—This grievous malady has been discovered by me to be essentially an affection of the stomach, and as such of course directly traceable to English sources—or, if the gravity of Science permitted, one might say *sauses*. For, it being a notorious fact that the English are the most gluttonous and least delicate race in Europe, it follows logically that the disease is of Anglo-Saxon creation. The ordinary English diet of cucumbers and raw rump-steaks is peculiarly conducive to the propagation of Cholera. Then look at the connection between Cholera and the national malady, the Spleen. I have also noticed several symptoms, in my experiments at the Hôtel Dieu, which abundantly support my theory. There is the blueness of the skin—and we all know the English love of "True Blue," "Blue Ruin," &c. There can be no doubt that Cholera is entirely English in its origin, and is perhaps used by the insular Government to destroy life where its ships and its armies are ineffectual.

J. PASTEUR.



A BOND OF UNION.

Mrs. Leo Hunter (introducing eminent Actor to his Grace, whose ancestor was ennobled at Bosworth). "I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER, DUKE! MR. VAN SCROOPE IS GOING TO PLAY *RICHARD THE THIRD*, YOU KNOW!"

THE ROD STILL IN PICKLE.

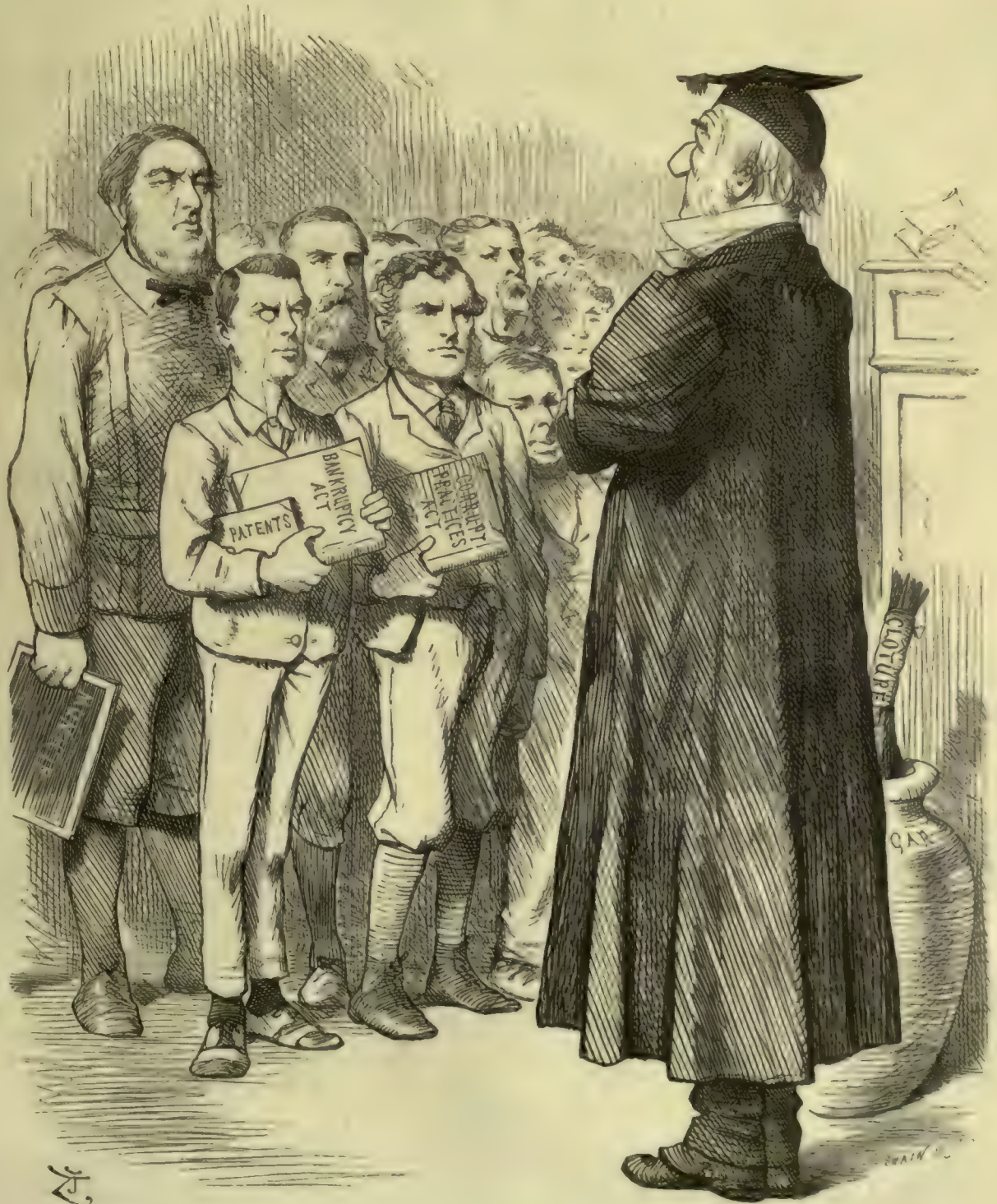
The political Dr. Birch loquiter—

MY young friends! It is after a term of extreme prolongation and dreariness That I give, in a friendly dismissal, relief to your palpable weariness. Smiles are fighting with yawns, I perceive, and the former scarce gaining the victory. Well, a deal of the blame is your own; you are—some of you—so contradictory, Rebellious, and sluggish, and rude, and of obvious duties neglectful. That discipline must be austere, just to keep you at work, and respectful. Well, well, at a moment like this I would drop the *Orbilius plagosus*, And if, when we start our next term, you don't waste so much time, nor oppose us— Myself and my able assistants—in what is our *duty*, remember, You may hope to break up and vanish before we're in sight of September. Your holiday letters I *hope* may have given your friends satisfaction. (If so, some are easily pleased.) And I trust they'll approve of my action In somewhat prolonging your labours, else might they have seen with amaze a Blank record, and you must admit a long bill and a *tabula rasa* Pair off very poorly indeed as the dual result of a term. It Is not very much you *have* done, and the prizes,—I'm loth to affirm it,— Have seldom been fewer. You, CHAMBERLAIN, really have done the School credit, No prize has been better deserved, Sir, and even your rivals have said it. Go on as you're going at present, and do not get pert or uplifted, And who knows what honours may come to a pupil so palpably gifted?

You, JAMES, have done capital work in a branch not supremely attractive, But vastly important. You, HARCOURT, would fain, I'm aware, have been active Had fate not been adverse. Cheer up, Sir! your chance will yet come. For the rest of you, An optimist holiday mood is essential for making the best of you. However, it *might* have been worse, and my young Irish friends, though still prankful, And not model boys by a long way, have not, I'm exceedingly thankful To say, yet compelled me to take this particular rod out of pickle; Perhaps the mere fact of its presence recalcitrance ready to tickle, Has made application superfluous. Truly a good thing for them it is That I have not yet been constrained to—ahem!—to proceed to extremities. I would fain take the best view of it. Anyhow this I may tell 'em:— 'Twill still be kept handy at need, in the brine-tub, this special *flagellum*. Verb. sap. Now dismiss! May you get through your fairly-earned holiday gaily, And resume all your studies next term in a mood much more "work-brittle." *Vale!*

A Welsh Rare-bit!

A GENTLEMAN from Wales visiting London for the first time, obtained from the Member for his borough an order for the SPEAKER'S Gallery of the House of Commons on one of the evenings last week when some of the Irish Members (we follow a patient example, and won't "name them") so pre-eminently distinguished themselves by the violence and vulgarity of their behaviour and language. Being afterwards asked by his friend what he thought of the proceedings, he replied that they had not struck him as being very remarkable, as he happened to be the Chaplain to a large Lunatic Asylum!



THE ROD STILL IN PICKLE.

HEAD-MASTER. "I CONGRATULATE YOU, MASTERS CHAMBERLAIN AND JAMES, ON YOUR SUCCESS. MASTER HARCOURT, I TRUST YOUR CHANCE WILL COME NEXT TERM; AND I AM GLAD MY YOUNG IRISH FRIENDS HAVE NOT FORCED ME TO ADOPT—AH!—EXTREME MEASURES!"

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

The Gig—Companions—Description—Question—Discussion—Captain—The Merry One—On Board—Cabin—Harbour—Sheets in the Wind—Proposition—Fourth Party—Opposition—Lunch—Disturbance—On Deck—On Shore—Up-hill Work—Larne.

In the *Gig*, rowing towards the *Yacht Creusa*.—MELLEVILLE steering, my travelling companion, whose name is KILLICK—I only recall it when he is so addressed by MELLEVILLE—sitting opposite to me. To put it sociably, MELLEVILLE, our host, is in the chair, supported on either side by KILLICK and myself. As I am undecided whether to call him "Skipper" or "Commodore"—an old difficulty with me—I, as a Happy Thought medium, decide to address him Americanly as "Boss," and do so accordingly. "Boss" is an excellent word. This brings out my travelling-companion, KILLICK, of whom up to this moment I have had not much experience, except when in a state of early semi-consciousness, and evincing a tendency to irritability, or hopelessly fast asleep and snoring, who has, I find, a sharp and nasty way of asserting as a positive fact anything of which he knows much, little, or nothing, which would be decidedly objectionable to strangers were it not for his readiness so to modify his original statement whatever it was, if either very politely questioned, or if left utterly uncontradicted, as to bring it into substantial accordance with the most opposite expression of opinion on the same subject. He at once protests against my adoption of the term "Boss," and says, frowning, and in a hard, incisive tone, as if his voice were coming up through a nutmeg-grater—(I find afterwards that he is a sweet singer and excellent musician, and it is, I believe, proverbial that all sweet singers have bad speaking voices, though I am not sure whether the converse holds good—as if so, what a lot of undiscovered sweet singers there must be among costermongers, dustmen, cabmen, and, on the whole, practising bar-risters)—KILLICK says, shortly—"shortly" is the word, never was a happier description of his usual manner—KILLICK says, shortly, "Pooh! Not 'Boss!' He's the 'Governor.'" I reply, with quiet determination, seeing the man I have to deal with—(how thankful I am now that he was asleep all the night when I was awake in the train!)—that "I personally prefer 'Boss.'" To which KILLICK replies, a trifle less shortly than before, "Well, I should say 'Governor.'"

I feel it would be in bad taste, in presence of MELLEVILLE himself, to pursue the discussion further. It being a matter entirely unimportant, I yield, and address MELLEVILLE as Commodore, whereupon KILLICK immediately observes, as a concession, "that there is no real objection to 'Boss'—only that it is not a term used in the Navy." I agree with him again, which seems to make him quite fidgety.

Five minutes' rowing brings us to the yacht. The Captain is ready to receive us. He is a stout, square-built, pleasant-looking man, with a mild-speaking voice (so many professional nautical men have mild persuasive voices when they are unprofessionally engaged, so that if it is characteristic of a sweet singer,—as in KILLICK's case, above-mentioned, which sounds like quoting a legal precedent, the well-known *Killick's Case*,—to have a bad-speaking voice, so it is evidently characteristic of a professional nautical person who can shout out "Belay!" and, as the song says, "rant and roar like true British sailors," to have a peculiarly mild and pleasant-speaking voice for use in ordinary conversation. There is a bright-faced smiling young man—(he salutes us, and is as pleased to see us as is the Captain)—who at once possesses himself of our luggage, and disappears below, whither we follow him. This bright young person is Steward, Butler, Valet, Chambermaid, all in one, equally obliging and ready in each capacity, and is the personification of the Happy Valet.

We are shown to our cabins. Mine is palatial. It is situated "aft," and has the curious appearance of having been built in perspective. The cupboard-doors, the drawers, the lockers, and wash-stand are all slanting towards a point of sight. There is a sofa, arranged on the same principle—and everything in the cabin follows, so to speak, the same lines, so that the general arrangement is that of a scene on the stage, arranged to give an audience the effect of length and distance. There is a lofty skylight, and plenty of air. Each drawer is fitted with a small bolt outside, intended to be of service in rough weather, by preventing the drawer slipping out, but at present these bolts are only irritating, as they insist on slipping down just when you want to open the drawer, and, on being carefully replaced, immediately falling down again when you have got hold of the handles and have given the draw a first pull. I say "a first pull," because the drawers being, as I have observed, built in perspective, their peculiarities have to be considered. Baffled in my first few attempts at opening one of them, I stop to consider which end is to come out first—the small or large. I try each alternately, when

suddenly it startles me by coming out with a savage rush, as it were at me, when luckily it is caught by some ingeniously-contrived ledge within, and prevented from tumbling out altogether on to the floor, in which case I know that, unassisted, I should never get it into its place again.

The Happy Valet, or epitome of 'all that is useful in man, smilingly removes my bags, shows me where to put certain things in safety, where they won't fall about and be broken "when the vessel's in motion, when it's at all rough, Sir," he adds, more smilingly than ever; and I reply, "Ah! true!" as certain reminiscences occur to me, and I wonder if I am going to be a good sailor this time—or not! I am sure that when everything goes wrong, when the *Yacht* is heeling over, when there's every chance of our all visiting the abode of that Welsh Mariner known as "DAVY JONES'S locker," this Young Steward, or Happy Valet, will still be smiling and pleasant up to the last; and in fact, as a *Happy Thought*, I name him (to myself—not publicly) as *Mark Tapley, Junior*, and I should not be surprised at hearing that this is his real name.

However, we are at anchor, and in Larne Harbour now, and it's luncheon-time, so away with morbid anticipations! Let us eat and drink, and be happy while we can. But, dear me, these are not the sentiments with which to begin a holiday health-trip. No! I am longing to be out to sea, to be sailing away, any number of sheets in the wind—[*Query*,—How did the expression arise? Perhaps before sails were invented they used to use their sheets in this way by day, and sleep in 'em at night. But why does "three sheets in the wind" mean a state of intoxication? Probably, because it is as much as he can carry. Then this would only apply to a comparatively small boat. This hundred-and-forty tonner can set six or eight sheets to the wind, for example. But I'll ask the Captain]—and to be going somewhere with a fair wind, a bright sky, and at the rate of so many knots an hour.

My host asks me what I would like to do this afternoon? My impulse is to reply at once, "Why, sail, of course. Start away, and sail away somewhere, anywhere, everywhere—till dinner-time, when I should like to be quiet." However, I don't say this, but suavely reply—for MELLEVILLE is himself the essence of courtesy, and a perfect host—"Oh, whatever you like—it's all the same to me"—which is a polite fiction on my part, as I am anything but indifferent on the subject. "Well," he says, pleasantly, "What would you like to do, CRAYLEY?" CRAYLEY is the other passenger, our "Fourth Party," a thin, delicate-looking man, who changes in different lights—[*Happy Thought*,—He might bring himself out as a natural entertainment, called "The Human Chamelion." Shan't suggest this to him, as, on a short acquaintance, he mightn't like it. Doubt if he would like it any better on a longer acquaintance]—and presents himself in various aspects, from twenty-seven up to fifty, and of whom no one ever sees more than half at a time, as he has a way of doing everything sideways, so that he is always in profile. He listens to you in profile, left or right as the case may be, as if he were perpetually trying his ears to find out which was the more useful of the two. His left eye has an easy time of it, as his right does all the work with the assistance of an eye-glass. He eyes everything sideways, screwing up the corner of his mouth, and frowning with his right eyebrow, which gives him a puzzled expression; and when he drops his glass and gives his left eye a turn, he elevates the side of his face to which that eye belongs, and surveys everything with an air of wonderment, as though this eye was seeing it all for the first time, and was quite surprised, but still delighted with the treat. Our Fourth Party is very natty in dress, and very quiet in manner.

CRAYLEY says he would like to take a walk up to the Druid's Stone, or go into the town.

Good gracious! I haven't come on board the hundred-and-forty-four-tonner merely to go on shore again and take a walk to see a Druid's Stone, or visit a country town!

However, I am agreeable to anything. KILLICK says, shortly, he "doesn't believe that there is a Druid's Stone." KILLICK is very short; in fact, he gets shorter and shorter every moment. CRAYLEY, examining him with a side-glance, replies quietly, "that this Druid's Stone is a celebrated one." With a view to sitting on and crushing KILLICK, I encourage CRAYLEY by inquiring, simply, "Is it?"

"O yes," replies CRAYLEY, turning his right ear towards me—(he is my *vis-à-vis* at table)—and scrutinising me narrowly through his glass in his right eye, as if he were assuring himself of my being perfectly in earnest—"O yes; this Druid's Stone is mentioned by—um!" Here he drops his eye-glass for a second, and brings up his other ear to the point of attention, as though, like JOAN OF ARC, he were listening for "the voices" to remind him of what he is puzzling his brains to recollect. "Um!"—he goes on—"bless my soul!—I was only reading the book the other day"—here he turns one side to KILLICK, then round to MELLEVILLE, and then again to me, as if he was quite astonished to find that none of us could tell him what he was reading the other day—"Dear me! I do forget names so!"—and here he is becoming quite annoyed with everybody—"Ah!—um!—well, I shall think of it presently"—as if he had



Mate and Vegetables.



SALUBRIOUS!

Mr. and Mrs. Tremler (at their "charming Sea-side Resort," have a chat with Affable Tradesman in the outskirts). "WE 'VE NOT VISITED DRAINBRIDGE BEFORE, BUT IT SEEMS A NICE PLACE."

Monumental Tombstone Cutter. "OH, YES, VERY NICE! NOT MUCH TRADE IN A GENERAL WAY; BUT FUST-RATE FOR OUR BUSINESS! 'ALWAYS 'AVE OUR 'ANDS FULL! 'SEEN THE CEMETERY!' &C.

[The T.'s decamp.]

given up all idea of consulting such ignoramuses as we seem to be, and was going to trust to himself once more.

MELLEVILLE, in order, as host, to show some sort of interest in the subject, asks, vaguely, but most courteously, "What sort of a book was it?"

"Oh," replies CRAYLEY, with a half-turn towards him and his eye-glass up to "attention" again, "it was the well-known book by—bless my soul!—O, you know it!"

MELLEVILLE takes a small biscuit, and, out of compliment to his guest, assumes a meditative air, as if the name of the book and its author were at the present moment occupying his entire attention.

KILLICK, who has been silent all the time, for the simple reason that he has been busy in helping himself to everything on the table, now pushes his plate away with the air of a man who is disgusted with life, and who, like an over-fed and rebellious Daddy Longlegs, will not say his grace after meals, rises from his chair, and says—shortly, of course—"Druids' Stones are all humbug." And with this contemptuous expression of opinion, he puts on his cap with a jerk, and struts out of the saloon; then he is heard pacing the deck. He seems to have included us—our host and all—in his sweeping assertion about the Druidical Stones.

We decide, however, by three to one, KILLICK yielding with a bad grace, on visiting the Druids' Stone. We go ashore on the side opposite Larne Harbour. Our host, who seems a little nervous at this sudden disturbance, of which he had received no sort of forecast, threatening the quiet of his cruise—for he and CRAYLEY have been yachting companions for six weeks previous to our arrival—now proposes a move on deck, to which we at once assent. So our host leads. I come next, and CRAYLEY follows, silent, thoughtful, and with a sort of haughty bearing that clearly expresses his annoyance. He gives an occasional sniff of impatience, as if KILLICK's contradiction had got into his nose and stuck there on its way to his brain. From the summit of the hill, a gentle ascent made under a hot sun which has come out to remind us that Summer is not dead yet, we obtain a good bird's-eye view of Larne itself, a very rising

place, as every town ought to be when situated in a valley, if, that is, it has aspirations as lofty as its surroundings. In a few years' time Larne will be creeping up its own hills. On a strip of land near the harbour there are some very modern-looking villas, and a solemnly grand Hotel, which have the air of being a little in advance of their time, and to be patiently waiting the arrival of the residents and visitors, who so far have disappointed them. But as the old song says, "There is a good time coming, boys," and our Larned friends can afford to "Wait a little longer."

AN EPITAPH.

IN disrespectful memory
Of the Session of Eighteen Eighty-Three.
Its days were exceedingly long in the land,
Though it honoured nothing. To understand
Its *raison d'être*, a man must know
The use of rot and unlimited row;
With every feature of farce,—save wit.
Like a "needless Alexandrine," it
"Dragged its slow length," and feebly stang,
Having naught of the snake but its venomous fang.
What was said of the dress of a modish dame
Needs but reversal to sum its "fame";
For its very best friends would sadly state
It began too soon and ended too late.

EXCLAMATION OF "THE HERO OF THE TAMATAVE INCIDENT"
(after suffering three months' imprisonment, and then being released because his Gaolers decided that he had never been guilty).—"Well, I'm SHAW!"

"FRESH air, plain food, early hours, and plenty of exercise," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "are worth all the doctors' rostrums in the world."

LAYS OF A LAZY
MINSTREL.

RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

THE CALAIS BOAT.

ON Dover Pier, brisk blew the
wind,
The Fates against me were com-
bined;
For when I noticed standing
there,
Sweet Some-one with the sunny
hair—
To start I felt not much inclined.
Too late! I cannot change my
mind,
The paddles move! I am re-
signed—
I only know I would I were
On Dover Pier!

I wonder—will the Fates be kind?
On my return and shall I find,
That grey-eyed damsel, passing
fair,
So bonny, blithe, and *débon-
naire*,
The pretty girl I left behind?
On Dover Pier!

"CHEAP AMUSEMENT FOR THE
PEOPLE" (provided by soft-hearted
(and headed) Magistrates).—Man-
bashing, wife-beating, and horse-
torturing. "Fined Five Shil-
lings? Ooray!" says *Bill Sikes*.
"Wy it's 'ardly the price of a
decent 'drunk,' and twice the
fun. Bully for the Beaks! They
don't want to rob a poor man of
his—bludgeon." And he tries
again. Perhaps if *Bill* were next
to experiment on a Magistrate,
or even a Magistrate's park hack,
he might do Society the service
of showing the Law's lenity in an
even lovelier light.

LONDON'S *CLOACA MAXIMA*.—
The Thames.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 151.



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

AS HE MAY RE-APPEAR ON HIS RETURN FROM THE STATES.

THE BURGLE SONG.

(After Tennyson.)

THE darkness falls on Villa walls,
The family 's in the lower storey,
This is the hour for jewel-hauls,
The Burglar now is in his glory.
Slow, Burglar, slow!
Up the ladder hieing,
Answer, whistle, answer low,
Trying! trying! trying!

List-slipped swift he creeps
aloft,
His hand is in the casket dip-
ping;
But hie, a footstep's coming!
Soft!
That hand in his side pocket's
slipping!
Shoot, Burglar, shoot!
Down the ladder swift he's
flying.
Answer, victim. Nay, he's mute,
Dying! dying! dying!

A BRIGHTON BUSTER.

In the *Daily News* (23rd August)
we read:—

"The Brighton Magistrates yester-
day ordered the forfeiture of con-
siderably over a hundredweight of
gunpowder which had been found on
the premises of a builder named BUs-
TER, who had no licence to store
explosives. In addition, BUSTER was
fined 40s. and costs."

"A builder at Brighton named
BUSTER, who put the whole town
in a flutter"—in point of fact he
did nothing of the kind, but he
might have done so had the gun-
powder gone off before it was
removed. Seeing how much
Brighton has been recently blown
up by the London Press, the Ma-
gistrates naturally interfered to
prevent the chance of a similar
casualty being brought about by
the inhabitants.

THE LAY OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

AIR—"The Lord Chancellor's Song in *"Iolanthe."*

A LORD Chief Justice, by common consent,
Is Law's most lovely embodiment;
For the Chancellor, though a thing of dread,
Is a sort of a perfunctory figurehead.
And that is why the American Bar
Have selected *Me* to travel afar.
A very agreeable jaunt, and one
That will lead, I trust, to some excellent fun,
And furnish a capital holiday
For a most mellifluous Lord Chief J.

All. And furnish, &c.,

But though the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,
It nevertheless can't be denied
That it has a—ahem!—dangerous side.
For I'm not so old or melancholic
As to be quite proof 'gainst the love of frolic,
And there'd be the den—well, a certain risk,
If the Lord Chief Justice began to *frisk*.

A possibility, I should say,
For a peripatetic Lord Chief J.

All. A possibility, &c.

I must keep on myself strict watch and ward,
Lest in more than one sense I should be abroad;
For the *Themis* young of America
Is a very agreeable girl, they say;

She has affable manners—and customs free—
And—she laughs at wigs! Oh! dear me.
I must be as careful as careful can be,
Lest I should forget Law's dignitee.

'Tis a sore temptation to throw in the way
Of such a susceptible Lord Chief J.!

All. 'Tis a sore temptation, &c.

WE read in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph* that a
Clergyman connected with Llanddyffnan-with-Llanfairmathavar-
neithof, county of Anglesea, having been a teetotaler for the
last three years and a half, has had his suspension relaxed. This
is all right and proper. But our only wonder is that an incumbent
of any parish bearing such a name should ever have been anything
but a teetotaler. Fancy having to say "The country is truly rural
in the neighbourhood of Llanddyffnan-with-Llanfairmathavarnei-
thof," unless your brain was at its clearest and your utterance the
most distinct.

The Poet Laureate Applied.

PEERS, idle Peers, I well know what you mean,
Peers in the depth of sportsmanlike despair,
In brooding on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of long days that see no Moor!

"I NEARLY quarrelled with him," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "I felt
inclined to say with SHAKESPEARE, 'Cry haddock, and let slip the hogs
of war!'"

CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

So CHAPPIE, inly wearied, fared along;
Yet not insensible to all which here



Of feelings boyish, pleasure frank and clear,
Signs were not always absent from his face,
When swift MACAULAY kicked, or swiped colossal GRACE.

II.

He had not "cut" athletics, though long days
Of dawdling had not strengthened pull or thrust
Of scull or punt-pole; he could lounge and gaze,
At Henley, in soft flannels; the heart must
At time leap back to warmth, though cold mistrust
Be the "good form" of worldlings. CHAPPIE felt
The strong spell of the River: far from dust
And crowded bars his mood would sometimes melt,
As he in pleasant bower midst Thames's boskage dwelt.

III.

And he had learned to love—we knew not why,
For this, in such as he, seemed foreign mood—
A quiet whiff in some backwater shy.
Perhaps, 'twas early memories; *what* subdued
To tastes like these a soul so far imbued
With scorn of "rot" it little boots to know;
But so it was. Yet in such solitude
Small time his chums left him to "maunder" so,
Sentiment's gleam died out with his cigar's red glow.

IV.

And there were venal breasts, as hath been said,
Whereto his life was linked by stronger ties
Than mooning hours could break; long evenings sped
In orgies wild, and far beyond disguise,
Or shackle of the dull proprieties
His life from healthful ease divided more.
Talk of loose lips and play of wanton eyes
May make a Capua e'en of Thames's shore.
Song to that silver stream a bacchant strain might pour.

1.

Roofs of the jolliest of hotels
Gleam o'er the river's gleaming line,
Whose silver breast bears *Belles* and Swells
To dinner at the day's decline.
And Richmond Hill is thick with trees,
Like scattered stars the town-lights shine.
Sleek head reclining on my knees
Art sleepy? Soon the sparkling wine
Shall part those lips I scarce can see
In rosy mirth and rapturous glee.

2.

And gay-frocked girls, with bisted eyes,
And hands—"in sixes"—soft as flowers,
Deem you an earthly Paradise
Above all charm of feudal towers.
Its sheeny roof, its walls of grey,
Upon whose stones the moonlight showers,
More welcome are at close of day
Than Paphian grots or vintage bowers.
Rave not of castles on the Rhine,
The "Star and Garter's" roof be mine!

3.

LILLA! Those lilies,—plucked by me,—
Burden the bearer overmuch:
I know that they must withered be,
Dead rubbish cast aside as such!

Savours of jocund
health and man-
hood strong.

In scenes of
strenuous toil
and wholesome
cheer,

Where sturdy
striplings smote
the leathern
sphere

With valiant vi-
gour, he would
take his place,

What can you cherish long as dear?

So many offerings meet your eye.

Eh? What? The idiom sounds queer

From gentle lips;—but dinner's nigh,
And "Tamise ripe" will "lick" the Rhine
For savoury cates and sparkling wine.

4.

The River nobly shines and flows,
Its shores are sweet enchanted ground,
But all the charms its sweeps disclose

What are they in the revel's round?

The coldest breast might hotly bound

In the mad frolic reigning here;

In mirth and brimming cups are drowned

Calm Nature's voice, which sounds less clear

Where wanton eyes the stars outshine

By Thames or on the banks of Rhine.

V.

Adieu to thee, fair Thames! How long, delighted,
Sound hearts would loiter on thy watery way.
Not theirs these scenes; passion and greed united
In such wild Saturnalia seek their prey.
Insatiate vultures, feeding day by day
On self-condemning bosoms. The last cheer
Of the wild revellers on their homeward way
Hath many echoes sinister and drear,
Haunting the hollow life for many a wasted year.

VI.

The leman woes with her bright Lamia face,
That mirror, where the ancient harpies view
Their softened modern aspect in each trace
Its beauties yield of Art-born tint and hue.
It takes so much of manhood to look through,
With a firm mind, the lure where fools behold
Their fate; and striplings of the Chappie crew,
Self-deemed astute and in all life-lore old,
Are swine of CERCÉ's herd or sheep of LILLITH's fold.

OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES.

BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



Deep C. Fishing.



Catching Her-ring.



Potting Shrimps.



Hooking a Lobster.



Catching Min' nose on the
Bridge.



First Instance of the Cure of Soles.
(Vide Life of St. Anthony.)



OUR GUIDES.

Tourist (with enlarged "Bradshaw," Supplement to "Baedeker," &c.) sings:—

"NOW I'M FURNISHED!
NOW I'M FURNISHED!"

NOW I'M FURNISHED!
FOR MY FLIGHT!"

Song in "Macbeth."

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

A Moore or Less Melody.

FAREWELL, oh farewell to the Holiday Season!
(Thus murmured a Minstrel just back from the sea.)
I'm glad to return unto rhyme and to reason;
In London once more I'm delighted to be!

Ah! sweet were the days in the Upper Thames reaches,
How happy the doing of nothing at all!
And sweet, too, the flavour of ripe sunny peaches,
That dropped in our hands from the Rectory wall.

But long shall I cherish, through dreary December,
The thought of that even we drifted away:
The twilight, the silence, I long shall remember,
The flash of the oar and the perfume of hay.

And still, when "My Queen" the street-organ is playing,
Or "Patience" is blown by cacophonous bands,
I smile on the discord, I nod to the braying,
And muse with delight upon Scarborough Sands.

The young laughing maids, with their salt-sprinkled tresses,
Let artfully down on their shoulders to dry;
I see, on the Spa, in their pretty pink dresses:
MAUD, MAHEL, and DOLLY, and DATSY, and VI.

Nor did COOK and his coupons a moment forget me;
My passport was visé the length of my flight;
While MURRAY and Bradshaw did aid and abet me,
And COURTS with the circular notes was all right.

LOVE AMONG THE PARTRIDGES.

SEPTEMBER's first, the day was fair,
We sought the pleasant stubble,
The birds were rising every-
where,
The old dog gave no trouble.
And still my friend missed
every shot,
While I ne'er fired in vain.
I said, "Perchance the day's
too hot?"
He cried, "AMELIA JANE!"



Black Game.

We shot throughout the live-
long day,
We always shoot together,
And yet in a disgraceful way,
He never touched a feather.
I said, "How is it that you miff
Your birds, my boy? Explain."
He sighed and said, "I know it's rough;
But, oh, AMELIA JANE!"

Quoth I, "AMELIA JANE may be
As plump as any partridge,
But that's no reason I can see
Why you should waste each cartridge."
He shot the dog, then missed my head,
But caused the keeper pain;
Then broke his gun and wildly fled
To join AMELIA JANE!

RAMSBOTHAMIANA.—Miss LAVINIA reads the news-
papers aloud to her Aunt regularly. Last Saturday she
read out the heading of a paragraph in the *Times*, "The
Lord Mayor's Court"—when Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM gave a
tremendous start and exclaimed, "Caught, my dear! I
had no idea that he had run away! What on earth's he
been doing?"

NEW edition of "HANDLEY Cross"—might have been
seen in Rutlandshire when Mr. JAMES W. LOWTHER—
JAMES the Second—came in by a large majority. It was
plucky of Mr. DAVENPORT HANDLEY to fight at all.
Sorry he's out, as it is both useful and ornamental to
have a Davenport handily placed in the House.

Farewell—when at bedtime I sink on my pillow
I dream of my toil up the snow-covered steep,
And mules, *vetturini*, and boats on the billow,
And polyglot waiters embitter my sleep!

Ah, me! oft at night how I painfully worry
To think where on earth I have possibly been?
Of towns, half-forgotten, I saw in a hurry,
And ghosts of the "lions" I ought to have seen!

And now, when the Club becomes cheerful and crowded,
And men are returning all hearty and brown;
While the room with the vesper tobacco is clouded—
'Tis pleasant, most pleasant to get back to town!

Farewell, oh farewell, for dear London is pleasant,
No longer I feel inclination to roam:
I think, as I stir up the coals incandescent,
I'm awfully glad to be once more at home!

"SHALL SHAKESPEARE have a Burlesque?" *A propos* of this ques-
tion a Correspondent, who only signs initials, writes to us to say, that
"in ROBSON's time, Mr. FRANK TALFOURD wrote a burlesque on *The
Merchant of Venice*, and another on *Macbeth*, and, no doubt, were
this clever Author now living, he would burlesque any other of
SHAKESPEARE's plays admirably, because he had such Shakspeareance
in this sort of work." (Oh! oh!)

THE Bishop of LIVERPOOL preached in a Scotch Presbyterian
Church. He wore no gown, but only his ordinary costume. This
conduct will purely ryle some of the High Kirk folk, whose object
will, after all, be only pure-ryle.



TECHNICAL.

"ELLOW, 'ERRY! WHY, 'OW ARE YER?"

"EIGHTEEN CAR-RAT, OLE MAN! 'OW 'S YERSELF?"

SYMPATHY WITH A STATUE.

To the Right Honourable G. J. SHAW-LEFEVRE, Chief Commissioner of Public Works, the humble Petition of Gog and Magog, Giants, of Guildhall, in the City of London, Humbly Sheweth—That your Petitioners have learned to their great Alarm and Consternation that it is intended by the Board over which your Honour presides to appoint and order the Great Wellington Statue, lately lowered to the ground opposite Hyde-Park Corner, to be transmuted, transmogrified, and transposed by breaking of it up, and melting of it down, and then recasting of it into another Statue of the same Original, to be erected somewhere else than the site which the present Statue now stands upon.

That the only reason hitherto assigned for the scheme of subjecting the Wellington Statue to the treatment above specified is the allegation of its demerits as a Work of Art, being a huge, grotesque, ugly, misshapen, and monstrous Object—*monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, as your Petitioners have heard it called in a Latin quotation.

That the steps proposed to be taken with the Wellington Statue on the foregoing pretences would be more or less applicable also to almost all the other public Statues in London, particularly those of GEORGE THE FOURTH, NELSON, NAPIER, and HAVELock in Trafalgar Square, and not only them, but, likewise, to many if not most of the Sculptures in Westminster Abbey, and not a few of the same sort in St. Paul's Cathedral, inasmuch that, if carried out, those measures would finally result in the transformation and transference, or else the removal and absolute demolition of nearly all the Metropolitan Statues, perhaps including even ourselves, however superior in artistic conception and execution we may be allowed to be in comparison with the majority of the rest.

That all our principal Coopers of the plastic kind, whether Graven or Molten Images, how humble soever their rank as ornamental Objects, are not only memorials of eminent individuals, but also monuments of British Art, representing successive stages and states of it as peculiar to the different earlier or later periods of their erection. That, therefore, their historical as well as their biographical value entitles them to preservation. That the process of removing and remodelling the Wellington Statue, if accomplished, will effect the introduction of the Thin End of the Wedge, whereof the thick end would be sooner or later driven home to the probable dislodgment or destruction of your Petitioners.

That in case the City of London and its Statues and all surroundings got swallowed up by an Earthquake and the Wellington Statue, or your Petitioners,

one or both of them, were exhumed at the expiration of several thousands of years, they would be regarded as treasures of the highest archaeological value, and very possibly be transported at a vast expense, and deposited in an Antipodean museum. That accordingly both they and it should be prospectively accounted things precious to Posterity and on that account deserving the most careful maintenance, both in situation and state. Wherefore your Petitioners humbly request and beseech that the Monster Statue of the late illustrious Duke of WELLINGTON may be suffered to remain as nearly as possible both where it is and as it is. And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will, with all the heart and voice they are capable of, ever &c., &c. (Signed) GOG AND MAGOG.

CROMER CLIFFS!

HERE on my back in the sunshine lying
On the Lighthouse Cliffs amidst flowers and grass,
I dreamily stir when the swallow is flying,
And lazily listen when travellers pass:
For the sea at the foot of the crags is breaking,
And the breeze that 's stirring the ferns is pure,
So I ask where the rest of the world is taking,
In orthodox fashion, its annual cure.
Why don't they settle their "ehs?" and "ifs,"
And come and be lazy on Cromer Cliffs?

I cannot confess to an envious minute
Since first this village I came across,
For the sea-sick traveller can't be in it
With the usual gambol of pitch-and-toss!
I wouldn't exchange your Pontresinas,
Your Alpine valleys, and castled Rhine
For my morning "weed" from a box of "Finas,"
And a drink of air that has strength like wine.
The cosiest corner for holiday whiffs
Is found in a hollow of Cromer Cliffs!

I can see them rushing in tourist fashion
In desperate hurry by midnight train,
With fever, and fret, and dust, and passion,
To mountain mists and the Righi rain;
From Spa to Spa they will pass and follow
The crowds that hunt in Royalty's wake,
But it grieves not me as I watch the swallow,
And watch the wheat that the breezes shake.
If you'd all be free from tourists' tiffs,
You would sleep off care on the Cromer Cliffs.

They will tear with a guide through an ancient city,
And faithfully "do" a cathedral town;
They will climb their peaks, and—more's the pity—
Directly they're up they must needs come down;
They will bargain hard for a dirty dwelling,
On the coast of France in a fisherman's cot,
For the proud return to their homes, and telling
They've managed to see what their friends have not.
If they only could hear the "poohs and "piffs"
Of the elderly cynic on Cromer Cliffs!

I can only hear, if I pause to listen,
The sweep of scythe through the falling corn,
I can only see how the sun can gladden
Its dewdrop tears in the fields at morn;
I can only know that I lie in clover
On the top of the down and in sight of the sea;
I can only wish each obstinate rover
Were half as happy as I can be.
So put in your pocket your "ahs!" and "ifs,"
And come and get brown on Cromer Cliffs!

NEWS FROM JIM THE PENMAENMAWR MAN.—A report got about that very nearly brought Mr. IRVING back to London, and might have made him forego his American tour. It was that Mr. GLADSTONE, during the recess, was going to play *The Bells*. It turned out that the PREMIER had promised to give a peal of bells to the church of Penmaenmawr in Wales. He is not going to play them himself, and Our Only Tragedian being satisfied, "on we goes again." Out of gratitude, the Penmaenmawr people will give Mr. GLADSTONE honorary rank in their Volunteer Corps as Triple-Bob-Major, but having got so far as being called "Bob," why not style him at once Sir Robert Peal (of Bells),—*non obstante Sir Roberto Barto*?



FARMER-GENERAL JOHN BULL REVIEWING HIS LAND FORCES IN THE TIME OF PEAS.

"The Wheat crop is again very far below the average; but on the whole we have good crops of barley, oats, beans, and peas."—*Agricultural Gazette*.

Right!

"BRIGHT water for me!" shout the teetotal spouters,
Of temperance scornors, of liberty flouters.
Let's hope that the cold-water *douche* of JOHN BRIGHT
They will hail with an equally honest delight;
And join *Mr. Punch* in his hearty applause
Of one temperate speech on the Temperance Cause.

A PORTSMOUTH LEANDER AND HERO.

MR. GEORGE WHITE, ex-Captain and senior Champion of the Portsmouth Swimming Club, may be congratulated on his successful attempt to swim the Solent from Southsea Pier to Ryde. This exploit, as Old Father Neptune told the Tritons, was admirable, but insolent all the same.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM writes to us:—"I am towering in Wales. The other night we went up Snowdon by moonlight, and were charged two shillings for a glass of water, while my Nephew had to pay the same for the loan of an extra coat to keep off the cold. He says that this is the sort of thing one must expect from Welshers, though I don't see why we should, having experienced nothing but honesty and moderation up to now. But I must say, at the rate we paid for it—though of course Snowdon is high, and the charges may rise in proportion—I do think the view from the top is strikingly expensive, and the scenery quite superfluous."

WATER RATES.—Extra charge for high service. Ritualists ought to be charged more than other people, because they prefer the very highest of High Services. Alas, for taxes, &c., &c.! As the Immortal Bard says, or very nearly—"There be land rates and water rates," and we detest them all equally.

"A DAY IN THE COUNTRY."

("Constitutional" Experience. Old Gentleman gushes.)

I SAUNTER homewards on a Summer's eve,
After a ramble on the Surrey shore
'Mid pleasant places, which the Railways leave
Between them, not enclosed, nor all built
o'er.



"The Straight Tip."

Eh? Screams and shouts advancing in the rear!
And what? Large packs of children in full cry,
Each lot close-crowded in a Van, appear
Successive vehicles, cram-full, pass by!

Youth have enjoyed the sunshine and the green.
(The sun had chanced to smile upon that day.)

Strange that those sources of delight serene
Can have promoted their prolonged hooray!

Their little hands outfluttering kerchiefs wave;
Their tiny throats keep up a ceaseless cheer,
Stronger than tea though nought their lips to lave
They've had, at banquets innocent of Beer.

From School, Endowed or Union, riding out,
Their pleasure could no explanation lack.
But what can cause those little ones to shout,
In transports wild, now when they're going back?

They're clearly by spontaneous impulse driven,
And bawl, their joy and gratitude to show.
No guides' or guardians' word of order given,
They greet the Outside Public as they go.

Bless ye, my Children! That's no hollow noise;
Your holloaing means a happy holiday.
Fork out, such treat to stand poor girls and boys,
And, Sir, you'll find your mite not thrown away.

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Larne—Ashore—Notes—Nauticulture—Characteristic—The Druidical Remains—Discussion—Disputation—Druids' Altar—Altarication—Private Information—Disquisition—a Nod—Consideration—Curious Trade—Return—Re-embarkation.

It is difficult to realise that we are in Ireland. The few natives we meet speak with a decidedly Scotch accent. They are politeness itself, and, judging from my very slight acquaintance (of twenty minutes' duration) with a resident farmer, I should say that each of the inhabitants, if they resemble this gentleman, would leave even our host himself very little chance of winning the prize for courtesy and hospitality. The superior residents on the coast here seem, as far as I can gather in the above-mentioned space of twenty minutes, to be partly engaged in farming, and partly interested in some sort of shipping trade. For example, this farmer, a considerable landed proprietor here, is walking about his fields, watching his men at work, and, at the same time, keeping a bright look out for one of his trading vessels which ought to have arrived by now. He tells us of other farmers in the district equally interested with himself in the shipping trade. From this I expect to see other farmers posted about on the hills with telescopes,—a reaping-hook in one hand, and a binocular in the other. Their business is divided between sheep and ships, tilling and tillers; in fact, they seem to me to be Nautical Agriculturists, or, to coin a mixed term, "Nauticulturists."

Happy Thought.—It was these people who invented the expression "ploughing the seas."

Occasionally, when a labourer comes up and addresses his master, always most respectfully, I remark a slight admixture of Irish brogue, as evident yet as subtle as the flavour of shalotte in a craftily-prepared salad. The man touches his forehead where the brim of his hat ought to be, and wants to know something about what's to be done to the walls of an outbuilding.

"They're just to be whitewashed," says our friend the farmer.

"That's what I told 'um, Sir," returns the man, emphatically; "but they're waiting to know what colour ye'll have it whitewashed."

No one enjoys this more than the master himself.

After a good deal of dawdling, we arrive at the Druidical pile. This sounds like the name of a new sort of carpet. I say this to CRAYLEY. He appears hurt, resenting the observation as a slight

on himself and the Druids. Of course, KILLICK laughs. If KILLICK had been annoyed, CRAYLEY would have laughed. Our host preserves a placid expression of puzzled neutrality. The "pile" in question consists of one huge block of stone, supported by four huge blocks. That is all.

Our host says, "There it is!" as if he had expected it to have gone away before we came. CRAYLEY puts up his eye-glass, and, with his head very much on one side, regards it with admiration and awe.

"This," he says, speaking more to himself than to us, as if he were two members of an Archaeological Society, and one was giving the other a confidential lecture on the subject—"This," he says, in a tone of melancholy reminiscence, "was an altar, on which the Druids used to offer up human sacrifices." He is very sad over it, as though he had been present under compulsion years ago at one of their festivities, and had regretted it ever since.

We all regard the Druidical pile with pathetic interest. I feel that if we only remain here long enough, we shall yield to a Druidical impulse, join hands, and gravely perform some solemn impromptu dance round the Druids' altar, which, by the way, is situated only a few yards from the drawing-room window of our friend the Nautical Farmer's house, a building quite in keeping with the mixed character of the owner's business; as, but for the undeniable farmhouse surroundings, it might be easily mistaken for a Coast-Guard station, specially as there is an old painted figure-head of a ship fixed up, as though keeping guard near a side-door.

KILLICK breaks the silence. He simply says "Bosh!"

"What is 'bosh'?" retorts CRAYLEY, inquisitorially. He is looking away from KILLICK, and apparently addressing some being in the air who is not quite so invisible as to escape the penetrating power of his eyeglass.

"Why, this," says KILLICK, nodding his head towards the Druids' Stone. "It's no more a Druids' altar than I am."

"It has been here for thousands of years," replies CRAYLEY, more in anger than in sorrow, though there is just a tinge of the same sad, regretful tone which had characterised the first part of his archaeological lecture; "and how the stones could ever have been placed in that position, except by some superhuman force, is a puzzle to everyone."

"Bah!" ejaculates KILLICK, sniffing disdainfully. "I dare say the farmer and his men placed them there themselves."

"Oh! I can hardly think that," says our host, in his most conciliatory manner. "You see they are exactly opposite his front-door."

"No accounting for taste," returns KILLICK. "Why, he's got the old figure-head of a ship there! Look!"

"There is a family history attached to that; I heard it from the proprietor himself," observes our host, quietly, as if KILLICK was now venturing on delicate ground, and he, MELLEVILLE, was the Nautical Farmer's family solicitor, entrusted with all his secrets. Our host informs us that there is more than meets the eye in this old figure-head. It reminds me of a timber-yard near either Vauxhall or the Suspension Bridge, I forget which, where there used to be, and perhaps where there still is, a collection of these curious old figure-heads, secondhand, I believe, and I can't help wondering if the Nautical Farmer had fallen in love with one of them, and brought it away with him to Larne, as a memento of his first visit to London.

Happy Thought (for a ballad).—The Farmer and the Figure-head. KILLICK only sniffs, and I ask, being tired of shore, if it wouldn't be as well to return to the yacht? When I come out to yacht for a few days, I count every moment on shore (except when in search of provender) as so much time wasted.

I can always be on shore, but I can't always be at sea. MELLEVILLE can be where he likes, so can CRAYLEY. KILLICK is engaged in some mysterious business, the exact nature of which no one, not even his most intimate friends, has been able to ascertain; but our host informs me, apart, that it is something that keeps him constantly going about in underground railways, and coming up suddenly, like a demon sprite in a Fantomime, out of various subways at different points of the London suburbs. Somehow, the Boss surmises, as KILLICK is specially busy just before Christmas time, that it is some trade connected with the manufacture of cracker-bonbons, and he is not quite sure that it isn't the printing of the mottoes to the crackers, and perhaps writing them, too. "It must, you know," concludes MELLEVILLE, who was a Wrangler of his year at Cambridge, and a great hand at abstruse calculations—"It must be a very lucrative business, as, if you consider the population of London, and the demand for crackers and bonbons, each of which must have a motto, you can soon arrive at what his labour must be, what an industry it is, and what a fortune it ought to bring in."

"Then," I conclude, "KILLICK is very rich."

"Well—not exactly very rich," replies our host, considering the problem, and pausing as he solves a few equations (x representing KILLICK's income)—"No," he goes on decisively, having evidently settled the question to his own satisfaction—"No; you see there's such a competition in crackers and motto-bonbons. Still, he's very

well off. A very nice fellow,—with his peculiarities," he adds kindly, to which I respond with a deliberate nod. Asking myself afterwards what this deliberate nod meant,—for I was conscious of meaning a great deal by it, if I could only put it into words, as *Puff* did *Lord Burleigh's*,—I come to the conclusion that my nod was intended to express a compassionate feeling on my part for the unfortunate KILLICK's "peculiarities," which I take to be "failings." My nod implies a compliment also to MELLEVILLE as being free from KILLICK's peculiarities; in fact it is complimenting him on *not* being KILLICK, while at the same time it recognises our own moral and intellectual position, MELLEVILLE's and mine, as superior to anything to which anybody with KILLICK's failings can attain . . . and so, on the whole, my nod of assent to MELLEVILLE's remarks must be the result either of idiotic self-complacency, or of the consciousness of moral superiority. Which? The latter for choice. "But," adds MELLEVILLE, after a short pause, as if he had been revising his opinions for publication, "he has a very nice voice, and understands music thoroughly." From either a self-complacent or morally superior point of view, I have no difficulty in admitting so much in KILLICK's favour, and again I assent with a deliberate nod. MELLEVILLE pauses a minute, and then, looking round to see if "the subject of this present memoir" is anywhere near,—but he isn't; he is descending the hill and having a contradiction match with CRAYLEY,—MELLEVILLE adds, "He writes the words of songs himself occasionally, and publishes them."

"Good words?" I ask, accidentally giving the name of a magazine. (Fancy a song of "bad words" only!)

"Well—pretty well," replies our host, assuming an air of fairly indulgent criticism. "You know it doesn't much matter what the words are to songs, as one seldom hears them; but it so happened that I read two or three, and I couldn't help being struck by their strong resemblance to the style of the mottoes in the Christmas crackers. And that's why—"

But here KILLICK and CRAYLEY join us. They are serious and silent. KILLICK is whistling to himself, evidently for his own private delectation, and CRAYLEY is humming. There has been evidently a difference of opinion. The drop-curtain, to put it dramatically, has descended on some sort of a situation, and this humming and whistling is the music in the *entr'acte*. We all proceed, over very slippery sea-weed, to re-embark in the gig.

A SWEEPING MEASURE.—Three yards of "Train."

SPORT IN SPORT.

(Game played by Dumb-Crombo Junior.)



Hairs and Part-ridges were scarce.



Fell Cock.



Cartridges.



Stubble and Turn-up.



Marking Down.



A Breech Loader.

BY PARCELS POST;

OR, THE VERY LATEST THING IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARCELS POST.—WHY BUY ANY MORE HONEY, when you can make it at home by having recourse to *Parcels Post*? A hive full of live Scandinavian tiger-bees in active working condition, together with straining-pot, face-protector, swarming-gloves, gong, and full directions for the control and management of these wonderfully useful and domestic, but fine-grown little creatures, forwarded by *Parcels Post*, carriage free on receipt of order. See Prospectus. No expense for keep. Can be let loose in a London Square, and recalled after a few days' practice, with perfect facility. The Farm, Stingly, Herts.

PARCELS POST.—JORUM'S EXPANDING COFFINS.—One of these beautifully constructed and useful fancy articles can now be had by return, on receipt of remittance. Pack into the prescribed length, and weigh only 5lb. 9oz. A marvel of ingenuity.

Opinion of the Press.—"Light, tasty, novel, and almost pleasing." Makes an excellent Birthday present for an Invalid. Can also be used as a dog-kennel, violoncello-case, or window flower-box. Order early. The Works, Harsem, Gravel-on-Stoke.

MILK BY PARCELS POST.—The Universal Enterprise and Dispatch Company.

MILK BY PARCELS POST.—A special boon to the delicate. A glass of fresh milk from the cow can now be forwarded from Land's End to any part of the United Kingdom. N.B.—As the Company, though they forward the milk with great care, are continually receiving complaints as to the arrival of the glasses empty, they beg to refer their patrons to the printed directions affixed to each consignment, distinctly indicating which side *ought* to be kept upwards in transit. They cannot, therefore, hold themselves responsible for the carelessness of the Post-Office Authorities, against whom any action for spilling must necessarily lie.

PARCELS POST.—A RED-HOT POKER can now be sent with the greatest ease by *Parcels Post* on procuring one of YARRINS AND SONS' Patent Perforated Galvanised Wire and Cast-Iron Carriage-Cases.

NOTICE.—Owing to the obstinate refusal of the Postal Authorities to receive full-sized African Hyænas, carefully packed in cardboard boxes, for carriage by post, these creatures will continue to be dispatched from the *Menagerie*, Commercial Road, E., to any part of the United Kingdom, accompanied by a Keeper as hitherto, on receipt of order and fee for travelling expenses. N.B.—Cobras now by the new system. The attention of intending Customers is particularly directed to the fact that as escapes are practically rare, an immense saving is effected.

PARCELS POST.—THE HERE-WE-ARE ALL HOT AND STEAMING DINNER COMPANY, LIMITED. Why have a kitchen fire? Why not send away your Cook, and apply for the Company's Prospectus? Chops, steaks, soups, fish, *entrées*, &c., delivered smoking. Joints packed in their own ovens. Boiling kettles delivered free. A "PURCHASER" writes:—"The dinner arrived at my premises in perfect condition. The plates positively scalded the Postal Carrier as he tried to handle them, and he dropped the devilled turkey in the front garden. Your arrangements are admirable."

PARCELS POST.—NO MORE SEASIDE.—Why not have a GENUINE SEA-BATH at home? By the use of Messrs. SALT AND SELLUM's patent seven-pound Postal Bottles, each containing nearly two pints and a half of sea-water, a delicious plunge may be had at any inland town in the three Kingdoms. Send a cheque for £35 14s., and 370 Bottles will be dispatched by return. N.B.—We do not pay carriage. "A RUTLANDSHIRE RECTOR" writes:—"It quite cured my ankles." For further testimonials apply to Messrs. S. AND S. Hookham-on-Sea.

PARCELS POST.—TO GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES AND OTHERS engaged in any branch of this dangerous and hazardous Department.—In consequence of the large demand, the following Protective Articles are now offered at considerably reduced prices:—Live Crab and Lobster Gloves; Ferret Pincers; Dynamite Leg and Chest Protectors; Porson's Snake-Bite Plasters; Complete Sets of False Teeth; Stylish Noses; Effective Eyes; &c. N.B.—These last will be found specially useful after dealing with carelessly-packed fireworks, loose acids, unmuzzled stag-beetles, and the smaller undomesticated *Carnivora*.

The Wail of the Workman.

"TWINT harsh Water Companies, tyrannous, dear,
And Publicans knavish, we get little quarter:
For these will supply us with too much bad beer,
And those with too little good water."



IMPOSTURE UNMASKED BY VILLAINY.

JONES AND ROBINSON, RIVALS FOR THE LOVE OF SOPHIA GOODRICH, ARE CAST INTO THE SHADE BY THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR HANDSOME OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW, BROWN, WITH HIS MAGNIFICENT BLACK BEARD. THEY MAKE COMMON CAUSE AGAINST HIM, AND—

WAYLAYING HIM BY THE LONELY ROCKS, THEY GIVE HIM CHLOROPFORM, SHAVE OFF HIS BEARD AND MOUSTACHE, AND BEFORE HE HAS QUITE RECOVERED, THEY EXPOSE HIM SIDEWAYS TO THE GAZE OF THE FAIR SOPHIA. ALAS, HE HAS A LONG UPPER LIP AND NO CHIN!

MOSSOO'S LITTLE GAME.

AHA! *Vive le Sport!* What a *Chasseur* am I,
With my gun *cric-crac!* and my horn *tira-lira!*

On dira

Henceforth that *la Chasse* I have only to try,
To what you call *wipe tout le monde* in the eye.

Regard me, I pray!

I am *vraiment au fait*,

No more *Chasseur pour rire*, as my enemies say.

I can shoot my own gun, I can blow my own horn—
Ah! so well!—I look down on my critics with scorn.

Can the caricaturists of Albion now

Mock themselves of my style? Will the blatant bow-wow
Of the *soi-disant* Nimrod, JOHN BULL, be uplifted?

A *Chasseur* so gifted

The Sport-loving Islanders envy, *sans doute*.

Every species of game I can stalk, I can shoot,
All is quarry that comes to my gun, and my dog

Will point at all game from an owl to a hog.

He has catholic taste truly Gallic, *mon chien*,
And what will he shy or turn tail on? Ah! *rien!*

A poodle so valiant provoketh, perchance.

The ire of the sinister foes of *la France*,

With his boisterous, yelp his ubiquitous nose.

Ah, bah! we make sport for ourselves, not our foes.

Such a bag! It is true—and could France admit shame,

It should be on this score—that I missed some big game

Rather lately through—shall one say laziness? Fate

Then betrayed me. I sounded a little too late

L'Ouverture de la Chasse.

Of an awkward *impasse*

Brutal BULL took advantage unsportsmanlike, mean,

Relieving his chronic incurable spleen

By mirth elephantine. Ignoble his gibe is.

'Tis true that a crocodile, donkey, and ibis—

Mixed shooting!—had added a charm to my "bag."

N'importe! BULL shall find that no longer I lag.

Pop! pop! Here and there! I'm *en évidence* now.

Rantara! Tantara! Who complains of the row?

Who declares I disturb everybody all round?

Bah! my gun it shall *cric* and my horn it shall sound

What the Shopkeeper BULL calls "all over the shop."

See my "bag"! It is game

That shall flood me with fame,

And—hist! I will stalk yonder Guinea Pig! Stop?

Eh? *Danger!* *Ma foi*, they who'd stay my advance

Know not the bold soul of the *Chasseur* of France!

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

THE publication by certain journals, and quite recently by the *Daily Telegraph*, of full lists of "distinguished visitors" at the watering-places at home or abroad is a benefit for which the hard-working man who has been through the London Season, and who is still undecided as to where he shall take his holiday, cannot be too thankful. Fancy meeting all those people over again when he wants to obtain a thorough change and something like rest! And as the area of such and such sea watering-place or sulphur watering-place, or whatever other medicinal kind of watering-place it may be, cannot be very extensive, the infliction is worse than London, as you are bound to meet your dear friends and charming acquaintances on the eternal parade, or at the monotonous baths or drinking-fountains, or pier or gardens, or assembly-rooms or *établissement*. The list at once tells him what place to avoid.

The regular stereotyped resorts of the Illustrious and the Fashionable are real blessings to those who want to Bohemianise a bit, and to get away, for awhile at least, from the humbug of our venerated town life.

But fancy the really blessed state of that individual who, having read the entire list through, from Princes and Princesses to Dukes and Duchesses, and then to Lords NOODLE, DOODLE, and GRIZZLE, and so down to the Mr. and Mrs. DUMMIE, and the HANGERON Family, can decide upon selecting this fashionable watering-place as the place where he can spend a happy holiday because he knows none of the people named in the list, and, above all, doesn't want to! "How blessed is he, and only he!"—Let the Grand Old Poet turn this into verse for the next *Nineteenth Century*.

WHAT one of the Forgers said, when he acknowledged his fault to Mr. SHAPIRA:—"Ma tear, itth a reg'lar Doo-too-wrong-o'-me!"



MOSSOO'S "LITTLE GAME."

"AHA! I'AVE ZE COCHIN CHINA, AND ZE MADAGASCAR. I WILL POT NOW ZE LEETLE-A NEW-GUINEA-PIG!!"
[Prepares to take aim.]



His Lordship (after missing his tenth Rabbit). "I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BAGSTER. YOUR RABBITS ARE ALL TWO INCHES TOO SHORT, HEREABOUTS!"

HOW IT WAS DONE.

"The compiler of the Hebrew text was a Polish, Russian, or German Jew. . . . There were no less than four or five persons engaged in the production of the forgery."—Dr. GINSBURG's Report on Mr. SHAPIRA's Manuscript of Deuteronomy.

SAYS AARON to MOSES, "Mankind is very dull;
A learned man may be a dupe, a scholar's oft a gull.

I think we might the savants sell,
Lead pundits by the noses.
I guess the game would pay us well."
"No doubt it would," says MOSES.

SAYS AARON to MOSES, "A Manuscript of, say
B.C. 800, is a thing that really ought to pay.
That Moabitish stone has filled
The world with wild 'supposes.'
How with our 'find' it would be thrilled!"
"Ah! wouldn't it!" says MOSES.

SAYS AARON to MOSES, "The text of Deuteronomy,
Written on ancient leathern scrolls—skill matching with economy—
SHAPIRA—some invention quick,
(Romance on zeal imposes)—
I really think 't would do the trick."
"Yes! Done with you!" says MOSES.

SAYS AARON to MOSES, "That GINSBURG is a bore,
And CLERMONT-GANNEAU's far too fast with his linguistic lore.
That million will not come this way.
Learning our dodge discloses.
Archaic forgeries don't pay."
"No; hang it all!" says MOSES.

UN'APPY 'AMPSTEAD!

At last the state of Hampstead Heath has been brought home, so to speak, to the Authorities. *Mr. Punch* for two years has spoken on behalf of the Public generally, and those equestrians particularly who, weary of the social hollowness of Rotten Row, Our Only Ride, walk their horses northwards, in anticipation of a pleasant canter over the heath, which means the enjoyment of pure air and healthy exercise, and, when you pause for breath, a lovely panoramic prospect.

Well, there's the pure air—not even the Board of Works can fine anyone for taking more than his share of that,—and there's the lovely panoramic prospect which ambitious builders have not yet been able to shut out,—they'll do it gradually as much as they possibly can, and we shall have to take a bird's-eye smoky view of so much of the distance as is not cut off by the outlines of the houses, over roofs, and rows of chimney-pots,—but where is "The Ride?" Where? In two divisions,—not easy to find,—one being pretty good, though the expression "no great shakes" would not strictly apply to it,—and the other part an up-and-down-hill or rocky-mountain sort of place—*sollicitur ambulando*—and such land O! *sollicitur ridendo*, i.e., ride-from-one-end-o-to-the-other-end-o, and Heaven grant you a safe arrival, for it is most dangerous to man and beast, and so it has been allowed to remain by that department of the Government which is styled the "Board of Works"—(what Works?)—during the entire season. It was nearly as bad last year when *Mr. Punch* first drew attention to it. Is the Board of Works as deaf as a deal board, or is it trying to imitate the masterly inaction which characterises the arrangements made for the convenience of the Public and of the immediate neighbourhood by the Guardians of Mud-Salad Market?

However, last week we read in the *Daily Telegraph*, which gave it the prominence it deserved, the following case:—

"RIDING ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—*MR. DAVID SPENCER*, a gentleman living in Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood, appeared at Hampstead Police-Court yesterday, to answer a summons taken out by the Metropolitan Board of Works, charging him with unlawfully riding a horse on the turf on Hampstead Heath, on a part other than those places set apart for that purpose by the Metropolitan Board of Works. *MR. J. COLLMAN*, from the Solicitors' Department of the Board, prosecuted. *JOSEPH WINTER* deposed that on June 28 he was in the employ of the Metropolitan Board of Works as an assistant-constable on Hampstead Heath. About 7-40 p.m. that day he saw Defendant riding a horse on the turf close by the Ride. Witness went to him, and told him he was breaking the bye-laws, to which Defendant replied, 'Why don't you make the Ride better?' He then went on the turf again for about a hundred yards. Witness once more went to him, and Defendant said, 'You should make the Ride better, and I should not go on to the turf.' Witness had to get the assistance of a police-constable before Defendant would give his name and address. Sometimes Defendant was on the turf five yards from the Ride, and sometimes three. Defendant denied that he was on the turf at all."

Defendant denied that he was "on the turf" at all. Quite right: he wasn't prosecuted as a betting man, and the Great Leviathan himself would find it next to impossible to be on the turf were he to take his stand on Hampstead Heath. *MR. SPENCER* goes on, and tells the Magistrate that—

"He was on a beaten track or path, quite bare, that ran by the side of the Ride, and was riding there because on the Ride itself there was a number of very big flint stones, which would cut a horse's legs to pieces. He had come from the Upper Ride, which was in a very good state, on to this portion, where there were not only flint stones as big as a man's fist, but a lot of loose sand, into which the horse sank up to the fetlock joints. *MR. FLETCHER* remarked that the Ride was in a shocking state, and asked if nothing was going to be done to it. *MR. HUGHES*, the Chief Heath Constable, said £1,400 had been expended on it, but he admitted the accuracy of Defendant's description of the state of the Ride, of which he had received frequent complaints. *GILES*, 391 S, corroborated the evidence against Defendant, and also the Defendant's statement as to the Ride. *MR. FLETCHER* said the Bench would dismiss the summons, as the Board did not keep the Ride in a proper state. *MR. COLLMAN* urged that a clear infringement of the bye-laws had been proved. *MR. FLETCHER* then ordered Defendant to pay 2s. costs, remarking that the Bench thought his case a hard one."

If £1,400 spent on it has only succeeded in making it so dangerous, what would another £1,400 have done for it, if laid out in the same manner? Evidently, it would have been an utterly impossible place; but so far, safe, as nobody would even have tried to ride there. It is the Board that ought to be had up before *MR. FLETCHER*, and not the ill-treated equestrian, whom *MR. FLETCHER* very properly, justly, and sensibly dismissed with a nominal fine of two shillings, as he thought the case a hard one, and the Ride still harder. *MR. Punch* will have a few more suggestions for the Board of Works, which he shall be most happy to re-christen the "Board of Good Works," on the very first opportunity. By the way, had the Board of Works anything to do with the Regent's Park Ride—such as it was—which was done away with this last Season?

THE CONVERTED MILLER.

AIR—"The Miller of the Dee"—
(not the big, big Dee).

THERE was a jolly Miller once
Not far from Salisburee,
He drank a sort of fine old port,
Which had a fine bodee.
He went to bed without "a head,"
And sang most gratefulee,
"I care for some body, this
port wine
With some body does for
me!"

One morn he learned the wine
had turned,
Says he, "Then I'll turn, too.
I feel I ain't yet quite a saint,
So I'll take the ribbon blue."
The wine into a stream he
threw,
And sang inquiringlee,
"I care for some body, who
will buy
Some some-body'd port for
me?"

FREEDOM at Drury Lane. No more Freedom. Programmes will be given away free; use of cloak rooms and retiring rooms, all, all Free! Drury Lane will be like the sea in the old song, "The ever Free." It is right that the "National Theatre" should be the "Home of the Free." The public will no more be Harried by the bonnet-and-cloak, and six-penny programme nuisance. Right to follow Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD's Gaiety lead. Brayvo, Mr. HARRIS's Augustan Era of Management! No Fees till Christmas time, and then there'll be lots of 'em, *Pécs*, on the stage.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 152.



MR. SHARP-EYE-RA.

SHOWING, IN VERY FANCIFUL PORTRAITURE, HOW DETECTIVE GINSBURG
ACTUALLY DID MR. SHARP-EYE-RA OUT OF HIS SKIN.

"THE ROYAL RED CROSS."

"The decoration of the Royal Red Cross, conferred by the QUEEN on Miss J. KING, one of the nurses at Fort Pitt Hospital, Chatham, was presented yesterday by Major-General the Hon. H. MONCK, commanding the district, in the presence of the principal officers of the garrison."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Don't talk of your ribbons,
your stars, and your
garters,

Your Thistle the gay Scot-
tish noblemen sport,
The Orders named after illus-
trious martyrs,

The gifts of a King and the
pride of a Court:

Here comes a new Order to
decorate Ladies,

Her Majesty's cipher in gold
they emboss,

And every old star worn by
men in the shade is,
Henceforth, when it comes
near the Royal Red Cross.

The Cross is for those who go
forth where the battle

Has raged, to attend on our
soldiers who fall;

Afar off they hear all the can-
nonade's rattle,

And thrill at the sound of
the high trumpet-call.

'Tis given to the nurses whose
skill and devotion

Save soldiers, whose death
were a national loss,

And 'mid all our Orders, Sir
PUNCH has a notion,

By no means the least is the
Royal Red Cross.

THE JORDAN VALLEY
CANAL.—Its promoters may go
to Jericho.

FOR THE FIRST.

(By a Happy Shootist.)



Hares and Rare-bits.

SAY not the world's all trouble!
Say not that life's a bubble!

No pessimist
Is found, I wist,
In the September stubble.
Had SCHOPENHAUER shouldered Purdey,
And chased the plump brown bird, he
Had had small mind
For his dull grind

On Fate's shrill hurdy-gurdy!
And as for LEOPARDI
That melancholy bard, he

Might here have found
A mind more sound,
More hopeful, and more hardy.
CLOUGH, HARTMANN, MALLOCK! Fiddle!
Their doldrums are all diddle.

With dog and gun
You'll find life fun,
The croakers cut, and gleefully shun
The Sphinx and her stale riddle.

UNHAPPY THOUGHT.—Substitute for the *Enfield Speaker* and *Elegant Extracts* of other days: Selections of passages generally the most commended by Critics from the works of TENNYSON, BROWNING, and SWINBURNE, constituting a Book of Poetry for the Use of Schools. The contents to be learned by heart.

A DOG AND HIS DAYS.

WUFF! London from the pavement level is a singular place, and who knows it from that level so well as a dog? I know every inch of it.

Very dirty inches, some of them. Wish sometimes my nose were as elevated as, say, the MACALLUM MORE's or a City Alderman's. I should walk on my hind legs sometimes—I *can*, having once been a performing dog—*eugh!*—but that would attract attention, and a peripatetic philosopher like me wants to see and not be seen. I see more than the astutest detective. For who bothers about a dog?

Mud! I'm a connoisseur in mud, worse luck! Exchanged notes on the subject with a pig once. He was not in it, never having been in London. Told him of fifty different kinds of London mud with fifty distinct *bouquets*. He grunted as enviously as a poor toper at the description of the glories of a rich *bon vivant's* wine-cellar. I painted Seven Dials on a sloppy night! He looked like a Pig Peri peeping into an unattainable Porker's Paradise. I outlined Billingsgate!! He rolled on his back in utter ecstasy. I described Mud Salad Market!!!

Then envy dimmed his eager eye,
Relaxed his caudal knot;
And with one long-drawn ventral sigh,
He turned and fled the spot.

Excuse a dog's doggerel. Prose was not equal to the occasion. Are men like-minded with pigs? A wet day in London puts a decent hog-pen to the blush. Wish I could do arrangements in dandy-grey russet and dust-colour, and that sort of thing. I'd picture the pavement from a dog's point of view. It might astonish you. *Ex pede Herculem*, eh? Apply that rule to a pretty girl on a dirty day in the Strand, and the pretty girl would hardly feel complimented. Let the pretty girl go, on foot, to cheapen roses or



SYMPATHY.

Passenger (in a whisper, behind his paper, to Wilkins, who had been "catching it" from the Elder Lady). "MOTHER-'N-LAW!"
Wilkins (in still fainter whisper). "Ye." *Passenger. "'GOT JUST SUCH 'NOTHER!"* [They console together at the next Buffet.

peaches in London's chief market—save the mark!—P. G. might as well take a stroll in a swampy brickfield or an ill-kept straw-yard. Trimness and rose-scents above, muck and malodorousness below. That's Civilisation—in London.

Civilisation from a canine point of view! Don't sniff. Cynical? Not at all. Dogs are not cynical, though puppies—human ones—are. But Civilisation has queer aspects when looked at closely. People with their heads in the air overlook all sorts of absurdities and abuses and anomalies, or accept them tacitly as inevitable matters of course. Look at the state of certain of the main City thoroughfares at the present time. Or of some of the suburban roads. "Up," miles of them, week after week, to the dismal discomfort of everybody—from drivers to dogs. All day in the City roads are blocked, while leisurely Contractors loiter over jobs that should be done in carefully-arranged detail with the greatest possible despatch.

If some sooty foreign Effulgency were to be welcomed, the electric light and night-shifts would promptly be called into play. But when it's only the convenience, comfort, and cash of tens of thousands of citizens that are concerned, *Bumble* dawdles and bungles on, ignoring management, and cutting Science dead. And the citizens grumble and submit. Set up a fuming Witch's Cauldron in Cheapside that wafts foul-smelling asphyxia from end to end, fill the Strand with dust clouds, as from a million door-mats violently banged at once, block Fleet Street with stone-piles, mud-heaps, and scaffold-poles, keep the dirty chaos up for six weeks at a stretch, and what does Civilisation say? At any rate, she does nothing.

Take a Hansom to your Suburban home, say at Brixton. Cabby has to make detour after detour till he loses his way—and his temper—entirely. A barrier of boards, a Gehenna of flaring gas-flames, and a howling warder stop the way again and again and again. I've followed—out of curiosity—a cursing Cabby and a frantic passenger passing in this way through miles of strange streets, and left them furiously fighting over the fare at the end of the journey. And why? Because *Bumble* is a bumptious blunderer, and Britons—notwithstanding loudly-shouted lyrical denials—are slaves. Slaves to despotic officialism, and blind Use and Wont.

Civilisation indeed! Give one of your philosophers, or journalists,

or Inspectors of Nuisances a dog's day of time and a dog's power of observation, and he'll knock holes in Civilisation in a way that will surprise you. That is, if he be not smitten with the judicial—and judicious—blunders of, say, a District Surveyor, after a bottle of champagne and a peculiarly careful hand-shake from an interested party.

Wuff! Civilisation wants looking into with a keener eye than that of your ordinary District Surveyor. A decent dog's, for example.

A Turn for a Turner.

MY Uncle, who in the Milisher is,
 Haunts the South Kensington Fisheries,
 He says that the "Guides"
 GODFREY TURNER provides
 Are the best; and so he his well-wisher is.

QUITE THE REVERSE.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is a success at the Lyceum, but the piece in which she appears, *Ingomar*, is a failure. The young lady, as, presumably, a Scotch lassie, might take the advice of one of her own nationality, who says, "She ma' go in for something else!"

"If!"

BUMBLE's experiments in wooden paving
 Make London one wild chaos. What a saving
 In cash, in time, man's fears, and cattle's dreads,
 Could London be well paved with wooden heads!
 For then—the thought's Utopian, more's the pity!—
 Some civic blunderers might serve the City.

"HENRI CONSCIENCE."—If there was one man more than another who deserved this name, it was the lately deceased Comte de CHAMBORD, HENRI CINQ.

CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

THE morn is up again, the pleasant morn,
Whose breath brings health's fresh flush to cheeks that bloom.



But gay Aurora must regard with scorn
The sluggard Childe, whose chamber seems a tomb.
But 'tis broad day; Childe CHAPPIE must resume
The flutter of existence. Where to fly
For fresh sensation, or surcease of gloom,
Is food for meditation. Shall he try
A pigeon-match at Fulham, vested fittingly?

II.

Fulham, green Fulham! death-place of the dove,
Thine air, with taint of wanton slaughter fraught,

Is sweet to Ladies; these patricians love!
Oft in thy sunbeams gentle eyes have caught
The iridescent hues so subtly wrought
Upon the blood-flecked breasts of the "blue rocks"
Fluttering to death. *Ennui* hath often sought
In thee a refuge from the imp that mocks,
Dulness, the leaden scourge of Fashion's foolish flocks.

III.

Hurlingham! by fair feet thy paths are trod.
Feverish Greed there mounts a modish throne;
Remorseless Greed, Society's sordid god,
Is thy pervading bane and blight; so shown
Not in thy ranges only, nor alone
In club-room or on race-course; o'er the flower
Of youth and sparkling maidenhood scarce blown
Its parching breath hath pestilential power,
Palsying the generous pulse, Youth's fairest, noblest dower.

IV.

All things smack here of it,—from the gay lines
Of ladies lifted high, to the loud roar
Of betters. Girlhood fair her ear inclines
To the harsh-echoing cries of "Six to four!"
Whilst feathered flutterers, tumbled score on score,
Beat with maimed wings the sward. *Cric! crac!* "Oh! good!
Five in six shots! A miss!! Ah! that's a bore!
He's out of it, I fear! Think what I stood
To win if but Sir CHARLES!" Oh, for calm solitude!

V.

A populous solitude, where untortured birds,
Swift fairy-formed and many-coloured things,
Warble at will with notes more sweet than words.
Here, trap-released, they open their glad wings
Hopeful. A shot! A crimson gush outsprings,
A fall, some scattered feathers, and the end!
Or maimed escape protracted torture brings.
O pleasant thought! Here Wealth and Beauty blend
Such helpless lives, for gain, in anguish to expend!

VI.

'Tis not for nought Childe CHAPPIE sought this spot,
For sport or mere affection, but he found
It was a scene where he might "win a pot"
Or "lose a pile"—what matter? On this ground
Too prudish Love its *Psyche*-zone unbound,—
To speak in metaphor—for sport is known
A wonderful tarch-lackener; the sound
Of shouted "odds" sufficient seems alone
To shake Propriety from too austere a throne.

VII.

Sport and the Stage! Ye twain supply rich lodes
To those who mine for folk's gold; a game
Better than mere quartz-delving. Dangerous roads
On which at pleasure or at pelf to aim
For aught but cunning minds. Childe CHAPPIE's fame

Was meteorlike. He hoped to "make his pile,"
And—self-deluding moth!—to *skin* the flame
Of sport and passion scathless; but the while
Pleasure's arch ministers at such mad hopes did smile.

VIII.

For all his cynic show he was a child,
Most mutable in will, and with a mind
Shallow as cold; self-deemed a roysterer wild,
JUAN and ALCEBIADES combined,
He played the unconscious ape amidst mankind,
The Proteus of their vices; but his own
Moved most to ridicule. Misfortune's wind
Blowing on such light souls soon lays them prone.
How may a vulgar fool face Nemesis alone?

IX.

Nemesis stern, if slow, o'erlooking naught,
Scoring the debts of each unthrifty year
To exact the utmost. Foolish flaunter, caught
By studied smile and calculated leer,
Or pseudo-*Psyche* glance, softly severe
Of the sham *ingénue*,—that master-spell
Which lures some dupes who bolder sirens fear;
That round-eyed clear regard which can dispel
Or answer lingering doubts so eloquently well!

X.

Poor thralls of footlight Florizels; by them
The immitigable penalty is paid.
The harpy-hearted sirens these condemn
To hours by shame and anguish bitter made,
By hope unlit, by pleasure unallayed.
When the last lurid spark dies out from lust,
When the last feeble shred of faith's decayed,
Dead beyond all removal, life is dust
By rapture unilluminated and unsustained by trust.

HOORAY for MATTHEW ARNOLD, the Poet with a Pension! Don't let it make you idle, Mr. MATTHEW! Don't lie on your back and repeat yourself, singing, "I'll spend the goodly treasures I have got." Don't with a Pension be a Penshunner. Remember that though we have just now an Only General, yet the Laureate is not our Only Poet.

A SONG OF SOUTHWOLD.

"East Anglia provides ample room for excursionists and for those who flee from their presence. . . . Southwold, at the head of Sole Bay, is a delightful place."—*Daily News*.

I CAN lie on my back and look up at the sky,*
And I see the swift sea-gulls sail solemnly by;
While I've nothing to think of but what there's for lunch,
And how yonder fair face should be pictured in *Punch*.

There is fish to be eaten—although, with a frown,
I find out that the best of it goes up to town:
Yet with heartfelt delight will the epicure say,
He is simply sublime is the shrimp of Sole Bay!

There is little to do; I can go for a sail,
And I try to catch fish, and most probably fail.
So I lie down again, and this time with a pipe,
And feel thankful that country greengages are ripe.

There's the Common, where young men and maidens can play
That eternal Lawn Tennis from dawning of day;
As they brandish the rackets, and struggle, and run,
I've the best of the game looking on at the fun.

Or I wander to Walberswick, place of delight
To the artists who paint it from morning till night;
But I sit on the pier and I relish the view,
Without messing my fingers with cyanine blue.

Little Southwold's the place to get rid of black Care,
Which "*post equitem sedit*" let HORACE declare;
There are no town amusements, but swift the time passes,
By wild wavelets "*πολυφλοισβοιο θαλάσσης*."

* Of course he can, there is nothing very wonderful in this. If our esteemed Contributor had told us how he lay with his face downwards, and had then looked up at the sky, we should have preferred it. As it is, all our poetic contributors in the country appear to be doing the same thing. All describe themselves as "lying on their backs." Very prosaic. Evidently they haven't taken out their poetic licences this year. Unless they're not out of town at all, and then it doesn't matter where they lie.—*By Envious Editor who can't get away.*

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

(Re-sorted by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



West-born.



East-born.



Shanklin.



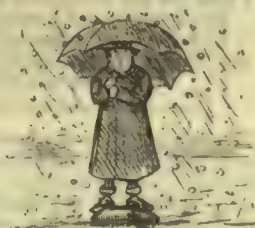
Exmouth.



Kingswear.



Scilly.



Hayling Island.



Mumbles.



Barrow Route.



Ile of Man.

AIDS TOWARDS MAKING CHRISTMAS ANNUALS.

Subjects and Titles.—The most popular stories at merry Yule-Tide are those dealing with the more violent kinds of crimes and the gloomiest of ghost-stories. The narrative of a carefully-contrived assassination always attracts numerous readers. The first essential is to get a good title, which should be startlingly attractive. We suggest then the following:—"The Doom of Dr. Deadset." "The Crime of St. Anne's Crypt." "The Hangman's Pupil." "The Death in Avenue Terrace." "Mrs. Poison's Boarding-House." "Found Dead; or, The Secret of Lawrence's Dancing Academy."

"Mike's Mate; or, The Forgotten Murder of Monks-Mummers," is long, but attractive. If the story is to deal with high life, Lord Leonard's Legacy sounds well, but requires some such rider as, Or, the Ropes of Newgate, to give it proper pungency.

If murder is discarded in favour of horrors, then the title should be startling and mysterious. Here is a short list which will be found useful:—"The Blood Spectre." "The Story of Gnome Cemetery." "The Shadow Shriek of Vampire's Folly." "The Curse of Blind Bride's Ferry." "The Iron Foot." "Phantom Hands." "The Monster of Murdock Manor."

Opening Sentence.—This is all important. The cover and the title of the work attract the casual bookstall-reader, but the initial line of type usually determines the question whether the book shall be bought or not. A very popular story a few years ago commenced with the rather startling announcement:—

"The murderer paused in his ghastly work."

It matters little what follows so long as interest is immediately created. The stories, in fact, can take care of themselves. Thus such sentences as the following may be recommended with confidence:—

1. "Dead! And I am chained to him!" gasped RUPERT, on awaking in the wood from his terror-swoon—
2. The ship was sinking when the half-murdered Marchioness reached the deck—
3. As RALPH commenced to burn the will hurriedly, he saw that the widow of the dead man had entered the family vault, and was watching him—
4. The Jury returned with their verdict—
5. "I thought so!—as I am an Analytical Chemist, the coffee contains poison! This, then, accounts for the Major's sudden death!"
6. The two enemies both tried to reach the cord attached to the safety-valve of the balloon, when—

Taking the above as models, tales may be easily fitted to suit them. All that the Author has to do is "to try back." For instance, in No. 1 he will have to work up to the situation of a man finding himself chained to a dead companion in a forest. Perhaps they were prisoners who had escaped. If so, how did they get into gaol—and how did they get out? Then, in No. 2, how came the Marchioness to be half-murdered, and under what circumstances did she find herself in a sinking ship? In No. 3, why was RALPH burning the will in the family vault—and what was his relationship to the dead man and his widow? Both Nos. 4 and 5 may relate to a murder of a mysterious character. In the last, two enemies are struggling in a

balloon—why are they struggling, why enemies, why in a balloon? If a practised Author puts these questions to himself and answers them, he will find that he has half-a-dozen genial stories ready to hand admirably suited for family reading round the Christmas fire.

General Hints.—Having title and initial sentence, the next thing to obtain is a good "index to contents." The story should be divided into Books, each having an attractive heading. Four Books are generally sufficient, and should form a series. Take the idea of a river such as the Mississippi for instance. Book I. in this case would be "Before the Falls!" Book II., "Shooting the Rapids!" Book III., "In the Whirlpool!" and Book IV., "Smooth Water!" Or the notion of a campaign may be adopted. Here, Book I. would be, "Before the Battle!" and the others respectively, "In the Enemy's Camp!" "The Forlorn Hope!" and "Væ Victis!" This last story would, so arranged, have a tragical conclusion; but should the Author wish his tale to "end happily," he would of course change "Væ Victis!" to "Peace at Last!"

Each Book should have its proper number of Chapters, all with suggestive titles. For instance, "The Old Clock turns Traitor!" "Only a Glass of Water!" "Arrested!" and many others of a similar character would be found useful. But, perhaps, the shortest way is to give a skeleton story to act as model for others. Say it contains four Books, each having four Chapters, and that the key-note is given in the opening sentence,—"The drowning man still defied his assassin in the moonlight."

THE DARK DEED OF DEADMAN'S DINGLE.

BOOK I. AIR!—Chapter 1. The Murder near the Brook! Chap. 2. Lucy's Lover fails to keep his Appointment! Chap. 3. Detective DOWTHER'S Excursion! Chap. 4. Arrested on Suspicion!

BOOK II. EARTH!—Chapter 1. The Pistol is found in the Fernery! Chap. 2. DOWTHER'S Note-Book! Chap. 3. Retained for the Defence! Chap. 4. The Magistrate's Decision!

BOOK III. FIRE!—Chapter 1. LUCY receives a mysterious Visitor! Chap. 2. Blood-stains! Chap. 3. A Scrap of Paper! Chap. 4. The Black Cap!

BOOK IV. WATER!—Chapter 1. "When Thieves quarrel!" Chap. 2. The Condemned Cell! Chap. 3. LUCY learns at last the Secret of Deadman's Dingle! Chap. 4. "Advance, Australia!"

Thus, having given the outline of the Story, all that is necessary is—to write it.

O!

(The Cry of the Poor Clerk.)

O! NOT for me the briny breezes blow;

O! no! nor will the sun my pale cheeks brown.

O!—well, in fact, I'm like the letter "O,"

And never out of Town!

"ALL IN THE SAME BOAT."—The PREMIER, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, the LAUREATE, Mr. HALLAM TENNYSON. Excellent materials for a Currie. "In the same boat," said DOUGLAS JERROLD, "but with very different skulls."



TABLES TURNED.

Poor Beggar. "PLEASE SPARE A PENNY, SIR. I HAVEN'T HAD ANY DINNER TO-DAY!"
 Swell. "PAW BEGGAH!"

Poor Beggar. "I HAVEN'T HAD A MEAL SINCE YESTERDAY, SIR!"

Swell. "PAW BEGGAH!"

Poor Beggar. "I'VE GOT A WIFE AND CHILDREN, SIR, ALL STARVING!"

Swell. "PAW BEGGAH!"

Poor Beggar. "PLEASE SPARE A PENNY, SIR!"

Swell. "HAVEN'T GOT ONE—AW!" Poor Beggar. "PAW BEGGAH!"

FROM OUR PRIVATE BOX OF BOOKS.

MARLOWE'S *Faustus* and GOETHE'S *Faust* form the third volume of MORLEY'S Universal Library, brought out by Messrs. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, the first having been SHERIDAN'S Plays, and the second, Plays from MOLIÈRE, adapted by such eminent English Dramatists as DRYDEN, VANBRUGH, WYCHERLY, FIELDING, and that slyest old dog of all the colliers that ever lived, COLLEY CIBBER. They are most useful reprints, good type, and portable.

Professor MORLEY, who ought to be named Professor More-and-MOR-LEY from the amount of work he undertakes, gives us, as the latest instalment of the Macmillan series of handy biographies, *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, by Mrs. OLIPHANT, who, writing, of course, well and brightly throughout, is only thoroughly successful in her account of SHERIDAN'S domestic life. This part of the monograph is admirably done; but, in her treatment of his dramatic work and of his theatrical career, Mrs. OLIPHANT fails, either from lack of appreciation, or of practical experience; and again, her treatment of his political career leaves much to be desired. Mr. Sam Weller's opinion that an abrupt conclusion, is the great art of letter-writing, because it makes the reader wish "as there was more of it," does not hold good as regards the biography of such a meteoric character as RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

To return to the Plays of MOLIÈRE by eminent adapters of the Restoration period, Professor MORLEY has taken good care that if the dialogue is a bit wearisome to readers of modern Plays in "LACY'S Edition" (chiefly studied by Amateurs in search of "something likely to suit us"), it shall at least be free from unnecessary offence, and this he has managed without any Podsnapian Bowdlerism, and yet with due regard to the blushes of "the young person," who will

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

BAVENO.

BENEATH the Vines, Hotel Belle Vue,
 I'm very certain I know who
 Here loves to trifle, I'm afraid,
 Or lounge upon the balustrade,
 And watch the Lake's oft changing hue.

'Tis sweet to dream the morning through,
 While idle fancies we pursue,
 To pleasant plash of passing blade—
 Beneath the Vines!

I love to laze; it's very true,
 I love the sky's supernal blue;
 To sit and smoke here in the shade,
 And slake my thirst with lemonade,
 And dream away an hour or two—
 Beneath the Vines!

MR. WALFORD'S Handy Books are very handy. Such good titles too—only that Conservatives might call them "radically bad"—as, for instance, *The Shilling Peerage*, the *Shilling Baronetage* and *Knighthage*, and *Shilling House of Commons*. Perhaps, *consule Chamberlaine*, when titles will be limited to *Peeral Servitude for Life*, we shall have the *Fourpenny Peerage*, the *Threepenny Baronetage*, the *Twopenny Knightage* (it's dangerously near this at present), and the *House of Commons* will be thrown in; but this last depends on what Government is "thrown out." As for *Knighthage*, at the present day it might have a chapter to itself entitled, "Honours Easy."

A VORD OF VAUGHANING.—At the Gloucester Festival of the Three Choirs—very much the cheese this, Treble Gloucester—Dr. VAUGHAN in his sermon told his audience that an Oratorio in a Cathedral was the right thing in the right place, and, said the *Daily Telegraph's* Correspondent, "the weight of his (Dr. VAUGHAN'S) character and office went into the right scale." Of course the Special was a musician, but he might have told us what he considers the "right scale." Probably he would reply, in this instance, "The scale of See (of Gloucester)." That's Major; and, if so, wouldn't Dr. VAUGHAN have all the Minor Canons against him?

CON. FOR FEMALE ECONOMISTS.—Would the prohibition of tight-lacing be a violation of "freedom of contract"?

probably (we tried it on two) get tired of *Sir Martin Marr-all* in about a quarter of an hour, and simply remark, as she lays down the book and thanks you for nothing, "I never read MOLIÈRE in the original, but this must be a very bad translation." We didn't undeceive that young person: it was JOHN DRYDEN'S.

Then we tried the *Plain Dealer* on another student of the modern Drama who knew nothing of WILLIAM WYCHERLY except his name, and he also thought it was a poor translation of a play he had heard a good deal about, and expressed his opinion that the entire collection, in which he could never so far interest himself as to take more than a cursory dip into it, was probably a lot of pieces that had been refused by Managers. These standard Comedies are certainly not light reading, and without skilful condensation might be very heavy acting.

Number five of Professor More-and-MOR-LEY'S series is to be RABELAIS' *Gargantua and the Heroic Deeds of Pantagruel*. The aid of Professor Podsnap, and Drs. Bowdler and Barlow must surely be invoked before Henry Sandford and Tommy Merton can take it home and read it to Susan Sandford and Mary Merton. The experienced Editor, however, has in his manifesto already declared that he "intends to respect that change in the conventions of Society which excludes now from our common acquaintance certain plainnesses of thought and speech once honestly meant, and honestly allowed." Plainnesses indeed! they are downright uglinesses, deformities, spots on the Shakspearian sun, and foul blots on the fun and humour of the Dramatists of the Restoration.

"The use and beauty of old monuments," says Professor More-and-MOR-LEY, "are, surely, separable from their dust and dirt." This, as a canon of literary and dramatic revival, seems to recommend itself to public judgment, but in historical resuscitations, such

as Mr. JAMES GAIRDNER is engaged in his *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry the Eighth*, as Preserved in the Public Record Office, it must not be allowed the slightest influence. We nowadays are waking up as to how History has been manufactured; but the public records of facts, and the private and confidential letters showing the secret motives, the intended projects, the intrigues and the personal opinions of the men and women of the time, these cannot lie, and we are all beginning to resent having been deceived into giving the genial, jovial, good-fellowship title of "Bluff King HAL" to one of the most unmitigated scoundrels that ever wore a crown. ANNE BOLEYN we now learn from her own mouth was just as bad, *but*—and there is much virtue in "but," more than ever was in ANNE—she suffered for it by losing her head, but HENRY never once lost his, for all his temper was diabolical.

Mr. GAIRDNER is just the Gairdner who should be invited to dig in the Vatican grounds, which are now to be thrown open to the accredited historians of all countries. There no doubt, he, being a Gairdner who calls a spade a spade, would give valuable assistance in uprooting old and stupid prejudices.

IN THE CHANNEL.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE GALES.

I KNEW it!—when I have to cross,
There always are tremendous gales,
The beastly boat will pitch and toss,
A wobbling motion never fails.
E'en as it lies beside the pier,
The steamer's dancing up and down.
Ah me! you never seemed so dear,
Fast-fading lights of Dover town.

"A little fresh," that's what they call
A storm when awful waves we ship;
And then the Captain comes to bawl,
He hopes I'm well wrapped up this trip.
Hi! Steward! Never leave me, then
You'll earn a really noble fee.
Oh, good Sir EDWARD WATKIN, when
Shall we be carried under sea!

A VEILED COMPLIMENT.

WE are arriving at a fatal era of "Onlies." We have Our Only General, Our Only Admiral, Our Only Ride, Our Only Statesman, Our Only Actor, Our Only Composer, and therefore it says the greatest things for the present state of English Literature, that, in consequence of there being such a plethora of "Eminent Hands," as THACKERAY called them, in the Literary World, and such an *embarras des richesses* among novelists, it should be found absolutely necessary, in order to avoid "hurting susceptibilities" and creating envies, jealousies, and all uncharitableness, to obtain the services of a distinguished American Man of Letters to unveil a bust of FIELDING, and to expatiate on his life and works to FIELDING's countrymen.

Some years ago we should have had either DICKENS, who was a careful student of FIELDING, or THACKERAY, for the ceremony, but the latter would probably have declined the honour, adapting *Antony's* lines to the occasion,—*"I am no orator as DICKENS is,"* and might have added that he had already sufficiently unveiled not the bust, but the man himself. "I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of HARRY FIELDING," writes THACKERAY; "why hide his faults, why conceal his weaknesses in a



"DRIVING!"

Brigson. "THERE'S A DEGREE OF COMFORT AND REPOSE ABOUT THE MODERN SYSTEM THAT'S"—(smacks his lips)—"VE'Y 'NJOYABLE!"

cloud of periphrases? Why not show him as he is?" we hear THACKERAY saying while giving directions to the Sculptor for the bust; "not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles and claret-stains on his tarnished laced-coat, and on his manly face the marks of good-fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care, and wine."

That is unveiling if you like, and, for ourselves, we should have been content to have left it at that, unless we had called in Mr. SALA, the Author of those capital papers on *William Hogarth*, who would not have been a whit behind Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL in "orating," and who would probably have replied to the invitation with the concluding lines of THACKERAY'S Essay: "Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognise in the manly, the English HARRY FIELDING."

That Mr. LOWELL has scored sufficiently off his own bat and had his innings, is probably the reason why he was called upon to take his turn at Fielding. It is part of the game. But, as we have already said, that an American Author should have been selected for this function, is the greatest compliment that could have been paid to the crowd of Eminent Hands representing English Literature at the present time.

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Still at Larné—Difficulties—Hummers—Giving Way—Sermonette—Gallantry—Bathing—Discussion—Swimming—Acrobatic—Carpet—Considerations—Questions—Deception—In—The Vasty Deep—Down—Down—Up—Up—Once More on Deck—Prospects—Dinner—Evening—Promise of a Start—Anticipating Delight.

ONCE again in the gig, being rowed 'from shore to the *Creusa*. KILLICK and CRAYLEY have evidently not had it out yet about the Druidical Remains as they came down the hill.

KILLICK, who is of a volatile turn, and to whom a period of more than three minutes of unbroken silence becomes irksome, begins humming. Perhaps it is the sequel to the air he was humming when we re-embarked. His hum has not about it the drone of contentment which makes some hums sound like a gentle purr, but it assumes an air of defiance as he gives it out with his lips closed, and with his nose in the air; indeed, it strikes me that, as it is performed *bouche fermée*, somewhat after the manner of the Sailors' Chorus in *L'Africaine*, it would be more correct to describe it as with the air in his nose,—and both descriptions are equally true. His chin is at a considerable elevation, so that, as he looks about him sharply, it seems as if he were challenging anybody within hail with a "Hum-if-you-dare" kind of tune. CRAYLEY, with his back turned to KILLICK, as much as his sitting position in the boat will permit, does not explicitly accept the challenge, but sets up, so to speak, a little quiet droning business, consisting of disjointed scraps of melodies, which he doesn't take the trouble to connect even as a medley.

The effect is irritating. It is difficult to interfere and say, "Don't hum," and the only way appears to be to start an opposition. If I do this, it occurs to me that our host will be tired of the whole lot of us, and will receive a telegram recalling him to town immediately on business, which will necessitate, so he will tell us, his giving up his yachting this season, and then, when the present party is broken up, he will start afresh with new and more pliable materials.

Happy Thought.—Don't hum.

KILLICK, stopping short, says decidedly, as if he had had a private and confidential inspiration on the subject, "We shall have a fine day to-morrow."

"Why?" asks CRAYLEY. At all events, the humming is over, but CRAYLEY's "Why?" is uttered in just the manner which KILLICK is sure to resent.

"Well," replies KILLICK, in a tone implying that the meteorological evidence for his previous statement is so clear as to be irresistible to any but a born fool, I feel that his tone does convey all this,—
"Well, just look at the sky."

CRAYLEY is looking at the sky through his eyeglass sideways, and his other eye is round the corner, down indirectly, but certainly, on KILLICK. A guttural inarticulate ejaculation, which might be a compliment from a Fiji Islander, but is uncommonly like an insult from a member of a civilised society, is the only answer he deigns to give. I think if our host, who continues to appear entirely absorbed in his steering, could only pitch them both overboard to finish their differences in the water, he would gladly do so; as it is, he only shouts earnestly and cheerily to the crew, "Give way, my men!" as if encouraging them to reach the yacht as quickly as possible. But what excellent advice (which we are so constantly hearing, and on which I have before remarked) to both KILLICK and CRAYLEY, and not only to them, but to all obstinate arguists, to "Give way, my men,"—for the more you give way, the easier and the pleasanter and the quicker is the progress, each minding his own business, and all "giving way" together.

Happy Thought.—The above is quite a little Sailors' Sermon. Good title for book, "*Sailors' Sunday Sermons. Now on Sail.*"

"Safe to be fine," says KILLICK, shortly, apparently settling the weather, but really provoking further discussion.

"Much more likely to rain," says CRAYLEY, disdainfully.

"Not a chance of it," retorts KILLICK. Double retorts are dangerous things.

"I should say it was sure," retorts CRAYLEY.

"Way enough!" shouts our host to the crew, as we glide up alongside the *Creusa*, and then he adds, with an air of great relief, which, whether on account of having stopped his guests at a dangerous point, or of having brought us up safely without bumping the yacht, I can perfectly appreciate, "Now, then, take care how you get out."

KILLICK is first up the companion, and quickly, too, as if he suspected some sinister intention on the part of CRAYLEY, who, however, waits till the last but one, the last being always the Commodore himself, that is, MELLEVILLE, who always acts on the principle of sticking to the ship or the boat, whichever he may be in, until he has seen everybody safely off. True gallantry is the mark of a British Sailor, whether professional or amateur.

We are received by the Captain, who cheerfully salutes us individually, as much as to say, "Glad to see you back again, Gentlemen; was afraid you wouldn't return safely."

"Now," says the Commodore—it is settled that that is MELLEVILLE's title—"Now, what would you like to do?"

I should not be surprised were KILLICK to take off his coat, and reply, "Fight!" but he doesn't, and only says, "Bathe." As this will evidently be a cooling process, the Commodore assents at once. So do I. CRAYLEY, however, remarks that it is not the sort of bathing he cares for, and therefore will not join us.

"Why," KILLICK remonstrates, but not gently, always provokingly, "this is the very place."

"I dare say it is, but not for me," answers CRAYLEY, contemplating the sky.

"He likes bathing at Boulogne," exclaims KILLICK, turning to us. "I know what he likes—beginning in two inches of water, and then boldly venturing out into a depth of at least four feet. Ugh!"—and he pretends to shudder at the idea.

"Well," replies CRAYLEY, evidently nettled, "I don't see why I shouldn't prefer Boulogne—though you haven't got the right pronunciation, by the way—especially as I have not sufficient confidence in my swimming to plunge into deep water."

"What, can't swim! Good Gracious! fancy not being able to swim!" and with this exclamation, which seems to express that this deficiency in CRAYLEY's education makes any further conversation with him a condescension, KILLICK disappears below.

MELLEVILLE pours oil on the troubled CRAYLEY, and highly commends him for his prudence in not jumping into deep water, when he is uncertain as to whether he will ever come out again.

"Exactly so," says CRAYLEY, quite pleased with himself. His estimation of MELLEVILLE as a clever man has evidently risen immensely in less than a minute. "What's the good of my drowning myself for the sake of a swim?" We both agree that he is quite right, and that so, inferentially, KILLICK is absolutely wrong. This verdict of the Court, MELLEVILLE and myself, satisfies CRAYLEY, who, as it were, gives us his blessing, and bids us bathe and be happy. We descend, and presently all, except CRAYLEY, reappear as acrobats ready to perform the Bounding Brothers, an idea that is materially assisted by the Captain ordering one of the men to put down a square bit of carpet for us to stand on when we come out. Only drum and pandean pipes are wanted to complete the picture.

CRAYLEY is good enough to observe that he envies us; "the water," he says, "looks so delicious, he wishes he were going in."

"Do!" says KILLICK, who at the last moment seems as if he were taking a view of the sea very different from what he did a quarter-of-an-hour ago, or he would not suggest that his antagonist should do anything which would promote his enjoyment.

The fact is, there is all the difference between the sort of dreamy meditation in which, when you have got your clothes on, you regard the delights of bathing from some such coign of vantage as the shore or a deck, and the contemplation of the same water when you have no clothes on, and are at such close quarters with it as to practically make your immediate plunge an imperious necessity. It doesn't look a half, nor a quarter so attractive to you when undressed as it did before you took your things off. Then the blue sea seems to invite you with a rippling smile, saying, "Come in! take your boots off, &c., you are hot and dusty and tired! and here you will be so cool, so clean, and so refreshed! come!" But, by the time you have denuded yourself of your garments, and by that action, and by the exposure to the winds, have already a trifle cooled and refreshed yourself, you begin to think whether the sea isn't playing you false after all. As I stand on the deck at the head of the bathing-ladder, in a state of acrobatically-attired nature, I own to experiencing this feeling, and I can't help delaying just to inquire of MELLEVILLE—who, as he is ordinarily the last to leave the ship when duty demands his presence, so now is he the first to make the plunge when there is a probability of danger,—for swim as well as you may, there is a possibility of danger,—just a chance (at least, so it invariably occurs to me at the last moment, when retreat is dishonourable) that though you've come out of it safe and sound before, yet now this time you may not, that a conger may get hold of you, or a gigantic sea-weed, or a cramp, or, in fact, something may happen,—I say I pause to ask MELLEVILLE, for the reappearance of whose head on the surface I have been anxiously waiting, "How is it? Cold?" To which he replies, gaspingly, "Eh? What? Cold? Oh, no! Delicious!" and though I am conscious of being the victim of good-natured deception, and though, if I spoke my mind honestly, I would even now rather retire and put on my clothes again, and stand with CRAYLEY as a spectator of the inspiring scene, yet I merely reply, "Eh? Oh! not cold?" and having previously placed myself as near as possible to the water, on the lowest bathing-step, where I can, so to speak, taste a sample of the sea's temperature on my great toe, I raise my hands in a despairing Waterloo-Bridge-suicidal attitude above my head, and, like *Mr. Box*, in the Farce, give a last look at the yawning gulf beneath me, and then, unlike *Mr. Box*, I take the great plunge, commit myself to the deep, and I, too, disappear from CRAYLEY's gaze. It is only for a second, but it seems an age. Where have I got to? Shall I meet a conger, or a dog-fish? How do divers keep their breath so long under water?

If I don't keep my breath—well, evidently I shall lose it—and then? When am I coming up again? Am I going the wrong way? Am I going under the keel? Am I going to be sucked in or under, or—oh, no!—light—more light—and up I come once more to breathe the upper air with all the delight of a prisoner released unexpectedly from the Bastille. A little of this goes a great way. With no unhesitating stroke do I make for the steps, and, shaking the drops off the soles of my feet, climb up for dear life as if pursued by sharks. It seems years since I was on deck; I almost expect to find things changed in my absence, as if I were a diving Rip Van Winkle returned from a visit to the Merman's Cave.

Happy Thought.—Register and patent this note for a Christmas Book. Evident how much more in keeping would the History of R. V. Winkle be if he had gone to sleep under the sea! Winkle, with something fishy in his nature, his fairy godmother a Peri-Winkle, and so forth. When I have dried myself like a herring, and smoked myself, too, I will note this down for future use. KILLICK and MELLEVILLE are still disporting themselves in the sea as I go below and resume my usual habits, I mean, habiliments.

Gradually I glow; gradually I feel hungry; suddenly I wish it was dinner-time; and being quite dressed I am prepared to expatiate to CRAYLEY on the pleasures and advantages of a good plunge in the sea before dinner.

In the evening we take exercise on deck, then descend, and CRAYLEY tries to teach us a new game of cards; but as the point of it seems to consist in his winning every time, KILLICK abuses it, and a row is imminent, but for the interposition of our host, who suggests a little music. We have a little music, and then to bed very early, as we are—hurrah!—to sail to-morrow morning!!

MOSSOO'S DIARY.

THE notable stir made not only across the Channel, but on this side of it, by the recent appearance of M. MAX O'RELL's capital little book, *John Bull et son Ile*, is not to be wondered at. His facts are not only most entertaining, but in many instances so remarkably fresh and original, that the British reader of average information and intelligence may be excused for wondering where on earth he picked them all up.

The following extracts from a certain private journal may possibly clear up the mystery. After the high compliment M. MAX O'RELL has paid to Mr. Punch, by whom he is quick to note that contemporary topics are treated in a style showing, as he aptly expresses it, "que l'on peut avoir de l'esprit sans être leste, encore moins grossier," it is hardly necessary to add that they are put forward in the most friendly and amicable spirit. French books about England are not often over-pleasant reading, but such a verdict cannot for a moment be passed on the brilliant effort of M. MAX O'RELL, of whom, to repay him in the complimentary language of his own Preface, Mr. Punch, however critically he be disposed, trusts he may be allowed to subscribe himself, Quite sincerely,

UN AMI ET ADMIRATEUR.

Monday.—At last! Here am I arrived in England! Of my journey from Paris by "the direct Continental express route," *via* Boulogne and Thames steamboat to London Bridge—later. I note, however, by the way, that I pass at Greenwich the Tower of London (*Tour de Londres*), where HENRY THE NINTH was executed by his seven wives, and where—strange contrast!—the Ministers now annually dine the Opposition, to celebrate the event in the long vacations. This information from the Steward, who speaks French. His accent though is an abomination; but a compatriot of the "fore-cabin" informs me that he has learnt this at Oxford, where, like all Englishmen destined for the sea, he has taken his "nautical degree." The badge of this honour, a gaily-coloured globe, with the letters L. G. S. N. C. appended, is fastened round his hat. But, to proceed. At St. Katherine's, where we land, I am met by my English friend JACK THOMPSON. He is delighted to see me, and I ask him in a single breath ten thousand questions. He seems to know everything, and I gather information with rapidity. The fearful deformities of men begrimed with dirt, who seize my baggage like Vulcans and take it to the shore, interest me.

"Who are they?" I ask.
"Noblemen who have been ruined by 'welching' on the Turf," he replies, with great promptness.
"Do they ever reinstate themselves?" I continue.
"Sometimes."
"But they cease to be Peers?"
"On the contrary—they are the Peers of London Bridge."
We roll along in our "four-wheeler," a species of covered landau, simple and convenient, introduced by the QUEEN. She makes the

journey to her Château Balmoral at Land's End, in the North of Ireland (20,000 kilometres) five times a year in nothing else but this charming "four-wheeler." This is why her crown is displayed prominently on the back of each.

On our way we pass St. Martin's Baths and Wash-houses, a large building, like St. Peter's at Rome, with a colossal dome and two turrets, SPIERS AND POND'S establishment, where the *haute noblesse* dine on Guy Faux Day and Bank Holidays, the Monument, to commemorate the Plague of Waterloo Place, Buckingham Hospital, and several other interesting constructions, arriving at 115, Crofton Road, Bayswater, the Nobleman's establishment in which JACK THOMPSON has arranged that I shall be received *en pension* pending my sojourn in London for 30s. the week, just in time for the dinner of the family.

Everything interests me immensely, and I notice that my host, who, my friend has confided to me, belongs to one of the oldest families in England, comes to the front door in his shirt-sleeves and assists the cab-driver in conveying my luggage up the stairs to my apartment. This strikes me as patriarchal, and I learn that it is a grand old Ducal custom in Bayswater, the exclusive *quartier* of the High Life, in which I have been particularly solicitous to collect my insular experiences.

6'30 P.M.—Pending preparations for dinner, I take some notes of the British Nobleman's family. First I regard the Nobleman himself. He is a middle-sized, bourgeois-looking man of about fifty, with a red nose and uncertain gait, wearing slippers, and smelling of what I at first thought was the English *liqueur*, gin, but which JACK THOMPSON informs me is merely a rare sort of Eau de Cologne, patronised by the Society of the neighbourhood. However, he bears the ancient name of SPRIGGS, is Hereditary Grand Almoner to the Archbishop of YORK and CANTERBURY, and, if an accident should happen to the LORD CHANCELLOR when on Circus, he would be next in succession to the Woolsack. JACK THOMPSON, who imparts this information to me as we descend to the *salle-à-manger*, also briefly indicates the remaining members of the household. There is Madame, her two charming daughters both possessed of fabulous dots, a gentleman friend from the Stock Exchange, a *millionnaire*, proprietor of one of the largest Estates in Shepherd's Bush, and an Oriental Prince, who, taking the modest name of Mr. CHUNDER GUM, has come to England to make a short stay at Bayswater, and so prepare himself better for the discharge of his future duties as Viceroy of India. Altogether, I note that I am introduced to a very *distingué* party.

9 P.M.—The dinner of the English *haute noblesse* is simple. At the table of this aristocratic family in Bayswater we have had Irish Stew and white Plum Pudding. I complain of this austere fare to JACK THOMPSON, who says it is quite *chic*. Lord SPRIGGS, I note, dines still in his shirt-sleeves, and sings morsels of a comic *chanson* between his mouthfuls, sometimes rolling under the table and being replaced. This makes one eager for information as to the tastes and habits of the aristocratic classes. Here are some items. Many noble families of Piccadilly live on red herrings and garlic, the only drink permitted for the Ladies of the household being rum. Sometimes this diet is varied. In the season there is pancake. It is made of shreds of cabbage, treacle, tea-leaves, bran, boot-leather, pork-suet, and, after being flavoured with stout and nutmeg, served cold on soup-plates. It is said to be satisfying, and at five-o'clock tea, an orgy particularly British and insular, is swallowed in large quantities by voracious Amazons fresh from Rotten Row and Mile End. It is thus the English Misses produce their prominent teeth. Much more information I get from JACK THOMPSON which makes me reflective.

10 P.M.—Have had a discussion with the great City *millionnaire* on the relative value of Money. To illustrate his theories he borrows a piece of two shillings and sixpence of me, and goes away suddenly to catch the last train for the Stock Exchange. This makes me again reflective. Talking to the Indian Prince, through the assistance of JACK THOMPSON, who acts as interpreter, I learn that all Viceroys of India are expected to swallow a cavalry sword, and do the cobra and pocket-handkerchief trick, and that he has come to cultivate these accomplishments under the instruction of a distinguished "Crammer" at Bayswater. He is certainly a peculiar person is this JOHN BULL. I must write a book about him.

11 P.M. Having just seen the Duke of CAMBRIDGE pass down Crofton Road on his way from Windsor in the dark on a bicycle, ringing a dustman's bell to announce his approach to the Horse Guards, I retire to rest wondering at the *aplomb* of these hardy islanders. I note, too, that beds in England are filled with hard-boiled eggs; and this in noble mansions where a stranger pays 30s. for the week. JACK THOMPSON, through the wall, tells me that it is "all-right," and that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN stuffs his bolster with paving-stones. This, again, I find insular. Yes. I shall certainly turn my notes to account. JOHN BULL is most remarkable, and SON ILE full of surprises. More of him to-morrow.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT's idea of a really Happy existence is in a City of Spirits where there are no Corporations.



A FALSE ALARM.

"OH, PAPA DEAR!—I WISH YOU'D COME HOME. I'M REALLY AFRAID MAMMA HAS TAKEN A DROP TOO MUCH——"

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS, CHILD!—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"THAT NEW HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINE, YOU KNOW. I'M AFRAID I'VE GIVEN HER SEVEN DROPS INSTEAD OF SIX!"

"CHINAMANIA."

TRUTHFUL JOHN TO MADAME FRANCE.

(In the spirit of friendliness and the form of a celebrated original.)

I MAKE bold to remark—
And my speech shall be plain—
That for policy dark,
And for purposes vain,
Chinamanian ways are peculiar; and this view
I—politely—maintain.

In this year Eighty-Three
To go in for this fad
Is pure fiddle-de-dee,
And a sight that is sad
Save to those who are really your foes, or, as
friends, are exceedingly mad.

For that Heathen Chinese
Is a hard nut to crack,
As you'll certainly see
If you sail on that tack.
And the worst of it is that, once started, 'tis
hard to slack sail and put back.

"Heads I win, tails you lose,"
JOHNNY PIGTAIL might say.
Common sense would refuse
To proceed in that way.
Fate may play it low down upon France if she
enters the lists with Cathay.

And for what useful end?
Why for none that I see,
And I speak as a friend,
Pray be guided by me.
You will make a *faux pas*, I am sure, if you
"go for" that Heathen Chinese.

A—political—taste
For such old *bric-à-brac*,
If indulged in with haste
Shows a plentiful lack
Of discretion. 'Twill prove most expensive, and
put your best friends on the rack.

In the game you propose
I would not take a hand;
We are friends and not foes;
You are great, you are grand;
But the game you are playing just now is a
game I cannot understand.

Which is why I remark—
And my language is plain—
That for policy dark
And for purposes vain
Chinamanian ways are peculiar, and this view
I make bold to maintain.

"WHAT SEASIDE RESORT SHALL I CHOOSE FOR MY HOLIDAY?"—
Rather late for the question, but one of Our Sea District-Visitors
answers it by saying "Southend." He tells us that, on arriving
there, he asked where the sea was? and was informed that it was
out at present, but that it would be in again in a few hours. So Our
Sea District-Visitor waited patiently. At last the sea, he was told,
had returned. He sallied forth. He looked straight before him,
then to the right, and then to the left. At last an old inhabitant
asked him if he had lost anything, and could he direct him any-
where? "To the sea, if you please," replied the Visitor. The old
man regarded him curiously for a second or so, and then led him to
the Pier. "Walk straight on," said this kindly guide, "as far as
you can go to the Pier-head." "And then," said the Visitor,
"there's the sea, eh?" "No, Sir," replied the Ancient Mariner,
shaking his head, "but there's a telescope as they lets out,—it's a

powerful glass,—and, on a clearish day, it brings the sea quite near."
Of course, as Our Sea District-Visitor observes, it is delightful to
have the sea at any distance that suits you,—a very great point on a
blustering day. "And there's another advantage," adds Our Sea
District-Visitor, "in choosing Southend as a place of resort, you can
go there and back in an hour-and-a-half." Our S.D.V. came back.

THE VERY LATE GALE.—When an Amateur Fructiculturist awoke
next morning, and found all his unripe apples all over the ground,
all his peaches down, his figs scattered, the glass lying about every-
where, his creepers on the ground, his flowers strewn, his young
trees prostrate, and branches off his old ones on the lawn, then he
said to himself, "Now I know what 'a windfall' means." But I had
always associated it with something lucky till now." And he
proposes to write a new dictionary for the use of Fructiculturists.



“CHINAMANIA.”

MADAME FRANCE (*sotto voce*). “AH! QUE C’EST CHARMANTE!!”

MR. BULL. “DEVELOPING A TASTE IN *THAT* DIRECTION, MA’AM, ARE YOU? YOU’LL FIND IT *RATHER* EXPENSIVE!”



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 8.

THE BILLINGSGATE MARKET PUZZLE. (Problem 1.) HOW TO GET INTO THE MARKET. (Problem 2.) HOW TO GET OUT OF THE MARKET. (Problem 3.) HOW TO FIND YOUR WAY WESTWARD. (Problem 4.) HOW TO GET RID OF THIS OBSTRUCTION.

A WET DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

WHY does not some benefactor to his species discover and publish to a grateful world some rational way of spending a wet day at the Sea-side? Why should it be something so unutterably miserable and depressing that its mere recollection afterwards makes one shudder?

This is the first really wet day that we have had for a fortnight, but what a day! From morn to dewy eve, a summer's day, and far into the black night, the pitiless rain has poured and poured and poured. I broke the unendurable monotony of gazing from the weeping windows of my Sea-side lodging, by rushing out wildly and plunging madly into the rainy sea, and got drenched to the skin both going and returning. After changing everything, as people say but don't mean, and thinking I saw something like a break in the dull leaden clouds, I again rushed out, and called on JONES, who has rooms in an adjacent terrace, and, with some difficulty, persuaded him to accompany me to the only Billiard Table in the miserable place. We both got gloriously wet on our way to this haven of amusement, and were received with the pleasing intelligence that it was engaged by a private party of two, who had taken it until the rain ceased, and, when that most improbable event happened, two other despairing lodgers had secured the reversion. Another rush home, another drenching, another change of everything, except the weather, brought the welcome sight of dinner, over which we fondly lingered for nearly two mortal hours.

But one cannot eat all day long, even at the Sea-side on a wet day, and accordingly at four o'clock I was again cast upon my own resources. I received, I confess, a certain amount of grim satisfaction at seeing BROWN—Bumptious BROWN, as we call him in the City, he being a Common Councilman, or a Liveryman, or something of that kind—pass by in a fly, with heaps of luggage and children, all looking so depressingly wet;—and if he had not the meanness to bring with him, in a half-dozen hamper, six bottles of his abominable Gladstone Claret! He grinned at me as he passed, like a Chester cat, I think they call that remarkable animal, and I afterwards learnt the reason. He had been speculating for a rise in wheat, and,

as he vulgarly said, the rain suited his book, and he only hoped it would last for a week or two! Ah! the selfishness of some men! What cared he about my getting wet through twice in one day, so long as it raised the price of his wretched wheat?

My wife coolly recommended me to read the second volume of a new novel she had got from the Library, called, I think, *East Glynn*, or some such name, but how can a man read in a room with four stout healthy boys and a baby, especially when the said baby is evidently very uncomfortable, and the four boys are playing at leap-frog? Women have this wonderful faculty, my wife to a remarkable extent. I have often, with unfeigned astonishment, seen her apparently lost in the sentimental troubles of some imaginary heroine, while the noisy domestic realities around her have gone on unheeded.

I again took my place at the window, and gazed upon the melancholy sea, and remembered, with a smile of bitter irony, how I had agreed to pay an extra guinea a week for the privilege of facing the sea!—and such a sea! It was, of course, very low water—it generally is at this charming place; and the sea had retired to its extremest distance, as if utterly ashamed of its dull, damp, melancholy appearance. And there stood that ridiculous apology for a Pier, with its long, lanky, bandy legs, on which I have been dragged every evening to hear the Band play. Such a Band! The poor wheezy cornet was bad enough, but the trombone, with its two notes that it jerked out like the snorts of a starting train, was a caution. Oh, that poor "*Sweetheart*," with which we were favoured every evening! I always pictured her to myself sitting at a window listening, enraptured, to a serenade from that Trombone!

But there's no Band to-night, not a solitary promenader on the bandy-legged Pier, I even doubt if the Pier Master is sitting as usual at the receipt of custom, and I pull down the blind, to shut out the miserable prospect, with such an energetic jerk that I bring down the whole complicated machinery, and nearly frighten Baby into a fit, while the four irreverent boys indulge in a loud guffaw.

Thank goodness, on Saturday I exchange our miserable, wheezy, asthmatic Band for the grand orchestra of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and the awful perfume of rotten seaweed for the bracing atmosphere of glorious London.

AN OUTSIDER.

SONGS OF THE STREETS.

UPON THE KERB.

UPON the Kerb, a Maiden neat—
Her watchet eyes are passing sweet—

There stands and waits in dire distress:
The muddy road is pitiless,
And 'busses thunder down the street!

A snowy skirt, all frill and pleat;
Two tiny, well-shod, dainty feet
Peep out, beneath her kilted dress,

Upon the Kerb!

She'll first advance and then retreat,
Half frightened by a Hansom fleet.

She looks around, I must confess,
With marvellous coquettishness!—

Then droops her eyes and looks discreet,

Upon the Kerb!

"WIND!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, who was giving her account of the gale ten days ago on the South-East Coast—"Wind! Why, my dear, it blew a perfect harico!"

THE Fisheries Exhibition is one to which the *Fêtes* have been propitious.

"FAILURE IN THE YARN TRADE."—Writing some unsuccessful Novels.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 153.



CARDINAL HOWARD,

THE EX-LIFEGUARDSMAN, WHOM PRINCE BISMARCK DIDN'T FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO MEET.

THE WOPS.

"On account of the large apple crops, Wasps are remarkably numerous this year."—*Weekly Paper.*

How doth the wobbling, wily

Wops

Improve each shining hour!
Within the peach he slyly stops,
And stings with all his power!

How skilfully he wheels around,
And maidens makes afraid:
He loves to clear the pic-nic ground,
And roll in marmalade!

The whispered charm of lovers' talk

He'll stop without ado:
The Vicar's sermon he will balk,
And sting the Vicar too!

On cake or fruit or window-pane,

On pie or mutton-chops,
He'll sharply sting and come again—

The wobbling, wily Wops!

SORROWFUL ACCENTS.

THE *Daily News* speaks of our grave concern at the acute crisis in the relations between France and China. This is indeed "accentuating the difficulty."

NEW READING.

THE Drama's *laus* the Drama's slavers give,
And those who live on "soap," must "soap" to live.

SHAKSPEARIAN REMAINS.

OF course the Shakspearian Mayor, and the Shakspearian Vicar, who cleverly seizes the opportunity for letting the public know how badly he is off for funds for his Church's restoration, won't allow SHAKSPEARE's bones to be exhumed. By the way, *à propos* of a certain discussion recently started about burlesquing any work of SHAKSPEARE's, we have just received the fourth volume of the new edition of Sir WALTER SCOTT's *Dryden's Works*, brought out by Mr. WILLIAM PATERSON—"Ho! BILLY PATERSON!"—of Edinburgh, in a good solid form and excellent type—quite the type of type for those who read by lamp-light,—and ably edited by Mr. GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Here we find DRYDEN's version of SHAKSPEARE's *Tempest*, in which he collaborated with DAVENANT, who had started the idea, subsequently carried out by "Glorious JOHN," of giving *Miranda* a sister *Dorinda*, bestowing on *Caliban* a sister, one *Miss Syceoraz*, adding a *Master Hippolito* ("heir to the Dukedom of Mantua"), and a companion Spirit to *Ariel*, named "*Milcha*"; besides several comic minor characters and a few demons to sing choruses. Bones of SHAKSPEARE! Glorious JOHN at least made no bones about disturbing SHAKSPEARE's literary remains.

Mr. SAINTSBURY calls this work a "Shakspeare Travesty," but we submit, with all due deference, that this version of *The Tempest* (which DRYDEN calls "a Comedy") was simply a Pantomimic and Musical Fairy Extravaganza, such as nowadays, with considerable cutting, might have been produced with great success at the Alhambra, or, as a spectacle, at Her Majesty's, or at the Porte St. Martin as a *féerie* similar to the *Voyage dans la Lune*. Glorious JOHN and Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT seriously thought they were improving on SHAKSPEARE's original work in every way, plot, dialogue, effects, and construction, when they devised their version of *The Tempest*. Very far from DRYDEN's thoughts was any sort of travesty; and this is so evident from DRYDEN's Preface, and from the Extravaganza

itself, that DRYDEN's own Prologue, which, as Mr. SAINTSBURY justly says, is "one of the most masterly tributes ever paid at the shrine of SHAKSPEARE," has, in its connection with this work, all the air of overdone laudation addressed by a flatterer with a present purpose to serve, to a great man before his face and *coram populo*, whose worth he is going to depreciate, and on that depreciation intends to trade, directly his back is turned.

Glorious JOHN, like the Immortal Bard himself when he played the courtier to Queen BETSY, could be a "glorious" humbug in any really indifferent matter involving no sacrifice of principle; and in this Preface of his to *The Tempest* we don't believe in his self-abnegation when he shrinks from the honour of "joining his imperfections with the merits of DAVENANT and SHAKSPEARE." Either he rated DAVENANT too high, or SHAKSPEARE too low; but he was at all events obsequiously polite to his *collaborateur* in coupling his name with that of SHAKSPEARE. It might have been a "travesty" had he burlesqued SHAKSPEARE's lines and characters, and called it, out of compliment to the Court, *Vivat Rex; or, a Dry'd'un after the Tempest*.

Compensation.

(By a Londoner in a Lost Hansom in a wilderness of Street Repairs.)

AH! Fate to trim the general balance fairly,

It must be fairly owned, her level best tries:

Earthquakes she sends the South; we get them rarely,

But then—we have our Vestries!

"BOUND IN RUSSIA."—On account of the recent high-handed action of the Czar in Bulgaria, this unhappy land will be known in future, at the suggestion of its titular Prince, as "Bully-garia."

EUROPE'S INQUIRY OF FRANCE.—What's in Annam?



GASTRONOMERS AFLOAT.

Mrs. Fleshpottle. "WELL, I MUST SAY, MRS. GUMBLEWAG, I LIKE SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL FOR MY DINNER. NOTHING, I THINK, CAN BE BETTER THAN SOME PEA-SOUP TO BEGIN WITH; THEN A BILED LEG OF MUTTON WITH PLenty OF FAT, WITH TURNIPS AND CAPER SAUCE; THEN SOME TRIPE AND ONIONS, AND ONE OR TWO NICE SUET DUMPLINGS AS A FINISH!"

Mrs. Gumblewag. "FOR MY PART, MUM, I PREFER SOMETHING MORE TASTY AND FLAVOURSOME-LIKE. NOW, A WELL-COOKED BULLOCK'S HEART, TO BE FOLLOWED BY SOME LIVER AND BACON, AND A DISH OF GREENS. AFTERWARDS A JAM BOLSTER, AND A BLACK PUDDING, AND SOME TOASTED CHEESE TO TOP UP WITH, IS WHAT I CALL A DINNER FIT FOR A——"

[*Mr. Doddlewrig does not wait to hear any more!*]

THE TEUTON BULLY.

"It is really impossible to understand why the Chancellor's organs in the Press should seize the present occasion to lecture France, isolated, unoffending and submissive as she is, as though she were meditating some sudden aggression."—*The Times.*

WHEN France was sore smitten in anguish and pain,
She lost the fair fields of Alsace and Lorraine;
She bowed to the Teuton, and then came surcease
From war, and an era of calm and of peace:
So why should the German, with menacing glance,
Still trample the conquered, and menace fair France?

We know how the German's invincible line
Of soldiers keeps ever the watch upon Rhine,
And France has no thought of revenge, though what man,
Born Frenchman, but sighs when he thinks on Sedan.
The atmosphere's peaceful, and hard 'tis to guess
Why thunderbolts issue from Germany's press.

The strong should be merciful,—why should a threat
Bring back to our minds what we fain would forget?
The German should rest since secure he can feel,
Though ploughshares will never be forged from his steel;
While France keeps the peace, let the Teuton to-day
Take shame thus the part of the bully to play.

HISTORIC ASSOCIATION AT THE LYCEUM.

MR. HENRY IRVING's dressing-room is to be henceforth known as "The Star Chamber."

A CUE FOR CŒLEBS.

"Women are divided into two classes, those with large and those with small thumbs. A lady with spatulate fingers and a small thumb will have an unlimited fund of affection and freedom of soul; love of activity, and knowledge of real life; she loves and understands horses and all other animals; her ideas are practical and useful."—"Chiromancy, or the Science of Palmistry," by HENRY FRITH and ED. HERON-ALLEN.

YE gods! A veritable female CRICHTON!

Oh FRITH, oh HERON-ALLEN, really, really

'Tis kind an anxious world thus to enlighten;

But don't you put it rather too ideally?

Or are small female thumbs things of such rarity?

In any case one must indeed congratulate

The man who owns, with rapture and hilarity,

A wife with little thumbs and fingers spatulate.

Only it does seem strange that we should come

To choose our spouses by the "rule of thumb."

LAVINIA was reading aloud—"Excellent practice," Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM considers for young people, and she adds, "so soothing after lunch"—the *Times*' review of Dr. MEYER's learned work on *Jade and Nephrite*, and her Aunt gradually dozed. LAVINIA read on, and she was just finishing this paragraph—"A pair of bracelets of the finest jade cost a hundred—," when Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM suddenly and sharply interrupted her. "Don't read any more on *that* subject, if you please, my dear," she said. "I hate to hear about the wicked extravagance of such people; and how a respectable newspaper can take notice of their doings—" But here LAVINIA explained, and her Aunt was satisfied, but expressed her opinion that some other word might have been found besides *Jade*.

CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

I.

ALL have their hobbies—Music-Halls were thine,
Childe CHAPPIE; halls of "blue," and brazen glee.



What time Big Ben is boom-
ing eight or nine,
Johnnies, late-dined, in
hurrying Hansoms flee
Unto her shrine, the goddess
bold and free
Yclept "The Comic," nymph
of gold-dyed hair
And wiles as numerous as
her bondsmen be.
So to the crowded circus
forth they fare,
With cads and clowns to
herd, and their diversions
share.

II.

The Curtain's up, the spa-
cious Stage is cleared,
Hundreds on hundreds piled
are seated round;
Long ere the fiddler's first
faint squeak is heard,
Small room for the belated
guest is found.

Here, Arries, shop-boys, bloway dames abound,
And nymphs of vivid tint and valiant eye.
In gilded boxes raised above the ground
The gilded youth, black-garbed, of snowy tie,
Cluster, each like to each as 'pie to chattering 'pie.

III.

Hushed is the din of sounds—a cheer succeeds.
With gleaming teeth, loose lips, and ogling glance,
Two shrill-voiced girls in bangles, braids, and beads,
To the footlights with airy bound advance.
Boldly they wink and brazenly they prance,
Shrilling suggestive ballads ghastly-gay.
The Gallery bellows as they smirk and dance,
Point the coarse jest with cunning facial play;
Then with conventional gambols flirt and frik away.

IV.

In hat of sheen and gaudy garb arrayed,
Hear hoarse the loud bull-throated "Comique" roar!
With jewelled hands exultantly displayed,
Before the admiring herd, "Hangcore! Hangcore!"
The shop-boys shout, and the coarse brassy bore
Blares forth eulogium of the nightly deed
Of some inebriate swaggering Cad once more,
Whilst whistles shrill more piercing than Pan's reed,
And CHAPPIE claps gloved hands, and puffs the odorous weed.

V.

Thrice calls the audience, loud the Gallery bawls,
The band responds, and expectation mute
Gapes round the gaudy circle's peopled walls.
Bounds on once more the loud and leering brute,
And, blandly smirking, beats with trim-shod foot
The boards in dance suggestive, lewd, and low,
Here, there, with blushless front and motley suit,
His dandy crutch-stick waving too and fro;
Red shine his gills, his ogling eyes dilated glow.

VI.

Such the unworthy sports that oft invite
The cockney maid, that draw the cockney swain.
Nurtured in vulgar lewdness, these delight
In jest suggestive, gloating o'er the plain
Immodesties that souls corrupt and stain,
Whose hideous trail our modern manners show;
Whose fruits corrupt in humble homes remain,
To spread the rottenness whose hidden flow
Befouls the stream of life, lays social honour low.

VII.

And many a time and oft had CHAPPIE loved—
Or dreamed he loved, such joys are a mad dream—
To lounge in state, stiff-collared, snowy-gloved,
And hear the unsexed hoyden harshly scream
Vapid vulgarities, which seldom gleam

Of wit, or ray of honest fun, which flings
Health over all, from coarseness may redeem,
Applauding loud when, with spasmodic spring,
The silk-hosed shameless siren bounded to the wing.

VIII.

To boldly-flaunted form he was not blind,
Proud in such pander-wisdom to be wise;
The little lustful thing he called his mind
Peeped critical from cynic-satyr eyes.
Not passion moved him that can burn and rise,
But vulgar vice that digs its own cold tomb,
Dead e'en before its foolish votary dies,
Pleasure's palled victim! Boredom's leaden gloom
Of CHAPPIE and his peers is the appointed doom.

IX.

Could such smart flutterers midst the vulgar throng
Themselves with critic clearness contemplate,
Had they the power of self-descriptive song
To picture plain their pitiable state,
Perchance their tale the fever might abate
Of youths who yearn to know the demon sway
Of modish Comus, learning all too late
The nullity of Pleasure night and day,
Set faintly forth in this imaginary lay:

1.

Nay, smile not at my heavy brow,
Alas! I cannot smile again;
Not e'en the "Boy" can cheer me now,
And strongest "pick-me-ups" are vain.

2.

And dost thou ask what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
Why so despondently I go,
And trail my cane and pick my tooth?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor heavy bets that I have lost,
That makes me loathe my present state,
And fly what I once prized the most.

4.

It is that weariness which springs
From everything I hear or see.
To me Burlesque no pleasure brings,
E'en legs have lost their charm for me.

5.

It is that beastly settled gloom
That makes all life a horrid bore;
The race-course, stage, bar, billiard-room,
I've seen the whole stale round before.

6.

What Johnny from himself can flee?
There's no new drink to wet one's throat;
It's just the same old swim, you see,
We're always in the same old boat.

7.

Some other Johnnies—green ones—seem
Chirpy, and more than half awake.
To them the milk's not lost its cream,
Life asks them still, "What will you take?"

8.

To me it's all confounded slow,
Mashing and plunging, love and thirst.
Upon my word I hardly know
Of all life's bores which is the worst.

9.

"Chippy, old CHAPPIE?" Oh, don't ask!
Stale's not the word, old man, I swear.
I feel—well, like a dry-drained cask,
With nought but the blue devils there.

If a result of the Fisheries Exhibition is to give us cheaper fish,—
of which there is not much sign at present, though as we read a lot
about herrings at twopence a dozen, the price which we pay of a
shilling or one-and-threepence a dozen is as much a problem as the
old one of the herring and a half at a penny halfpenny,—and if the
Fishmonger is to get the pull of the Butcher, then London will be
known as the Fishtropolis instead of as the Meatropolis. This will
probably happen when grunTERS become aeronauts and fly about in a
sow-westerly breeze.

SEA-SIDE-SPLITTERS.



Low Tied.



Rocks.



See Weed.



Muscle Gatherers.



A Gnaw Westor.



High Tied.

EASTEND-ON-MUD.

(Extracts from the Note-Book of our Coast-District Visitor.)

How to get to Eastend-on-Mud.—By one of the dirtiest and most unpunctual of railways, which starts from a hideous station somewhere in the heart of the City. The terminus in question is now being enlarged by the addition of some new refreshment-rooms, intended to be used by Oriental travellers fresh from India and Australia, who, it is presumed, will defer their long-anticipated visits to their friends and relations to eat an enticing dainty known as a "am sandwich," and drink a glass of some mysterious liquid called "sherry" on reaching the arrival platform. Thus the dusty-station grub is gradually developing into the dingy-station butterfly. After leaving London, the line passes through miles of flat marshes, occasionally hugging the river to afford glimpses of training-ships and drainage-works, finally emerging at Eastend, after skirting for a considerable distance an amphibious track which is at high water a shallow brook, and at low water a muddy ditch. There is an alternative route by water, which takes many hours. The steamer starts from London Bridge. For the convenience of the passengers, it would be better if it could start from Hanwell.

The Pier.—Said to be the longest in the world. It is very narrow and rather rickety. It is now under repair. It is supplied with a tramway, upon which runs (or rather is pushed by a man—half sailor—half porter) a truck. This truck travels occasionally to the end of the Pier in search of luggage. When a handbox is captured, the truck returns to the Toll-Taker triumphantly. There are many legends about the building of this immense Pier. The best authenticated is that it was constructed many years ago by the inhabitants of Eastend-on-Mud, who then made a last desperate and futile effort to escape from their dreary dwelling-place to the other side of the river. There is a sort of refreshment-lighthouse at the end of the structure, where storm-signals are hoisted, and shrimps, sweetstuff, oysters, and ginger-beer are sold to the adventurous. It is presumed that the shrimps and oysters are caught, and the sweetstuff and ginger-beer manufactured by the lighthouse-keeper, as his communications with the mainland, on account of his distance from it, cannot be numerous.

The Bathing.—When you can catch the tide, you may take a dip from a machine. But you must be on the watch, and seize your opportunity. The moment the water reaches the shore, dash in. Be ready, and do not have to delay to finish your *toilette de bain*, or the waves will be off and away for about three miles, not to return to you again for twice as many hours. Once having caught the water, you can delightfully disport yourself in it—that is to say, if you don't mind the mud.

The Apartments.—Not unlike the lodgings at Margate or Herne Bay. However, as Eastend-on-Mud has a great name for its air, said to be invaluable to convalescents, the rooms are generally furnished with a *souppon* of some recently-disordered complaint. Thus, the parlours will have six horse-hair chairs, a table, and the remains

of the chicken-pox; the drawing-room, a sideboard, a piano, and a few old measles; and the second floor front, a print of the Duke of Wellington, some china ornaments, a cabinet, and all that the last tenants have left of the whooping-cough.

The Amusements.—Chiefly "shrimps and tea, ninepence." But there are also a Theatre and a Band. The Theatre has rather a small stage, upon which, however, as the Management is ambitious, the most startling effects are attempted. Consequently, the Eastenders are never surprised when they learn that the Lessee has made up his mind to treat them to a realistic representation of an earthquake, or a railway collision on a platform not very much larger than an ample mantelpiece. The Lessee has a capital company, and he and they speak English fluently—as English is spoken in Dublin! He is as much at home in his "popular assumption" of *Hamlet* as in his "favourite rôle" of *Bor*. Need it be said after this, that he also shines in *Burlesque*? But, perhaps, the Band is the favourite amusement of the Eastenders. It consists of about eight performers, who wear a uniform which, seemingly, belonged to a Light Cavalry Regiment that may have been disbanded for insubordination. The tunics, forage-caps, and overalls are intensely and aggressively military. Thus, rather a comical effect is produced when the fiercely-martial musicians (who are warriors every inch of them—except their boots) perform on a few mild violins, a harp, and a flute—instruments better suited to the after-part of a penny steamer rather than to the parade-ground of the tented field. The bandmen keep up their military character, however, by a sort of an "independent firing" at the tune, which they only occasionally hit. The flute is evidently deaf, as he pays no sort of attention to the proceedings of his colleagues, and, presumably, dumb, as he sometimes omits a note from lack of breath. None of the others take the slightest notice of the energetic *bâton* of the well-intentioned Conductor with the exception of the harp. The performer on this instrument seems to be in the power of his leader, who, possibly, attracts his attention by constantly whispering in his ear, "By Jove, Sir, I know your guilty secret, and will hang you if you don't follow my beats!" Seemingly, the band receives some of its income from the sale of programmes, and this being the case the trade in these publications is rendered "brisk" by a kind of game of "melodious questions and answers." The number of a tune is given on a placard, and then you guess what it possibly can be, receiving only the confusing assistance of the musicians in making the solution. When you are tired of puzzling over the problem, you refer to the programme, and there find under the number quoted the answer to the musical, or rather unmusical riddle. This exercise must be noted as one of the principal "distractions" (as foreigners would say) of this little far-from-watering place.

Deepseaville.—Not for a moment to be associated with Eastend-on-Mud, of which, however, if the truth must be told, it is in reality a rapidly increasing suburb. It has a "Parade" and an "Estate Office" and an "Enclosure." This latter is a well-kept garden, to which the residents are admitted on purchasing a "household ticket" at a shilling a week. The "outside Public" (by which are meant Cockneys in general, and Eastenders in particular) can only gain an entrance by producing sixpence a person. This charge is made (so a real live park-keeper in a livery, including a red waistcoat and a gold hat-band, tells you) to keep the place select. There is also an "Imperial Hotel," with an excellent *table d'hôte* (with a *menu* in local French) and a cellar of decent wine at reasonable prices. There are also afternoon *toilettes*, and Mashers from adjacent military stations, and Anglo-Indian *invalides*, deserters from Bath and Cheltenham, and a ball is given now and again, of which the chief item is a *salade* of white muslin and red uniforms, in fact, "the town on the cliff" claims a place with Folkestone and Southsea, and is apt to sneer at Scarborough. Thus, while the humble excursionist to Eastend drops her aspirates, the haughty denizen of Deepseaville turns up her nose!

Conclusion.—Debit the subject of these notes with a wretched railway, a great deal of mud, and far too many Bank-Holiday makers. Put on the credit-side splendid air, pretty scenery, a constantly-changing panorama of ships outward and homeward bound, and a perfectly harmless population. Balance the two, and the result will be that, take it all round (a very long way round both by land and river), Eastend-on-Mud is not half bad. Only cynics will lay a stress upon the *half*!

Oh! those Boys!

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Daily News*:—

A Comfortable HOME WANTED for an amusing little MONKEY, to be SOLD cheap.

Alas, here is another unfortunate parent who is unable to solve the great question of the day, namely, "What shall we do with our Boys?"

If France should want to treat with the Black Flags, and send them a White One, she hasn't got one now.



BETWEEN DIEPPE AND NEWHAVEN.

Old Lady (to Jones, who always makes a point of being civil to rich-looking Old Ladies, who appear to be alone in the world). "HOW KIND AND ATTENTIVE YOU'VE BEEN TO ME ALL THE WAY. YOU REMIND ME OF THE YOUNGEST OF MY FIFTEEN DEAR NEPHEWS!"

HOW THE KING OF SPAIN WAS INTERVIEWED.

(A Story of "the Times.")

THE Ambassador was certainly very busy, but I firmly took hold of his button, and followed him about all day. It was inconvenient, but necessary. Thus I had an opportunity of approaching the subject dearest to my heart in the pauses of business.

"The King would very much like to see you," said his Excellency, "but he is so engaged."

I explained to the Ambassador that His Majesty need be under no apprehension that the time employed in giving me an interview would be lost. But my friend would not be convinced; strangely enough, he seemed to become very weary. He said he would see me no more, but leave me to his successor—that he intended to resign. Then, flinging himself upon a sofa, he began to snore. I sat beside him on a stool, for I would not let go my hold for a moment. The Ambassador is the pink of courtesy, but he is also a Diplomatist.

"The King," muttered his Excellency at length, speaking in his sleep, "the King will be at the Railway Station at nine o'clock."

This was enough for me! I let go the button, and rushed out of the room. I saw my way to the long-desired interview with His Majesty.

And now I must tell you an anecdote. A few relatives have come to stay a week with me. Amongst the number were my wife's father, my sister's brother-in-law, and a second cousin of my aunt by marriage. These worthy people—tired and hungry from long journeys, averaging a thousand miles or so a-piece—arrived in due course. They put their heads out of their cab-windows to greet me.

"Go back!" I shouted, "don't get out—you must all go home again!"

They seemed surprised—even disappointed—but obeyed. In a few minutes the cabs, loaded with undisturbed luggage, were returning to the Stations. Thus I sacrificed my relatives and myself. It is true they had invited themselves, but what of that? I should have been charmed to have entertained them had I not been busy. I had also asked a few friends to dinner. I had arranged a simple menu. I hastened to the restaurant where my guests were already assembled. I ordered a more costly banquet than that already commanded.

"My dear ones," I said. "You must dine without me. This worthy man," and I laid my hand affectionately on the shoulder of a rich but rather stingy Anglo-Indian, "this worthy man will represent me. He shall be your host, and you his guests."

Having also explained this idea thoroughly to the head-waiter, so as to guide

him when the time arrived for making out the bill, I took my departure. My quondam guests bore my absence with the most admirable fortitude.

I reached the Railway Station. The King was surrounded by courtiers. I pushed my way amongst them. His Majesty saw me coming, and retired rather suddenly into his carriage. I hastened to the entrance and placed my hand upon the door.

As I looked at his Majesty, I could not help noticing that he had certainly changed since I had seen him last, some twenty years before. That this should be so filled me with the utmost astonishment, but so it was.

"Sire," said I, falling upon my knees, and kissing the steps of the railway carriage, "I hope you will have a fine journey."

"Thanks!" replied his Majesty, hastily putting up the window, which I had thoughtlessly left unguarded to perform my simple act of homage, and thus cutting me off from further communication with him. In another twenty minutes the train had started on its journey.

But there was a world of meaning in his Majesty's exclamation of "Thanks!" A world of meaning. As I shall demonstrate—hereafter!

"THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE."

(Inscribed to the "Red Lions" of the British Association.)

STRANGE are all the tales of olden ages,
All the wondrous lays of fairy lore,
Shrined in legends on the well-thumbed pages,
Dear to childhood's heart for evermore.
Though the elves have left the leaves and roses,
Fled perchance to unknown lands afar,
Still more strange each tale the Century knows is—
Records of the land and sea and star.

Puck could girdle earth in forty minutes—
So said SHAKESPEARE'S elf with boastful mind;
Electricity can start and win its
Wondrous race, and leave the fay behind.
Send a maiden telephonic greeting,
Where the Mississippi's waves are curl'd,
You shall hear how true her heart is beating,
Under all the seas of half the world.

Yonder child with Fever's hand is stricken,
Science comes to ease the labouring breath,
Shows how germs are born and how they quicken,
Air and water may be charged with death.
See the microscope new scenes preparing,
In the Wonderland its bright lens gives,
And the physiologist declaring
That great paradox, "Life dies, death lives."

How mankind, in ages pre-historic,
Lived on lake, in cave, or by the sea,
Science tells, and how, with meteoric
Speed, his flinty arrowheads would flee.
Mastodons would walk the woods primeval,
Pterodactyls mighty wings would raise,
When the ichthyosaurus lived coëval
With the Mammoth monsters of old days.

See the pale astronomer unsleeping,
GALILEO'S spirit in his soul,
Watches, as some comet's train comes sweeping,
Where the immemorial planets roll.
Star on star shines on beyond all naming,
Haply Principalities and Pow'rs;
All the mighty Universe proclaiming—
There are certes other worlds than ours.

List, then, to the Fairy Tales of Science,
Solemn and stupendous and sublime;
Nature's voice speaks out in proud defiance
To the puny sceptics of our time.
Age to age speaks on, each generation—
Finds new wonders coming at its call,
While wise men, be sure, of every nation,
Recognise the First great Cause of all!

"It was a very fair dinner at Sir GORGY BUSTER'S," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM; "though I think a little more attention might have been bestowed on the *entresols*. and if the lights had had what the French call their 'Shade-overs' it would have been better for the eyes."

THE GENTLE CITIZEN TO THE BURGLAR.

(A Suburban Pastoral of the Season.)

Oh! come to me, my cracksman bold,
And sack my silver, bag my gold!
Thy season now hath well set in,
When thou mayst loot with a safe skin.
Behold the paths are all made plain
For thy pursuit of pleasant gain.
So come, O happy Burglar, come
To my retired suburban home!
I probably shall not be there,
But some old female "taking care,"
Yet let not that thy visit stay,
The wine, the plate are *not* away.
On hospitable thoughts intent,
I did *not* send them ere I went,
Myself in holiday ease to anchor,
With churlish forethought to my banker.
Perish the thought! The ancient dame
Is deaf and fond of gin. Thy game
Is all before thee where to choose,
Scarce needing use of soft list-shoes.
Come then to my suburban villa!
Its walls to thy predacious skill, a
Small obstacle indeed will prove.
The decorations cracksmen love,
The gable porch, verandah low,
Trellis and trailer, sweetly show
The way to upper windows clear;
Then there are handy ladders near,
Thick shrubberies in which to lurk
Whilst contemplating thy sweet work;
Soft turfy plots to hush thy tread;
The dog is fat and overfed.
As for the Bobby, why, his beat
Is three miles long, and *shouldst* thou meet
That devious wanderer on thy way,
Smash him! To thee 'tis mere child's play.
He's armed with nothing but a stick,
Thy pistol's prompt, thy aim is quick.
Kindly Authority will not
Arm X 13 with blade or shot.
Should he disturb thee at thy task,
Thou hast knife, bludgeon, pistol, mask.
So careful is the Law to give
Odds on *thy* side—that thou mayst live
A life of long and easy crime,
And score off Bobby "all the time."
He comes! Thou hold'st revolver! Pull it!
Poor Peeler's potted by a bullet;
Or if, with Bobby's usual pluck,
And something more than common luck,
He close with thee, and thou *must* fly;
Leave him crushed, riddled, there—to die!
So come, O happy Burglar, come
To my retired suburban home!
Come, *Toby Crackit*, come, *Bill Sikes*!—
Whichever *nomen* thee belikes—
Come, lift my windows, scale my doorway,
Whilst I'm away in France or Norway,
Come! If thou dost not, with impunity,
'Tis *not* for want of opportunity!

DOMESTIC METEOROLOGY.

By a Fireside Philosopher.

"Relative" Humidity.—Tendency to tearfulness on the part of Materfamilias and the girls, on Paterfamilias saying that he "can't afford a holiday this year."

Dew-Point.—The point attained—lachrymally—when Paterfamilias, after an hour's argument, requests, imperatively, that he may "have no more nonsense!"

Tension of Vapour.—Phenomenon manifested on the first signs of relenting on the part of Papa.

Drying Power.—Immediate influence of the appearance of the cheque-book.



ART IN THE MIDLANDS.

Visitor (at the Shoddyville Art Gallery). "WHO PAINTED THIS PORTRAIT, DO YOU KNOW?"
Curator. "I BELIEVE BY SOME LONDON FIRM, SIR!!"

MORE BOOTH-ERATION.—Even the Correspondent of the *Times* at Geneva, usually so remarkably favourable to the doings of the eccentric Miss Booth—the Fair Booth—admitted last week that she was clearly in the wrong, and the Neufchâtel Authorities distinctly in the right. Perhaps this will be gradually understood by Authorities in this land of a hundred religions and only one sauce—though the Boothists can supply the last-named article pretty freely. When, within the last fortnight, the "General" subtlet the Eagle Tavern to a publican, and presumably a sinner, not a Salvationist, the former requested that the case might be heard in private. When a "General" actually wants to be degraded to the rank of a "Private," the next in command might humour him. Everyone to his own opinion, with a perfect right to express it quietly or keep it to himself. But noise, rowdyism, aggressiveness, in the public exhibition of what is intended to be a religious service, becomes a General Nuisance, which can't be disposed of, we regret to say, in private.

CHANGE OF TITLE.—He is not to be called "Grand Old Man" any more; but, if you ask us what his new name is to be, it is "A First-rate Feller."

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Starting—Homeric—Hebrides—Opinions—Morning—Scrubbing—Lurching—Erin—Salutations—Costume—Tubbing—Fine—Tapley Junior—Nautical—Breakfast—Weather—Reporting—Progress—Maps—Hints—Books—Studies—Shooting.

WE are starting. I am made aware of this about five o'clock A.M. The overture commences with a quick movement on deck within a few inches of my nose.

Happy Quotation (Shakspearian).—"Sleep, gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have they frightened thee, that I no more can lay my eyelids down and steep my senses in forgetfulness." They do scrub and rub. This is what I suppose they call "clearing the decks for action"—the action being our presently starting to cruise about the Hebrides. "The Hebrides" sounds like Greek, and seem somehow to be associated with HOMER. HOMER and the Hebrides strikes me as a familiar title. It will have more the ring of a long voyage to say, when I return to London—saying it, of course, quite carelessly, as an everyday occurrence—"Oh, I've been to the Hebrides," than merely to tell my friends, "I've been yachting about the coast of Scotland." There are some people, I am sure, who will simply regard me with mixed feelings of awe and astonishment, and after replying, "No! really! have you! how nice!" they will go among their friends, and, so to speak, make capital out of their having met "So-and-so, who has just returned from the Hebrides."

Were I simply to say, "I've been yachting off the coast of Scotland," the sort of people alluded to above would be inclined to laugh or sneer at such a way of yachting; in fact, they would doubt my statement altogether, and be prepared to swear that I had never been "off the coast of Scotland" at all, but had contented myself with remaining on it, and imagining the rest. And others, the bold buccaneers who never get further than the edge of the Serpentine, would observe, satirically, that they didn't think much of yachting always in sight of land. "That's not," they'd say, "what they call going to sea."

So, for the sake of friends and acquaintances at a distance, I am glad that our Commander is taking us among the Hebrides.

Oh, that scrubbing and rubbing! Does anyone ever get accustomed to it? I doubt it.

What noises there are always on board a yacht when she is getting "under weigh." The anchor chains to begin with, or the two anchors' chains, as the case may be. There's a row!

Sometimes I fancy there is a revolution on board, when I hear the sailors shouting, unanimously, "Down with her!" and repeating it all together several times, fiercely.

So, when they cry, cheerily, "Haul him in!" it sounds from below, either as if they were saving life at sea, or had caught an enormous fish. Then suddenly everything goes with a whack all to one side, and if the dressing things haven't been properly secured overnight, "bang goes saxepe" in no time.

This morning there is nothing of this sort. We seem to be a long time in getting under weigh.

The Merry Young Steward enters the cabin, and says there is not much of a breeze, but that we are out of Larne Harbour, and that She (the *Creusa*) is going on as well or even better than could have been expected.

In quitting Larne we leave Ireland. "Farewell to Erin!"—after having been once on shore for about fifty minutes. I can add this to my list when I return. "Where have you been?" "Been? Oh,"—always carelessly—"cruising about Ireland, Scotland, The Hebrides, and so forth"—but always, for effect, keep the Hebrides to the last.

In the very early morning (everybody appears to get up earlier than everybody else, and the difficulty is to get up first) we come upon one another wandering about in strange fancy costumes. The salutation generally is "Hallo! you up! Good morning!" Then we recount to each other how we slept, how we are, and how we hope to be. After this we inquire of each other, "Are you going on deck?" when the answer is uncertain, as if each wanted for a while, at least, to get rid of his companion (a difficult thing on board a yacht), and then we all meet again unexpectedly on deck, when we are once more equally surprised, and seemingly not best pleased. Then we go down again in detachments of one at a time.

KILLICK is remarkable. He is dressed, as he has been dressed all night, in fantastically-coloured pyjamas, in which he looks like a Chinaman "with a song"—that is, as if ready at any moment to hold up the index finger of each hand, break out into "ching a ring a ring ching," and do a dance,—which, I believe, is the popular view of a Chinaman—at all events, it is mine, judging from their representations on the stage.

KILLICK is at once christened the "Great Pyjama himself with the little round button at the top"—which, as being personal, he resents, and returns to his berth as if he had made a mistake in the day, and had determined to go to bed again, till things had taken a more favourable turn, and the world generally was ready to receive

him. Subsequently, having finished my toilette, I open my door, and come suddenly and quite unexpectedly on KILLICK, or rather nearly over KILLICK, who appears to be rising out of the floor of the passage, as if he were a Merman who had worked his way up through the keel with a message from the sea. He cries out, in an angry but frightened tone, "Here! Hi! Take care!" as I exclaim simultaneously, "Why, what the"—when I see what it is. He is taking a bath, and the baths on board the *Creusa* are not in the cabins, but in the passage; I apologise,—which has no softening effect on him, as I hear him grumbling till he begins sluicing, sighing and groaning like a man under torture,—and then I step over him, and go up the companion and on deck.

It is lovely, and we are sailing gently along, with wind and tide I should say. Everybody is happy. The Captain salutes, and takes a very cheery prospect of the weather. The Man-at-the-Wheel is smiling; the men in foke'sel are lounging and chatting. They have finished their morning's work, and so straight is to be our course that no tacking, no "going about" will be required.

The Merry Young Steward comes up the companion to inform me of the congenial readiness of breakfast. This information he gives in his own peculiar way. The Merry Young Steward, or MARK TAPLEY Junior, as I have already christened him, is, when on board, nothing if not nautical; but being nautical, he is everything. Although only gifted by Nature with a pair of hands, he is always ready to lend one of them whenever and wherever it is required. The more work he has to do the better he does every bit of it, the happier he appears, and the more time he seems to have on his hands for fishing, pulling and hauling at the ropes, mending clothes, cleaning the rifle, attending to the lines, arranging the flowers (he has a good eye for colour), polishing up everything, and coming out in several different costumes, Valet, Cook's Assistant, Butler, Sailor, Waiter, Steward, in the course of the day. As the late Mr. ROBSON used to say when, in the Farce of *Catching a Mermaid*, he sang "*The Country Fair*," "Oh, he's a w-o-o-o-nderful b-o-o-oy!"

He announces each meal with a cheery "Breakfast is under weigh, Sir," or "Dinner or Lunch"—as the case may be—"is under weigh, Sir!" This morning, at breakfast, he comes, with a beaming countenance, to inform his master that "he must take in a reef in the butter," as, from some accident or other, our supply of this article is limited.

We don't grumble, we don't look serious, we don't complain, but such is the effect of MARK TAPLEY Junior's cheeriness, we all become suddenly quite mirthful and ready to scream with laughter at the prospect of short commons in this direction. If he had announced to us, on returning from some foraging expedition with an empty basket, that the island where he had been was a desert, that there was no land within three days' sail even with the most favourable breeze, and that our provisions were reduced to a backgammon board and a cruet-stand, and that starvation (he would put this in his brightest and happiest manner) was imminent, we should all cheer up, and even feel that we had had rather a satisfactory meal than otherwise. So we assist with a will "in taking in a reef in the butter," and make up for the deficiency with, as TAPLEY Junior suggests, "double rations of marmalade."

If all meals on board a yacht, while in motion, could be like this, then yachting would be perfect. It is the very poetry of motion; but oh, when the prose comes, or when the poetry becomes a little uneven, and then gradually eccentric!

The breakfast passes off pleasantly, all having been put into excellent spirits by the Merry Young Steward, and CRAYLEY doesn't contradict KILLICK more than half a dozen times on as many subjects, and we saunter on to the deck to enjoy the morning, which we all agree is heavenly. Our host smiles benignly and with becoming modesty, as if deprecating anything like a compliment on our part being addressed to himself in grateful acknowledgment of the magnificent state of the weather. Some hosts invariably take to themselves their guests' hearty commendation of the weather, and reply to any remark on the beauty of the day, in an off-hand way, with "Yes, isn't it?" their tone being that of men with special privileges who can afford to pity such ordinary people as are compelled to put up with any sort of weather they can get. Yet even MELLEVILLE, seated reposefully, admits that "it is certainly very pleasant," and evidently wishes us to understand that this is nothing to what can be done in the way of fine weather when we're out yachting with him.

Where are we? Larne has vanished. But there are coasts left and right. The Commodore will explain. TAPLEY Junior brings on deck a chart, in which all the sea is marked like land in an ordinary map, so that, after sailing about with my index finger from point to point for ten minutes, I give it up in despair, and prefer being instructed by "One Who Knows." KILLICK and CRAYLEY are at loggerheads already as to where we are. The former is positive that Ireland is on our left and Scotland on our right, while the latter is certain that the situation is exactly the reverse.

We are perpetually referring to maps, and asking each other, "Where are we?" "Which is Ireland?" "Which is Scotland?"

"Where's the Isle of"—whatever it may be, and so forth. This leads to discussion and contradiction. Now, what a waste of time and trial of temper would be avoided if along the shore, wherever practicable, notice-boards were stuck up, with "Ireland," or "Scotland," or "England," as the case may be. How useful to ships from everywhere! All the Islands should have boards up with their names on them. Railway Stations have the names up, streets have; why not bays and creeks, and gulfs and the entrances into seas? Why not at the corner of an island have a board up, with "This way to the Atlantic"? and so on.

However, we take our information from MELLEVEILLE, who, without the aid of the chart, knows all about it,—is acquainted with the names of the islands, the swifts, the shoals, the rocks, and so forth, but prefers to point them out on the chart, for the sake of practice and for satisfactory corroboration, in order to prevent dispute. KILLICK and CRAYLEY discover that they were both right, as each declares he had meant exactly what the chart shows is really the geography of the place.

It is wonderful what a collection of books has been brought on board by everyone. The library is considerable and varied. To account for this we explain to one another that, as old hands at this sort of thing, we know how difficult it is to amuse oneself during a calm, and in general what a first-rate opportunity for getting through novels, or, in fact, any sort of literature yachting affords.

Every morning after breakfast, therefore, we appear on deck, each with his book. Our host has one of DAUBET's novels, CRAYLEY one of BOISGOREY's, KILLICK has laid in a stock of cheap novels, bound in illustrated covers, evidently intended to attract the Public in the same way that a work of Art outside a booth at a fair, or a theatrical picture-poster on a wall is intended to attract, and with about as much truth. KILLICK doesn't profess to know the names of the books, or of the Authors; he has gone entirely by the pictures, and has picked them out of a "job lot," marked "reduced to a shilling." One of these—a different one every morning—is always in his hand. His method of reading, when he does read at all, for he has a rifle by his side and a pouch of ammunition, and is perpetually on the look out for all sorts of sea-fowl, guillemots, divers, gulls, whales, and porpoises, all being game that comes in sight—his method of reading is to examine all his books—reviewing the outsides—in order to see which picture is the most sensational (he forgets them from day to day during the first part of our trip), and then, having made his selection, he appears on deck in a soft, shapeless, neutral-tinted hat, a retired Ulster of a curiously variegated pattern, showing three inches of flannel "trouserings," as the tailors call them professionally, a pair of deck-shoes, carrying the novel in one hand, the rifle in the other, and a pouch of cartridges slung over his shoulder.

The next part of his performance, for he can't settle down to reading at once, is to look all round to see where we are—this we all do whenever we come on deck, no matter when it is, during the day, and no matter whether we are sailing, becalmed, or in harbour, there being always a sort of instinct, even in the two last-named cases, that we may have drifted, or got away somehow; and, indeed, I notice that the Salts themselves, the very oldest and most experienced among them, invariably come on deck as if they'd just awoke from a long sleep, and look about with the puzzled air of men whose eyes are not yet accustomed to the light, and whose first words will be, if they speak, "Where are we now, eh?"—and KILLICK being no exception to the rule, though, of course, each man has his characteristic way of looking about him, and KILLICK's is one of annoyance, as he scans the scenery frowningly, with tightly-closed lips, and his hand clutching the rifle, as if ready to deal out destruction even to the landscape itself, and put a hole into it, as if it were a panorama painted on canvas, if it isn't exactly to his taste.

Having expressed in a single grant his general dissatisfaction with everything, and, so to speak, turned up his nose at Nature for presenting herself under such an aspect to him on that morning when he had clearly expected her to have something quite different ready for him,—as, if it is nothing but sea, he wants land; if in sight of land, he wants it to be all sea; if we're among islands, he complains of the monotony of the view, and so forth,—he deposits his rifle and cartridge-pouch on the seat by his side, and then opens his novel. As he has by this time forgotten what the picture was, he has to refresh his memory and sharpen his appetite for perusal by a reference to the cover, and then the fourth part of the process is to turn over the pages, one at a time at first, then three or four rapidly, then in handfuls, until his attention may be arrested by some description that tallies with the sensational situation depicted on the outside. If he succeeds in finding this within the first ten minutes, he will either settle down to that page, or he takes its number,—treating it like a cabman with whom he had had a dispute—and, his attention perhaps being distracted by the harsh quack of a sea-fowl, or being impelled by a sudden impulse to kill something, or, at all events, to try to, he jumps up, seizes his rifle, loads it, and peers about to see on what object he can wreak his intentionally terrible, but practically impotent, vengeance. When I say "practically impotent," this is only true when he aims very carefully at anything; but if he takes

a hap-hazard pot-shot, there is no knowing what, or whom, within a hundred yards, he may not kill.

Fortunately, in sailing among the northern islands we are never so close to shore as to render his shooting at a duck positively dangerous to one of the occasional islanders; or, if we are ever sufficiently near for KILLICK's shooting to be dangerous, the islands are generally to all appearance uninhabited, or, should there be a cottage or two scattered about at unsociable distances from one another, as if their position was due to some volcanically social disturbance that had dispersed them in this manner, there is no sign of a living soul anywhere about, even to watch the few cows that may be grazing near the sea-shore, apparently on sea-weed, small crabs, shrimps, and jelly-fish. By the way, what a curious flavour this cow's milk must have!

Happy Thought.—To quote SHAKESPEARE's *Macbeth*, as we're off the Scottish Coast, *à propos* of KILLICK's shooting—"What is't you do?" "A deed without an aim."

OUR PARENTS.

(Further Correspondences.)

SIR,—I hold a good official position, am in receipt of a handsome income, am well connected, and I have three boys who have all received the education of Gentlemen. Coming to the conclusion however that, at the ripe age of fifteen, there is no immediate opening to be found for them in their own sphere of life,—at least, without involving me in expenditure that I do not feel justified in incurring—I have apprenticed one to a journeyman plumber, while of the other two I have, without any hesitation, made respectively an omnibus conductor and a provincial dustman. Beyond a little back-stair influence, the whole business has cost me actually nothing, and the lads acknowledge that they have a start in life that not one father in a hundred would have given them. That they may prosper, and eventually take care of and support him in his old age, is the well-calculated design and earnest wish of yours obediently,

AN OXFORD D.C.L.

SIR,—I haven't been home for the holidays more than three days (we're to have nine weeks, not including the three extra ones we got for the marriage of the head-master's mother-in-law), and I don't know now a bit what to do with myself. I've cleaned all the clocks with soft soap, re-silvered a couple of Queen Anne's looking-glasses, kept Guinea-pigs in the harmonium, swept the next door chimneys from the top with a rake and a hearth-rug, and made a vampire trap in the butler's pantry—and a lot more. Yet I don't know what to be up to next. Praps I might have had some fun if my seven elder brothers hadn't all been sent to reformatories. So please put in this letter, and let it say a word for me. For though mother complains she's a bit "tired" at times, she says, after all, I am

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

SIR,—Will you tell me what I am to do? I have a couple of boys, who are enjoying the advantages of a superior education, with wholesome though excellent food, at a noted Academy in Wapping. But the holidays are intolerable. They give the pupils one week at Christmas, and no less than three at Midsummer. I consider this, Sir, simple swindling on the part of the Authorities, especially as my two sons, when at home, so irritate me by their mere presence that I am continually pursuing them from room to room with a broomstick. They are at the present moment cowering under the bed in the spare room, much to my exasperation: and where they get their abominable ill-temper from is, and always has been, an unsolved puzzle to your long-suffering Correspondent,

A NICE MOTHER.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, the "Mother of Nine Burglars," is quite right—home influence is a mistake. Acting on this principle, I give no holidays at all, and advertise only for incorrigible boys. My efforts in this direction have been most successful, and so fast have pupils poured in, in answer to my call, that I am proud to say my establishment is already the terror of the neighbourhood. We are 170 in all, and have given the local Police force so much employment during our last summer term that I hear it is shortly to be increased. Our list of "distinguished" scholars is no mean one; three have been hung, five are doing their fourteen years, while no less than twenty-eight are working out minor but fairly stiff sentences. We have also turned out several cabmen, two crossing-sweepers, and we stand very well at the *Inebriates' Home*. Can I say more? It will, of course, be understood that I keep a good staff of warders, and that, though I give no vacation, I find it wise and salutary to take one. But whenever I am absent for more than five months at a time, I need scarcely add that my place is invariably filled by a competent and painstaking

UNDER-MASTER.

SIR,—I've got a great deal to say on this highly interesting subject, but, unlike your Correspondents, I'm not fool enough to waste my valuable and edifying remarks on the Dull Season.

Yours, &c.,

GREEN GOOSEBERRY.



CRICKETIANA.

Lucy Mildmay (who is fond of technical terms). "BY THE WAY—A—ARE THEY PLAYING 'RUGBY' OR 'ASSOCIATION'?"

ON THE SKYE-LARK.

A Song of High Jinks among High Personages in High Latitudes, dedicated in a holiday humour, but with profound respect, to whom it may concern.

AIR—"Jack Robinson."

THE perils and the pothers of the Session past,
The *Pembroke Castle* Northward ho! was bound at last,
And WILLIAM to the winds all his longshore troubles cast;
And chief among his messmates was ALF TEN-NY-SON.
For ALFRED had a tenor voice, and songs could sing galore,
And he twangled "like an angel" on a harp he always bore,
And along with the crew he had come away from shore,
As Minstrel for the voyage—ALFRED TEN-NY-SON!

Singing toddi-oddi-iddi-iddi-um-tum-tay! &c.

For WILLIAM he had met with him, and cried, "I say,
Mayhap you'd not object that harp to twangle and to play,
Like the old Sirens, out at sea?" The Minstrel answered, "Nay,
I shouldn't,—not a morsel," says ALF TEN-NY-SON.
Says WILLIAM to him, "I have joined this here ship,
And my shore-going comrades I have given all the slip,
So mayhap you will partake our cruise and join us for the trip."
"You're a right good sort of fellow," says ALF TEN-NY-SON.

Singing toddi-oddi, &c.

So upon the *Pembroke Castle's* poop they both sat down,
A-talking of great statesmen and of bards of high renown;
And they drank as much—say nectar—as might come to half-a-crown.
"This is really very jolly!" says ALF TEN-NY-SON.
As WILLIAM was about another long yarn to out-pay,
A Sawbones party came abaft—in nautical array.
"Why, shiver me!" says WILLIAM, "if here isn't that Sir A——."
"Who'd ha' thought of seeing you here?" says ALF TEN-NY-SON.

Singing toddi-oddi, &c.

The Sawbones he seemed staggered. "Eh!" says he, "the talk
called 'tall'?"
And grog? and pipes? Oh! WILLIAM, such high jinks won't do at
all!"

"Oh, never mind!" says ALFRED; "don't you go and raise a squall.
Confound it, don't you know me?—I'm ALF TEN-NY-SON!"
Says WILLIAM, "Pray remember the advice you gave to me.
'Tis now three years ago or more since first I tried the sea,
I find these frolics set me up, and so I'm sure will he!"
"Upon my word, he hits it," says ALF TEN-NY-SON.

Singing toddi-oddi, &c.

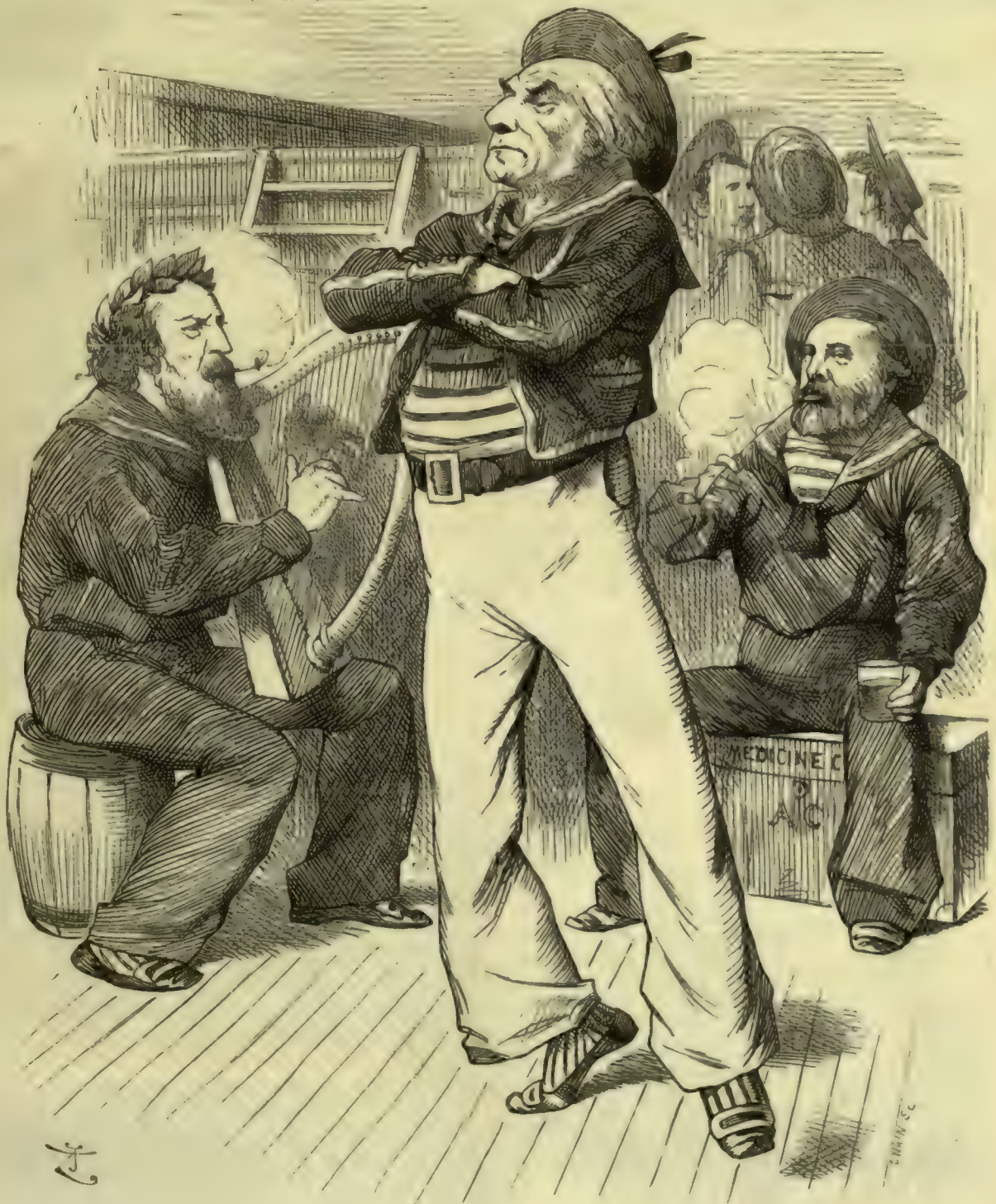
Says the Sawbones, says he, "Well, it may be as you state,
But you do not mean to say you've got this Idyll chap as mate?
You know you promised me to keep jaw-tackle taut." "Just wait,
And you'll find we're on the 'Skylark,'" says ALF TEN-NY-SON.
So he plumped down on a barrel, and the laurels round his head
Took a Bacchanalian rake, and on his harp he twan-gle-ed,
Whilst WILLIAM danced a hornpipe, with a light elastic tread.
"There, that doesn't look like doldrums," says ALF TEN-NY-SON.

Singing toddi-oddi, &c.

Then the Sawbones hitched his trousers and he—measured out a glass—
Which *wasn't* homoeopathic—and he cried, "Well, let it pass!"
Then he lit his pipe and listened. "Why, a man must be an ass
To play the owl for ever!" says ALF TEN-NY-SON.
"To fret and stew about things much is all in vain.
We are off to Skye and Orkney, and 'to Norraway o'er the main'—
As to WILLIAM, when to Westminster he does come back again—"
Then they were off ere one could say "ALF TEN-NY-SON!"
Singing toddi-oddi-iddi-iddi-um-tum-tay! &c.

POOR MR. FARINI! The Whale is dead! So like a Whale too!
"O Whaley Whaley O!" Mr. FARINI may cry in this whale of
tears, but he cannot raise a whale, except on the back of that little
boy who may be jeering at his misfortunes. But we draw a wale
over the proceedings.

It is no use the French sending out raw troops to China, as the
broiling heat will cook them, and they'll be sent back within a very
short time of their arrival thoroughly done.



‘A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.’

(Supposed latest Performance of the G. O. M.)

“HEIGH, MY HEARTS! CHEERLY, CHEERLY, MY HEARTS! YARE, YARE!”—*Shakspeare.*

A LAUREATE'S LOG.

(Rough Weather Notes from the New Berth-day Book.)

MONDAY.

If you're wakin, please don't call me, please don't call me, CURRIE dear,
For they tell me that to-morrow t'wards the open we're to steer!
No doubt, for you and those aloft, the maddest merriest way,—
But I always feel best in a bay, CURRIE, I always feel best in a bay!

TUESDAY.

Take, take, take?—
What will I take for tea?
The thinnest slice—no butter,—
And that's quite enough for me!

WEDNESDAY.

It is the little roll within the berth
That by-and-by will put an end to mirth,
And, never ceasing, slowly prostrate all!

THURSDAY.

Let me alone! What pleasure can you have
In chaffing evil? Tell me, what's the fun
Of ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All you the rest, you know how to behave
In roughish weather! I, for one,
Ask for the shore—or death, dark death,—I am so done!

FRIDAY.

Twelve knots an hour! But what am I?
A poet, with no land in sight,
Insisting that he feels "all right"
With half a smile—and half a sigh!

SATURDAY.

Comfort? Comfort scorned of lubbers! Hear this truth the Poet roar,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering days on shore.
Drug his soda, lest he learn it when the Foreland gleams a spec
In the dead unhappy night, when he can't sit up on deck!

SUNDAY.

Ah! you've called me nice and early, nice and early, CURRIE dear!
What? Really in? Well, come, the news I'm precious glad to hear;
For though in such good company I willingly would stay—
I'm glad to be back in the bay, CURRIE, I'm glad to be back in the bay!

ALPHONSO ABROAD.

THE King of Spain is to send two telegrams a day to Queen CHRISTINA, whose jealous propensities have been publicly illustrated of late. Here are a few intercepted:—

PARIS. Noon.—As I arrived in strict *incognito*, of course, not more than a thousand people or so to meet me, and none of the President's family. I don't call Madame GREY an irresistible beauty, but perhaps it was better so—especially since Madame WILSON isn't more than two-and-thirty. FERNAN NUNEZ quite changed. Staid, sober, respectable. Suggests the *Arts Décoratifs*, and M. MASPERO on Egyptology as amusements.

PARIS. Midnight.—Only time for word. *Arts Récréatifs* and *Dum spiro spiro* on Egypt—hours—odalisques—fatiguing. No Ladies present. Bed directly after supper—bread and cheese and *olla prodrida* in memory of thee.

MUNICH. Noon.—Austerest capital in Europe, except Madrid as I have reformed it. Art shows splendid, but am gratified to remark that classic figures carefully curtained "for the King of Spain." Delicate attention that of LUDWIG's; of course he's invisible, but shall leave a card.

MUNICH. Midnight.—Suggestions in last as to LOLA MONTES most unjust. Never thought of her all day, although, as you remark, the name is Spanish. Spent entire day practising German and trying on German uniforms. Find them rather heavy for my figure—tongue and toga. Confess that have been half-an-hour in a *biergarten*—but no Ladies—and MOZART with violoncello.

BERLIN. Noon.—Only time for a word. Military duties imperative. Princess Imperial charming, but never thought of flirting with her. Englishwoman—don't flirt. Besides, all time given up to Mars. Venus nowhere.

BERLIN. Midnight.—Yes, did kiss the third high-born Lady-in-Waiting at the top of the kitchen-stairs. Have two appointments with *biergarten fräuleins*. Have just been behind the scenes of all the theatres, and invited everybody to supper. And mean to not go home till morning, *tra-la-la!* For it's really more than a monarch can manage, protesting virtue twice a day by telegram when he's a Spaniard and a Bourbon.

REG'LAR RUIN.

(Yankee Romance, written up to date.)

"Such is the colossal character of the fortunes now made on the other side of the Atlantic that a man who can only own to eight millions sterling attracts but little notice in Wall Street; as to a million, it is comparative beggary."—*Daily Paper.*

The wealthy Pork-factor took another turn across the gorgeous reception hall that served as the drawing-room of his splendid and palatial mansion. As he advanced, the rich pile of the costly Damascus rugs that were heaped indiscriminately about the marble floor literally impeded his progress. With a sudden pause he fell upon a gold tapestried *fauteuil* and brought his clenched fist angrily down upon a priceless inlaid ivory Indian writing-table. The blow shattered it to atoms. At the same time several 175 carat diamonds flew with a jerk out of the crowd of keeper rings the millionaire wore, all over the apartment.

But a plush-legged and powdered fifteen-stone menial shovelled them up with indifference, and tossed them into the street below.

Such scenes were common all along the best side of Fifty-ninth Avenue, and the mistress of the house merely gave a pretty laugh. She had got to the figure of three hundred and ninety dollars in emeralds on her front, and looked spry.

"Guess you're riled?" she said.

"Guess I am," the Pork-factor replied, with a six-horse oath. Then he added, between his teeth, "I'm going to make it white hot for HIRAM."

At this moment a Dude entered. He was cleanly fixed, and would have passed for a Gentleman in the deluge. But there was a slight pause as he appeared. Then the Pork-factor rose, and threw an *ormolu* inkstand or so through a Boticelli. The new-comer noticed the irritation, and merely smiled.

"It's no use, my respected bosses," he said; "you may do what you darned please; but I am not going for pork."

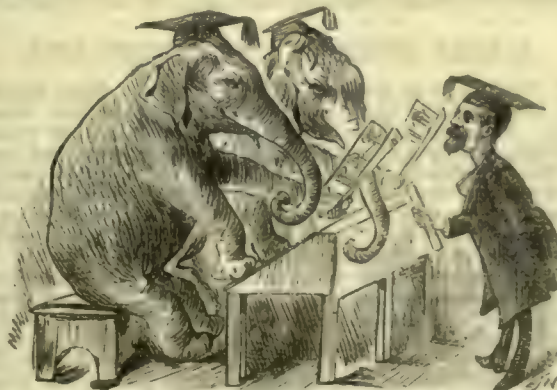
There was a scene in that gorgeous drawing-room that could be heard distinctly at Chicago. A jewelled chickering was broken into candle spills, and both the chimneys were set on fire by a blaze of five thousand dollar notes.

As the Dude entered the Momus ten minutes later there was a sympathetic cry of "Wal?"

"He has cut me off with a million," he replied, quietly draining an iced Elephant Rouser as he spoke. "I'm a ruined cuss!"

"You air!—you air!" was the prompt reply; and the entire consignment went for a new Club then and there. Things move smart in the States. They had left him to rot on that figure in the gutter!

AN OXFORD EDUCATION.—At the Oxford Hall of Music, Sir, I mean, which might be affiliated to the Royal College of Music, of which we have not heard so very much lately, Jock and Jenny are a wonderful pair, and their duet is something like a genuine Monster



Jock-ular and Jenny-ings performance.

Concert. By the way, it's a wonderful audience at the Oxford, quite a study in itself, for its very respectable *bourgeois* character. Husbands, wives, and small families are there—I saw one baby with a bottle enjoying itself amazingly—all equally pleased, and not particularly demonstrative. The comic singing of a Mr. HARRY HUNTER, and his eccentric dancing, were the best things in the entertainment, which otherwise, always excepting Jock and Jenny, who are delightful, was not quite up to the Oxford Hall-mark. I'll try another, and report myself.
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

LAYS OF A LAZY
MINSTREL.

RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

CHAMOUNI.

A Climbing Girl, I met,
you know,
Above the Valley, in the
snow;
I raised my hat, she
deigned to speak,
She pointed out each pass
and peak,
And sombre pine-trees
down below.

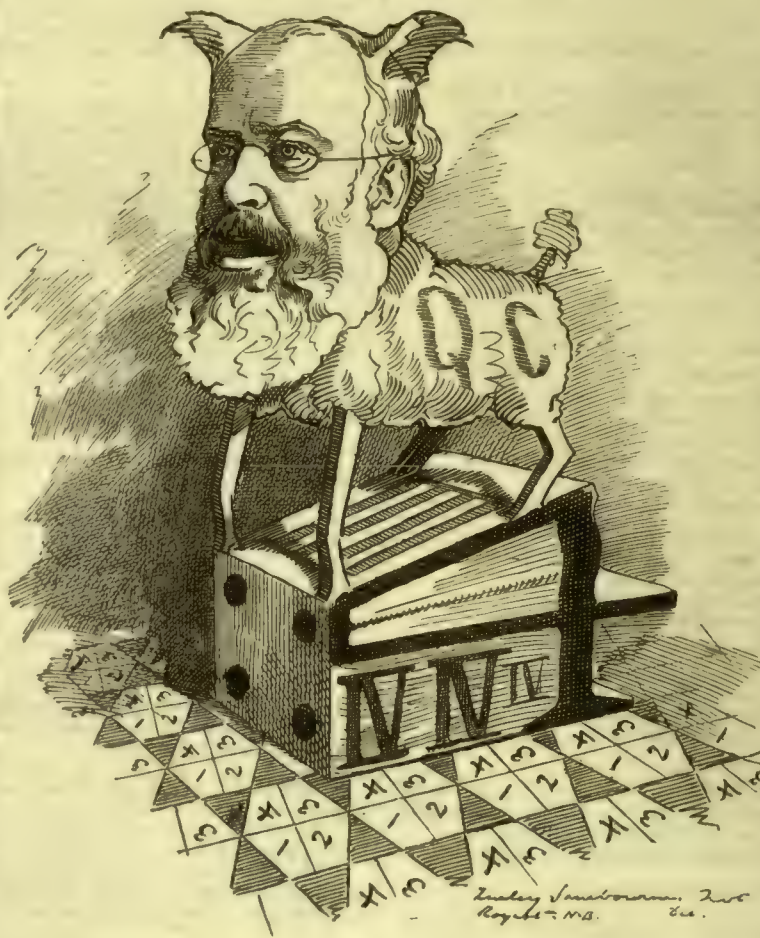
We watched the sunset's
ruddy glow,
We watched the length-
ened shadows grow;
Her eyes and dimples
were unique—
A Climbing Girl!

To Chamouni our pace was
slow,
It darker grew, we whis-
pered low;
Her dimples played at
hide and seek—
Ah, me! 'twas only Tues-
day week
She married Viscount So-
and-so—
A Climbing Girl!

THE Police propose to get rid of the old "Charley's" rattle. They found it anything but "an agreeable rattle." Instead of this they are to have whistles. Duett,—or, better, a "concerted" piece,—for the Constables, "Whistle—and I'll come to you, my Lad!" This can be arranged for the next Police Fête at the Crystal Palace—no, Palace.

A CHINESE PUZZLE.—The Despatches from Tonquin.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 154.



J. E. GORST, Q.C.,

OF THE FOURTH PARTY "QUORUM PARS MAGNA FUI"—BUT IT NEEDS NO
"GORST" TO TELL US THAT.

A CHIP FROM THE PREMIER'S LOG.

Off West Coast of Scotland.—Three bells. At least, think it's three bells, but not quite positive. Glorious weather. Glorious health. Pleasant to have companionship (not another vessel) of TENNYSON, also Sir ANDREW CLARKE, Lord DALHOUSIE, and family. Pity that ANDREW CLARKE will forbid me to talk of politics; also has asked TENNYSON not to excite me by reciting too much poetry to me—no harm in a little of the *Promise of May* just before bedtime, but nothing else. Useful to have a Medical Adviser on board who can keep off Liberal Addresses.

Just had a splendid lark with Poet Laureate, behind funnel, where ANDREW CLARKE couldn't see us. Game of "capping verses." TENNYSON awfully good at it. I tell him he oughtn't to be allowed to use his own verses. Says he doesn't know any other poetry, and doesn't want to, "and he'd like to see old BROWNING equal it, that's all." I refer, incidentally, to my poem in *Nineteenth Century*. Fancy TENNYSON is a little jealous about it. Pretends not to have read it. Says he leaves hymns to Dr. WATTS, and doesn't see why English people should choose to go and write in Italian. He never did it, and doesn't know why I should. Change subject hastily, and get on politics. Curious that TENNYSON doesn't care to talk about Egypt or the Bankruptcy Bill. Says that "politics bore him." Really he ought not to be so one-sided. Wonder if politics bored HOMER or SHAKESPEARE?

Off Strome Ferry.—Deputation of savage-looking fishermen row out, and wish to see me. Ask DALHOUSIE if it's necessary; he says he thinks if I don't that I shall lose no end of Scotch seats at next

GERMANY TO FRANCE.

(According to the "North German Gazette.")

AIR—"The Gay Cavalier."

To Tonkin she has gone,
This is capital fun!
Though, as policy, fiddle-
de-dee.
If adventure she love,
I shan't throw down the
glove,
She may go to—Hong-
Kong for me!

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

A TRUE sense of Proportion is thought to be the basis of a good judgment in what are called the Fine Arts. It is conspicuous—by its absence—in the "fine" arts, as practised by many of our Magistrates.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has been yachting. As the song says, "They all do it." The President of the Board of Trade became so popular with the men on board that they christened him the "Birmingham Pet, or the Darling of his Screw."

CONSOLATION FOR OLD AGE.—What if you have arrived at the shady side of sixty? You are entitled to exemption from the liability to serve on Juries. N.B.—Only be sure to claim it every September in due time, if necessary, to get your name struck off the Jury List.

"DISSOLVING VIEWS OF LONDON."—Booth's Houses and Southampton Buildings fast disappearing.

election. Hope deputation hasn't heard about Sunday sitting of House of Commons. I go down and talk to them through the lee-scuppers, as I fancy they are called, soothingly. Invite them to service on board (it being Sunday), and read them the passage about the "Widow's Cruise," as most appropriate. Find afterwards that old TENNYSON is horribly offended, because he wanted one of his own things used as a hymn! Strome Ferry men ask for distinct pledge that anchor won't be raised till Monday morning. Captain says he's "taken the pledge" long ago, and ANDREW CLARKE assures fishermen that any further conversation will give me an attack of apoplexy. Why not call Strome Ferry a "corrupt constituency," and disfranchise it?

Somewhere near Stornaway.—Feel gloriously well. Got up early, and knocked at TENNYSON's cabin to wake him. Thought I would please him by shouting through key-hole a quotation from *May Queen*, about "You must wake and call me early." TENNYSON shouted back that he wanted a "few more winks," (not a poetical expression, and I should be ashamed to use it, though I don't set up to be a great Poet, except in Italian, *Nineteenth Century*, &c.), and that he would be obliged if I would not "vex the Poet's mind with my shallow wit." TENNYSON seems crusty. Perhaps he has slept on port side of ship. Repeat pun to Sir ANDREW, who slaps me on the back heartily—(Query, is this behaving like a "Merry Andrew"?)—and says he knows I'm getting much stronger, because my jokes are so horribly bad. Certainly do feel well, and send off several telegrams to Emperor of China, Mr. SHAW, CETOEWATO, and CHAMBERLAIN, asking latter whereabouts the "load-line" is in a ship. If I asked Captain, would betray ignorance.

Fancy ANDREW CLARKE has been "getting up" his Tennyson for



UNLUCKY.

American Cousin (last day of Season). "WHAT SPORT! 'GUESS I'VE BEEN FOOLIN' AROUND ALL DAY WITH A TWENTY-FIVE-DOLLAR POLE, SLINGING FOURTEEN-CENT BAITS AT THE END OF IT, AND HAVEN'T CAUGHT A DARNED FISH!"

this occasion. Laureate kindly gives a recitation of *Morte d'Arthur* this afternoon to most of crew in engine-room. Stokers all delighted. Sir ANDREW pleasantly remarks that he was "mouthing out his hollow oes and aes." After the recitation I offer to repeat the *Odyssey* in original Greek, with running translation of my own, or the most thrilling bits of *Juventus Mundi*, with Italian hymn to finish. Stokers won't hear of it—say they're sure I want rest. So does ANDREW CLARKE. But I must do something, so I offer TENNYSON (who's sitting on a coil of rope, chewing a "quid") five minutes' start if he'll write five hundred lines of blank verse against me in an hour, and see who can do it best. TENNYSON doesn't take to idea. Wants to know who's to be the umpire. I suggest DALHOUSIE. TENNYSON would prefer Man-at-the-Wheel. But I don't think Man-at-the-Wheel quite impartial, because TENNYSON has been reciting whole of *Idylls of the King* to him in private, and he says he likes 'em. Find TENNYSON gives men tobacco while he recites to them. I'll try them with my Italian hymn, and give them snuff. Captain has just come to complain of TENNYSON, because latter will distract attention of Man-at-Wheel, and Captain says we're "safe to run into some rocks." It seems TENNYSON has finished the *Idylls of the King*, and is now beginning to give Man-at-Wheel benefit of chief parts of *In Memoriam*. Captain says he infinitely prefers a mutiny to a Poet on board. He can put a mutineer in irons, but "he's blessed if he knows what to do with a Poet Lory." I say that the only thing I can suggest is a new Crimes Act, to apply to vessels at sea, and ask ANDREW CLARKE (who can do everything) to go and settle quarrel. ANDREW CLARKE offers to look at TENNYSON's tongue, but I don't see much good in that. Finally, the Laureate is drawn off by being assured that there will be murder done in the engine-room if he doesn't come and explain to stokers what he meant by "a roaring moon of daffodils."

In Kirkwall Harbour.—Very glad to get back here, safe and sound. Can't escape deputation of aggrieved Crofters. CLARKE tells them my health must give way if I talk politics to them. They reply that their health has given way long ago, owing to poverty and

A BOX FOR BOBBY.

(Bravura.)

FORK lightning flashes! Let it strike
Or spare. What odds? I ax.
Busta, bang aloft the thunder, like
Ten thousand rifle-cracks.
Down pours the rain, and no retreat
For Bobby on his midnight beat!
His Shelter snug has Cabby got,
A warm, dry, cosy shed;
'Cept porch or archway, Bobby's not
No refuge o'er his head
To 'fend him from the rain and hail,
And chimney-pots which rides the gale.
The Sentry, on his nightly watch,
A box, if he require,
Whenever in a storm he's cotech,
Inside he can retire.
His coat is red, and mine is blue;
Then why not a Police-box too?
But lightning blaze and thunder crash,
Storm rage, and tempest blow;
Rain, hail, agin my helmet dash!
'Mid fog and frost and snow,
The pavement through the gloom I tramp;
Whilst lurking for his prey,
The burglar hears my steady stamp,
Thieves and garotters all decamp,
And bolt away—away!

Jordan in Jeopardy.

AT Constantinople, the other day, Admiral INGLESFIELD received an intimation that the SULTAN would grant him an audience, "in order that he might explain the details of the Jordan Valley Canal Scheme." Will those details include a satisfactory provision for raising the wind to the requisite amount, and, out of that, the allotment of a sufficiency of *backsheesh* to the Sovereign of Turkey? Because then there will apparently be nothing to prevent the Jordan Valley Canal from becoming an accomplished fact, and to protect a particularly distinguished part of the Holy Land from being overwhelmed with an inland sea. Swamped by a Joint-Stock Commercial Company, will not the Valley of Jordan verily and indeed have fallen into the hands of the Philistines?

anxiety, and won't I give them a Scotch Land Bill next Session? Make short speech to them (Sir ANDREW holding my pulse to see I'm not over-exerting myself), and say I'll think about it. They ask me to chip off a little of paddle-box with my axe, as they would like a memento of their visit to me. Why shouldn't TENNYSON do a lyric on the wrongs of the Crofters? Suggest the subject to him for a drama. He seems a little gloomy about the drama, and says, "IRVING might take it, but he fancies his *Cup* is full."

On a fine September day the Orkneys certainly look lovely. "A place for Lotos-eaters," TENNYSON calls it. We are having quite a nice conversation on HOMER, and TENNYSON is saying that the land is one "wherein it seemeth always afternoon," when ANDREW CLARKE bluntly says he "wishes it were, because then it would be always a few hours before dinner," and begs me to choose some healthy maritime subject to talk about. Tells me I ought to "do the complete yachtsman," and "forget that I've such a thing as a brain." Well, I've already nearly forgotten whether I'm a Liberal or a Tory. Ah, here comes old HARCOURT in his steam-launch, to remind me that at any rate I'm not a *Whig*!

READING ALOUD.

SPEECH is silvern; Silence golden. Better hold your tongue.—
Shade of Carlyle.

WHEN is a Door not a Door? Ask the Metropolitan Board of Works.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—A Frog in a China Shop, mistaking himself for a Bull.

THE SHAPIRA MSS.—Surely an E is wanted?

CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

I.

I stood in London, on the bridge which lies
Tall tower and swelling dome on either hand.



From out the stream Saint
Stephen's spires arise,
St. Paul's huge summit
dominates the land;
Between them runs the
noisy, wheel-worn Strand,
Hushed now awhile, for
early morning smiles
O'er the swift river, and
the grey, yet grand
Wide-winged old city of
Titanic piles,
Huge capital of our little,
lordliest of all isles.

II.

She looks a sprawling Mam-
moth from the river
Risen, with unspanned bulk
and ungauged powers.

O'er league on league the silver morn-mists quiver
Upon her mighty maze of roofs and towers.
And what brings she, what are her dearest dowers
To wealth-spoilt golden youth? The Comus feast,
The Rahab lap piled high with gems and flowers,
The Circe draught proffered by Pleasure's priest,
Which lures the eager lip, and leaves the man—a beast.

III.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
Who 'midst this city lived the life called "fast"?
Doth he upon his pillow tarry long?
He comes no more—those flutterings were his last;
The butterfly is stricken, netted, cast,
Wing-bruised, bloom-robbed aside, a thing that was;
To-day a phantasy, not to be classed
With "form" maintainers—these must let him pass,
Vanish in Limbo's gloom, sink in Despair's morass.

IV.

Scattered his substance, linked life, honour, all
With—what? A thing that silence fain must shroud.
"Gone to the bad, poor beggar! What a fate!"
"Under the very dingiest kind of cloud."
"Thought he was 'cuter, or at least more proud."
"Yes—regular church and ring affair, a craze
Most melancholy,—can't be squared, too loud!"
So cackle they, in vague slang-garnished phrase,
The "other Johnnies,"—chums of his exuberant days.

V.

What profits prying into the abyss
Where plunge the witless dupes of flaunting shame,
Of vulgar Mélusines who writhe and hiss,
Too late detected? CHAPPIE'S lost to fame.
Who'll wipe the dirt from the dishonoured name
Society no more hears? For never more
Shall he who's siren-mated be the same,
Unless high genius hush the social roar—
Genius whose spell to miss were "quite too great a bore."

VI.

But I must end. My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part—so let it be.
His task in life was the pursuit of "Fun";
In Babylon there are thousands such as he;
Each year breaks hundreds, and the wrecks few see.
That venturesome Muse were voted all too bold
Who golden youth in their gregarious glee
Should paint, or the voracious tale unfold
Of dull esurient lives in gilded styes outrolled.

VII.

Upon the young yet *blasé* Childe the years,
Not though not very many, now have done
Their battering work. Not suffering, nay, nor tears
Have aged him, but that same pursuit of Fun.
The boy his pleasure-hunting race hath run,

And he hath his reward, and it is here—
That he no more may bask in Fashion's sun,
Or call the lithe-limbed ballet-dancer dear,
Or flaunt in sheeny hat, and tie starched stiff and clear.

VIII.

"The bad"—dull desert!—is his dwelling-place,
With one worn harpy for his minister.
Forgotten by his fellows in the race,
Hating the world, hating himself and her.
"Fun's" Nemesis! And what ennobling stir
Lives in such paltry passions? Are they not
Sordid as savage orgies? Were the whirr
Of Ixion's wheel more weary? Is the squat
Smart counter-jumper's round a more ignoble lot?

IX.

There still is pleasure in fair Clieveden's woods,
There still is frolic upon Thanet's shore,
Flirting at Prince's, where no "cad" intrudes,
Song in the Strand, and music in its roar:
But CHAPPIE knows them all no more, no more;
From these familiar raptures he must steal,
From all that he has seen or been before,
To wander in far Noman's-land, and feel
That name, abode, life, dress, are matters to conceal.

X.

Roll on, thou shallow stream of Pleasure!—roll!
Ten thousand skiffs float over thee in vain,
Prows prone to rapids, helms beyond control;
Awhile they dance upon thy watery plain,
Then fleet to wreck, and nothing doth remain.
Save a sad memory of the bitter groan
When one more struggler, slackening the fierce strain,
Sinks wave-choked, weed-enumbered, stark, alone,
Gone to the dogs, unstayed, unfriended, and unknown.

XI.

Childe's ways are not upon thee now,—he yields
Himself thy spoil, thy Sirens do arise
And mock him from their midst; no strength he wields,
And weakness, born of thee, thy nymphs despise,
Spurning it from their bosoms. Who there lies
Must lie in linen soft and rich array,
Mirth, not late maudlin tears, in ardent eyes.
Let golden youth once fail of golden pay,
He's cast, like Israel's calf, to earth. There let him lay

XII.

With his fool tears the dust wherein he falls!
Circe cares not for those who pule and quake.
Her prey, the fry of flaunting capitals,
Are heedless flutterers who are bold to slake
Their clay in her fierce draughts; their strength she'll take,
Then call the Philistines to blind and mar.
They are her toys to play with, flaunt—and break;
For Pleasure's victims ever captives are,
Drawn by Armida, chained to Cytherea's car.

XIII.

My task is done, my song must cease, my theme
Is as an echo's echo. It is fit
Swift to dissolve this dream within a dream;
The mime must be dismissed who here hath lit
Burlesque's quaint lamp of borrowed ray. I've writ
An apish whimsy, yet of things which now
Small bards may see and sing. The visions flit
Most palpably before me, in the glow
Of London's flaring lamps, now burning dim and low.

XIV.

Farewell! A little word which some I ween
Will welcome; *some* perchance may—but, farewell!
Ye who have traced my Pilgrim through each scene
Of his life-farce, if in your memories dwell
Thoughts of the follies of the callow Swell,
The vain and verdant "Johnny," not in vain
An o'ertrue tale have I essayed to sing.
Farewell! With *him*, poor moth, must rest the pain,
With *you*—if such may be—the moral of my strain.

THE Chinese Prime Minister is, it appears, named "Li." If he were our Premier, wouldn't Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P. for Truth-in-the-Well, go for him!



A BLOODLESS BATTUE.

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY LORD BARNDORE WRINGS THE NECKS OF ALL HIS PHEASANTS, AND HAVING STOCKED HIS PRESERVES WITH DUPLICATE SPECIMENS FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM, INVITES HIS FRIENDS FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING.

OUR PARCELS.

(Further Correspondence.)

SIR,—I have also, like your Correspondent, "A CONFIDING LUNATIC," some reason to complain of the working of the new Parcels Post. Here is my own experience. I have, from time to time, been in the habit of despatching from this place eighteen-pennyworth of jam-tartlets to a clerical friend in the Scilly Isles. This pastry I have invariably packed with great care in a cardboard case, left open at the ends to keep it fresh, and, for greater security, have myself delivered it at our village Office, where a highly intelligent youth takes sole charge of the Parcels Department. Though I have in the course of the last five weeks despatched no less than twenty-three of my little cases, I have heard from my chagrined and mortified friend that everyone of them has reached him perfectly empty! Need I say that this has astonished me?

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, A PUZZLED VICTIM.

SIR,—The most fragile articles can, as far as my experience goes, be conveyed by Parcels Post, not only with thorough safety, but with the greatest facility. BACCHUS has only to encase his new-laid egg in cotton wool, envelope it in paper shavings, then add two pounds of sifted Arabian sawdust, finally sealing-up the whole, labelled "*Dynamite, with care,*" in a hammered steel oblong chest—he can pick up one of these anywhere second-hand for about five-and-thirty shillings—and he can despatch it as soon as he likes to his invalid friend in Warwickshire with absolute confidence. Only the other day I sent a dozen specimens of the common Stable Moth (*Bandellarius teutonicus*), each done up separately in this fashion, as a surprise to an entomological uncle at Slough, and though, after having the cases opened in the hall by a couple of local blacksmiths, who brought their blast furnace, bellows, and a forge hammer or two with them for the purpose, he was a little annoyed to find, that, owing to the sawdust having got loose, the whole dozen had arrived without their heads, antennae, and wings. Still he appreciated fully the novelty of the Parcels Post, and I have not heard from him since.

Yours, &c., A CAUTIOUS PACKER.

SIR,—I have been fishing in Scotland for several months, and on Tuesday fortnight last, under favourable conditions, succeeded in landing my first take—a magnificent seven-pound salmon. Having promised a hamper or two during my season's sport, I at once despatched my fish by Parcels Post to one of my London friends, a noted epicure, but by some mischance he declined to receive it, and it was returned to me addressed to Stirling. Following me about for a week, I at last came once more into possession of it at York. The Hotel Proprietor, however, declining to let it stay for even a few hours, with my luggage in the hall, I again sent it off, this time to a country friend in Cornwall. Imagine, therefore, my astonishment, when arriving at my residence at Camberwell yesterday, I found that owing to the refusal of the Postal Authorities at Exeter to transmit

it any further, it had been returned to me by night-luggage service, accompanied from the Station by the Local Sanitary Inspector, who has threatened me with proceedings on the part of the Parish Authorities. I have now, apparently, no course open to me but to have it kippered. Comment is superfluous.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, PISCATOR.

SIR,—I do not consider the prompt delivery of game by Parcels Post an unmixed good. I received this morning a brace of grouse, both fine three-year-old birds, that were shot at post-time yesterday evening in the North, and despatched to me forthwith. Having some aged relatives staying with me, I had the game cooked for breakfast at once, but with most disappointing results. So terribly tough was the flesh, from mere freshness, that an uncle of mine instantly broke a set of false teeth to pieces in an effort to get through it; while my wife's grandfather, a hitherto hale old gourmet, whom we had persuaded to try a mouthful off the breast, had ultimately to be taken out of the room, choking and in a fit. This, and one of the legs, has upset my wife; while I, who somewhat foolishly finished the rest of the birds, am, as I pen this, suffering acutely from cerebral indigestion. Your dissatisfied Correspondents, therefore, may take warning from one who wishes the Parcels Post at the bottom of the Red Sea, and has determined next time he gets a consignment of game to be in

NO HURRY.

SIR,—I had the other day to despatch to a friend in the country a small tea service of Dresden china, a valuable satin fan belonging to MARIE ANTOINETTE, and a rare and exquisitely finished ivory miniature of my great-grandfather. These costly articles I packed up neatly, but roughly, in a few deal shavings, and took the opportunity of sending along with them a bottle of anchovy sauce, a flask of Lucoa oil, a hearth-stone or two, and a coal-hammer. Though the whole were loosely done up in a bit of newspaper, with all possible care, they arrived in a condition that showed the grossest carelessness in the carriage. The fan was saturated and limp as a sponge, the tea service in fragments, while owing to the escape of the oil and anchovy sauce, nothing was left of my great-grandfather, but his right eye and his shoe-buckles. I have written to the Postmaster General, but I am told I have no case. Such, Sir, is the treatment meted out under this new system to one who always hitherto has signed himself,

A CIRCUMSPECT ECONOMIST.

SIR,—I don't think that it's them Correspondents of yours who keep sending their rubbishing things through the Office that has a right to grumble. Look at me. Here only yesterday I did my twenty-two mile with three brace of black cock, a haunch of venison, fourteen pound of tea, half-a-dozen bottles of cough mixture and other stuff (some of 'em leaking), a coffee-kettle, two barrels of oysters, enough stuff for dresses to clothe half the county, no end of butter, ladies' boots, clotted cream, and a wasps' nest as had got loose among the lot,—and all this without an extra blessed half-penny. So, please, Sir, I think it's time you might have a line about these here Parcels from

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Missus (who is acting as Amanuensis to Mary). "IS THERE ANYTHING MORE YOU WISH ME TO SAY, MARY?"

Mary. "NO, MARM, EXCEPT JUST TO SAY, PLEASE EXCUSE BAD WRITIN' AND SPELLIN'."

OUT-MANŒUVRED.

(About the likeliest upshot of those Teutonic Exercises.)

Austrian General (taking Train for Vienna). No, not good-bye!—*au revoir!* Most delightful and instructive time. Magnificent display, and—oh, no, I shan't forget the arrangements concluded between us: you to help us when attacked, and *vice versa*; and you to conduct our foreign affairs so that we shall never have a war on our own account—only on yours—quite right. (*Alone in carriage.*) Let me look at my notes: Cavalry distinctly deteriorated; discovered a fine central cellar for blowing up Berlin when we have it; and concluded a useful pact with Italy and Spain. Only wish I dared try France.

Italian General (packing up). Here are the plans of the chief fortresses; here statistics as to real strength of *Landwehr*—politely offered by Von MOLTKE himself. Mustn't forget specimens of new compressed foods for campaigns, and models of new central percussion system, bought with secret-service money. Not much reliance on our agreement with Austria; but can really count upon Spain and Russia. (*To Aide-de-Camp come to see him off.*) Never forget this auspicious occasion—now allies—may I say comrades for ever?—Italy and Germany—Siamese twins—rapture!

Russian Envoy. I have the honour, Prince, to wish you good-day, and to assure you that I shall transmit your message of affection to my august Master with the greatest delight. (*In his Special Train.*) Through Alsatia, that's where we'll have them—found out all the Alsatian Field-Officers in the Army, and arranged to keep up a regular correspondence with M. ANTOINE. Poor duffers! trying diplomacy against us, and endeavouring to intimidate us with military

THE WHISTLING BOBBY.

A Song of the Suburbs.

AIR—"The Whistlin' Thief."

WHEN bold burglarious BILL

In suburbs loiters late,

His whistle low and shrill

Is signal to his mate.

Who-ee! Who-ee! Who-ee!

"BOBBY!" the wise ones said,

"Come! this will never do.

The whistling thief to equal, you

Must have a whistle too—

A loud shrill whistle too!

"You've lived a long time, BOBBY,

In danger, if not fear;

Now you shall have a whistle,

That all around may hear."

Brave BOBBY mutters "Fiddle!"

And tips his mate the wink.

Says he to himself—"Old bloke, you are

A snide one, I don't think,—

A cute one, I don't think!"

"BOBBY, the Public seems

Uneasy in its mind;

But a pistol's an awkward thing,

Which needless you will find."

"That's true enough, by day,

But perhaps I may remark,

Though a truncheon may do in a city fray,

It's a different thing in the dark;

In suburban lanes in the dark!

"Say SIKES is on his lay,

On a night with ne'er a moon,

Must I out with my whistle and play

A sort of a lively tune?

What if BILL hears my tune?

A thundering lot he'll mind.

He outs with his 'barky' sharp and soon;

And you can't charm bullets with wind,—

Charm pistol-bullets with wind.

"BILL's not such a fool as you think;

He'll 'cop' my truncheon, pat,

Jam the whistle into my mouth,

And stretch the Peeler flat.

No, no! on a lonely beat,

I'd like more comrades near,

And—something to reach the Cracksmen's head

As well as the public ear,—

As well as the neighbouring ear!"

displays! With France behind them and all Slavdom before! Wish I could have condescended to a Republic—but thou, Italy, will do for the moment.

Spanish General (becoming ghastly pale over his last bumper of Champagne and porter with Chancellor MEPHISTOPHELES). Eternally grateful, my dear Prince. You have given us an opportunity of rehabilitating ourselves before Europe, by showing that at last we can pay our Sovereign's hotel-bills, and don't need to positively sleep on the throne in order to prevent it from being dragged from under us. Yes—all our troops at your service—even the Numancia Regiment; and you can simply take your pick of the Fleet. (*Back at his lodgings, with sal volatile and soda-water.*) Ugh! the gross German! nearly poisoned me. But I have managed to copy all the plans of MOLTKE's campaigns in his library, and I really think we can do something with Russia, who won't want much money or many men. Not likely we're going to Germanicise ourselves, with France between us and our ally that mixes its wine with beer!

French General (back in Paris). This, Monsieur le Ministre, is the report in brief. Everybody doing Germany, and nobody wanting to have anything to do with us.

British General. Shall have my report ready in about ten months—after it has passed through Pall Mall and the Horse Guards. Nothing like deliberation.

Bismarck. Tricked 'em all again! What an arch-manœuvrer I am! And if only Artful Dodger could last for ever!

LAST week, Mr. Commissioner KERR observed that the talk of Counsel in Criminal Courts was becoming intolerable. Perhaps he meant unbecoming and intolerable. It must be Kerr-tailed.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LITTLE LUNCH.

PART I.—OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Notes from the Pocket-Book of a Russian Editor.—“Mr. GLADSTONE entertained the King and Queen of DENMARK and the Sovereigns of GREECE and RUSSIA on board the *Pembroke Castle* off Copenhagen. He drank to all present. Sir DONALD CURRIE also returned thanks. After the luncheon, Mr. TENNYSON read extracts from his works.” Copied from a London paper. Capital subject for an article in “the Monster Caviare Season.” English PREMIER proposing the Big Father's health. Look up some of the articles on the Duke of EDINBURGH's Wedding. Peroration to finish with, “A friendly understanding between England and Russia would by no means be a superfluous guarantee of peace in the present time of alarm.” *Mem.*—Wonder how the Big Father liked TENNYSON's reading aloud? The recitation, if it had been given at St. Petersburg, would have led to Siberia!

Notes from the Pocket-Book of a German Editor.—The not-for-a-moment-to-be-expected visit of Herr GLADSTONE to Copenhagen may be fraught with altogether-ambiguous-and-precariously-unsatisfactory suggestions. The history-making event is one calling for from-the-inner-consciousness-born-aspirations-like-reflection of a never-to-be-too-cautious-not-too-patriotic-feeling journalist. Here is material for one thousand columns of ever-to-be-venerated-and-remembered copy. But must pause until instructions are received from His Highness the Prince VON BISMARCK. *Mem.*—Most paradox-producing incident was undoubtedly the probably-slumber-inductive recitation of the Poet-Laureate!

Notes from the Pocket-Book of a French Editor.—Sir GLADSTONE for laughter! Ah, the enemies of the beautiful France! But it is a subject! Sir GLADSTONE and France? No. France without Sir GLADSTONE. France means Glory, Economy, everything! France always France! Sir GLADSTONE! Bah! France always France! *Mem.*—France was avenged by the recitation of Esquire TENSON! But he is *drôle* that Esquire TENSON!

Notes from the Pocket-Book of an English Editor.—Better subject than Wasp-bites! Homely tone, of course. Means nothing but little family party. Reduce the fractions, GLADSTONE and his Royal and Imperial guests, to the Common Denominator of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON. *Mem.*—Idea for a biographical Magazine Article, “TENNYSON regarded as a Practical Joker.”

PART II.—IMPRESSIONS OF THE GUESTS AND HOSTS.

Extract from the Diary of a Northern King.—Rather embarrassing, but everything went off very pleasantly. Delighted that the English PREMIER avoided politics. But ALEXANDRA (dear girl) said he would—“that he was always so nice.” Mr. GLADSTONE's speech seemed quite short, too. Thought, until I looked at my watch, it had only taken a couple of hours! His remarks about HOMER, the Hebrides, and the History of the Penny Postage System most instructive. Sincerely trust that Mr. TENNYSON did not notice that I was asleep,—at least I mean that I had closed my eyes while he was reading.

Extract from the Diary of a Southern King.—Not half bad fun. Bet ALEXANDER that if I could only get him on his legs he would give us a three-hours' lecture. Won my bet, with lots of time to spare. Scarcely fair, though, as I remembered his form when I met him in England. However, for all that, a very fine speech. Liked that long bit about tree-felling. Had no idea he knew so much about European, African, and American forests. His account, too, of Sir WALTER RALEIGH's and Captain Cook's voyages most interesting. By the way, trust Mr. TENNYSON thought I was only thinking when I covered my head with a silk pocket-handkerchief after ten minutes of his recitation.

Extract from the Diary of a Czar.—Mr. GLADSTONE's speech excellent. Wish I had understood English a little better. DAGMAR tells me that his account of the Courts in the Crystal Palace was most interesting. The lecture, too, he incidentally introduced on the rise of *Punch* from its commencement to the date of last-week's Cartoon must have also been most amusing. It appears he was the Author of the celebrated *mot*, “Advice to people about to marry,” but he didn't want the fact “to go beyond that table.” Received an annuity of £100 a-year for it! Well, not dear at the price! Trust sincerely that Mr. TENNYSON



“THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.”

Native (to Visitor from the South). “Ah, you've donned the Kilt! Quite killing, I declare! But why do you wear the Macdonald Tartan when your name is Thompson!”

Little T. (who has been getting a good deal of chaff). “For a very good reason—'cause I've paid for it!” [Retires in a huff.]

did not notice my fatigue while he was reading. I have no doubt that the recitation was much liked by those who did hear it!

Extract from the Diary of a K.C.M.G.—Most gratifying! Thanked their Majesties and their Royal and Imperial Highnesses “for the honour conferred on me by their presence on board.” GLADSTONE in good form, but it did not appear to me that he made enough out of the *menu*. He had lots of chances too, because he gave incidentally a capital lecture upon French, Spanish, and Chinese cookery. However, his description of ship-building in all its branches was excellent. The Bard would read again. Don't know how the Royalties took it, because I was fast—I mean, because I was not very closely attending!

Extract from the Diary of a Grand Old Statesman.—Really delightful day. My few remarks, too, seemed to give satisfaction. Glad I had an opportunity of saying my say about the cosmopolitan supply of coal, and the probable future of what, for the want of a better term, I called “Aërial Navigation.” My sketch, too, of the art-treasures of Munich seemed to be appreciated. Then the account of my researches in horse-rearing in Colorado apparently interested my audience. I repeat, a really delightful day. If I had had a few hours more, I could have touched upon a number of other subjects; but ALFRED was so impatient to begin! By the way, I am rejoiced to feel that he is so carried away when he is reciting that he never hears my snore—I should say, *breathing*!

Extract from the Diary of a Grand Old Poet.—It was fortunate I brought with me a complete edition of my works. I am sure, from the rapt silence in which they listened to my poems (not a single interruption from beginning to end), that they would have been cruelly disappointed had I not recited them all!

A PROPOS of our having generously given an extra “E” in the dialogue to a Cartoon, “TRUTH” wants to know “where *Punch* gets his French from?” Had this inquiry been respectfully addressed to “Mr.” *Punch*, he might have conceded the desired information; but, as it is, he can only remind “TRUTH” that “Truth is not to be told at all times,” and he considers this as one of the exceptional occasions when “TRUTH” will not be told.

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

More Sport—Study—Books—Interruption—The Rifle—How to use it—On Gulls—And Shooting—Humanitarianism—At Rest.

THE shooting having commenced, he "reads no more that day," neither does any one of us, as self-preservation being a first law of nature, and love of sport or of destruction being a latent instinct in every Englishman's constitution, we all want first to take the rifle from KILLICK, and secondly to have a shot with it ourselves. As each takes his turn, the crew act as beaters, pointers and setters, so to speak, marking the game for us (this can't be a correct sporting expression, as it so evidently belongs to the billiard-room), and directing our attention to coming coveys, or to sea-fowl floating on the waters, which would otherwise have escaped our less experienced and generally somewhat defective vision, for MELLEVILLE wears a *pince-nez*, CRAYLEY is useless without his eye-glass, KILLICK is generally in a state of biliousness which affects the clearness of his vision, and I am compelled to wear tinted glasses, which soften the glare, but give a wintry aspect to every view.

So, putting down our books for the day, as far as serious reading goes, though each of us still carries his own volume about with him, and would be very angry were it mislaid, or if anybody else took it up, we form ourselves into a shooting party, or a rifle-gallery party, and proclaim ourselves the foes of the wild fowl, the porpoise, and of the Sea Serpent itself should he dare to appear.

For my own reading I have brought a philosophical work, in two volumes, on "Inductive Analogy" (a most interesting subject, which I had intended to begin in the train), and the three first volumes of RICHARDSON'S *Clarissa Harlowe*, because of the new sensation that *Pamela* gave me some time ago when the first of these revivals was brought out, and because Messrs. SOTHERAN & Co.'s new edition is in the clearest possible type, and is a good, steady, well-bound, comfortable and easily-held book,—but after a quarter-of-an-hour's deliberation as to which I shall read, I take the philosophical treatise and open Chapter One, beginning "Inductive Analogy is to the metaphysician what—" but at this point I am called off by CRAYLEY to look at the scenery; or, after I have again settled down, by our host, to inquire what we would like to do to-day in case of reaching shore sooner than we had expected; or, when I have made myself quite comfortable, that is as comfortable as is possible out of doors, whether on shore or at sea, for reading purposes, I am startled by the popping of the rifle and an exclamation from KILLICK in a tone of savage disappointment, followed by a bitter *sotto voce* murmur of, "Ah! I was precious near him that time!"—when I feel mastered by so strong a sporting impulse, that I fling philosophy to the winds, and very nearly into the sea, and partly from a desire of honest emulation which has made so many heroes, and which induces me to hope that I shall prove successful where KILLICK has failed, I ask him to let me have a shot with the rifle. KILLICK is the old hand, and stands by me as a sort of sardonic *Caspar*, watching the efforts of his pupil *Rudolph*, in *Der Freischütz*. "Six shall achieve, the seventh deceive," was *Zamie's* arrangement, if I rightly remember. But I haven't got the charmed bullet as yet, and the six don't achieve anything except giving me a headache, and the seventh doesn't deceive me by hitting anything; though, at this point, MELLEVILLE, who detests a rifle on board because of the noise, but characteristically keeps one for the amusement of his guests, joins in the sport—and, finally, so does CRAYLEY, who can't see three yards before him without his eye-glass, and can't hold the gun and the glass up to his eye at the same time. The love of sport is fatal to all attempts at morning reading.

In the afternoon, if not sailing in pitch-and-toss water, we recommence our studious attempts after luncheon, when we are more inclined to smoke, look lazily at the view, and indulge in desultory conversation. This time I bring *Clarissa Harlowe* on deck, and am commencing a desultory study of the Preface and the descriptive cast of characters given as in a play, which is very exceptional in a novel, but not a bad idea as a saving of trouble—when it occurs to me that reading is very bad for digestion.

CRAYLEY is of all of us the one who makes greatest progress with his novel by BOISGOREY, because it is an exciting plot, and full of stirring situations and mystery. KILLICK, not being inclined to read or shoot, settles on CRAYLEY'S book, and asks him how he likes it? To which CRAYLEY, without looking up from his book, and treating KILLICK as the good St. Anthony did the temptress, replies, "that he likes it very much," and continues reading.

"Capital book," says KILLICK; "I've read it. Have you got to the part where the young painter murders the girl?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake," cries CRAYLEY, imploringly, who is evidently just coming to this very critical situation in the novel; "Oh, for goodness' sake, don't tell me what is going to happen." And again he wraps himself up, so to speak, in his book.

But KILLICK, being in a nasty humour, won't let him off, and continues,

"I wouldn't spoil your interest in it on any account, as it is one of

the best plots I've ever come across. I'm not sure"—(CRAYLEY once more gives a faithful representation of the good St. Anthony, and pretends to be absorbed in the novel)—"I'm not sure whether I'm confusing the plot with another—because they are all rather alike,—but isn't there a detective—at least, I mean a man comes in with blue spectacles and a red beard, and turns out afterwards to be the detective whose wife has given the poisoned bracelet—"

Here CRAYLEY can stand it no longer. "Look here, my dear fellow," he says, closing the book, and screwing his glass almost fiercely into his eye, as he absolutely faces his tormentor,— "Look here, if you want to tell them the story, and spoil my enjoyment of the book, say so, and I'll go below—"

But, before he can carry out his threat, and before KILLICK can retort, a diversion is created by our host, in favour of a line of playful porpoises, to which he directs KILLICK'S attention, at the same time handing him the rifle and cartridges, which the Merry Young Steward, MARK TAPLEY Junior, has most opportunely brought up, cleaned and ready for use, on deck.

Our rifle-shooting is very harmless. If a gull or a puffin looks a bit staggered, we are all extremely sorry, and the marksman apologises, so to speak, and sincerely hopes he hasn't hit it. The gulls do offer tempting shots. As a rule, we take fearless aim, knowing that the effect of our shot, like an effort of genius, will be deathless. Once, however, in a calm I shoot at a gull flying, and absolutely wing it. We are all sad at heart, though we are fain to acknowledge the excellence of the shot, which astonished no one more than myself. The other gulls utter plaintive cries, and circle about their wounded companion. It seems to me that all the birds of the air are "sighing and sobbin'" when they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin!

A "hand"—nautical term for one of the crew—they are all "hands"—[*Happy Thought*—a Pirate's crew would be all "legs," "black-legs"]—is sent out in a boat to terminate the bird's sufferings. We can hardly bear to watch the proceedings. MELLEVILLE turns away, KILLICK looks on gloomily, CRAYLEY hides his emotion behind his eye-glass, and, though trying to keep up a sportsmanlike bearing, with the rifle in my hand, I feel very sad at heart. I remember the Ancient Mariner and the Albatross; and, as the man returns with the dead bird—a ghastly object—in the boat, I feel I could burst into tears. Why did he bring it back? It can't be eaten, and there's no stuffer on board, or any means of preserving it.

[*Happy Thought*—If you are going to shoot uneatable and curious birds, never sail without a "Stuffer" on board. This sounds as if the crew were going to pass some examination, and that a "Stuffer" was identical with a "Crammer." *A propos* of this, here are the materials for a conundrum: "Why would this new functionary and the Commodore to whom the Yacht belongs represent two celebrated places in the Hebrides?" Because one would say of himself, "I am Stuffer," and the other, "I Owner." (Necessary explanation—"Stafa and Iona.") How angry Dr. JOHNSON would have been if BOSWELL had made this riddle. "Sir," said Dr. JOHNSON, "you're an ass!"]

Alas, poor gull! I am as sad as I was when I winged a young rabbit—whether "winged" is a correct, sportsmanlike term, I am not sure; but I never heard of "legging" a rabbit, which is what I did, poor thing!—and it cried like a child, so that with a nervous but determined hand I had to give him the other barrel, and finish him. I sat down on a bank, and made a vow never again to shoot at a rabbit unless I was certain of killing him outright, and at once. In a moment of excitement I have ridden recklessly over plough and fallow to harriers, and been in at the death of the hare. The others were rejoicing, as at a great victory over some ferocious and devastating wild monster, or like natives over the body of a man-eating tiger; but I pitied "poor Puss"; and when the Whip came round with the cap, I put three shillings into it, instead of the usual half-a-crown, by way of a penance.

I have never been in at the death of a depredating fox, when a farmer's delight is natural and excusable. In fact, I have a natural aversion to killing anything, and must indeed be roused to an ungovernable pitch of fury before I can kill the most persistently irritating fly, and even when I have despatched him I regard his lifeless remains with compassion for his idiotic obstinacy in worrying me, which brought about his untimely fate. Six creatures I can see killed with ferocious pleasure—a bluebottle, a wasp, a black beetle, a rat, a horse-fly, and a hornet. If anything happened to the Yacht before I leave it, I should set it down to my having shot the harmless gull.

After this, we only shoot at inanimate objects, such as bottles and cigar-boxes.

Subsequently, as sport is a necessary part of a yachtsman's life, we take to fishing.

And here again the same tenderheartedness prevents my being delighted when I get a bite, which, I am glad to say, is of rare occurrence. I like fishing; it is a solemn and soothing occupation. Time never flies with such rapidity as when one is sitting in a boat or on a bank with a rod or line in one's hand.

If you are a crack shot and invariably kill, there is no cruelty in shooting game; but the best-hooked fish dies a lingering death. Let us hope that they have no consciousness of pain, and that their wriggings and jumpings are mere involuntary exhibitions of muscular power. Yet fishing is very fascinating—and most fish are, if well dressed, good eating. All regrets have vanished when I see them broiled for breakfast, even when the one I caught is pointed out to me (the fact is so extraordinary that all the crew know it, and the Merry MARK TAPLEY Junior, as he places the dish on the table, points to the small one in the centre, and says to me, with glee, "That's yours, Sir,"—and I ask that it may be at once handed to me, when I devour it with genuine relish). Time, the consoler, heals sorrow, and in the space between coming in from shooting and the dinner-hour, the poignancy of my grief has vanished, I have become hungry, I am ready to compare notes of my prowess with my fellow sportsmen (I can be as truthful on this subject as the best of 'em), and when the hare I shot appears on table, I can cut him up and eat him with the liveliest satisfaction.

After a delightful sail, during which we have had occasional glimpses of the Atlantic, have seen about twenty islands and one inhabitant, also two or three yachts, and MELLEVILLE, who knows his way about here, has pointed out where the Whirlpool is, which has a great attraction for me at its proper distance—we turn round a corner, and as the sun is setting, we glide into a bay, and after the usual noise attendant upon "bringing ourselves to an anchor" (we don't bring ourselves to it, as we bring it with us, but nautical terms want rearranging) we pipe all hands for dinner, which in a few moments is announced by the Merry Young Steward as "being under weigh."

It is a lovely moonlight night as after dinner we pace the deck in the soothing tranquillity of Lowlandman's Bay, only broken by KILLICK humming *Casta Diva*, in a very subdued tone, as he looks up sadly at the moon, so wistful in his expression that he might be taken for the Man-in-the-Moon, ejected for arrears, sorrowfully regarding his native land, to which he can never more return until he has paid his rent.

MELLEVILLE playfully inquires, "What's that noise?" On which CRAYLEY satirically observes, that "it's curious what an effect the moon has on some animals."

MELLEVILLE remarks, that he has heard of "baying the moon," and wants to know from KILLICK if this is it?

KILLICK is ready. "Yes," he replies, "this is Lowlandman's Bay." Whereupon we invoke the shade of Dr. JOHNSON in the Hebrides, who with his Dictionary did so much to help the punster. Then we descend. "No Cards." Music.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.

(Stray Leaf from a recent Homburg Dress Diary.)

8 A.M.—Breakfast in my own ordinary Royal reception uniform, minus the under-waistcoat and epaulettes, which! H.R.H. the Duke forgot to return after the dinner last night.

10 A.M.—Summoned to call on the EMPEROR. Borrow the full-dress Colonel's togger of the West Brandenburg Hussars, of which I was made Honorary Chief after supper on Tuesday. Busby doesn't fit, and comes right down over my eyes to my mouth. Put a couple of *Daily Telegraphs* into it, and hold my head on one side. CAMPOS says but for that I should look "every inch a king."

NOON.—Receive visit of ceremony from the Monarch of ROUMANIA. He seems to have got on a British Field-Marshal's uniform, a German helmet, and—yes, one of my missing epaulettes. I give him the Grand Cordon of the Golden Hyena, and cleverly take my epaulette off as I am investing him. A pleasant interview.

2 P.M.—Off to attend the Review, in the full-dress of a Servian Field-Marshal, lent me by the Prince. Find at the last moment that he has forgotten to send the high boots. Have to go in slippers, and feel cold, but am told afterwards by CAMPOS that I looked all right at a distance.

4 P.M.—Have received the order of the Blue Pelican, and to don the uniform of the Stagivogitsky Regiment for the purpose. By some mistake get hold of that belonging to the Drum-major. Find it hopelessly large, but by padding with a bolster or two, and taking in here and there with hair-pins, make it do. The German EMPEROR seems annoyed at my appearance, but I really can't help it. Hope he won't strike me out of the European Coalition.

6 P.M.—Dinner—but finding that during my absence every uniform I had brought with me has been borrowed by some magnate or other for the ball in my honour at the Spanish Embassy to-night, have to go in my old crimson-flowered dressing-gown, and a Portuguese cavalry shako. Am cheered in the *Unter den Linden* in the dark, so I suppose it's all right.

8 P.M.—Taken by the Emperor of AUSTRO-HUNGARY for the Chinese Minister. He proposes my health, and I have to return thanks in Pigeon-Spanish.

10 P.M.—As soon as I get home am asked to lend my dressing-gown to the Prince of BULGARIA, who has, he says, to appear in the costume of the British Life Guards, and that he has got every bit of it together but the tunic. Oblige him. Find, however, I have now absolutely nothing left for myself.

MIDNIGHT.—To bed in my great-coat and one cavalry-boot, and the ribbon of the Order of the Iron Footstool. To sleep, fancying I am missing paper-hoops on a Circus horse.

TON-KING.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S SONG ON THE SITUATION.

AIR.—"My Queen."

I AM not unwilling half-way to meet her,
But I know her game, which I will not play.
Whether she'd lick me, or I should beat her,
I know not quite, but I shan't give way.
La France is selfish, ah! lie upon her!
She'd take all Annam under her wing,
And rob me of all the suzerain honour
That I get from thee, *Ton-king, Ton-king!*

France has been going it awfully lately,
Kicking up bobberies left and right;
But I rather think she is erring greatly,
If she supposes I shall not fight.
I'm not so humble as that, my Lady!
My smile is calm, but I carry a sting;
And if shindy comes, it will find me ready
To battle for thee, *Ton-king, Ton-king!*

If France will be courteous, I'll be lowly,
For flowery blandness I greatly love;
But that "neutral zone" means "collaring," wholly,
And though I'm "childlike," I'm not a dove.
My suzerainty I am game for keeping;
France as near neighbour is not the thing,
And men shall fall, and women go weeping,
Ere I cease to hold thee, *Ton-king, Ton-king!*

A HARD ROW.

SIR,—My neighbour, Mr. PREBENDARY ROW, writing to the *Spectator* of September 15, on the "Blasphemy Prosecutions," said:—"I have the sheet which was the subject of prosecution lying open before me." After telling his readers the contents, he goes on, "I labour under a disadvantage on this occasion, because I dare not pollute your pages by such a description of them as would give your readers a lively idea of their contents," &c., &c. "I can, therefore, only observe that they stand far beneath the level of the most outrageous caricatures that have ever appeared in *Punch*."

Now, Mr. PREBENDARY ROW should be aware, unless he may be charitably allowed the benefit of the Irish boy's saving clause, and be considered as in a state of "inconsavable ignorance," that no comparison or analogy can be honestly and fairly instituted between such coarsely executed and grossly blasphemous caricatures as he has described, and Mr. *Punch's* artistically-drawn satirical cartoons on political and social subjects, to which the term "outrageous" could never be applied. Mr. PREBENDARY ROW, of St. Paul's, seems to have yet to learn "who is his neighbour;" and so, Sir, I beg to sign myself your neighbour and his namesake,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

* * We select this out of a heap of indignant correspondence which Mr. Row's letter has evoked. As for Mr. *Punch*, he can only say, that not having the slightest personal acquaintance with Mr. Row, he is astounded at the Prebendary's familiarity in speaking of him as "*Punch*." A person who would be guilty of such a breach of good manners would say anything.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD has offered to sell Covent Garden Market and surroundings to the Corporation. Of course the Corporation won't buy it. But here is a chance for Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT to show London what a Concentrated Municipality would do if it had the chance. The Duke is tired of it. Now is the time to clear Mud Salad Market and make it pleasant to the eyes and noses of our long-suffering fellow-citizens. Where is the Hercules for the task? Couldn't Sir WILLIAM V. HERCULES come to the rescue now, and show himself quite an At-Home Secretary? Send for the First Commissioner of Works and the astute B. MITFORD, Esq., C.B. The men who lowered the Wellington Statue are capable of raising the wind for the clean-sweeping of Covent Garden. The youngest son of an American millionaire might buy it, and become in our estimation a second Peabody, a Sweet-Peabody.



THE VIQUEENS OF WHITBY.

(AS FAITHFULLY PROMISED LAST YEAR.)

AT THE GATES!

(With acknowledgments to the Poet Laureate.)

THE "Warder of the growing hour,"
Though hard for lesser men to mark;
Whilst round him all the horizon's dark
With engineries of hostile Power:

So, laurelled Singer, silver-strong
Athwart thy strain will fancy flit,
And voices of the moment fit
With shifting echoes of thy song.

The Warder, *this*, of thy large dream,
This Titan of the iron soul,
With stern glance fast upon his goal,
Cold, keen as his own armour's gleam?

Warder indeed, firm-based and bold,
Not moved by show of threatening steel,
Or subtleties of soft appeal;
Grim-jawed and of colossal mould.

Few roseate chivalries illumine
The frank unfaltering Teuton's course;
Few Lancelot graces. Iron force
Of brawn and brain, from spur to plume.

But steadfast, still, whate'er befall,
As that Pompeian Sentinel.
What he shall ward is warded well,
Or temple gate, or city wall.

The gates he guards are as the gates
Of that old temple, Janus-named,
Closed now. By whomsoever claimed,
That post he calmly holds—and waits.

Janus Patuleius, Clusius, both,
"Opener" and "Shutter," at his will;
Armed sentinel of Peace, with skill
To loose the dogs of war, though leth.

So fancy limns him, who'll not cease
To watch o'er what his brain upbuilt.
Still, with his hand against the hilt,
Warding the gates of War—like Peace?

Ah! could we trust the Singer's lay,
Great Teuton, stark in deed and word,
And know you, strong to bring the sword,
As strong to take the sword away;

We'd gladlier greet each gleam that broke
From those steel-keen unfaltering eyes,
Swift smiter, who, if need arose,
"Will strike, and firmly, and one stroke."

NEW POLICE REGULATIONS.

(To accompany the Presentation of the latest Arm for the Force; a Whistle.)

1. SHOULD you notice a Housebreaker entering a mansion at midnight by a cut-out window, you will ask him politely what business brings him to the place in so unconventional a manner and at so inconvenient an hour.

2. Should the Housebreaker refuse to answer you, or reply rudely, with an oath, that "you had better mind your own concerns, and leave him alone," you will produce a text-book upon the Criminal Law, and explain to him in what manner he may be guilty of a felony.

3. Should he treat your lecture with contempt, you will assure him that you are a Constable, and produce your credentials for his examination.

4. Should the Housebreaker be still unreasonable, you will call upon him to distinguish the difference existing between the status of one of the Public and that of an Officer of the Law.

5. Should the Housebreaker still turn a deaf ear to your admonitions, you will warn him that if he enters the mansion with felonious intent, it will be your duty, in discharge of your official position, to arrest him.

6. Should the Housebreaker after this enter the mansion, seize all the plate, slaughter the larger part of the family, and fire with a revolver half a dozen shots at yourself, you will instantly produce the substitute you have recently received for your rattle, and—
whistle for the thief!

FANCY the horror of dear respectable Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, who is rather short-sighted, when she saw a Handbill on the wall of the Herringborough Harbour with the words, "Smack *Anna Maria*," in large letters. It was only on close inspection that she discovered it was an Auctioneer's advertisement of the forthcoming sale of the fishing-boat or Smack called the *Anna Maria*. "Still," as she said to LAVINIA, "it was startling, my dear, to anyone who doesn't happen to be nautical."



AT THE GATES!

HOLIDAY ECHOES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Several hale-looking, bronzed, weather-beaten Holiday-makers. One Pale-faced Stay-in-Town.

Pale-faced Stay-in-Town. Hullo, JONES! Back so soon? Thought you were off for months. And where have you been, and what have you been doing?

Jones. Oh, I have been up in Yorkshire, shooting.

P. S. How capital! Splendid county, Yorkshire; grand open scenery; vast expanse of moorland; bracing air, that puts your nerves right for ever; good plain food. Why, you must be as sound as a bell!

Jones. Oh, yes, I daresay. Of course people talk like that, and I have no doubt to a certain extent they are right; but, you see, I wasn't living in a very quiet house.

P. S. But in that magnificent air and scenery you didn't want quiet and an indoor life.

Jones. No; and we didn't want brandies-and-sodas in the morning—or, rather, I think we did; but it was a moot point—at any rate, we had them. And then there was "Boy" always at lunch, and a peg or two before dinner, and an admirable cellar; and what with the grogs in the smoking-room, we never got to bed before two or three.

P. S. Then I fear I was a little bit premature when I congratulated you on your perfect state of health.

Jones. Well, yes—no—hardly. I feel a little upset, you know—rather shaky, and all that; but I have not the remotest doubt but that when I have settled down, and had two or three weeks in London, I shall be every bit as well as when I started. 'Morning!

P. S. 'Morning! Here's BROWN back in London again! How brown—no pun!—you are looking! How are you?

Brown. Among the middlings, thanks—only among the middlings.

P. S. But you have had a holiday?

Brown. Oh, yes. I have been yachting off the Devon coast.

P. S. Lucky man! Good boat, fine weather, jolly company. What could be more delightful?

Brown. I suppose it sounds rather pleasant. Yes, we had a rattling boat and fair weather, and a very good lot of men on board.

P. S. You must have inhaled enough ozone to last you your lifetime. I think to be on a yacht with a good topsail breeze, when the water goes bowling past you and the weather copper is high out of water, and the sea is eddying in the lee-scuppers, and as you bound along over the waves you feel that every moment the breeze is driving all the musty old cobwebs out of your brain, is one of the most invigorating, health-producing sensations the world has. All cares seem to fall from you. You fear no knock at the door, dread no ring at the bell. Your duns have ceased from troubling, and your callers are at rest. You get no telegrams, and despise newspapers.

Brown. Of course, of course, from the land-point view of yachting; but our host was a very bad sailor, and, consequently, we spent a good deal of time in harbour.

P. S. That doesn't matter so much in Devonshire, as, wherever you land, you have a lovely walk in every direction.

Brown. We didn't land much.

P. S. Then what did you do?

Brown. We generally used to go below in the cabin and play Loo, and you know its usual accompaniments.

P. S. But you weren't always in harbour. Hang it, you must have gone out to sea sometimes.

Brown. Only in calms.

P. S. Even then you got the pure, unadulterated sea air?

Brown. In a way; for, you see, we generally, in a calm, used to go down below in the cabin and play Loo, and it was hot, thirsty weather.

P. S. Your trip, then, won't have done you so much good as I had hoped.

Brown. Oh, I am not very bad; and—hullo, it is a quarter to twelve! I must be off. I have got to see my Doctor at the hour. My liver is very wrong, but I have no doubt he will put me right soon, and then I shall be as well as ever I was. Glad to have seen you. Good bye!

P. S. Good-bye! What, ROBINSON? How goes it? All well at home, I hope.

Robinson. No, no; I am sorry to say we have dreadful trouble at home. All the children are down, my wife is nearly dead from fatigue and grief, and I myself have been up nursing them the last two nights.

P. S. Goodness gracious! What is it?

Robinson. The Doctors hardly say definitely, but it is some form of typhoid.

P. S. Nasty, beastly thing. However, if they will only pull through quick, you can get them all down to the seaside.

Robinson. That's where we have just come from.

P. S. What place?

Robinson. (The reader may fill this in according to his own libellous taste.)

P. S. But surely that is a town where the death-rate is next to nothing, and which is always held up to admiration by nine out of every ten medical men?

Robinson. It is. That's why we went there.

P. S. Was there an epidemic raging?

Robinson. No; or if there was, we got it all to ourselves.

P. S. Then how do you account for it?

Robinson. You see we are different to the natives. Drainage has no power to affect them or their death-rate. It has on us. After lodging six days over an open sewer, all the youngsters were taken bad.

P. S. How very sad! But what do the Doctors say? I trust they are hopeful.

Robinson. I am happy to say they hold out tolerably flattering expectations. They consider that now we have got the children back to our own well-ventilated and well-drained house, they, having naturally strong constitutions, will not be long in coming round. Bye! bye!

P. S. Bye! bye! old man. What, you, GREEN! Heard you were on the Continent.

Green. How are you? I got back last night.

P. S. How far did you get?

Green. Oh, not very far—Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, up the Rhine, Baden, Strasbourg, and home by Paris.

P. S. Not a bad little round. Did you enjoy yourself?

Green. Thoroughly.

P. S. I am glad to hear that. By Jove, it is a comfort to find one man has had a good holiday. What are you going to do to-night? One can't offer much to a man fresh from the Continent; but even in London one can give a fair approach to a French dinner, and the Gaiety is open again.

Green. Ugh! Thanks awfully, old Chappie. But I am going down into the Weald of Sussex this afternoon.

P. S. What on earth for?

Green. Well, you see, what with travelling, and table-d'hôtes and café life, and seeing Galleries, I am a little bit off colour. So I am just going down to do a good week's walking in the country. Get up early, go to bed early, do five-and-twenty miles a day, live on nothing but chops and bread-and-cheese, drink a little beer, and only one glass of whiskey at night, and I believe I shall come back to town as fit as a Leger winner. So, farewell!

P. S. Farewell! Why, SMITH, it is an age since I saw you! What's the matter? Why this lameness?—why these crutches?

Smith. Ireland.

P. S. Ireland? You don't own any property there? Oh, I remember, you told me you had rented a salmon river over there. Surely they didn't shoot you for that?

Smith. Shoot! I wish they had; it might have finished me off at once. Got wet through fishing, and have been in agonies ever since.

P. S. You had no sport, then?

Smith. Yes, admirable, till this infernal thing got hold of me. Well, I can't stop here chattering, I am just going to try a Turkish bath; it can but kill or cure.

P. S. It doesn't seem to have improved his temper. Hullo, WIGGY, any news?

Wiggy. Heard about CHARLEY THOMPSON?

P. S. No—what of him? I saw him just before he went off to Switzerland; he was going to climb some inaccessible mountain with some unpronounceable name. Did he get to the top?

Wiggy. I don't know whether he got to the top. He fell to the bottom right enough.

P. S. Hurt?

Wiggy. Two thousand feet of crevasse don't usually do you much good. He was killed on the spot,—smashed to pieces.

P. S. Lord, how sad! Really, what dreadful holidays my friends seem to have had! I grumbled at the time, but now I feel perfectly thankful that I have had to stay in Town. After all, London is the healthiest and safest place in the world.

[Exit round corner, is run over by a Van driven by a drunken driver, and is removed to Charing Cross Hospital.]

Unnatural History.

THE *Daily Telegraph* has added to our knowledge of Natural History in a truly remarkable manner. In a leading article on the 21st inst. it remarked that—

"To race a pony against a pigeon would, of course, be a foregone conclusion in favour of the latter; but it has just been shown, by a race which has taken place at Bedworth, that a pigeon can fly rather more than double as fast as a pony."

This beats dog-and-man-fighting hollow. If the Editor of the *D. T.* has seen a flying pony, let him exhibit it at the Aquarium, and FARINI and BARNUM are not "in it." On second thoughts, we once had a pony that flew—no, that melted away before we had time to pocket it. But we'll bet another pony the *D. T.* didn't mean this.

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY.

LADY-HELPS can hardly expect to retire speedily on a competency if their remuneration is in harmony with that indicated in the following advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

REQUIRED immediately, in a small preparatory boarding-school for boys, a useful domesticated person as LADY-HELP, &c. She must be an early riser, healthy, quick, and active. No servant kept, but woman once each week to scour and clean. Boy kept for boots, knives, windows, &c. Salary, £12 per annum and £2 for laundress.

Fourteen pounds per annum to cook, dust the room, mend the boys' clothes, and assist in their education, would hardly be called an extravagant stipend. If we remember rightly, *Mr. Wackford Squeers*, of Dotheboys Hall, gave *Mr. Nicholas Nickleby* an annual salary of £5, but then he had to do nothing but teach. After reading the above advertisement, we are struck with the munificence of *Squeers*, and are convinced *Nicholas* must have been extravagantly overpaid.

CONCERNING AN EGYPTIAN ASS.—*RIAZ PASHA* has been elected to the Legislative Council to represent Cairo. As he has been rather down lately, this is a rise for *RIAZ*.

FRANCE TO CHINA.—“You *Hanoi* me much.”

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 155.



LE COMTE DE PARIS.

LE NOUVEAU “CHEF” DE LA MAISON DE FRANCE, WHO, WHEN FRENCH TASTE REQUIRES IT, IS PREPARING TO GIVE IT A FILLIP.

RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

AT TABLE D'HÔTE.

At Table d'hôte, I quite decline
To sit there and attempt to dine!
Of course you never dine, but “feed,”
And gobble up with fear-some greed
A hurried meal you can't define.

The room is close, and, I opine,
I should not like the food or wine;
While all the guests are dull indeed

At Table d'hôte!

The clatter and the heat combine
One's appetite to undermine.

When noisy waiters take no heed,
But change the plates at railway speed—
I feel compelled to “draw my line”

At Table d'hôte!

“THE President of the British Association,” read out Miss LAVINIA, “delivered an address on Pure Mathematics.” “I'm delighted to hear it,” said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, “and I only wonder that any others were ever allowed in our schools. But go on, my dear, to the next telegraph.” “The Flushing Mail,” continued LAVINIA, quoting from the *Times*. “Dear me!” interrupted Mrs. R., “what a very bashful person he must be! But it's a shame to make a public show of him, though. Where is he, my dear? At the Aquarium?”

SONG OF A SCIOLIST

AT SOUTHPORT.

“It is difficult to give an idea of the vast extent of modern Mathematics. This word, ‘extent,’ is not the right one; I mean extent crowded with beautiful detail—not an extent of mere uniformity, such as an objectless plain, but of a tract of beautiful country seen at first in the distance, but which will bear to be rambled through and studied in every detail of hillside and valley, stream, rock, wood, and flower. But as for anything else, so for a mathematical theory, beauty can be perceived, but not explained.”—*Professor Cayley in his Presidential Address before the British Association, at Southport, Sept. 19, 1883.*

Ah! highly lucid,
And simple—*doosid!*
Earth's hills and valleys, and its floods and greenery;
What are they really,
Compared (ideally)
With Mathematics' superior scenery?
Talk not of mountains,
Of streams and fountains,
For what is land or water, and what is wood,

To contemplations
Of sweet equations
As seen by CAYLEY, or known to SPOTTIS-
WOODE?

Oh! faith 'tis ravishing,
When Science, lavishing
Her fairest formulae, her sweetest symbols,
On Sciolistic ones,
(Though eulogistic ones)

Who know of theorems as much as—thimbles,
Declares, oracular,
The charms spectacular
Of EUCLID'S Eden, by so few attainable,
Like axioms ever,
Despite endeavour,

Though very obvious, are unexplainable!
Why, goodness gracious!
Were laws veracious

Of her who Mnemosyne's elder child is,
As sweetly simple
As girlhood's dimple,
As the poetry of OSCAR WILDE is,
Space non-Euclidian
In lines Ovidian

Might be illumined by rhetoric spangles—
And Bards be planning
(Like FRÈRE and CANNING)

Warm dithyrambs on the lines and angles.

But no, thank goodness!
Mere rustic rudeness
Won't plumb “four-dimensional space,”
though it try, Sir.
The Muses—minxes!—
Will find the Sphinx is
Still firmly planted on $X + iY$, Sir!
Those same “least factors”
Seem great thought-exactors,
And will scarce be tracked by the Sciolist
silly 'uns,
Though GLAISHER—rum thing!—
Has been—doing something
With the missing three out of the first nine
millions!
Oh, blissful duty
To explore the beauty
Of elliptic and multiple *theta* functions!
The mathematics
Must inspire ecstasies
Which should thrill an *Æsthete* with
“intense” compunctions.
But you “can't explain it!”
Then how very vain it
Must be for a Sciolist to follow you,
CAYLEY!
Though I much respect you,
Yet in intellect
I'm a splitting chaos—so I'll bid you *Vale!*



CONSEQUENCES!

First Country Doctor. "COULD YOU COME TO MY PLACE, BROWN, TO-MORROW MORNING!"

Second Ditto. "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN. WHAT IS IT?"

First Country Doctor. "WELL, I'VE HAD A CASE OF 'ENDOCARDITIS,' WHICH I'VE VERY SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH 'CONVAL-LARIA MAJALIN,' AND I WANT YOUR HELP WITH THE 'POST MORTEM'!"

MEMS. OF A MINUTE PHILOSOPHER.

THE ages of Conquerors and Comprehensive Thinkers are gone. These are the days of the Minute Philosopher. *I* am a Minute Philosopher. It is a delicious destiny.

I am known everywhere—and yet nowhere. I have so many *aliases*, you see. Have you met with such individuals as "A Citizen," "Looker-On," "The Uncle of Ten," "Matilda-Jane," "Bachelor," "A Mother-in-Law," "Anti-Humbler," "Sanitas," "A Briton," "Rusticus," "Indignant," "One who Knows," "Another who Knows Better," "Constant Subscriber," "A. B.," "X. Y. Z.," &c., &c., &c.? They're all—Me!

The world is now governed—or rather *arranged*—by Congresses, Associations, Handbooks, Lectures, and Letters to the Papers. Especially Letters to the Papers. I have been writing a Letter to the Papers. It is on a *most* important subject. I'm all in a tremble to see that letter in print, lest any fellow Philosopher—there are such lots of us you know—*should* have been beforehand with me. I saw old FUSTILUG drop something into the Editor's box just as I came up with my budget. I *hope* he hasn't hit on the same subject. My subject is "*Door-Scrappers as Disseminators of Disease.*" Everyone will at once see how essential to the Public well-being it is that scientific scrutiny and legislative enactment should be brought to bear on *this* hitherto shamefully-neglected subject. My letter will no doubt elicit a long and interesting correspondence in the *Daily Detector*, as did my epistle on "*The Rational Structure and Distribution of Waistcoat Buttons.*" last year. I shall have no sleep to-night!

It's all right. My letter's in, in *big type*, in a prominent place! Old FUSTILUG's is packed away in a corner like a mere advertisement. How wild he will be! His subject is "*Braces and Garters in their Relation to the Decadence of Modern Sculpture.*" Subtle, but not striking! See how *mine* goes! More Mems. next week.

SONGS OF THE STREETS.

THE REAL REASON.

"A foreigner, acquainted only through the medium of translations with the works of the Author of *Rasselas*, might be puzzled to determine why the name of SAMUEL JOHNSON is still with the English nation a household word, . . . The reason is a very simple one."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THEY may call Doctor JOHNSON a bear and a bore,
And smile at his pompous inflation;
They may laugh at his lexicographical lore,
And BOSWELL'S absurd adulation!
But they're bound to admit, 'mid the bustle and strife
That throbs in this busy replete street,
That he said one good thing in the course of his life—
'Twas, "Let us go walking in Fleet Street!"

If they like to abuse him for lapping up tea,
Or port at the THRALES' down at Streatham;
If with all his opinions they fail to agree,
Then all I can say is—why, let 'em!
They may jeer at Irene, vote *Rasselas* "rot,"
The Rambler revile in this neat street;
But there's one observation will ne'er be forgot,
'Tis, "Let us go walking in Fleet Street!"

THEY may carp at his "Lives" and his verse, if they please,
And sneer at his taste and his breeding;
And his essays, all written in pure Johnsonese,
They'll reckon as ponderous reading.
But I think his detractors can't question his claim
(Oh, whisper it in this discreet street!)
To monuments, memoirs, distinction, and fame,
Is, "Let us go walking in Fleet Street!"

AN OLD POSTMAN'S STORY.

"'Tis true, your honour! I'm fair dead beat, so I'll snatch a rest on this country stile, For I've trudged and tramped with loaded back from county town—'tis many a mile, Up at the hour when the cock's awake, and shuffling home when the bat's on wing, A-calling here, and a-calling there, with a wait for a knock, and again for a ring; A pleasant life do you call it, Sir? to skirt the hedges and brush the dew, To scare the pheasant, and wake the thrush, and mark the spot where violets grew. Well, it's all very well for the folks in town, who come down here just to take their rest; But with chaps like me, when my labour's done and I long for leisure, then bed's the best. It wasn't so bad in the days gone by, with letters tied up in a handy pack, A stick, a satchel, a pair of legs, a sense of duty, a big broad back; But now it's different quite, look here, when the grave is ready and sexton host, Let them bury me quiet, and put on the stone, 'His back it was broke by the Parcels Post.'

"I'm not so mad with new-fangled ways as Dick at the inn with his yard of clay. I've seen the scythe and sickle give in, and the railroad come in the farmer's way; The flail isn't heard in the old rick-yard, and the buzz of machinery frightens the nag, And we haven't got coaches, or guards, or mails to gallop along with the postman's bag. I haven't a doubt that the policy's good of the Liberal gentlemen sitting in town To cheapen the cottager's packet of tea, and send on a pattern of Missus's gown; They can forward old women their physic and stuff, in reply to an order on halfpenny cards, And the men can get baccy sent up by the pound, and the women their finery easy by yards. But what I do say, it's a little too hard to make an old messenger give up the ghost Because he is doomed to be spoke in the wheel of the Juggernaut Car—called the Parcels Post!

"I've a son in town, as handy a lad, though I shouldn't say so, as ever you see, And he sorts the packets and parcels out, that are driven to trains and handed to me, And he tells his father that London's full of one-horse carriages painted red, He owns his business hours are stiff, but he gets his meals and he likes his bed; They tempt the lad—though he's good as gold—as very few young 'uns are tempted now, With money, and jewels, and stamps, and cheques, which a fool might lose, but a rascal 'stow'; And they give him a salary, on my word, that a labouring lad might fairly scorn, For Master Hodge has the air to breathe, and never sees gas whether night or morn,— Still I think on the whole that the boy up there has a happier life—though I'd better not boast— Than the labouring hack with a weight on his back, who is driven to death by the Parcels Post!

"It stands to reason, why just look here, 'tis in rural beats where the shoe must pinch, The orders come from the 'boss' in town, but the patient messenger he daren't flinch. We've asked for a lad, or a horse and cart, why even a tricycle many could ride, But never a word to our mute appeal that travels to town from the country side. They groan and growl in the London prints of packages broken and strings undone, And kick up a fuss about chocolate-drops they have counted out, and are short by one! But they never can picture a man as I, of age threescore—well, and nearly ten— Who is taught to boast of a land that's free, and struggles along 'neath the whips of men. It may be policy! Who can say? It may be economy, Statesmen's boast, It may be life to our public men, but it's death to the slave of the Parcels Post!

"So if I am late who dares complain? and if I am weary I must sit down Like this on a stile for a minute or two, in my daily tramp from the county town. Sometimes I envy the birds that fly, from branch to branch, in the air that's free, I follow the flight of the butterfly's wing, and the honeyed content of the burden'd bee! I hear the song of the labourer's lad as he rides the waggon or follows the plough, And the robin looks up with his curious eyes as I rest for a minute to mop my brow. In the morning mist I am off and away, to hurry despair or to hasten fate, Leaving parcels of patterns for girls at the Hall, and letters of love at the Rectory gate; But when your Parliament rings with cheers and the good news travels from coast to coast, In the heat of triumph—just loose one chain from the back of the slave of the Parcels Post!"

Twill NOT DO.

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly."

SANG POPE with complacent optimistic dogmatism. But that's all knocked on the head now. Since Science turned social detective, Man has a microscopic eye, or its equivalent. The ignorance which is bliss is now no man's lot. "A PRACTICAL CHEMIST" assures us that the Turkey-red twill, which is largely used for lining dressing-gowns and making children's frocks, is heavily loaded with the chlorides of calcium and magnesium, which absorb water "eagerly" from the atmosphere, insuring a damp state of the clothing except in the driest weather. Delicious! How little did we know, when donning our (seemingly) snug dressing-gown that we were clothing ourselves with rheumatism as with a garment. Oh, that twill be joyful! Is there anything in our daily life, from socks to champagne, from drains to dressing-gowns, that is not a serious danger to health? And is life worth living with this detective-delineated modern "Dance of Death" continually going on around us?

LEGAL LUNCH.—Bacon and Fry.

AN ALL-ABSORBING SUBJECT.

(In the Silly Season.)

The Maze, Vague Hollow.

SIR,—As wasps are so numerous this year, a sovereign recipe for the cure of their stings is invaluable. I can give one. Take twenty pounds of oranges, half a hundred-weight of sugar, and a bottle of brandy, and mix thoroughly. When quite assimilated, boil for twenty-four hours, and then strain off the impurities. Allow the mixture to cool in a dry place, and bottle in two-gallon jars. Cover the place containing the sting with some of the concoction, and a speedy cure will be secured.

Yours respectfully,

ACCURACY.

P.S.—As I like to be exact, I beg to say the above is either an excellent recipe for wasp-stings, or marmalade—I forget which.

The Factory, Smart Avenue.

SIR,—The only reliable cure for wasp-stings is the Anti-Poison Rat-Killer and Insect Neutraliser. It may be obtained in boxes at one shilling and three halfpence, three shillings and sevenpence halfpenny, and four guineas. It is cheaper to purchase the latter, as the price of the Government stamp is therein included. The largest box, too, insures a speedier cure and more instant relief than the smaller ones. I need scarcely say that my advice is given in a thoroughly disinterested spirit. I beg to subscribe myself,

THE PATENTEE.

P.S.—Be sure you ask for the right article, and do not be satisfied with spurious and noxious imitations.

The Bower, Pigsville-on-Stye.

SIR,—For many years I have made the stings of wasps my constant study. Every day in the summer and winter months I have the walls of all the rooms in my house coated with a thick concoction of garlic. The carpets are once a week washed thoroughly with parsley-water, and all over the place liquorice-root is kept constantly burning. The garden is thickly sown with onions, and all my food is flavoured with peppermint. Finally, I have a vaporiser in the hall, which distributes camphor in all directions. By these simple means I scarcely ever get stung by a wasp.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

A ROSEBUD.

P.S.—I may explain that the insect in question has a very sensitive sense of smell. Only a mad wasp would approach my dwelling, and a mad wasp has rarely brains enough to sting.

RAMPANT RIBBONOSITY.

A MAN no longer wears his heart upon his sleeve, but he carries a certificate of good morals in his button-hole. We read in the *Daily News* (Sept. 20)—

"At Boscombe Down, Wilts, yesterday, the first anniversary of the 'Red Ribbon Army' was celebrated. The Army is composed of 'moderate drinkers.' A dinner was given, and the affair was one of great rejoicing."

The following little song might have been sung on the occasion:—

Moderation is Carnation,
Abstinence is Blue:

If ribbonless, I must confess,
I wonder what are you?

He who wears no ribbon whatever in the present day is 'most assuredly open to the gravest suspicion. No doubt the adoption of these decorations is an excellent thing—for the Ribbon Trade.

"Mr Nephew," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is unable to take a holiday this Autumn, as he is officiating as local tennis for the Vicar of Snorton-cum-Slumborough."



PAINFUL MEETING BETWEEN MRS. STANLEY GREEN AND MRS. DE LA POER BROWN, WHO HAVE ALWAYS MADE A POINT OF CONCEALING FROM EACH OTHER THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THEIR DRESSMAKER.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

(An Apology for the Refusal of an Intended Favour.)

MY DEAR MOUNTJOLLY,

IF I could possibly have the pleasure of accepting the kind invitation you have so often repeated, to stay with you for a holiday, at your fine old country mansion, I certainly would. I thank you for it very much indeed. But it is quite impossible for me to leave home with any pleasure, or indeed any comfort at all. No doubt a change of air and scene would do me an immense amount of good; and, if there is any move I can imagine I should like to make, it would be a transition from Chickweed Cottage to Hershaw Hall. But even that would be absolutely intolerable to me. Why? Because I could not, I assure you, make myself at home, as you kindly say I might, without becoming intolerable to you and everybody else about me.

At home, in the first place, I am accustomed to lie in bed of a morning as long as I choose, generally thinking some subject or other out, sometimes until it is very late, so that I am not up and down until mid-day. To breakfast with any degree of comfort, I must breakfast alone, have nobody to mind and nothing to distract my attention from my repast, and from reading the newspapers. By way of condiment to my food, I always use garlic, partly because I like it, partly for its pulmonic properties, and it would be selfish of me to satisfy this taste otherwise than quite by myself. Besides, garlic, chopped fine, pervades the house.

Alone, indeed, I require to be, reading or writing, the greater part of almost every day, and, whenever I wish, to be able to light a pipe, and smoke a whiff of tobacco. I need, also, a sitting-room or study so far apart from the rest of the house that I may remain out of hearing any ordinary conversation, especially small-talk interlarded with tittering and laughter.

You fancy, perhaps, that I should as a rule at least make myself tolerably pleasant at dinner, because you may have usually found me so. But that was when I was dining out, which I only do just now and again, on occasion. I am then, perhaps, able to sustain a temporary part in society, and seem lively and even brilliant for a

A STARTLING INVENTION.

THE baby does not seem to take to the electric feeding-bottle. He is now in strong convulsions.

From the fact that my new electric razor nearly severed my jugular vein this morning, I conclude that the current must be turned on a little too strong.

It certainly is a great blessing to have one's coffee ground, the carpets dusted, the hot water brought upstairs, all the clocks in the house wound up, and the front-door slammed in the face of the Tax-Collector, simply by turning a small handle down in the wine-cellar.

We really must impress on our next housemaid that the proper way to light the Swan burner in the hall is not by grasping both wires firmly, previous to applying a match to the ends,—or the hospital Authorities may refuse to receive any more of our cases.

Now that the electric boot-cleaner has torn the buttons from my best out-door pair of boots, and scorched all the French polish off my dress-shoes, I think we may call the contrivance an unqualified success.

I am sure my mother-in-law would like to sleep in the room with the "New Patent Electric Surprise Bedstead" in it.

The "Little Marvel" machine which turns me out of bed, puts my clothes on, gives me my breakfast, and propels me in the direction of the railway station five minutes before the morning train starts, had better be set for half-past nine o'clock to-morrow.

The "Electric Family-Prayer Reader" must certainly be out of order, as it has given us the same chapter of Genesis for the last three mornings.

Judging from the livid appearance of the cook, who is now lying insensible under the kitchen table, I fancy that in trying to light what she calls "that there dratted lamp," she must have unintentionally "completed the circuit."

THE colour specially emblematic of the *Æsthete* is sage-green. Could anything be more appropriate? Just a tinge of the sage and very much of the green for the pupil, but for the "master" the proportion of colour is reversed.

little while, being to that extent under the influence of intoxicating liquors, Champagne and other, which would not do every day; and the slightest excess commonly costs me a headache the next morning. Dining daily with other people I should be dreadfully dull; moreover, I could not stand having to dress regularly for dinner. Furthermore, I must dine at my own time, and can't observe a stated dinner-hour, or any other hours.

As soon as I have dined I habitually smoke my pipe again, and for the rest of the night alternate smoking with reading. As to the practice of going upstairs into a drawing-room, and listening to trivial singing and playing the piano—it would be penal servitude to me. I should very soon desire a glass of grog, and to be off to bed. The foregoing avowals I trust will serve to convince you that to accept your generously-proffered hospitality would be only to abuse it, and form—very bad form, indeed—the grossest ingratitude on the part of your truly thankful, but sincere, and thoroughly candid friend,

STUGGLES.

LITIGATION AND LOGIC.

SOME space has been filled in the first of the Papers By an action of import to dressmakers, drapers, And tailors,—of course, without saying that goes; For the suit is a suit with relation to clo'es.

Mis-stated, however, a little this case is In being reported as "Hips *versus* Braces." Let it "Hips *versus* Shoulders" be, Logic implores, Or "Belt *versus* Braces"—to go on all fours.

The points of support one another may sue, The supporters implead the supporters with due Consistency, but, 'twixt the former and latter, *Nisi Prius* is quite an incongruous matter.

Yet "Belt *versus* Braces" suggests a late cause,— It reminds every reader of *BELT versus LAWES*; And, although as for "keeping" it yields satisfaction, Must make us all yawn who remember that action.



A LIKELY IDEA!

Gallant 'Bus-Driver (enticingly). "OUTSIDE, LADY!"

SOMETHING LIKE A FELLAH!

SCENE—The Dwelling of ALI MUDDLEPA, not a score of Miles from Cairo. ALI discovered on the point of going into the cotton-field. Enter SMITH PASHA, abruptly.

Smith Pasha. Ah, my dear Sir, the very man I wished to see! Glad to have caught you.

Ali (grovelling in the dust). What does my Lord require? (Whining.) I am very poor.

Smith Pasha (raising him). What do I require of you? First, to get up from that abjectly humble position. Do you not know, my good friend, that you are my equal?

Ali (laughing). My Lord is witty! But I am very poor, and want to go to my work? Can I not tempt my Lord to depart in peace on the gift of a goat?

Smith Pasha. Nonsense! I have come here to make an Englishman of you. So, pull yourself together, and listen to me.

Ali. My Lord's will is my will. But I am very poor, and cannot pay much.

Smith Pasha. Pay much! You are to pay nothing. All you will have to do is to vote.

Ali. Very well, my Lord. My Lord will vote for me.

Smith Pasha. No, that won't do. You must be independent, and think for yourself.

Ali (joyfully). Ah, then, I need not vote! Oh, thanks, my Lord, thanks! [Resumes his grovelling.]

Smith Pasha (angrily). Stand up, Sir! You shall not spoil my blacking! (ALI bursts into tears.) Well, you must not be so sensitive! What are you howling for?

Ali (between his sobs). I thought my Lord was going to beat me!

Smith Pasha (indignantly). Beat you! Why, that would subject me to a charge of assault and battery! The Belgian Judges would soon be down upon me!

Ali. The Belgian Judges, my Lord! Why, how could they do anything when I can offer them no backsheesh?

Smith Pasha. Backsheesh! Why, you would get committed for contempt of Court! Fancy trying to bribe the President of a Court of Justice!

Ali (tearfully). I could have done so once, my Lord, but now I am very poor.

Smith Pasha. Oh, nonsense! But you must do something for the benefit of the community?

Ali (hesitatingly). I am so poor, my Lord; but I think I might spare a calf if my Lord would then let me go!

Smith Pasha (sternly). Be a man, Sir, and don't talk folly! Come, now, you surely can serve upon a Jury—give a verdict to say whether a prisoner is innocent or guilty, don't you know?

Ali. But why should I do that, my Lord? It would only offend the Judge, if he had arranged with the prisoner.

Smith Pasha (emphatically). Haven't I told you, Sir, that the Judge cannot be bought!

Ali (submissively). As my Lord pleases! I am my Lord's slave!

Smith Pasha (aside). On my word, I believe he is hopeless! Stay, I will give him a last chance. (Aloud.) After all, my poor man, your education is answerable for your want of public spirit. However, I think you will still do for a Vestryman. Procuring paying contracts for your friends, and utterly ignoring the convenience of the ratepayers, are simple acts enough—eh? Surely you could perform such duties as these?

Ali. I would try, my Lord; I would try; but surely such work would be better done by an Englishman?

Smith Pasha. No doubt! So it would! Well, I can't waste any more time upon you, as I have to see some of your neighbours about a new School Board, a projected Tramway, and a plan for Gasworks. I suppose that your neighbours are much the same as you, eh?

Ali (proudly). No, my Lord; I am more learned than my neighbours. If I were not, why should they call me "The Star of Wisdom"? (Returning to his submissive manner.) Your pardon, my Lord! May my tongue be cut out for its boasting!

Smith Pasha. They call you "The Star of Wisdom!" Then they must be a bright set! Well, good day. May look in again by-and-by. [Exit.]

Ali (grovelling). All good wishes follow you, my Lord! (After a pause.) And yet he has left me without taking my calf or goat! That is good. Allah be praised! So once more to my labour!

[Returns to his cotton-crop, and entirely forgets English Reform, as the scene closes in upon British Occupation in Egypt.]



A POPULAR MOVEMENT.

"I looked towards Burnham,
And anon, methought, the wood began to move."

THE CIVIC DIGNITARIES PERFORM THE CEREMONY OF DEDICATING THEIR RECENTLY-ACQUIRED PROPERTY, BURNHAM BEECHES, TO THE USE AND ENJOYMENT OF THE PUBLIC FOR EVER.

SERVANTS OUT OF LIVERY.—In spite of the wishes of the Livery, the Court of Aldermen have refused to make Mr. HADLEY Lord Mayor Elect. Their course was very simple. They began with a fowl with the chosen of Castle Baynard, and ended with a FOWLER.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM thinks the LORD MAYOR and Corporation deserve the greatest thanks for throwing open to the Public Burnham

Beeches, "which, from its name, ought," she says, "to become a highly popular bathing-place, and, perhaps, quite the rival of Margate Sands."

OBVIOUS.—The English Government has placed Sir EVELYN BARING at the head of affairs in Egypt. This shows that we do not intend that there should be anything over-Baring in our policy there.

A GLASS AT THE GLOBE.

"I warrant 'twill prove an excuse for the glass!"—*School for Scandal*.

MR. GRUNDY'S *Glass of Fashion*, in spite of certain defects, is a clever piece, capably played, and well worth seeing.

The Author had got hold of a good subject for Comedy, but he unfortunately took too serious a view of its treatment, and has attempted to be severely serious, when he should only have raised a genuine laugh in which all alike could most heartily have joined. The "serious motive" is not sufficiently important to sustain the interest, and the strikingly dramatic scenes are,—with one exception in the Second Act,—made so melodramatic in tone and action by Miss LINGARD as to give them the appearance of having been "written up" specially for her performance.



The exception above mentioned where Miss LINGARD is not only seen at her best in this piece, but we venture to say at her best altogether, is in the interview between Colonel and Mrs. Trevanion in the Second Act. Here we have nothing but praise for her, as we should have for the Colonel throughout, did not Mr. LETHCOURT represent him as such a very brusque unpleasant person, own brother, in fact, to that wooden-headed, steel-jointed Colonel (we think he is a Colonel, and an Indian Colonel,—they generally are in these pieces) in *Impulse* at the St. James's.

The *Glass of Fashion*, if the idea had only struck Mr. GRUNDY in time, ought to have been what is now known as a "Criterion Piece;" and, without detracting one whit from Mr. SHINE's excellent, because most natural, performance of the rich Brewer who has married a Countess, and who wants to "have Society at his feet," yet how immense Mr. W. HILL would have been as the proprietor of the newspaper worried by threatening letters, actions, writs, and all the ills that the conduct of his Editor has entailed upon him. If the Editor had only been Mr. WYNDHAM, and had these two parts been evenly balanced, Mr. STANDING the Colonel, and Miss RORKE the Wife, then with Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as the Polish Prince Borowski, and that most piquante and clever of little women, Miss L. VENNE, in her present part of Peg O'Reilly, and Miss CARLOTTA LEELEHRCQ as Lady Coombe, the piece would have gone with roars of laughter from beginning to end. As it is, indeed, the portions that go best,—and these cannot go better,—are just those where the fun comes in, and where the dialogue is so carefully pointed that every line tells.

Putting aside the First Act as patchy and comparatively uninteresting, the other three Acts are very good both as to dialogue and construction. It is a pity that the ingenious contrivance of substituting one sister for the other did not receive a little more attention from the Author, either when writing or when rehearsing, as some sort of reason ought to have been invented to account for Peg O'Reilly not going away with her sister. Why Peg should stop, we cannot see, except to meet her affiancé, Tom Stanhope (very well played by Mr. SMILY), and even then, she wouldn't have hid herself behind a curtain. This is not hypercriticism, but only a regret that what is, as it stands, so good, should not have been perfect.

Mr. TREE's make-up as Prince Borowski is admirable; his identity is completely obliterated; it is even difficult to recognise him by his eyes. It is not a pleasant part, and, no doubt, to raise it above the level of the usual conventional foreign scoundrel with broken English, Mr. TREE over-accentuates the repulsiveness of the character in the Studio Scene, where he exhibits "not love," as Mrs. Trevanion truly says, but passion—of such a kind as Mr. CLAYTON thought it right to portray in his scene as Joseph Surface with Lady Teazle. I am not sure but that both artists are correct in theory, but the piece should be a Tragedy, that is, tragic motives should be at work, to warrant such a display of brutal energy.

Mr. SHINE's John Macadam grows upon us as the piece proceeds. It is a very natural piece of acting, but, for all that, the manner of the Actor, not of the character he is playing, appears to be hard. Still, it is very funny; and the funnier the scenes between him and his Editor become—the greater the difficulties in which he finds himself, the more we regretted that it had not occurred to Mr. GRUNDY to make this into a farcical comedy, when, we believe, it would have achieved as great a success as *Our Boys*.

As it is, with "the return of the native" to town, the Comedy ought to have a considerable share of public favour accorded to it. The Theatres are all waking up after their summer rest. Mr. HARRIS's *Freedom* has come to an end at Drury Lane. The next piece will, we hope, be *Paydom*. His advertisement raises our curiosity, the piece being announced as founded on facts "privately known to the Authors." What can these be? Some startling disclosures about the Messrs. GATTI, or about Messrs. PETTITT and MERRITT (with all the "i's" and "t's" possible), or—but we dare not venture upon further surmise. We have been authoritatively informed that there is to be a real horse on the stage, and a real murder. We firmly credit both statements.



Mr. Shyin' making a Hit.

THE POLITICO-PECUNIARY BAROMETER.

(From Daily Observations on the Stock Exchange.)

CAUSE.	EFFECT.
THE King of SPAIN is coldly received in France.	Grey shirtings are depressed.
Prince VON BISMARCK snubs the Chinese Ambassador.	Little Peddington Railway Shares fall 3 per cent.
The Emperor of GERMANY has a cold.	Rise of 5 in the Debentures of the American Wooden Nutmeg Association.
Riots in Austro-Hungary.	Fall of 2 in the Cremorne Gardens Syndicate.
Illness of the President of the Swiss Republic.	Flatness of the Shares of the Royal Welsher Slate Company (Limited).
The SULTAN is reported to have a toothache.	The Alexandra Park Entertainment Company make a call of £5 per Share.
The President of the French Republic goes out shooting.	Rise of 18 in Mexican Railway Company's Ordinary Shares.
The President of the French Republic goes out fishing.	Fall of 18 in Mexican Railway Company's Ordinary Shares.
Announcement of the date for the closing of the Amsterdam International Exhibition.	Rise in Foreign Stocks; fall in British Consols; buoyancy in Indian Mines; and great and general depression in the Silver Market.

MR. PEARCE is building a ship to cross the Atlantic in five days. We're reducing our periods of astonishment. It's only a five-days' wonder now. O, COLERIDGE and COLUMBUS! Wonderful Pearce'un!

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

(Latest development, as imagined by Our Overwrought Contributor.)

"The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex were yesterday occupied in examining a number of persons who had written, offering themselves as candidates for the office of Hangman. The Sheriffs having seen all the candidates, five were requested to remain."—*Daily Paper*.

SCENE—A room in the Old Bailey. The Sheriffs discovered seated at a table on which are several plaster-casts of heads, and a pile of rope. To the right, a full-sized temporary gallows. Opposite them, finishing a stiff Examination Paper, the five selected Candidates, two of whom, unable to write, are assisted by private Secretaries.

The Sheriff of London (collecting the papers). Now, then, we'll take you in *viâ voce*, one at a time. So into the next room four of you, and mind—no listening at the door!

[Four of the Candidates slouch and retire.

The Sheriff of Middlesex. Well—er. Let's see?—ah!—hum—that is—to be sure! (Pleasantly.) Have you now—er—ever—hung anybody?

The Sheriff of London.—Professionally.

The Sheriff of Middlesex. Quite so. Professionally. [Smiles.

Candidate Number One. Well, your Worships, that's just where it is. I can't say as 'ow it was what you'd call right down professional, though I've tried the job five times. (Looks carefully round the room.) And as I've always carried this 'ere ready noosed in my pocket, ever since the Commissioners said I was all right, and let me out of the Asylum—(Produces two yards of rope arranged with a ship-knot)—I thought if your Worships would like to see what I could do—

[Gives a war-whoop. The Sheriffs dash wildly under the table, and ring a dustman's bell, until Candidate Number One is removed by seven Ushers. Order being restored, and the Sheriffs, after having had a pint of Champagne a-piece and hidden the fire-irons, an inkstand, and a bust of BLACKSTONE in the waste-paper basket, the Second Candidate is summoned, and requested to detail his experiences as briefly as possible.

Candidate Number Two (briskly). Well, no, Gents,—I never have myself, though, I've been watching it for five-and-thirty years so as to be ready whenever I had a chance. This is my idea. (The Sheriffs grow interested, and nod approvingly.) It's to do it like Punch and Judy.

[Is plucked on the spot, and instantly replaced by Number Three.

Sheriff of Middlesex (referring to Examination Papers—severely). I see you are a humanitarian.

Candidate Number Three. I am, Sir. That is my sole reason for applying for the post of Public Hangman. I should exceedingly like occasionally to try to hang someone painlessly, and if one of you Gentlemen now, would kindly step up here— [Mounts the scaffold.

The Sheriff of London. Up there? Hum! ha! We think perhaps a Common Councilman would serve your purpose better; and—er—ahem!—we will be happy to assist you in the process.

[Rings bell. A Common Councilman is instantly brought in, bound hand and foot, and placed under the drop, loudly and violently protesting.

Candidate Number Three (explaining). There is not the least cause for apprehension—a mere experiment. [Tries to hang him.

Common Councilman. Look here! If I'm hung, by Jove, it's murder!

[Shouts frantically for help; and, after a desperate struggle, in which the plaster-casts are used freely as missiles, escapes with Candidate Number Three and the Two Sheriffs to the nearest Police-Court, where, having all taken out cross-summonses against each other, and made it up afterwards, the Sheriffs return, and find Candidate Number Four suspended on the gallows in the examination-room.

The Sheriff of Middlesex. Dear me! and his papers were quite promising! However, there's one left. (Summons Candidate Number Five.) Well, now, just tell us what you know about the matter.

Candidate Number Five. Well, it was this way, your Worship. We got practising a little bit in a friendly way together, and I said, "I'd got a new dodge;" and so says he, "Show it me," says he; and I done it.

The Sheriff of London (rising). And very nicely done, too.

The Sheriff of Middlesex. Quite so. This admirable practical exercise, taken in connection with your very well answered papers, decides us—the post is yours.

Candidate Number Five. Thankee, kindly, your Honours! I hope I may live long, and have lots of work, and enjoy myself!

The Sheriffs (both together). I'm sure we hope you may.

[They shake him heartily by the hand, as the Curtain falls.

NEW TITLE FOR FRANCE (rendered appropriate by the fussy "little-ness" of her recent Policy.—*La Petite Nation*.

HURRAH, FOR THE PRINCESS!

"The Princess of WALES has won two millinery victories this year—both on the side of common sense. She has banished the crinolette, in spite of Paris. She has retained the small bonnet in fashion, still in spite of Paris." *Daily News*.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."



YE Girls of the Nation, pray listen to me, Now the crinolette's doomed by a Royal decree, You must all give it up, if in fashion you'd be— And take to the bonnet deliciously wee!

"Hurrah, for the Princess!" shout matron and lass. They all of them say, as they gaze in the glass, "On a point such as this we all clearly agree— For we're all for the bonnets so bonny and wee!"

In the Park, or the Row, in the square, or the street, The neat little head-dress you'll find bad to beat; At the smart morning concert or five o'clock tea, There is naught like the bonnet so winsomely wee!

"Hurrah, for the Princess!" &c., &c.

There are toques beyond rapture, and hats beyond praise; There are coalscuttle tilts of our grandmothers' days— Like Our Artist has drawn—but there's nothing I see That can equal the bonnet coquettishly wee!

"Hurrah, for the Princess!" &c., &c.

Now three cheers for the Princess! and never forget She has banished for ever the vile crinolette!

And the sweet British Maids, from Penzance to Dundee, Are in love with those bonnets enchantingly wee!

"Hurrah, for the Princess!" &c., &c.

MEMS. OF A MINUTE PHILOSOPHER.

BEEN to the weekly meeting of the Up-in-a-Balloon Society. Glorious time! I'm a member ("JOHN PARTLET, M.U.B.S.," looks well, and few know what it means). Old FUSTILG there. Wants to get elected, as he has no "initials" yet, whereas I can claim at least a dozen. I read a paper on "Drops and Drains." Neat title. Combines Anti-Alcoholic principles with a policy of Sewage, thus affording a wide field for discussion, which is the great thing in these matters. Compel people to give up their "drops" (or "nips") and attend to their drains, I maintained, and you've done all that requires to be done. There's a recipe for universal health and happiness—Civilisation in a nutshell! The only difficulty is the compulsion. Until people get rid of their confounded love of what they call "liberty," we Minute Philosophers shall never fulfil our manifest destiny of putting the Universe to-rights. The Up-in-a-Balloon Society alone is quite equal to the task—if they'd only let us do it. But the obstinacy of the unphilosophical mind is insurmountable. We had a splendid discussion, ranging over the whole Encyclopedia, from "Alcohol" to "Zymotic Diseases." FUSTILG, of course, made himself obstructive. Pretended he couldn't see the connection between my thesis and his precious "Braces and Garters," and so held my recipe for Civilisation imperfect. I sat upon him, however, and I believe we should have come to a general agreement and a practical conclusion—if there had been time.

SAID the SPEAKER recently, "As I grow older I love Flowers more and more." The Second Magistrate at Bow Street was delighted. Of course, the SPEAKER meant flowers of speech!

WHY is a Maharajah more likely to be a poor than a rich man? Because he is an Indi-gent.



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"AND LOOK HERE! I WANT YOU TO TAKE MY FRIEND HERE AND MYSELF JUST FAR ENOUGH TO BE UP TO OUR CHINS, YOU KNOW, AND NO FURTHER!"

ALFONSO THE BRAVE.

On his royal rounds
An aspiring King goes.
Terrier among hounds,
Chick amidst flamingoes,
Well may take an air
Sapiently modest.
La Belle France a-scare?
Incident of the oddest!
Château en Espagne
Builds the young ALFONSO,
Garbed à la Uhlan.
"Why should he have done
so?"
Asks the fretful dame.
Madam, hush this panic!
What is in a name,
Or get-up Germanic?
By each midge you're probed
As by spear-thrust. Bless
us!
One might deem you robed
In the shirt of Nessus,
Seeing how you fume,
Ever in the fidgets.
Is it then your doom
To be mocked by midgets?
You, self-styled *la Grande?*
Maladroit civility
(Quite à l'Allemande),
Rage at? Imbecility!
Why should the attire
Of the aspiring Kinglet

Raise your ready ire,
Ruffle one light ringlet?
Brave ALFONSO! Yes,
Prince had need be plucky
In unwelcome dress,—
(Really most unlucky.)—
To approach a dame
So to tantrums given,
By mad greed of fame,
Vanity, envy riven.
Why with dignity
Thus play pitch-and-toss all?
And in BISMARCK'S eye!
He, astute, colossal,
Hath you "upon toast,"
While, with fury frantic,
Thus you rave and boast,
Howl, and play the antic.
Say ALFONSO deems
WILLIAM'S gift most "fetch-
ing,"
Say he hath his dreams
Spain's shrunk power of stretch-
ing
To its ancient scope;
Say that BISMARCK nourishes
Much malicious hope;
What avail these flourishes,
Spirts of girlish spite,
Snaps of small aggression?
Better calm polite,
Peace, and self-possession!

SUBSIDISED SCIENCE.

THOUGH the general reader of light and screaming literature must have felt a good deal depressed at the sudden termination last week of the labours of the British Association, still he must have gathered some comfort from the cheery and handsome manner in which the whole affair was wound up.

The grants of money to the various scientific branches for the ensuing year were no sooner proposed than they were approved of with enthusiasm, and in a very short time cheques were literally flying all over the place. At first sight there may appear to have been a little capriciousness in their distribution, as some of the subjects, for no very serious reason, appear, in the matter of endowment, to have come off considerably worse than others.

For instance, while Mr. R. ETHERIDGE was offered £75 down to go off to Japan to see an earthquake,—a very fair allowance for a return-ticket third-class,—and Sir J. HOOKER declined to be got rid of in "the mountains of Equatorial Africa" under a cool £500, Professor E. HALL was set down for a paltry £15 for investigating the "Circulation of Underground Waters," a very disagreeable and hazardous piece of business; and if the Association—as it probably did—refused to throw in his diving-dress as well, one, we should say, likely to be conducted by the learned Professor at a positive financial loss.

Again, £10 was considered ample pay to Professor PRESTWICH for what looks like a most exhausting and irritating enterprise—the pursuit of "Erratic Blocks;" while, under the head of "Mechanical Science," Sir F. BRAMWELL had to close the list with a modest five-pound note for himself. This surely is a little shabby.

Still, spite these capriciously fantastic bits of economy, the success of the Association's efforts has, on the whole, been undeniable, and it is highly satisfactory to know that nearly all the members of the Committee, who were sent quite off their heads by Professor CAYLEY'S opening address, are now said to be so far improving as to be only occasionally delirious. Indeed, some are already looking forward with a feeble smile to taking, with the sanction of their friends, an active part in the forthcoming proceedings of the Association at Montreal, next year. We wish them every success.

MICHAELMAS MEM.—Goose-day was kept with the usual festivities at Merchant Taylors'.



ALFONSO THE BRAVE.

KING OF SPAIN (*in Uhlan Uniform*). "WHAT! NOT LIKE MY COSTUME, MADAME! WHY—BISMARCK SAID IT WAS LOVELY!"

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Sailing—Discussion—Music—Evenings below—Arrival—Oban—Ashore—Novelty.

CRAYLEY always has a glass out looking for Ben Nevis. He is quite annoyed at not seeing it somewhere.

"I know it's there!" he exclaims, quite pettishly, after keeping a telescope to his eye for a quarter-of-an-hour, as though Ben Nevis were playing hide and seek with him, and getting out of his way just for the fun of the thing.

MELLEVILLE politely explains that Ben Nevis is not visible for the same reason that the British Fleet couldn't be seen by *Tilburina*.

KILLICK gives it as his geographical opinion that "Ben Nevis is in Wales." Maps are instantly produced, and the exact situation of Ben Nevis settled.

"Well," says KILLICK, "I suppose I was thinking of some other Ben. Let me see, isn't there a Ben Davis somewhere? I'm sure I've heard the name, but, at this moment, I can't remember whether it's a man or a mountain."

MELLEVILLE fancies that he has heard the name before in legal circles, and inclines to the opinion that the Ben in question is not a mountain in Wales, but an eminent Solicitor. "But," he adds, by way of compromise, "probably of Welsh extraction."

Being referred to, I am unable to solve the difficulty. A quotation occurs to me—"Davis sum, non Edipus"—but, as I don't quite see how to bring it in, I leave it in a pigeon-hole (so to speak) to be called for when wanted. If my own name had been DAVIS, the quotation would have been most apt. Might tell it of a Gentleman in a railway-carriage whose name happened to be DAVIS, and who had been appealed to by strangers to decide the point.

Our *Evenings on Board*.—Our host is a fair musical amateur, understanding the theory of the art, up in all the modern controversies as to Music, *au fait* with the works of the best Composers, ancient and modern, with a general cosmopolitan liking for whatever is tuneful and melodious all round. He has German proclivities, is a strict mathematician, a scholarly classic, and, bringing all this learning and talent to bear on Music, he is scientifically musical, but slightly inaccurate in illustration.

CRAYLEY is a first-rate listener to music, with his glass in his eye, and always sideways, like a parrot hearing a tune. His memory fails him for names of airs and their Composers, and it usually plays him false after he has once started an air. He has all the notes, but he wants tuning. He says that he learnt Music in his early childhood—when he detested nothing more thoroughly than music-lessons, from the fact of their having muled him of his play-time.

"It was play-time," puts in KILLICK, an interruption of which CRAYLEY takes no sort of notice.

CRAYLEY now plays, he says, sometimes when he is alone; reminding KILLICK (he tells me) of the Cockney, in one of SEYMOUR's caricatures, who "liked to go a 'unting all by himself, 'cos then nobody can't laugh!" Very nearly being "a difficulty" here between CRAYLEY and KILLICK.

My own musical knowledge is, like *Mr. Sam Weller's* knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar." It consists, whether vocally or instrumentally, of "snatches" generally.

KILLICK is an obstinate Musician. Whatever he plays, and however he plays it, that must be right,—no matter what the weight of evidence might be. He has composed and published three songs, words and music, all his own; and under the *non de plume* of "VAL TRAYERS," has written the words which have been set by rising Composers. He is invariably obstinate at the piano, and so, when any one of us asks him to play some particular tune, he will pay no attention to the request, but will at once proceed to play something totally different.

With these elements of harmony among us, we are never at a loss for an entertaining evening. As we can all play, the one who gets first to the piano sticks to it until he is either forcibly removed, or yields to a united protest from the majority.

The one who is at the piano is never permitted for any length of time to play what he likes, unless that tune happens to suit everybody else's taste. As a rule, no sooner has KILLICK, who generally gets to the instrument first, taken his seat and performed that sort of up-and-down prelude which acts as a preliminary canter to the fingers, than CRAYLEY, who is lying at full length on a sofa, reading his interminable French novel and smoking a pipe, and to whom it can be a matter of no sort of consequence what tune is being played as long as it doesn't disturb him, says, "I wish you'd play that thing from—dear me—what's the name of the Opera?"—KILLICK gives no sign of attention—"oh, you know it—with—who's the great tenor singer in it?" "SIMS REEVES?" suggests our host. "What Opera?" I ask. "Oh," says CRAYLEY, quite annoyed with us for not remembering what he can't recollect—"it begins"—here he tries to hum it, but, getting mixed up with KILLICK's tune on the piano, he declares it's impossible to recall it while KILLICK is playing. "Well!" says KILLICK, suddenly stopping, and looking round defiantly. "Now—

what is it?" But CRAYLEY is not prepared, he can't even call to mind how the tune starts.

And so he is a failure, much to KILLICK's delight, who "chortles in his joy,"—he is the only man I ever heard really "chortle," which is a sound something between a half laugh and a sly chuckle,—and our host avails himself of the opportunity to ask KILLICK if he remembers the duet from *Lohengrin*, beginning—but just at this point MELLEVILLE's memory plays him a trick, and he can't for the life of him recollect what a second ago he could have hummed or played perfectly. He tries a few notes, throwing them out as a bait to attract the real ones from somewhere in KILLICK's musical knowledge-box. KILLICK, however, only shakes his head impatiently to signify that he can't make out what MELLEVILLE means, and sets to work to play just what pleases himself, without reference to anybody else, whereupon he, our host, and myself commence an animated discussion on the music of the last five years, each giving his own illustration in humming of things he likes best. CRAYLEY, unable to pay any very close attention to his novel, puts it down, and joins in our conversation, which we all know must be very trying to KILLICK, who, however, dare not leave off playing, or one of us would at once possess himself of the piano. So, without stopping to get down fresh music, he sings and plays some songs from memory, and, as they are entirely uncalled for, his audience make a point of keeping up a conversation, which becomes more and more animated every minute. The piano wins as a rule, unless one of us asks another to "sing something," to which the immediate response is, "Yes; if you don't mind playing it for me,"—whereupon somebody taps KILLICK on the shoulder, and says, "I say, old boy," in the most genial and polite tone, "just let MELLEVILLE come and accompany CRAYLEY;—he's going to sing"—and, with a very bad grace, KILLICK quits his chair at the piano, and "he plays no more that night."

Later on, we get to cards, when CRAYLEY, who is very particular on the score of health, looks at his watch, which examination invariably results in his asking everyone else "What the *real* time is," and, having struck a balance in favour of bed-time, he retires for the night. This punctuality he seems to consider a panacea for his indulgence during the day in everything which he says at the time he oughtn't to take, but which he can't resist—specially pastry with jam, rich cake, and any kind of fruit, fresh or preserved. His rule of health seems to be, "It doesn't matter what you eat or drink, if you only go to bed early every night." However, as nearly every morning he complains of having suffered from nightmare (in which he has been thrown down precipices, and never arrived at the bottom), or has risen with a headache, or sees black specks floating before his eyes,—the only remedy at breakfast for this being chops, ham, jam, heavy Scotch cake hot and honey,—it doesn't seem as if this regularity in retiring to bed early was so entirely successful as he would have us believe.

We arrive at Oban. MELLEVILLE doesn't know whether we shall stay here any time or not. Whereupon KILLICK describes this as "an Oban question." CRAYLEY looks as disgusted as Dr. JOHNSON might have done if BOSWELL had ventured on such a *jeu de mot*.

With great alacrity we go ashore to take exercise, make inquiries at the post-office, wander about and look at the shops, and subsequently dine at the hotel. It is quite a novel sensation to dine at a large table in a gorgeous room, attended upon by waiters in white ties. It is as if we had suddenly discovered civilisation. But also, curious to observe, how glad we all are to be once more ashore. But we've got the Hebrides still before us.

VERY HYMNPUDENT.—The hymn in Italian by Mr. GLADSTONE has stirred up a few Italians. They say they don't want his hymn: let him keep his hymn to himself. ITALIA says she has got a hundred and fifty hymns that are all hers. The probability of the PREMIER's reading "the Lessons" in church on Sunday, always attracts a large audience—beg pardon, we should have said congregation, but that the account next day reads much the same as a report of a "Patti night" at the Opera,—and if "inquires and places where they sing" the PREMIER could only be induced to give a solo of his own in Italian, with translation into English by the clerk, what a rush there'd be for stalls,—no, beg pardon again,—pews and free seats! There are "stalls" at theatres, operas, cathedrals, and stables, not in parish churches.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards to us the following Advertisement which appeared in the *Times* of Sept. 15th:—

LOST, between Folkestone Harbour and near Tunbridge-Wells, a GOLD PUZZLE RING. Suitable REWARD given. Apply, &c.

He adds, "I should have sent it to you before, only that I've been wasting my valuable holiday in looking for it." He deserves the "suitable reward," and we wish he may get it.

RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

AT ETRÉAT.

A DIVING Belle! Pray who
is she,
For swimming thus armed
cap-à-pie?
(The sea is like a sea of
BRETT'S.)
A graceful girl in trou-
serettes,
And tunic reaching to the
knee.

Her voice is in the sweetest
key,
Her laugh is full of gladsome
glee;
Her eyes are blue as violets—
A Diving Belle!

I wonder what her name can
be?

Her sunny tresses flutter free,
And with the ripples she
coquets!

First one white foot, then
two, she wets.

A splash! She's vanished in
the sea—

A Diving Belle!

It was Goose-day when AL-
PHONSO the Brave—we give
the "PH" in, but will make
it an "F" if preferred,—ar-
rived in Paris. Some pholks,
or folks, not too friendly to
ALPHONSO, say he is a *petit*
creré, or *Anglicé* "Masher."
For ourselves, we don't believe
it, but were it so, his title
would clearly be His Mash-
ersty, which he can date from
Michaelmash Day.

A CHANGE of title, which we
should like to see our beloved
"Mud-Salad Market" deserve,
would be from Covent Garden
Market to Convenient Market.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 156.



THE MARQUIS TSENG.

PATENTS AND PENNIES.

COVENT Garden Theatre is
the only playhouse in London
that can fairly claim to be
Royal. It works under a
patent granted by CHARLES
THE SECOND to KILLIGREW and
DAVENANT, and though Drury
Lane makes a doubtful claim
to half of this patent, there
is no question as to Covent
Garden possessing it. This
being the case, the 'ARRY of
the period ought to feel doubly
grateful that he is admitted
into this Temple of Music for
something very like a penny.
If the money were tendered at
the door it would not be re-
ceived, except in the form of
a ten-and-sixpenny season-
ticket; and a ticket at this
price, extending over three or
four months, reduces our great
Opera-House to something like
a "Penny Gaff." Is not this
Penny-wise and Pound-foolish?

HUXLEY'S MOTTO. — "The
Oyster's my world." And a
wonder-world it is, too, as any
one may see who looks into the
first number of the *English*
Illustrated Magazine. Six-
pence a peep is all Messrs.
MACMILLAN charge; and Mr.
SWINBURNE'S "*Les Cas-
quettes*," though not exactly a
"Song of Sixpence," is more
than worth all the money.

Sing a Song of Sixpence

In a novel manner;

Six-and-forty pages

All for a "tanner."

When the "Mag." is opened,

Pictures choice you'll see.

Isn't this a rare cheap dish

To serve to the B. P.?

TOAST FOR THE TRINITY
HOUSE.—"Our Buoy!"

SOME SINGULAR DISCLOSURES.

(Highly interesting to Travellers by Rail.)

THERE is considerable mystery attached to the so-called "Bye-Laws" of Railway Companies. The public generally knows them only through vague and menacing references thereto upon the backs of tickets, and on occasionally visible notices and posters. Very dreadful things would seem to be possible under cover of the extra-legal authority they are supposed to confer; and the mild-spirited traveller generally has a disquieting, indefinite sense of what may, in certain or uncertain contingencies, be done to him "in accordance with the Company's Bye-Laws." An observant, if gentle, Railway traveller of many years' experience, furnishes the following as being clearly among the chief canons—whether written or unwritten—of this mysterious code:—

1. FARES.—Twice one are—for Railway purposes—anything the Directors may please, from two-and-a-half upwards.

Under this elastic rule some very amusing arithmetical feats are possible. A fourth dimension of space would not more confuse the calculations of the ordinary commercially-trained mind than does the Railway rule of proportion. Under it the distance travelled is, of course, no sort of criterion of the charge to be made—none whatever. That is the humour of it. This—so to say—transcendental treatment, lends to Railway matters all the subtle charm of the unexpected, and floors the inquisitive *Gradgrinds* among the Public who are always wanting to apply rules and draw inferences and things. If the fare from one Station to another is sixpence, you must not go concluding that the fare to a third Station, midway between the two, will therefore be threepence or thereabouts—nothing of the sort; it will probably be the same, and possibly more.

In fact, the Euclidian "therefore" is totally inapplicable to Railway arrangements, which are not based upon ordinary mathematics or accepted logic. For instance, in railway journeys the whole is not necessarily equal to the sum of its parts; it may be more or less, according to,—well, it is impossible to say *what* it is according to,—chance, caprice, humour, rule of thumb, whatever you please or don't please. One thing only is certain—it is not according to reason.

2. TIME.—Time is a figment of men's fancy, and has no fixed measure.

Time is treated by Railwaydom in the same transcendental way as Space and Number. Railway Time is a figment. It is also a joke. The mind, however, must be what the higher criticism calls "detached" to appreciate that joke. The passenger who, being informed that a certain train, which it is important for him to catch, starts at 5'30, who, emerging from the refreshment-room at 5'26 exactly, sees three clocks pointing, respectively, to 5'25, 5'29, and 5'34, who dashes to the gate, only to be informed that the train started five minutes ago,—this traveller will probably not have his mind sufficiently detached "to enjoy the humour of the situation." That is, of course, the traveller's own fault,—or misfortune. The Company provides all the materials of the jest, but no "Bye-Laws" can compel the Public to appreciation. Otherwise, Theatres, comic journals, party speeches, and Art criticisms would be superfluous, the Railway Companies, under cover of this particular Rule of theirs, supplying enough "fun" for the whole community.

3. SPACE.—Space is Infinite Elasticity, and has no measure but the mind and conscience of Railwaydom, of which, indeed, it is the type.

This law—or definition—will only appear transcendental to those who have never travelled by rail. The Schoolmen who debated the question as to how many angels could dance on the point of a needle,



RAILWAY PUZZLE.

HOW TO CRAM ANY NUMBER OF PERSONS INTO A SECOND-CLASS COMPARTMENT INTENDED TO ACCOMMODATE EIGHT PASSENGERS UNCOMFORTABLY. THE OFFICIALS ON THE LONG JOURNEY-DUE-NORTH LINES HAVE, ON OCCASION, NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN SOLVING THE PROBLEM. WITH OTHER LINES, ON SUCH SPECIAL OCCASIONS AS GREAT RACE DAYS, THIS PUZZLE HAS ALMOST CEASED TO OFFER ANY DIFFICULTY.

would find a kindred and congenial theme in the question, "how many third-class passengers can be crammed into a first-class carriage?" It could never, of course, be decided—which would be the beauty of it. The Rule itself is designed with an ingenious aptness which is subtly exquisite. Under it a compartment constructed—avowedly—to "accommodate" ten, may be made to contain thirty and upwards. There *must* be an esoteric Bye-Law of this sort, or else appeal to the exoteric rule painted, in plain letters, in the compartment itself, would surely confound even the conscience of a Railway Director. Which it does not. Q. E. D.

4. CLASS.—Class is an unreal or arbitrary distinction, maintained—theoretically, or at pleasure—for financial purposes. Its relation to charge is fixed, but as to accommodation shifting, or non-existent at official will.

The contemplation of this Bye-Law will throw light on many questions that have long puzzled the gentle passenger, and even elicited from him many pathetic but fruitless plaints. The rule—like charity—covers a multitude of (Railway) sins. In its light the sight of a score of low, foul-mouthed third-class betting-men crammed into a first-class compartment with two or three mild citizens or gently-born Ladies who have paid high first-class fare for the sake of essential quiet and comfort,—this sight, I say, no longer confounds, though it may displease. No rational person will henceforth ask why one railway carriage should be clean and comfortable, while another, of the same "class" (nominally) is dirty and purgatorial. The question rather is, Why should it *not* be thus, if it suit the interest or caprice of the managers of the line? The word "class"—in the sense of the Bye-Law—explains all anomalies and discrepancies. If you fancy that in paying for a first-class ticket, you secure the exclusive possession of so much space (*which see*) in a well-appointed first-class carriage, to the exclusion of crowding, uncleanness in person, garb, and speech, noise and nastiness generally, why, you are much mistaken, that is all. And though natural distaste of such surroundings may be permitted you, in silence, yet

any outspoken disappointment or disgust must spring from ignorance of the above Law, and of the esoteric meaning of the terms in Railwaydom's vocabulary.

Various other minor members of the great mysterious "Bye-Law" family has our Correspondent deduced from long experience by the aid of plain logic. Some of them may be given to the public on a future occasion. These, however, are the leading, and, so to say, covering enactments of the secret and terrible code. Their publication may explain many maddeningly puzzling experiences of the Railway traveller, and—*perhaps*—lead that long-suffering and fogged personage to intelligent and effectual revolt.

Report from Southport.

"Dr. CARPENTER expressed the very deep interest with which he had listened to these communications, because they went to the very fundamental conception of life that they had been gradually coming to from the days when he was taught that cells were everything."

THE days when he was taught that "cells were everything," must have been his schooldays, when a sharp boy premised every answer with "bar sell!" as a precautionary measure. Dr. CARPENTER will still find that "cells are everything," or nearly so, if he goes into the Stock Exchange when there's not much business doing.

In a Concatenation Accordingly.

Mr. MARTIN TUPPER is announced as about to deliver a Lecture on "Flying" before the Balloon Society. Illustrated experimentally, of course. Mr. TUPPER's Muse may be a little pedestrian, perhaps, but his Pegasus can probably fly high enough to satisfy those most trustful of enthusiasts, the believers in aerial navigation. At any rate, if Mr. TUPPER's hippogriff won't rise, we trust that his Testimonial *will*.



SOME STARTLING BAGS ON THE MOORS!

MY LONG WAKAYSHUN.

I FINDS myself a spending my Long Wakayshun of a hole week at Surbiton, of all places in the world. Scrumphus Surbiton, as its ushally called, and quite rite too, for I never seed with my pare of old eyes such a swell place. As I'm told they calls the Town where they makes the werry best silk welwet the City of Paleasses, so I shoud call this reelly butifal place the Burrow of helegant Willars.

There doesn't seem to be such a thing as a Porehouse or a pore person in the hole place, and that's jest what I likes. I dislikes with a most bitter dislike anything like povverty! They're a reglar complanin lot is the pore, at the best of times, and not the least use in the world to an Hed Waiter. They don't want no waiting on, they don't. They can wait on theirselves, they can, and likes it better, and as to harf-crowns, they don't seem to know the proper use on 'em, even wen they as 'em.

I chose Surbiton with one eye to pleasure and one to busyness, thinking as they was likely to be busy at appy Ampton close by, and I've got engaged for 3 dinners all ready, and as one on 'em is for one of my fav'rite Gilds, I don't suppose as my little houting will be a howdaciouly expensive one wen I strikes the ballance.

I've took lojjings with a werry respectable Gent in the Sweep line, and I offen has a ride with him of a mornin in his little hoarse and shay when he gos his perfeshunal rounds, and its quite emusing to me to jine him in his musical and plaintif cry of Sweep! Sweep! jest like two overgrown Blackbirds whose voices has got jest a leetle ropy. We was a little bit unlukky at first as we had the Plummers in the house for 2 days, and all I will say is, that if the other Hartysans of the town is all like the Plummers, they must be remarkable fine specimuns of noisy humannity. "Hammer an Tongs" was nothin to 'em. WILLIAM says there's a line of SHAKSPEER's as discribes 'em eeksakly: "Guns, Trumpits, Blunderbusses, Drums, and Thunder!" We've been all right since, eksept jest a little trubbel with the Painters up stares, so I mustn't grumbl.

To return to my muttins, as the French says, I should think Surbiton must be about as neer to what I should expect Parrydice to be, as you can reasonably expect only 12 miles from London. In the first place we've got jest 49 trains a day to take us home, and tho' of course I shan't want one on 'em, exsep wen I goes away, and then it will be a pretty job to know which to choose, still its a great cumfit to know that there they is if you happens to want 'em, and, as I'm pretty close to the line, I has the pleasure of hearing 'em parse, up or down, about every five minnits all day, and nearly all nite two.

In the nex place, if you're a trew born Harrystocrat you haven't not no need not even to see so much as a wulgar Shop. The lord of the Manners won't have no shops in this trewly grand place, exsep what's aeshally wanted for people's wants, and them few he's had all stuck up close to the Railway Stayshun; so, exsep when you're a going away, you needn't even know as there is sitch a thing as a

BACK TO LONDON.

Back to London, in September,
When they're threshing out the wheat,
Pleasant is it to remember
How your holidays were sweet.
Now those halcyon days are past,
All Lawn Tennis sets you won done,
And you're glad to be at last—
Back in London.

Back to all accustomed duties,
Dearer for the hours of play,
Visions of the sea-side beauties,
Seem like dreams of yesterday.
Haply with reluctant mind,
Now you know all rural fun done,
Yet you're glad yourself to find
Back in London.

Town looks pleasant after places
That were just a trifle slow;
All the old familiar faces
Greet you wheresoe'er you go.
Holidays are, you'll agree,
Very like a child's plum bun done,
And you're very pleased to be
Back in London.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has taken the greatest interest in the reports of the British Association meetings. She wants to know if *Bacteria* is the scientific name for lumbago, as, if so, she's got it.

Wulgar Shop in the hole Burrow, which must be a great blessin to all the Hole-sailors and Re-tailors from London, who lives here, and who must natrally hate the site of such low places.

My son WILLIAM, who is with me, is werry fond of boting, but as of corse we can't eford to pay such prises as they askes here, he's made a werry nice erangement with the Ferryman to let him row the custummers backards and forrards all day long for nothing, and it inkludes taking me over and back on the same lib'ral terms, and tho' there aint quite so much variety in it as some giddy youngsters might want, we offen gits up quite a little egsitement when WILLIAM runs slap into a houtrigger or a rangdang.

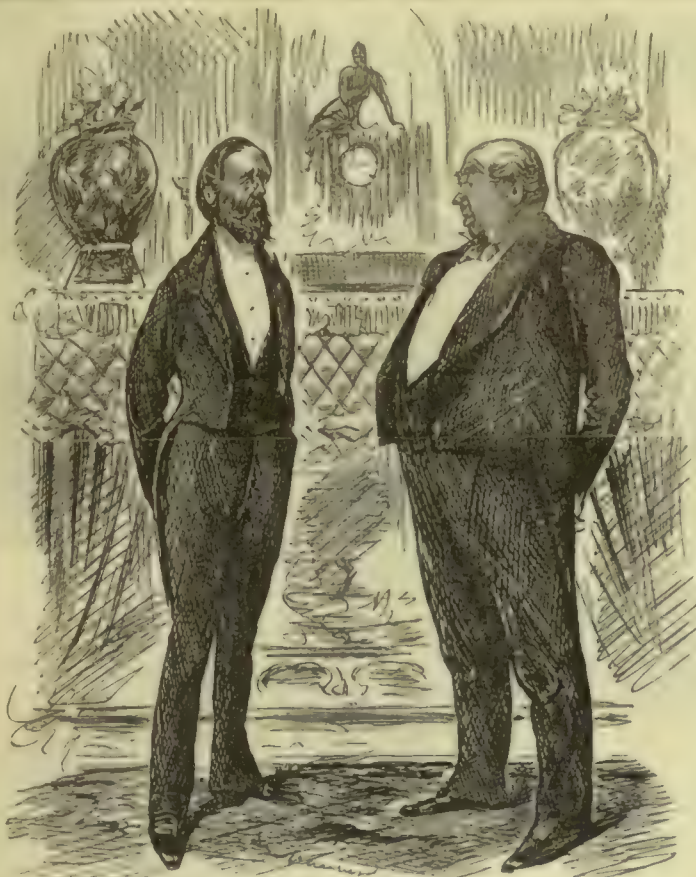
I soon made acquaintance with a gentleman's gentleman, as I formerly knowd at the "Albion," and over a frendly glass he told me a good deal about the Swells as lives in the lordly Manshun Houses as one sees on every side of him. He says as they're that partickler, that no one as keeps a carridge and pair would think of condescending to speak to a pore devil as only kep a coach and one. That no Hole-sailor from London ever so much as looks at a Re-tailor, and a perfeshunal Gent outs 'em both. And what they does, their wives and families does too, and a great deal more, even down to the little childun. Some of the princeple servants thort of carrying it out a step-father among theirselves, but they wasn't quite such fools as that cums to, and so you sees even a Butler assosheating quite familyear with a Footman, or even a Groom, if he's a good emusin sort of feller.

They've got a capital dodge here of letting out the botes by the week or the month at rejuiced prises, and why? Becoz they knows werry well from long egsperience that the young Swells gos it at such a pace when they rust comes down, rowing from morning to nite, that, after about 3 days, their pore hands is so covered with blisters that they can't even look at a skull without a shudder. Old JOE says it's quite lovely to see the pace as they goes at it for the first few days compared with the gentle paddle arterwards.

I had a good long look at the Dear in Booshy Park as I walked through the railins and wonderd which nice bit of Wenson wood fall to my share.

ROBERT.

ORDER FOR CEREMONY OF THROWING OPEN BURNHAM BEECHES TO THE PUBLIC.—The Bucks Volunteers will be present in full uniform, greater bucks than ever. The Aldermen will group under the trees, and will receive the LORD MAYOR with their very best bows. The biggest tree will be christened "Jumbo," because of its enormous Trunk. The chief part of the ceremony will consist in the significant action of the LORD MAYOR, who, as representing his high office and the Corporation, will "turn over a new Leaf." The place of arrival will be Slough, and the Luncheon will be Eton. "*Ver non semper viret*" will be proposed as the Motto for the toast of absent friends, coupled with the name of Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT. Mr. Punch says, "Bravo, LORD MAYOR and Corporation!"



HIPS V. BRACES.

SKETCH OF TWO GENTLEMEN WHO CANNOT AGREE ON THE QUESTION.

HISS OWN IDEA!

(Moral Philosophy of Sage and Onions.)

HISSED in the streets the King of SPAIN,
Who came expecting acclamation,
Felt, probably, some little pain
When he was met with execration.
Well—some there are whose hisses me
Would rather than their plaudits flatter;
Proud of the former I should be,
Ashamed to have deserved the latter.

When people hiss me, what, whilst I
Applaud myself?—as I do ever.
Their noise can only signify
That I've done something good or clever.
And so when'er I'm hissed, I say,
Hiss on; for honour I'm your debtor;
Hard as you're able hiss away;
Hiss, hiss, the more you hiss the better!

DIOGENES TURHOUSE.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR THE ALDERMAN AND BAKER WHO WAS BRED UP IN THE CITY. — Judging from the bitterness shown by the "Livery," who would have selected the Gay Bachelor Baker Mr. Alderman HADLEY for the Mayoralty, that Livery must be very "livery" indeed: quite jaundiced. Mr. Baker HADLEY is naturally, and professionally, crusty about it; but the Municipal *Patres Conscripti* do not consider him as sufficiently the Upper Crust for the elevated position. Never mind, Mr. Alderman and Baker! You can, if this is any crumb of comfort to you, tell your brother Aldermen that their conduct is unchristian, and you can say to them, as a Baker, "Dough as you'd be done by." Or you can make light of your own discomfiture, and, *a propos* of its having been Michaelmas Day when you were rejected, you can say, pleasantly, that "the Geese have saved the City." Well, well; if to be a bachelor be your fault and misfortune, Mr. Alderman HADLEY, may you speedily become a qualified *Benedick*,—may you live till you marry—and after. So farewell, Baker! As oven as we think of thee, Baker, we will say, "May Oven bless thee!"

ONWARDS! OR, A LITTLE FURTHER STILL.

(Projected S. E. R. Alterations and Arrangements for the ensuing Month.)

1. The 10.10 P.M. train from Charing Cross to Lewisham will, in future, be 90 instead of, as usual, 55 minutes behind time at New Cross.
2. An additional siding will be opened five miles from Edenbridge, for the convenience of passengers by the 8.15 P.M. train to Canterbury, who will not be able to get there till 11.22 the next morning.
3. The up day Parliamentary from Dover will not proceed further than Merstham Tunnel; but passengers getting out in the dark will be allowed to grope their way out, and be taken as far back again as Ashford in a coal-truck on paying the regular excess-fare.
4. The 8.17 train from Strood, the 7.9 from Hastings, the 8.18 from Chislehurst, the 9.15 from Paddock Wood, the 10.20 from Greenwich, the 6.30 from Margate, the Continental Express, and the five local suburban trains that have hitherto all arrived at Cannon Street station together at 3.49 P.M., will, on and after the first of next month, be joined by the 7.15 and 9.52 from Croydon, the Hastings Mail, and seven new supplementary fast trains, crossing them at intervals on the up and down line. N.B.—Passengers by these trains going out of their minds and jumping off the Company's viaduct into Southwark Street, will be permitted to do so on showing their certificates.
5. The third-class tickets of drunken dustmen, quarrelsome sweeps, familiar card-sharpers, foul-mouthed costermongers, and raving excursionists, will be available at all the Company's Stations for a journey in any first-class carriage, provided always not less than fifteen endeavour to crush into a compartment already occupied by six quiet and respectable first-class passengers.
6. The Company will not hold themselves responsible for the condition of their rolling stock, and the attention of travellers is specially directed to the new Bye-law, which enjoins that in the event of the bottom of a carriage coming out, the occupants will not be allowed to follow it on to the three-foot way without paying twice the amount of their original fares, plus the difference between the point of their unexpected descent and their ultimate destination.
7. For the convenience of suburban passengers visiting the

theatres, a train of horse-boxes, fitted up with straw, will leave Charing Cross at midnight, and be shunted, as circumstances require, in the immediate neighbourhood of Spa Road or Blackheath.

8. Season ticket holders found strangling the Traffic Manager or stray Directors unawares, without being able to furnish any sufficiently satisfactory reason for their conduct will be prosecuted by the Company's Solicitors.

9. The General Meeting of the Company will be held on the 5th of November next, and as a very important resolution connected with the carrying about of the Chairman in his own chair, with an evening display of fireworks, will be proposed to the Shareholders, it is to be hoped that they will attend in full numbers.

"SANITAS SANITATUM."

"The angel of death is, so to speak, hovering over a doomed land, and he descends on those spots which are the foulest."—Sir Richard Temple's Address at the Social Science Congress.

THE Angel of Death, quoth Sir RICHARD, comes down
On spots that are foulest in every town;
Then flush out your sewers and clean all your drains,
And see that no refuse among you remains;
Be spruce as a school-boy made smart by pomatum,
And write on your shields "*Sanitas sanitatum*."

Remember that dirt, which too often one sees,
Is the herald of deadly zymotic disease,
That fever and dirt are convertible terms,
Since the one brings the other by fostering germs;
In your clean bill of health let there be no erratum,
And write at the top "*Sanitas sanitatum*."

When he wanders abroad, many a tourist has known
All the wonderful smells of the town of Cologne;
So take warning by that, and for ever decline
To be classed with that sewer-gassy place on the Rhine;
Let your cities be sweet, is the bard's ultimatum,
And stick to the text, "*Sanitas sanitatum*."



THE HUNTING SEASON.

Rector. "IS THAT THE PARCELS POST, JAMES? HE'S EARLY THIS MORNING, ISN'T HE?" (*Noise without, baying of Dogs, &c.*)
 "WHAT'S ALL THIS—"

James (*excited*). "YES, SIR. POSTMAN SAYS AS HOW THE YOUNG 'OUNDS, A COMIN' BACK FROM CUBBIN', FOUND 'IM NEAR THE KENNELS, AND RUNNED 'IM ALL THE WAY 'ERE. THEY WAS CLOSE ON 'IM WHEN HE GOT IN! 'THINKS IT WAS A PACKET O' RED 'ERRINS IN THE BAG, SIR! I SEE THE RUN FROM THE PANTRY WINDOW"—(*with enthusiasm*)—"A BEAUTIFUL TEN MINUTES' BU'ST, SIR!"

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Episode of the Pilot.

"THE piano's out of tune," says CRAYLEY, with his nose close to the music, picking out the notes of "The Lost Chord" through his eyeglass.

"Of course it is," retorts KILICK, "with you thumping on it all the morning."

In MELLEVILLE'S absence ashore I come in as peacemaker. I throw oil on the troubled Musicians.

"Let's," I say, as suggesting something very slyly, "let's get it tuned."

"How?" asks CRAYLEY.

"By a tuner, of course," answers KILICK, immediately adding, "You don't think anyone was going to ask *you* to do it?"

CRAYLEY pretends to ignore KILICK'S question, and, appealing to Heaven by a slanting upwards glance through his eyeglass at the cabin-skylight, he asks me—

"Is there a tuner on shore?"

"I should think so," I reply. I had for the moment forgotten that we were at sea.

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," says KILICK. "We're in Scotland, you know, and the national instrument is the Bagpipes."

"Well, Bagpipes are tuned," says CRAYLEY, superciliously.

"You don't know *that*," returns KILICK. "You don't play them, thank goodness! And if there is only a tuner for Bagpipes, he won't be able to do the piano."

After some argument, we settle to go ashore and hunt up a tuner.

"Don't bother the Commodore about it," says KILICK. "There's a lot of trouble on the old man's mind"—(he is quoting a comic song; his words and music perhaps!)—"this morning about the necessity of having a Pilot."

This is new to me. I had associated Pilots only with "fearful

nights," with Bays of Biscay, with Arctic Expeditions, with shipwrecks, life-boats, and, in fact, with marine dangers of an aggravated and alarming character generally.

It is news to CRAYLEY, too. KILICK is master of the situation as far as knowledge of the subject goes, and he avers, on the authority of the Captain, and from having been in these waters before (so I understand him to say), that a Pilot in the Hebrides is a necessity, and without one we shall probably come to grief. By all means, then, a Pilot.

MELLEVILLE has already gone ashore to secure one; so, as he is fully occupied, we agree to start on a secret mission, say nothing to anybody, and have the piano tuned in MELLEVILLE'S absence, so that at night he will be both gratified and astonished.

On landing we flatten our noses against various shop-windows, and hesitate on various door-steps, not being quite certain, in the absence of any evidently musical establishment, where to go for what we want.

KILICK suddenly calls to mind that when he was last here the place to get a pianoforte-tuner was either at the Chemist's or at a toy-shop. He is very nearly right. The Chemist directs us to the toy-shop.

There are dolls, carts, wooden soldiers, tin sailors, comic white rabbits playing tambourines, baits for fishing, conjuring tricks, tackle, walking-sticks, books, puzzles, stationery, magic-lanterns, and nothing, except some toy musical instruments, such as drums, trumpets, and musical glass boxes, to suggest that a pianoforte-tuner is anywhere on the establishment, unless the man behind the counter is himself of that persuasion. But he doesn't look it. He hasn't got a tuning face.

CRAYLEY undertakes to conduct the negotiation, on condition that KILICK doesn't interfere.

KILICK confides to me his opinion that CRAYLEY is "sure to make some muddle of it."

CRAYLEY commences the business he has in hand by inquiring the price of fishing-tackle. From this by easy stages up to musical toys, without buying anything, he is about to arrive at the inquiry as to



THE APPLE SHOW.

KING PIPPIN WITH HIS PRIME MINISTER, "THE GLADSTONE VARIETY." THE APPLE GATHERING MOST APPLE-LY REPRESENTED BY A CELEBRATED PAIR.

a pianoforte-tuner, when KILICK, no longer to be repressed, cuts in with the question point-blank. CRAXLEY, thus interrupted, stares at him sideways, through his eyeglass, as if he had never seen him before in all his life, and was resenting the impertinent interference of an utter stranger.

The Proprietor of the Shop doesn't know where the tuner is at present. As far as I can make out, he is either on a tuning voyage, calling in at the different islands and tuning the pianos of the inhabitants, or he is on the same errand inland, and is touring about tuning everywhere, and restoring harmony generally. When he will be back there is no knowing. He is absent at present, and it may be for years, or it may be for ever. There is not another pianoforte-tuner to be found at this minute. There may be others, but the Proprietor of the Shop, and, presumably, of the pianoforte-tuner, is not aware of their existence. However, all that can be done, politely intimates the Shopkeeper, shall be done, and if, in the meantime, we can console ourselves with some newly-invented spinning-bait, or a book of views of the country (where the pianoforte-tuner has gone), or anything in the toy-line,—why, there is an almost inexhaust-

ible store at our disposal. We thank him, linger over a few toys, inspect a brown horse on wheels dubiously, and gradually retire. That Toyman will not bless us; but perhaps he will make up for our want of enterprise in sticking it on to the Tuner's charge, should he ever appear, which is of all probabilities the most improbable.

Further inquiry is useless. We give up the pianoforte-tuner, and return to the ship.

Here we find MELLEVILLE. He has Pilot on the brain; and he has rather a headache in consequence. He is evidently much bothered and anxious. The Captain seems a bit fidgety. So we say nothing about our search for a tuner, and, after sympathising with MELLEVILLE, we descend to our cabins.

There is a gloom over us. If the Pilot doesn't appear, we shall remain here ever so long; if he does, we are off at once.

The Commodore has issued orders to this effect, and the Captain, who is a man of few words, and always ready to make himself agreeable and useful, cheerfully assents. The Captain, it appears, is not personally acquainted with the Pilot who is to come aboard at some time or other. MELLEVILLE has not seen him; he is taking

THE ORIGIN OF GLOVES.



SIR,—Having read some letters in the Papers about the origin of gloves, and, not agreeing with any of the opinions therein expressed, I send you a sketch of my idea on the subject.—Yours, FROU-FROU.



SIR,—This is my noshun of the orrid-gin (what sort's that?) o' gloves. Yours, A REGLAR SPAR-TANNER.

him on trust; and, as he tells us, in all his experience of yachting, he has never yet had a Pilot on board.

I am reading *Clarissa Harlowe*, Vol. II. (latest edition), and beginning to think that that smug old Mr. RICHARDSON, Author and Tunbridge-Wells Shopkeeper, must have had exceptional views on the best way of inculcating morality, when a noise attracts my attention. A boat is alongside; and I catch the sound of MELLEVILLE's voice welcoming some new arrival.

I tumble up the companion to see what is going on. The Commodore is speaking to a respectably-dressed man of a rather nautical appearance. He catches sight of my head, and beckons me to him.

"Just pay the cab,—I mean the boat," he whispers to me; "it's the Pilot. I'm going to have a talk with him." And so saying, he takes the nautical-looking person down the companion, showing him every possible attention; for, as MELLEVILLE has explained to us all before,—and this is, now I come to think of it, what has contributed to his nervousness and anxiety on the subject,—a Pilot is a sort of Master of Arts, so to speak, of his craft. He is obliged to pass an examination, he has taken his degree, and he holds a rank which temporarily places him, when on board a ship delivered over to his control, above Owner, Captain, Admiral, or anyone; and of course, though paid by the week, and his fee, or *honorarium*, so MELLEVILLE politely puts it, being exceptionally high, he has to be treated as an Eminent Expert. Knowing that these are our Commodore's opinions as to the *status* of a Pilot, we all bow to his decision, and are prepared to imitate our host's example.

First, then, I pay and dismiss the boatman who brought him. The Boatman asks if he shan't wait? "Certainly not!" I reply, as I know that the Commodore's orders are to "sail at once," and already the Captain has given the word, and the anchor—only one out, and at no great depth—is being weighed.

It is all being done with a will, and as we are taut and trim, and "ready, aye ready!" for sailing, literally at a moment's notice, it will be less than half-an-hour before we are actually off. A nice breeze is springing up, which will take us away; and the Pilot's duties will not begin until we are well outside, and shaping our course for Tobermory. We enter the cabin one after the other. MELLEVILLE is talking with the nautical-looking man, and a decanter of sherry and glasses are on the table.

We have no formal introductions from MELLEVILLE to the nautical person, but the latter acknowledges each one of us with a sort of polite inclination as we drop into the conversation in turn. The introduction, of course, would be impossible, as MELLEVILLE doesn't know the Pilot's name, and, as he is a person of "some consideration"—(this is a bit Richardsonian, but a student of *Clarissa Harlowe* must expect these words to crop up occasionally),—there may be a certain etiquette to be observed of which introduction forms no part. We have among us implicit confidence in MELLEVILLE, who, we suppose, has mastered all these details, and we tacitly form ourselves into a sort of committee of Lords of the Admiralty and Elder Trinity Brethren, for examining the Pilot to ascertain whether he knows more than we do, or, at all events, more than the Commodore does, and whether, on the whole, he is to be trusted.

"A very nice boat indeed," the nautical person is saying, as we enter. "Thankye, Sir, I will take another glass,"—and he does too,

a bumper, which he sips with the air of a connoisseur, instead of drinking it off at a draught, as is popularly supposed to be the way with the old sea-dogs. He is weather-beaten certainly, but he is not by any means a sea-dog. He wears thickish serge, a waterproof (which he has just removed), and a tall hat, which he has placed on the table. The tall hat strikes me at once, as reminding me of the old prints of sailors at the commencement of this century, and of the queer old boatmen, Deal Pilots, for aught I know, who may be seen any day, with telescopes under their arms, on the beach at Deal.

"I suppose," says MELLEVILLE, nervously, but in his pleasantest manner, "you know this coast—I mean all about here—by heart?" "Well, you see, Sir," replies the nautical individual, turning his glass about and scrutinising the sherry, as if he had been tasting a sample before purchasing a quantity,—“you see, Sir, I was born here, and I think I may say I know all this part—well—about as thoroughly as anyone.”

He speaks with a Scotch accent, rather narrow than broad. MELLEVILLE looks round at us approvingly. His manner conveys exactly what he would say, which evidently is this: "This is the very man for us, Gentlemen—he knows his way about. First-rate fellow, this!"

I say to the Pilot diffidently, seeing that I know absolutely nothing about it, and am not even quite clear as to our geographical position, "Is this a very dangerous coast?"

"In parts it is," replies our first-rate man—"in parts. At least, it is to those who don't know it."

Obviously the inference is, that to those who do "know it" there is not the slightest danger; and equally obvious is the next inference—that he is the man who does know.

Again MELLEVILLE turns to us, and smiles complacently.

"Is there good fishing about here?" asks KILICK.

We all feel that this is unfair on the Pilot. Why should he be expected to know anything about fishing? He's not a fisherman. However, it turns out that he is a fisherman, that he knows a good deal about it, and can give his experience of several lochs. There is a pause, and MELLEVILLE presses upon him another glass of sherry. At this point we all join. I break through my otherwise invariable rule of "No sherry" in order to do special honour to the occasion.

"A very fine wine this, Sir; very," says the Pilot, shaking his head, and smacking his lips.

"Yes, it is," returns MELLEVILLE, and we all smack our lips more or less, having suddenly given up our rôles as Elder Trinity Brethren and resolved ourselves into a tasting committee.

"Very fine!" repeats the Pilot, and again we all agree with him. Then there is a pause. It is broken by the Pilot complimenting MELLEVILLE on the yacht. "As handsome a vessel as he has ever seen—and he's seen lots of 'em here," says the Pilot.

MELLEVILLE is highly pleased and gratified. We all take a little more sherry, and at this moment the Merry Young Steward appears with another bottle. Whether MELLEVILLE has summoned him or not, I cannot say; probably none of us could say if asked. The sherry is very good, and, having broken through my rule,—I believe we have all, except CRAYLEY, whose rule is to do as he likes on all occasions, broken through some rule on the subject of sherry,—I am inclined to go on at all hazards.

So we become communicative, and the conversation becomes general. Somehow or another we get to talking about the Opera,—I don't know who started it, but here we are, with our Pilot, talking of the Opera and of Music generally, and still shaking our heads as wisely as ever, and saying, "Yes, it is capital sherry."

"A very pretty instrument you've got there, Sir," says the Pilot. He is praising everything.

"Yes; it is," replies MELLEVILLE, and opens it. Is he going to play the Pilot an air? No; he is only explaining its mechanism.

"You see it's a difficult thing to get this sort of piano," says MELLEVILLE. "This is specially made for a yacht."

Yes, the Pilot is aware of that; he has seen them before: he can tell MELLEVILLE of a better contrivance than this, of a new patent, and perhaps a less expensive article.

"Very superior person, this Pilot!" we express by our looks to one another. What an education he has had! Knew a little of everything. More sherry. Fine wine, very.

The Pilot looks at his watch. Just as he does so there is an evident lurch, and we all stagger a bit; it is very trifling, but there it was, and we are evidently moving, but so easily that no effect till now has been perceptible, and even now it is only very slight.

The Pilot appears to hesitate a minute, as if he wasn't exactly certain what to do. The movement has entirely ceased, but from the gentle ripple which strikes my ear, I am sure we are going straight as an arrow before the wind.

"I'd better get to work at once, Sir, if you please," says the Pilot, again consulting his watch.

"But there's no necessity yet?" asks MELLEVILLE, "is there?"

"Well, you see, Sir," says our superior nautical authority, "I've got a lot to do—"

"Which, of course," puts in MELLEVILLE, in his politest manner, "I don't understand. Would you like to see the Captain?"

The Pilot looks a little astonished, and replies, hesitatingly, "No, Sir—I don't see any necessity—unless you—"

"Oh no! Oh, certainly not," MELLEVILLE hastens to say, clearly fearful of having committed some breach of etiquette.

"Of course he doesn't want to see the Captain," we whisper to one another, and are rather surprised that a man of MELLEVILLE's tact and experience should have made the mistake.

MELLEVILLE appears a bit nervous. He coughs two or three times, and then, drawing me on one side, he says, "I don't quite know where he'll sleep. I thought he would arrange with the Captain—but—eh? Beg pardon. What?" This addressed suddenly to the Pilot, who has been understood to ask for a key.

"Key?" repeats MELLEVILLE, puzzled.

"Key of the piano, Sir. I think you just looked it up."

"O yes, I did—but—"

Here we have another lurch, which brings the Pilot sharply up against the farther corner of the piano, which he seizes desperately; in fact, he would have fallen but for cannoning against CRAYLEY, who, being of a slight and fragile build, staggers backwards on to the sofa. A little sherry is spilt. Alone amongst us the swing-table, with the sherry decanter and one glass on it, preserves its equilibrium. It was apparently a sudden gust, for the effect has passed, and we are going along steadily once more. An expression of dismay is on our Pilot's face.

"Is the vessel sailing, Sir?" he asks, with a gasp.

"Well, you see," MELLEVILLE nervously explains, fearful of having done something very wrong—"well, I told the Captain that as your duties wouldn't commence till we got outside—"

"Outside!" exclaims the Pilot, convulsively.

We are afraid he is going to have a fit. An epileptic Pilot ought not to be licensed. That is our one feeling on the subject.

"Yes," continues MELLEVILLE, more and more nervous as the case of the *Lively* occurs to him (he tells me this afterwards), "I thought—that—your work would begin as we go up the Sound to Tobermory—"

"Tobermory!" shouts the man. "But I don't understand—why should I go to Tobermory?"

"Because," replies MELLEVILLE, suddenly pulling himself together, and, so to speak, dropping the Lamb to assume the Lion, "that is where we have arranged to go, and from there to Loch Seavaig, and—"

"Loch Seavaig!" the Pilot almost screams.

"Yes!" thunders the Commodore, now thoroughly roused. "You said you knew all the coast, and as I only want a Pilot—"

"Pilot!" cries the man in a frenzy. "I'm not a Pilot."

"Not a Pilot!" we all echo, in different tones.

"No!" he shrieks. "I've come to tune the Piano!"

THE MINSTREL BOY ON MAKING A START.

"THE Boy stood on the burning deck." O, I've spouted it lots o' times, so I know it.

(And I think he was a young mug for his pains, though made into a hero by Missis HEMANS the Poet),



T' Upper Classes.

But, bless you, his position, though about as hot as they make 'em, was rose-leaves and strawberry-cream, for coolness and easiness. Compared with the blessed look-out of the lot of us, which is enough to fill a feller with fright and freeziness.

That *Telegraph* certainly has been raising snakes, the fifth wheel of a coach, or concertinas among oysters are really not in it, For superfluity—no, I mean superfluity; and I shall get into this metre, I suppose, in a minute.

But the *Tityre tu* business always did flummox me. Still, I've studied SILAS WEGG and Mister TUPPER, and other Bards, And I mean coming out as the MINSTREL BOY, and to reel off my poetical feet—by yards.

Where was I? Oh, "Our Boys"! Why, the Eastern Question, or the double acrostics in the *Taradiddle*,

Are not a patch on us for right down puzzlement. If a feller's to be brought up as a bricklayer or a fiddler,

Sent into the City, or out to the Colonies, taught to wear KINO's tweeds, or corduroy or fustian,

Be sampled off as per individual quality, or evened heads and heels on a bed Procrustean—

If that's the old bugaboo's name—is the question. But as to the answer, blow me twice times never—

As they say in *Aristophanes*—if I can make that out from about fifty columns, more or less, of controversial kibosh which the cocksure kiboshers seem to consider clever.

(That last line appears to have run off its legs a little, like a centipede in a hurry, but it doesn't much matter.)

I must say the impression produced on my mind is that the Grown-ups are a mixed lot of Muddleheads and Mivvies, for all their cocknosiness and cockatoo clatter;

And that whether they call themselves "Magisters" or "Mialos," or "Mothers of Seventeen," or "Paterfamiliaes,"

There's a family name that applies to the lot of 'em; they dwell in *Noodledoo*, and are descendants of the SILLYASSES.

Perhaps this seems rude. Well, they're fond of calling me the "Little Vulgar Boy" (*vide Ingoldsbys Legends*),

But if you hit a whack with the hammer of plain English to drive into obstinate wooden-heads a fact's thin wedge-ends,

You are certain to be called "Vulgar" by sophisticated old simfer-noodles, whose minds are in a condition of chronic washiness,

And whose writings remind one of the Great Dismal Swamp, being all tangle and gaudy flowers (of speech) on a substratum of squashiness.

That's not all "my thunder," I don't mind telling you; I heard some of it from my Guv'nor, who *doesn't* write to the papers,

And, if all Guv'nors had only as much quiet savvy as he has, there wouldn't be half the awful failures, nor a quarter of the peculiar capers.

"Tisn't gumption goes howling," as we say at our School,—and for grit and grind you won't easily beat St. Bumpus's;

And if dads weren't so often negligent old duffers, and teachers tin-pot shirks, and boys, in consequence, half-stuffed slip-slops, there wouldn't be much occasion for these periodical rampuses.

"Full inside!" may be the cry of the Army and the Navy, and the Mercantile Marine, Law, Physio, Divinity, and the shop and the office,

But "empty inside" ought to be ticketed on the nob's of lots of the candidates for 'em, who have no particular idea of anything except perhaps a general sort of notion of what a "masher" or a "toff" is.

I don't mean to turn carpenter or cat's-meat seller, or to emigrate to Timbuctoo as ostrich-hunter, notwithstanding the "pressure of the multitude."

Quite *vice versa*, as Missis Gamp or that scrumptious writer, Mr. ANSTREY, might put it; and I really believe that most of the letters in the *D. T.* were penned in a fit of ink-spilling tantrums by that pretty specimen of a "Paterfamilias," Mr. *Bultitude*.

Given good dads and decent lads, with their top storeys furnished with something more than dates and dog Latin, knock on the head the duffing old notion that a *puer* must be puerile (—look at me for sixteen!—), and I guess the round world is still large enough to find most of us some decent "employ."

So no more at present—though I hope to take another turn at Tupperising on an early occasion—from yours tremendously,

THE MINSTREL BOY.

LITERARY MEM.—Our Magistrates may not be masters of literary style, but in one thing they have the pull of the great MACAULAY. There is certainly no "monotonous uniformity" about their "sentences."



AMENITIES OF THE TENNIS-LAWN.

She. "YOURS OR MINE, SIR CHARLES?"

He. "YOURS—AW'FLY YOURS!"

LE GAMIN DE PARIS.

"Paris is an Immense Hospitality."—VICTOR HUGO.

ALAS! great poet of spout and spasm,
Between your dream and the dreary fact
There yawns a wide and tenebrous chasm.

What profits now the rhetorical pact
Between your Muse and—we'll say Immensity,
For abstract vastness to you is dear—
In face of your Paris's *gamin* propensity,
Mournfully manifest here?

This "light and liberty"? Hospitality
Shown in howlings, and marked by mud?
Churl demeanour of *Cloten* quality,
Fretful rudeness in frantic flood?
Will you laud them in prose o'er-lyrical,
Windy puffings of haunting tropes,
Whilst plain fact with force satirical
Shakes e'en soberest hopes?

Your "modern Mecca," voluble VICTOR,
Is less than Arab, and seems to call
For stern-souled DRACO, and strong-armed licitor,
To keep its cad-dom in civic thrall.
The friendliest wish for Madame Republic,
By urchin-insolence put to shame,
Is that she may soundly her ill-favoured cub lick.
Him only lash may tame.

"Here is a stranger! Heave half a brick at him!"
That's the style of *our* rustic lout.
How is yours better? Sense grows sick at him.
Temple? He'll pull it your ears about.
"A bas everything!" There the soul of him
Speaks in honesty. Anarchy's shout;
Anarchy is the hope, the goal of him,
Vicious and vengeful lout!

Red ragamuffin! Mischievous Pickle!
Enfant gâté whom law should birch!
Craven as bloodthirsty, foul as fickle,
Helpless save to destroy or smirch.
France's Gutter-Pest ever resurgent,
Peace and credit she'll never enjoy
Till civic discipline, sharp, detergent,
Cleanses her Dirty Boy.

LA BELLE AMERICAINE;

OR, OUR FAIR EXCHANGE AT THE LYCEUM.

We have real horses, real water, real everything on the stage, but rarely do we see real acting. This exceptional treat may now be enjoyed, in rather a small way it is true, at the Lyceum, which, having given its HENRY IRVING to America, has taken in return Miss MARY ANDERSON. We had heard that Miss MARY ANDERSON was a beautiful person. We went to see her performance of *Parthenia* in Mrs. LOVELL's *Ingomar*. Within a few minutes we were under the spell, and had exclaimed, "She is more than fancy painted her; she is lovely! she is divine!" and at that point, for reasons best known to ourselves, but perfectly intelligible to our friends and acquaintances, we cut short the quotation.

Miss MARY ANDERSON's *Parthenia* is charming. The Americanisms of speech must sound as defects in our English ears, and there are certain stage-tricks and mannerisms not peculiar to Miss ANDERSON alone, but to every American Actress we have seen in this country; and these tricks are copied, and, of course, absurdly exaggerated by such English Actresses as have acquired whatever art they possess in the States.

The tricks we especially note as "transatlantic" are: first, long pauses, frequent and wearisome, and a drooping of the eyelid, which imparts a "leeriness"—there is no other expression of it that we are aware—to the glance quite out of keeping with any serious situation, and utterly incompatible with the outward semblance of classic dignity. It is in the graceful and pathetic portions of *Ingomar* that Miss ANDERSON excels; but the note of tragedy does not



LE GAMIN DE PARIS.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE, "O THAT HORRID LITTLE WRETCH! HE'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME!!"

seem to be within her compass. Yet we would rather attribute this disappointment, which a sympathetic audience cannot help feeling,—for there is a charm in this *Parthenia* that, like GIBBON'S antecedent incredibility of miracles, "no evidence can resist,"—to another



ACT I.—"KNEER TUTOR."
Polydor and Mary Anderson.

cause which may perhaps be the right one, and that is, the true artist's dread of the mere commonplace. Yet, if this be so, Miss ANDERSON still on occasion fails; she is sometimes *d peu près* when there is a strong point to be made, and loses her hold on an audience which believed itself held in her firm grasp. We speak specially of the dagger-scene in the Third Act. In avoiding conventionality, Miss ANDERSON becomes tame; and when, added to this, she makes use of that

peculiar glance already alluded to as "leeriness," *Parthenia*, the classic, the graceful, the chaste, the guileless *Parthenia*, has for one second become a mere Palais-Royal *ingénue*, or a Criterion Chambermaid. The transformation is startling. It is momentary, but undoubtedly there it is. We should much like to see her as *Miss Harcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*, with Mr. BARNES for *Tony Lumpkin*. And, indeed, the second title of this very play, *Ingomar*, might be *She Stoops to Conquer*. *Ingomar* himself is only a superior sort of *Lumpkin*: spear and shield are to *Ingomar* what hunting-crop and spurs are to *Antony Lumpkin, Esquire*.

The part of *Ingomar* is a very difficult one to play, and the faults of Mr. BARNES are those of the character itself exaggerated and emphasized.

The play is delightful for a time, but not all the charm of Miss ANDERSON'S *Parthenia* can prevent it from becoming tedious; so that when, after a series of those long pauses, which belong, as it seems to us, to the American School of Dramatic Art, *Ingomar* exclaims roughly, "Go on!" the audience laugh at him, and with him, as if



ACT II.—CUP AND BAWL.—In-go-Mar-and-Par-thenia.

his words were spontaneous "gag," and they heartily applaud this expression of their own impatience. The play should have been abridged, partially re-written, and its construction improved. It is very well put on the stage: the costumes are effective. The beauty of the scene at the rising of the curtain on the Second Act receives distinct recognition at the hands of the audience.

Mr. J. G. TAYLOR, one of our very cleverest Actors, plays the old villain, *Polydor*, admirably. We've seen Mr. TAYLOR in *Opéra-bouffe*: he has a good voice, and is a fair musician; we've seen him in a light comedy touch-and-go part, where he was immensely funny; we've seen him in burlesque, and we've seen him as "t'owd mon" in *Loirie's Lass*, and he is always excellent. His *Polydor* is one of his best assumptions of character. For the rest, Mr. STEPHENS, as the old Pantaloon of a father, who isn't worth *Parthenia's* affection, and Mrs. ARTHUR STIRLING as her quarrelsome old mother, were about as good as the piece made them, and no better.

The fault of the play is undoubtedly the fact that the interest centres on a doddering old idiot, *Myron*, who happens to be—(such

things will occur in real life)—the father of the beautiful, the wise, and graceful *Parthenia*, who is, after all, only a second-rate artisan's daughter. Who cares what becomes of such an old fool as *Myron*, a dotard with so much water on the brain that the "Alemani"—never very "Gentlemanni" persons, or very considerate at the best,—about at him, "Cry, baby, cry! put your finger in your eye!" which we admit is not so expressed in the dialogue, but which is certainly the idea? He is beneath contempt, and yet everyone must feel that if *Parthenia* is so deeply attached to the old armourer as to risk her life for him, there must be something very loveable in him to those who "know him at home." Perhaps his being bullied by Mrs. *Myron* has enlisted his daughter's sympathy.

To sum up. In the First and Second Acts Miss ANDERSON is as good as this *Miss Parthenia* can be; in the Third she is not quite so good; but this "not quite" means such a measurable distance as, were it not for the sake of critical truth, leaves small space for cavilling. In the other Acts she carries the piece along, heavy as it begins to be, far more easily than Mr. BARNES bears in his stalwart arms the fainting form of *Parthenia*.

We hear that Miss ANDERSON is next to appear as *Galatea* in Mr. GILBERT'S *Pygmalion and Galatea*. This is a mistake. *Galatea* and *Parthenia* are both in classic drapery; and perfectly suited as she will be as the "Statue Fair," it would go with the public far better were she to allow an interval between two classically-attired plays, during which she should play a modern comedy, or appear in *She Stoops to Conquer*, as we have already suggested.

But every theatre-goer, and those who are only irregular theatre-goers, should not miss the present chance offered them of witnessing Miss ANDERSON'S impersonation of *Parthenia* at the Lyceum.

A propos of things theatrical, we hear that *The Glass of Fashion* is beginning to shine more brightly, and that the intelligent Public is taking to it. Bar Act the First, the intelligent Public is right; but, if Mr. GRUNDY'S play does not ultimately "draw the Town,"—the Author has drawn part of it, pretty strongly, too,—it will be his own fault for having treated his subject seriously. Mr. SHINE is capital in it, but we fear he will not make capital out of it. There is much to amuse in the piece, but not enough.

Why this excitement about Mr. BANCROFT taking Mr. COGHAN'S part in *Fédora*, except for the sake of letting everyone know that, after so many weeks allowed for refreshment, *Fédora*, with SARA-BERNHARDT-BEERE & Co., had been revived at the Haymarket? Mrs. BANCROFT is out of the bill. Ahem! Sharp this. What are the odds that Mr. BANCROFT won't be out of it, too, very soon, or return to his old part of *Jean de Sirex*, which fitted him like a glove—that is, like a glove ought to fit. The report that he only appeared as *Loris Ipanoff* because he could not obtain the services of Mr. J. L. TOOLE to replace Mr. COGHAN as "Colonel of the Reserved Forces" is, we believe, entirely without foundation.

"In the Ranks," the new piece at the Adelphi, will have got the start of this article, and have come out before us. From the title, we imagined that Mr. WARNER was playing the part of a Cabman, a Handsome Cabman, of course; but this is not so.

Mr. HARRIS'S advertisement of his new Drury Lane Drama, which is announced to appear "positively" on Thursday ("D.V."), is worthy of the Augustan Age,—we avoid saying "*Era*."

BEL-FAST AND FURIOUS!—A good finish to a dull week. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE posing as an Orangeman! The Duke of ABERCORN instituting a comparison between WILLIAM of Orange and the "People's WILLIAM,"—in order to discredit the latter,—and the Orangemen, Northcotians and Abercornians, practically illustrating their enlightened Conservative Leaders' teaching with a torchlight procession, when the Orange Boys bravely smashed the windows of a house inhabited by inoffensive and blameless Sisters of Mercy, or some religious order. Will the brave Baronet and the doughty Duke disavow their friends, as M. GRÉVY did the cowardly Parisian mob, and speak of them as "*les misérables*"?



ACT II.—"How he is carrying on with her!" Miss Anderson supported by the entire strength of the Company, represented by Barnes the Brawny.

RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

IN A MINOR KEY.

MID Autumn Leaves, now
thickly shed,
We wander where our path's
o'erspread
With yellow, russet, red
and sere:
The country's looking dull
and drear,
The sky is gloomy overhead.

The equinoctial gales we dread.
The summer's gone, the sun-
shine's fled;
We've rambled far enough
this year—
Mid Autumn Leaves!

Though fast our travel-time
has sped,
On London's flags we long to
tread;
The latest laugh and chaff
to hear,
To find the Club grown
doubly dear;
Its gas burns bright, its fire
glows red—
Mid Autumn Leaves!

"POOR MR. BROWN!" ex-
claimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM,
"I'm afraid his is a very
serious case. He has some
local affection, and the Doc-
tors come every day to sound
him on the subject, and tap
him all over with telescopes.
I only repeat what they tell
me, and when I was informed
about the 'tapping,' it oc-
curred to me that he must
have got water on the brain
like a teetotumer."

THE LONDON PAVEMENTS.—
Never too soon to mend.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 157.



THE RIGHT REV. J. F. MACKARNES, D.D.,
THE "READING BISCUIT" BISHOP.

(HUNTLEY AND) "PALMER QUI MERUIT FERAT." IN RETURN, MESSRS.
H. AND P. ARE QUITE READY TO TAKE "ORDERS."

THE MUNICIPAL
MUDDLE.

No doubt, in the case of Alder-
man HADLEY,
The Electors treated him very
badly;
And why not pity Alderman
NOTTAGE,
From whom was abstracted
the mess of pottage?
To Guildhall thirdly came
Alderman STAPLES,
Who might just as well have
visited Naples.
Though fifth on the list, Sir
REGINALD HANSON
Sang a rather lugubrious
chanson.
While very much sadder, and
probably wiser,
At the end of the meeting de-
parted DE KEYSER.
Some tears were shed for
Alderman WATERLOW,
As when one sees a sheep to
slaughter go;
Though nobody wept for Alder-
man SAVORY,
Who fronted his fate with re-
markable bravery.
And as for the choice of Alder-
man FOWLER,
'Tis a mystery, an intrigue, a
joke, or—a howler!

Unseemly Jest.

IN view of the threatened
dissolution of the Corporation,
and disestablishment of the
Civic monuments and tradi-
tions, some unfeeling scoffer
has written to the LORD MAYOR
offering to buy the statue of
the Giant Magog. "He is
anxious," he writes, "to have
it made into a Magogany
Table, in memory of the an-
cient hospitality of the City
of London."

SUNDAYS OUT OF SESSION.

WHAT further joys has the Recess in store, not only for the mem-
bers of Her Majesty's Government, but possibly for the leaders of
the Opposition? Here is a paragraph from the *Times* of Oct. 1st:—

"THE PREMIER. — Yesterday, despite a cold, biting North wind, and
threatening clouds, Hawarden Church was crowded with visitors from all
parts to listen to the PREMIER reading the lessons for the day."

Noting by the way, that if this sort of "great attraction" must be
advertised, and the result reported, in future on Sundays the work-
a-day title of "Premier" had better be dropped, and that of
"Minister" be used, perhaps the best lesson the Prime "Minister"
could read to the inquisitive crowd who flock to hear him, would be,
—not to read any lessons at all.

Meantime, as the public will be on the look out for paragraphs
relating to this new sort of political Sunday observance, here are a
few taken at random:—

"Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT yesterday appeared in his parish church in his
new Beadle's uniform. Though the cape seemed a little tight, yet the
interest created by the worthy Baronet's appearance was so great that there
was scarcely a vacant pew in the whole church, a fact that the organist hap-
pily chronicled by playing the congregation out with a Gregorian rendering
of 'Non Pew Mesta.'"

"Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE attended the Cathedral service yesterday
afternoon as usual in his Verger's dress, the Anthem being, curiously enough,
'In Verger Glad.'"

"The rumour that Lord SALISBURY, who had been practising the manage-
ment of the Steps throughout the Session, would take his place at the organ
in the village choir on Sunday last, filled the little church to overflowing.
Additional interest was excited on the occasion by a rumour that the Noble
Marquis had expressed his determination to act as his own blower."

It will be seen from the above how rapidly the custom may be
expected to develop; and, therefore, if we hear next week that the
PREMIER, after his customary feats in the Hawarden woods, has on
Sunday again drawn a large crowd together by reading a chapter of
the *Axe*, there will be no occasion for any surprise.

A DISCLAIMER.

It is scarcely necessary, yet as some kind friends might possibly
avail themselves of the opportunity to insinuate something pleasant
in the most amiable and harmless manner, of course, we just men-
tion the subject, "without prejudice," as *Mr. Guppy* would say,
and dismiss it.

In the *Times*' Law Report, date October 4, there appeared, among
the cases heard in the Court of Bankruptcy, this one, the heading of
which naturally attracted our attention:—

"IN RE JAMES PUNCH AND SON.—A petition for liquidation has been
filed by Messrs. LINKLATER, solicitors, on behalf of Messrs. J. W. AND C.
PUNCH, merchants, carrying on business in Wormwood Street, City, under
the firm of JAMES PUNCH AND SON."

Mr. Punch wishes it to be stated that no connection exists between
himself and the members of this firm, with whom in their misfortune
he expresses his sincere sympathy. *Mr. Punch* wishes it to be
known that he never carried on any business in "Wormwood Street,"
which is not in his line. As to his own distinguished lineage, it is
the most ancient in the world. It is older than Judyism. There
are branches of the family abroad, but in England the Head of the
House does not acknowledge even "the Suffolk Punches."

SAFE SPECULATION.—For a "serious" Music-seller, under the
patronage of "General" BOOTH: "Salvation Army Quadrilles."



THE BEAN HARVEST.

Cockney Tourist. "TUT T-T! GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT EVER CAN 'AVE MADE THE CORN TURN SO BLACK!"

RABELAIS REFORMED.

ANOTHER Volume of the interesting and useful More-and-Morley Series published by ROUTLEDGE has just appeared. We were curious to see what Professor MORLEY would make of RABELAIS. It was an Augean-stable task this of purifying the Rabelaisian muck-writing so as to render it in any way fit for ears or eyes polite. To make it suitable for the "Young Person," so that it might appear on the shelves of the Podsnap Library and find a place on the Podsnapian drawing-room table under the very eyes and nose of the "Young Person," was too much to expect; in fact, had it been Bowdlerised to this extent, nothing of the real *Rabelais* could have been left,—and to our thinking so much the better. Mr. MORLEY has taken an infinity of trouble, and has succeeded in what he set himself to do. But was it worth doing at all? For ourselves we should say, decidedly not. For what was RABELAIS with all his works? A dirty-minded, scurrilous, blasphemous, witty, broadly humorous, and extravagantly grotesque clerical buffoon.

Take the scholarly Father PROUT, Dean SWIFT, and the Rev. LAURENCE STERNE at their very worst, throw in the rollicking spirit of the Rev. THOMAS BARHAM, with a spice of the wit of that "eminent ascetic," SYDNEY SMITH, flavour it strongly with the gross licence of the "Table Talk" of the Rev. Dr. MARTIN LUTHER, add the profligacy of BOCCACCIO, and you then have something akin to the literary monstrosity called RABELAIS. How many of those who use the term "Rabelaisian wit" have read even a few chapters of his works? Not that they could possibly be any better for the perusal. It needs not a Pharisaical Purist to be disgusted with RABELAIS, in the original, within the first hour's reading.

Professor MORLEY flatters himself on having so dealt with the dirty old blackguard that, "having wiped his shoes at the door," he can enter "to us all and speak in his own person." No, thank you. Not at home to the Rev. Mr. RABELAIS. "Ladies present," and not, though his reformation were guaranteed by Professor Bowdler and Podsnap themselves, would we admit him—no, not so much as a toe of him into our family circle. *Virginibus puerisque*—never!

"Wiped his shoes," indeed! Yes, Canon RABELAIS may have wiped them dry too, but as he has been up to his eyes in filth, merely

"wiping his shoes" won't do. On whose mat? Send for quarts of CONDY'S fluid. "And smells so! Pah!" "Wash him," said Mr. Dick. Strip him, warm-bath him, soap-and-water him, scrub him, till he yells again, like the "dirty boy" in the well-known statuette—(Professor MORLEY cleansing RABELAIS should be a companion work of Art)—burn his odoriferous clothes—eau-de-Colognise him—but no matter what be the process, not all the perfumes of Arabia can make RABELAIS sweet and clean and wholesome. Let his works remain on the shelf, a very high shelf, which will be in every sense appropriate, in a Rabelaisian Museum dedicated to that purpose, isolated from civilisation—accessible only to professional *littérateurs* and students. And where shall this place be? Where? The Island of Muck, N.B.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

THIS momentous question, which was first asked in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, seems likely to be satisfactorily answered in the following that has recently appeared in the advertisement sheet of the same journal:—

CLERK and COLLECTOR (22 to 25).—A Gentleman, through indifferent health often absent from business, sometimes travelling, requires a well-educated resident Clerk who would be efficient in business, obliging, and companionable out of it. Light duties, with a comfortable home for one fond of book, garden, or a quiet pipe.—Address, &c.

This rash advertiser is probably by this time up to his eyes in letters concerning the above appointment, and his street is possibly blocked by a crowd of applicants for the post. The hint that the master is "often absent from business," the suggestion of "book, garden, or quiet pipe," is undoubtedly attractive. Depend upon it, this situation would suit most of "Our Boys" down to the ground.

À PROPOS of the Church Congress, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM said she regretted that they didn't discuss the use of the Athenæum Creed, to which the excellent old lady is not absolutely certain whether she objects or not.

TROPES FOR TRIPPERS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Two-wrists, personally conducted.



Passport.



A Lofty Peak.



Chaise à Porteurs.



Cask-aid.



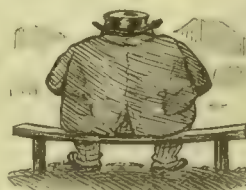
A Circular Letter.



A Trip by Train.



Ruff Pass-age.



A Wide Prospect.



Scotch Missed.

THE CITY MISTRY SOLVED.

WELL, I thinks as even the henemys of the Corporashun, if they has any left, must confess as they has been a-givin the Public quite a seerys of staggerers lately.

BROWN says, as the Public allers wants wakin up in the silly season, and they've just gone and woked 'em up accordinly. Fust they comes out with such a Weddin as so astonished the Archbishop of LONDON as quite to take away his appetight at Breakfast, as I much regretted to see. Ah, that was sumthink like a weddin that was! It's really quite surprising how the old Corporashun manages to make things as is quite ordinerry ocashuns elsewhere, quite wunders of hart and hellegance and granjer where they are concerned. It's pretty ginerally allowed that to be Lord Mayor of London is enuff to satisfy the hambition of the ighest or the aughtiest, but the world hardly knowd what it was to be one of his Dorters. For 120 long ears, as I herd his Reverence the Archbishop say, there has been only three Weddins in Sum Porl's Katheedle, and two on 'em has been with Lord Mare's Dorters.

Princes has asked for the favor, Dukes has tried their best, and Markisses and Lords and Barrens by the duzen has gone down on their nees to the Archbishops of London for this glorious priviledge, but no! they has allers said no! we draws the line at Lord Mare's Dorters, except just once for the Dean's, and we means to keep to it. So that's pretty well to begin with for the young lady.

Then only jest about 3,000 people cums for to see her married, and I don't call that bad, then jest about 250 of the gratest, because the richest swells in the hole City of London cums to brekfast with her young Ladyship, and all on 'em sends such lovely presents to make her future happy as makes my old eyes twinkle only just to peep at now and then, and that I should think is not quite a everyday sukemstance. And then just think of this, the Dean and his many Chapters havin hung up a reglar peel of Bells, they keeps 'em harf quiet till a Lord Mare's Dorter's marrid before they sets to work and rings out for the fust time a splendid Tribble Bob Major. And then, as a sort of wind-up, just about harf a thousand quit fresh peeples, all in weddin garments, cums in late, just to keep the game alive, as it were, and they stays and they dances and they sups 'till about three o'Clock in the mornin.

So I think if I had my choice of what I'd like to be, if I was yung and lovely, witch I settinly ain't, I'd chews to be a Lord Mare's Dorter.

But who that seed all that splendor and all that bewty and all that wevelry, would have thort what momejious consikenses wold arise in less than 48 ours from all that ere!

Ah it's a rum world, and werry few on us nose, not even an Ned Waiter, what may be the effec of the britest of scenes or the merryyest of Tribble Bob Majors! But to proceed with my task.

Friday passes away quietly as if nuffen partickler had happened yesterday or was about to happen to-morrow, and then Micklemass Day arrives, a day, as that rude BROWN remarked, sacred to Geese and Lord Mares, and the members of the various Livry Companies assembles in their thousands in Gildhall to chews two Lord Mares

for nex year, and the Washupfool Aldermen assembles in their skarlit robes to chews the one on 'em as they thinks is the best for that grandest of all persitions. And the Livrymen chewses Orderman HADLY and Orderman FOWLER, and then the Ordermen in their skarlit robes retires to their golden chamber where all the little light as there is has to come in threw painted winders for fear it should blind 'em, and then they sollemly lox the dore and plases their own Feeld Marshall outside with his drawn sword for fear any one should lissen at the werry big key ole, and then they discusses the Candid dates and then they wotes! Yes, and then they wotes! Wot a wote was that, my gallant Livrymen!

Then they all goes back to the place from whence they came, as the Judge says on ekally sollem ocashuns, and then the Recorder, pale with emoshun, enounces as the wote has fallen on Orderman FOWLER.

Ever since that ewentful enouncement the one question as all the world has bin a askin everybody else is, why did the Ordermen prefer the Junior who's the oldest, to the Senior who's the youngest? Ah, that's rayther a diffyult nut to crack with only 6 teeth in your hed, and them all top uns! But as I haven't bin a City Waiter for 20 year without yearing a good deal, for people will talk as if I was def, which I ain't, praps I can satisfy the unywesal cureosity a good deal better than most people.

Well then it wasn't for none of the raisons as people as said, nor as the press as said, for they was all as silly as they was ill-natured, but it all arose out of the magnifiscent Weddin of Thuresday at Sum Porls Katheedle! It was thort, and I thinks werry naterally, that if one Lord Mare's Dorter's marrage could cause such a sensashun, it was desirable to, as it were, (to use a wulgerism) keep the pot a bilin, and it was resolved that the prize should go where the chances was most faverabil. I need only hadd that while Orderman HADLY is meerly a Batcheldore, Orderman FOWLER is the appy Father of nine fare dorters.

Need I say more?

ROBERT.

IN this month's Number of the *Nineteenth Century Review*, the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, late Chaplain-General of the Forces, writes on the subject of "Short Service—One Cause of its Failure." As a Clergyman he ought to know, of course. But if his short services have been a failure, it must be because they've not been short enough. Cut the sermon.

THE Bishop of CARLISLE talked about the "fundamental antithesis between Faith and Science," and added, subsequently, "Faith, too, is to a certain extent founded on knowledge." From which it is evident that, "to a certain extent" also, the Bishop of CARLISLE has as much faith as knowledge—which is about what CARLISLE would have said to this Bishop.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that when she goes to Paris she likes to hear a grand service on Sunday, and so she always goes to the Church of St. Surplice; a name which she considers most appropriate.



AWFUL EFFECT OF TOO MUCH LAWN-TENNIS BY THE SEA!

A SUNDAY MORNING AT HAWARDEN.

SCENE—Breakfast-Room. PRIME MINISTER discovered alone.

Mr. Gladstone (soliloquising). It is the peaceful, the unbroken calm of this rural retreat which is so truly refreshing. How pleasant it is to know that the simple villagers are now wending their way churchwards, to the sound of yon tinkling bell, far from the turmoil of cities, the din— (*Yells, whistles, catcalls, and hurrahs here render the PREMIER's words quite inaudible, even to himself. He pauses.*) But surely I heard some slight, some hardly perceptible sound? Ah, here comes HERBERT; perhaps he (for he knows everything) will explain the phenomenon.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone (appearing suddenly). I have been gazing through the telescope on the Northern battlement. The trains from Plymouth, Portsmouth, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and the Isle of Wight are discharging hundreds of passengers at the Station. The Liverpool special is waiting in a siding, and twenty-seven of the omnibuses from Chester have drawn up at the village inn. Quite five thousand highly respectable excursionists, with hymn-books and top-hats, may be observed thronging the road to the Church, while an equal number are waiting at the Park Gates, to see you come out.

The Premier. Really, this indicates a great increase of intelligent curiosity among the masses. I am glad to know that the Board Schools are at work in the country. Then STEPHEN expects a large congregation this morning?

Mr. H. Gladstone. Oh, yes. He tells me that the number of people who brought blankets, and camped out in the churchyard last night was surprising. He is thinking of requesting them to get rid of their sandwich-papers and ginger-beer bottles in some other receptacle than the Church Porch.

Mr. Gladstone. Ah, I noticed that STEPHEN did not appear to be very pleased when I expressed to him my intention of reading the Lessons for him for the rest of the year. He said he was afraid I should catch cold, and offered to give me a little service of my own in the Castle. Now, shall we set out to Church?

Mr. H. Gladstone (gloomily). I fancy it would be better to stay indoors to-day. The Verger says (through the special telephone wire which we have had connected with his residence) that every seat is full, and that several leading Liverpool Merchants have taken up their positions in the Font. The Chief Constable of Flintshire and a

THE LAY OF A LAZY LETTER-WRITER.

"Preparation for next year's reduction in the charge for telegrams has already commenced."—*Daily News.*

'Tis capital news! I'm enchanted to hear
The Sixpenny Wire will be working next year!
In two or three months, 'tis quite charming to think,
We may do without pens, and exist without ink.
No more pens and ink? How delighted I am!
A blessed invention 's the Cheap Telegram!

'Tis better by far than the halfpenny card,
A joy to the joker, a boon to the bard;
To dear *Mr. Punch* what effusions I'll send,
What rhymes without reason, what jokes without end!
What bright *jeux d'esprit* I can easily ram,
Like a charge in the form of a Cheap Telegram!

An invite to lunch, or to dance, or to dine,
You'll briefly accept, or as briefly decline:
How crisply, how tersely a short word or two
Will serve for the labour we *now* must go through!
All sorts of condolence you'll easily cram
Within the close bounds of a Cheap Telegram!

Hurrah! 'Tis delightful! Next year we'll be Men,
No longer we'll grovel as Slaves of the Pen!
I look for the time when our words shall fly free
From Cape Trinidad to the Caspian Sea!
And London, Geneva, New York, and Assam,
Shall chat through the means of the Cheap Telegram!

THE General of the Jesuits—(did "General" BOOTH take his idea of a Salvation Army, with military titles, from this old-established corps?)—being superannuated, an Assistant, or Adjutant-General, has been appointed—one FATHER ANDERLEDY, the *Times* informs us. The name to English ears sounds odd. If our boy came in and announced FATHER ANDERLEDY, we should reply, "Father and a Lady! Show 'em both in!"

How to SPELL IT (according to the Dean of Bangor).—D. Tea.

posse of Policemen have just cleared a sort of way up the middle aisle.

Mr. Gladstone (surprised). Dear me! I have informed STEPHEN that the regard for the services of the Church shown by his crowded congregations ought to be most gratifying to him, and he says it would be, if the congregation stayed to hear him preach, and did not troop out after the second lesson. This is a one-sided view to take, of course; but I fancy this innovation of his, in putting the Lessons after the sermon, may lead to some rioting, perhaps even to bloodshed.

Mr. H. Gladstone. Yes. The Verger has received several threatening letters, and strong language has been used on the subject by a few hundred excursionists from London.

Mr. Gladstone. Ah, poor fellows! Well, it must be provoking to come all that way in the pursuit of a well-directed curiosity, a thirst for information, and— (*Uproar in the Park. Stones and hymn-books hurled through windows.*) What does this mean?

Mr. H. Gladstone. I will go and interview them. (*After a brief absence.*) The mob, it seems, have purchased return tickets to Hawarden, which "include a visit to the Church, and reading of Lessons by the PRIME MINISTER." They remark, and I must observe with some force (as one of their missiles has nearly broken my head), that "they can't get into the Church, and there ain't no PRIME MINISTER, and they don't intend to be cheated out of their money."

The Premier. What, then, had I better do? I can, of course, escape by the postern, or even ascend one of the few trees which have not felt my axe, and hide amid the foliage.

Mr. H. Gladstone (thoughtfully). As the traffic receipts have gone up immensely, owing to the number of Sunday travellers who come hither, perhaps the Directors would take these good people outside back to their homes for nothing, if we telegraph to them that we are in imminent peril of our lives.

Mr. Gladstone (dodging a brickbat). We will make representations. Quick, the telescope! For I think I desery STEPHEN in his canonicals being chivied over the grave-stones in the churchyard by an infuriated crowd. Ah, I told him the postponement of the Lessons to the end of the service was imprudent. The mob, however, will listen to me.

[*Ascends to a window fronting to the Park, and recites the Lessons, Gospels, and Epistles, for the whole of the present and ensuing month. Retires, after an hour, exhausted, and sends for glazier, while crowd disperse with three ringing cheers for the PREMIER.*]

POT AND KETTLE.

(A New Version.)



[The Dean of Bangor says, that if he had his own way there would be much less tea-drinking among people of all classes. Excessive tea-drinking created a generation of nervous, discontented people, who were for ever complaining of the existing order of the Universe, scolding their neighbours, and sighing after the impossible. In fact, he suspected that over-much tea-drinking, by destroying the calmness of the nerves, was acting as a dangerous revolutionary force among us. The tea-kettle went before the gin-bottle, and the physical and nervous weakness that had its origin in the bad cookery of an ignorant wife, ended in ruin, intemperance, and disease.]

"Kettle began it."—DICKENS'S *Cricket on the Hearth*.

Kettle (turning up its Spout contemptuously). You horrible, mischievous creature! You pewter-built Borgia, get out with you!

Before very long, Saints be praised! our Sir WILFRID will finish his bout with you;

And then—

Pot (frothing over with wrath). Oh! now come, this is cool! Who are you calling Borgia? Blow you!

You, who beat the Brinvilliers to fits! Ah! it's time honest people should know you,

You false mollyooddling old Mawworm.

Kettle (sputtering).

Ah! always abusive in anger.

What have you to say against ME?

Pot. I? Oh, nothing, of course. Go to—Bangor, And just ask the Dean what *he* thinks about tea-drinking. Talk of my doings?

What are they compared with the woes that are wrought by your worse than witch-brewings?

Kettle. Mine?

Pot. Yes; you and the teapot between you are simply upsetting creation.

Kettle. What, I and the cup that—

Pot. Oh! come now, enough of that stale old quotation

From maudlin emaculate COWPER, it's blown on, played out. Bless you, Pekoe

More mischief has wrought in this world than all strong drinks from Four-half to Clicquot,

And Gunpowder Tea's worse than Dynamite, looked at as one of the forces

That aid Revolution and Murder—the Dean my opinion endorses.

Kettle. The Dean be—

Pot. Exactly. That's just it; profanity coarse, anti-clerical! Regular Communist, *you* are; result of the weakness hysterical Caused by all dealings with Tea, which is simply distilled condemnation,



PLUCKY!

OUR MUSCULAR CURATE TAKES THE MISS CLOVERMEADS' BARROW (THEIR PAGE BOY NOT BEING STRONG ENOUGH) TO BORROW THE DOCTOR'S LAWN-TENNIS MARKER, AT THE OTHER END OF THE VILLAGE, AND ACTUALLY WHEELS IT HIMSELF ALL THE WAY!

Or sin in decoction. I tell you you're breeding a bad generation
Of nasty neuralgic agnostics, sour Poets who pule in poor puny verse,
Sigh after impossible dreams, and find fault with the plan of the Universe!

It's awful!

Kettle. To hear you tell—crammers?

Pot. A Dean cannot be unvarnished,
And I simply follow his lead, which is temperate, calm, and sagacious.

He never drinks tea, that is certain.

Kettle. His "nerve," I admit, is astonishing.

Pot. No horrid low slang, I beseech you! Pay heed to his pious admonishing.

If he had his way—worthy soul—one's own way is so nice, c'en to Clerics—

No longer you'd hurry the world into grumbling, unfaith, and hysterics.

You'd give place to—

Kettle. Porridge?

Pot. Well, well, that's a *façon de parler*.
Kettle. Oh, is it?

That shows what a humbug you are!

Mr. Punch (intervening). Silence, Gentlemen! Let me solicit
A chance for cool reason! You both ride your hobbies with hot-headed clangour;

But "Kettle began it" this time. The intemperate bunkum from Bangor

Pairs off with Teetotal extravagance. Deans should remember
"Ne sutor."

A storm in a tea-cup is just as absurd as a tempest in pewter.
The question is one of degree, for cool sense and true Science to settle,

And not one of Carlisle v. Bangor—in other words, Pot versus Kettle!

THE PROGRESS OF RATIONALISM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE "rationalising tendency of the age" (how often have I heard my dear Papa, who is a clergyman, make use of the phrase!), not content with criticising the Vestments of the Clergy, actually threatens to interfere with the vesture of Ladies! I suspect that all the twaddlers about "Rational Dress," or horrid Positivites or dreadful Diagnostics—are those the words?—or something shocking in that way. Rubbish! Reason has no more to do with dress than with religion. That stands to reason. Reason, indeed, as far as I can make out, is a sort of Big Bogey that men make use of when they want to scare us out of all that is pious and pretty, and proper and pleasant, such as High Church ritual, and twelve-button gloves, and flirting, and fashionable novels, and tight-lace—I mean corsets, and five o'clock tea, and small talk, and curate-culture, and high-heels, and—oh! everything that is nice, and, in their crabbed opinion, therefore obnoxious. But if Dress could be rationalised (it can't be, thank goodness!) there would be nothing left to live for. Dress and true religion are, I maintain, above argument, matters entirely of conscience and taste, and if Reason is to be introduced into them, we may as well all turn Dissenters and Dowdies at once.

Yours indignantly.

ANGELINA.

Rational Dress, indeed! They might just talk of Rational Love! No, let Reason keep to its own province, such as making laws, and locomotives, and treaties and things, letting alone the really important things of life, such as Marriage and Millinery, with which it can have absolutely nothing to do!

WHY is Lord LANSDOWNE likely to be unhappy?—Because he has gone out for—LORENE.

A MAN (NOT) OF THE TIME.—The Traffic Manager of the South-Eastern Railway Company.

THE BROKER BROKE OF BULLION, COURT THEATRE, AND THE FAITHFUL ARIEL.

MR. G. W. GODFREY'S *Millionaire* is a very amusing, and, on the whole, fairly interesting piece, if any interest can be got up for such a limp heroine as Miss MARION TERRY'S *Katherine Guyon*. But the great merit of the piece, and the secret of its success, is the balance of character which, with a few trifling exceptions, is admirably preserved throughout. The play, therefore, is symmetrical, and both Author and Actors seem to have wisely agreed together that "a part is not greater than the whole." Would that this axiom were everywhere remembered and acted upon!

The "character-part" of Mr. Guyon belongs to that family of selfish unprincipled old reprobates of whom *Brigard in Frou-Frou*,—Mr.

CECIL occasionally reminds us of RAVEL in this rôle—*Dutrécý in Moi, Le Père Prodigue*, Major Pendenis with his "begad," CHARLES MATHEWS'S *My Awful Dad*, Sir Harcourt Courtly, IRVING'S *Digby Grand*, and Mr. Bray in *Nicholas Nickleby*, are the most distinguished members. There is nothing new or striking in any of the situations in which this rather conventional type of a mixed character finds himself, but in Mr. CECIL'S hands it is a highly-finished, though somewhat overcoloured, portrait.

Another equally good indication of character is given by Mr. SUGDEN as *Gordon Frere*. In fact, the best played scene between any two characters sustaining the serious interest of the plot, is the first in the piece between the

Mr. Arthur Cecil, as Here's-another-Guy-on, receives £200, and goes off to see *Ariel* at the Gaiety.

goody-goody Money-Broker, Robert Streightley (Mr. CLAYTON), and the careless needy young-man-about-town, *Gordon Frere*: the only blot upon it being, that, where all the other dialogue is so naturally written and so naturally given, the Author has thought fit to put into young *Gordon Frere*'s mouth a long speech for the sake of securing an effective exit (was it at the Actor's suggestion?), in which object, however, it signally fails. The effective exit would have been for him to have left the sermonising to the goody-goody Broker, and to have made some curt remark which would have given his Goody-Goodness just so much of his mind as a young fellow like *Gordon Frere* could spare without serious inconvenience.

Never has Mrs. Wood been seen to greater advantage than as *Lady Henmarsh*. Her lines have fallen in pleasant places, and everyone of them she points with unerring aim. The character might soon have been overpowering, and the slightest exaggeration, even now, would be dangerous. It is specially here that the well-kept balance is noticeable. May the well-kept balance be the Author's suitable reward at his banker's.

Miss LINDLEY, as Mrs. *Cholmondeley-Browne*, lends excellent aid in completing the picture, though the rehearsal of the amateur theatricals is about as dull as the reality, and the desire of the eminent amateur, *Tippy Trafford*, represented by Mr. GILBERT TRENT, to sing a comic song on every possible occasion, is another of the very trifling mistakes which the Author has made, and which, were it not for the general excellence, it would be hypercritical to notice.

Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE'S rendering of the detestable *Hester Gould* is masterly, or, more truly, "missisly." It lacks force; but this is Mrs. TREE'S first appearance, we believe, on any stage, and when we remember what a prodigious fuss was made about the first appearance of a mere amateur because she was a "professional beauty," and what foolish laudations were showered on her before she had scarcely acquired the merest elements of stage-playing, we can only say that those who found a Mrs. NESBITT in the novice to whom we have just alluded, would have discovered a Mrs. SIDDONS, a RACHEL, or a RISTORI, or perhaps the talent or genius of all three combined, in Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE. Certainly, as the honours of full comedy are borne off by Mrs. Wood, so those of limited tragedy, in this piece, are carried off by Mrs. TREE. She and her husband are a pair of pop'lar Trees.

Mr. MACKINTOSH, as *Thacker*, leads the audience astray. He can't help it; he has followed the Author. The Israelitish usurer, who, for the consideration of eighty per cent., trades on family name and honour—such, at least, is Mr. *Thacker* represented to be, as opposed to Mr. *Streightley*, the high-principled Money-Broker, not Money-Lender—is made up so as to be a mixture of a Moses and a Mephistopheles, and suddenly in the Third Act he becomes the good angel of the drama, unites husband and wife, and is so much, in fact, the peace-maker that we should be inclined to re-christen—no,

re-name—him "Make-peace Thacker, eh?" but for the sacrilege of associating so revered a name with the personality of a miserable eighty-persenter.

The Broken Broker is uninteresting. It is not a strong part for a strong man. He is a contemptible creature; worse, on account of the variance between his excellent principles and his treacherous practice, than is *Guyon* himself, or *Thacker*. For acting, the first scene is his best. With the laudable object of avoiding conventionality at the end of each Act, the Author, in consequence of the effort having

been half-hearted, and clearly not warmly seconded by the company, has left these final *tableaux* ragged and ineffective,—each is an end without any finish. The French comedy-writers do this as a rule, and their Actors understand it thoroughly. Ours don't, and the question is, which is right? But in any case indecision is dangerous. Instead of that Polytechnic Dissolving-View-Music between the Acts, which the presence of a piano in the orchestra is so liable to suggest, couldn't the space occupied by the "Broadwood's Pianoforte" which is advertised as part of the attraction in capitals in the house-bill of the play, be filled with competent professors of wind and string, the tinkling cymbal, and the drumlet?

Ariel was produced at the Gaiety last week, and was received with demonstrations of rapturous delight—and electric light—by a house crowded in every part. At the end of the Second Act, after the Curtain had been hauled up three times to show the strikingly beautiful *tableau* of *Miranda* (Miss GILCHRIST) saving *Ferdinand* (Miss BROUGHTON) from the waves, while *Ariel* (Miss FARREN), with elec-

tric-lighted wings, dances on the top of the "profile" waters, the enthusiastic audience insisted upon the Author coming before the Curtain to receive their vociferous congratulations, and his appearance was the signal for such cheering as must have sent up the Electric Light shares to an enormous premium. It was, judging from the wings,—*Ariel*'s wings we mean,—literally a "brilliant" success. The next day, and for a week afterwards, the critics outdid themselves; and to those who could read between the lines, they did not seem to have enough to say in laudation of this triumphant Shakspearian burlesque-fairy-drama, or, to put it shortly, extravaganza.

The eminent hand who does the theatrical reporting for the *Times*, and who is nothing if not courteous, went a little too far in



A Nellie-gant Ariel; or, A Rise in Electric Lights.

scarcely finding any difference between the *Ariel* of SHAKESPEARE'S creation and that of the burlesque-writer's travesty. In fact, the praise was so lavishly bestowed that we began to ask, How on earth has the author managed to "get at" or "noble" the incorruptible critics? Has the humorist humoured them? Had he previously taken them, individually and separately, into his confidence, and, as a great favour, let each one after dinner read a few gems of the libretto, and induced the Composer, Herr MEYER LUTZ, to drop in and give them some choice specimens on the piano? Was it a case of Dr. MOWBRAY MORRIS'S "chicken and champagne" treatment for acute criticism? However it was managed, there is no doubt as to the result; and if criticism such as this could alone make



The Good Angel Moses-Mephistopheles unites the Broken Broker to Maid Marion.

a piece, then nothing further was wanting to ensure the success of *Ariel*. The music of *Ariel*, when not by the Composer above mentioned, is taken from the works of VON SUPPÉ, LÉO DÉLIBES, THOMAS, and WAGNER, and the music-hall element is represented by a couple of tunes, the pick of that peculiar repertoire.

Mr. ELTON's *Caliban* is a most artistic performance, and the dance between him and *Miranda* is worthy of the unanimous treble *encore*



Caliban and Miranda, as the Backward Boy and the Forward Girl.

it receives, as every step is full of meaning, is in perfect keeping with the situation, and is as pointed as their own toes.

We agree with the enthusiastic critic in the *Daily Telegraph*, though we could not venture to express our sentiments with such absolute conviction, as to Miss FARRER's representation of the character of *Ariel*. "She might," he says,

"as well be *Puck*, or, *Will o' the Wisp*,"—of course she might, just as well, for, as this writer hints, she could not be better. Every song of hers tells, and in the last Act her "*La Boulangère*," is demanded two and three times. Well might the critics be at a loss for words to express their feelings on the first night, but on the third, when the excitement had fizzled off, and the company had settled down steadily to their work, the representatives of the Press, had they been there, would have had lumps of delight in their throats, wept in each other's arms, and have been carried out in ecstasies. Objecting to "gush" as we do, we could yet wish that, in the interests of true criticism, the critics' night were everywhere postponed until the third performance of any new piece. *Vive SHAKESPEARE!*

If Mr. IRVING, or any Shakspearian Revivalist, were to produce SHAKESPEARE's *Tempest* intact, a more charming set of Fairies—of course, essential to the piece, whether SHAKESPEARE's original, or DRYDEN's, or MACREADY's version, be played,—could not be seen, or heard, than those at the Gaiety, of whom the two "Singing Witches," Misses PEDLEY and TAYLOR, are the leading spirits. It is an exceptional thing for choruses to be encored, but the rendering of MEYER LUTZ's clever imitation of the Rataplan solo and chorus in *Les Huguenots* thoroughly deserves it. And now we've done with theatricals for some time, as we can't get to see Mr. HARRIS's *Dynamite Plot* at Drury Lane for at least another fortnight.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN; OR, PUBLIC-PRIVATE LIFE—À LA MODE.

How I loathe all this vulgar notoriety! But, there, thank goodness, the tour is over!

Delightful to think I shall have a little quiet and breathing-time before I start! Yes, as I told them at Liverpool, I think there is far too much "fuss" made about us,—that is, about *me*. Yes, I am almost sure there is. But they will do it. Why, I positively feel quite fagged at times with after-dinner spouting. And I'm always telling them the same thing, too,—that I wish I had been born, or bred, or buried, or something in their own blessed particular town. What humbug! But what is one to say? That reminds me. Delightful social little gathering in prospect for to-night—just a few choice intimates, to eat a farewell chop with me at the Club! Something like privacy, that. I'm quite looking forward to it. Welcome honest Sociability, at last!

About forty, or so, at that little affair last night. Odd! Came off, too, in the "Strangers'" room. However, I knew 'em all—and that's something. I see, notwithstanding the precautions, it has got into the papers. Odd that, too! They don't seem to have reported my speech, though. Can't find it anywhere. Still, happy idea that, telling them I felt as if I had been born in the Committee Room!

Travelling all day. Departure seems to have been well billed. Am told that the booking at the ticket-office was tremendous. Bouquets for Miss T— at every Station, and a splendid clothes-

basket of fresh vegetables offered me by the Mayor of X—! Told him if it wasn't that I had paid my fare, I would get out, and end my days at the place. People lining the way both sides through seven counties. Never seen anything like it since first night of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Quite done up with dashing across the carriage every half-minute to bow to them. Neck got so stiff, I couldn't smile. If this goes on, I shall make LOVEADAY get himself up as nearly as he can like me, and do the acknowledgment business, while I have a nap at full length on the floor under the seat!

Knowsley! His Lordship most affable. Also my "grand old rival," as he called himself. Compared notes. Says he finds the cheering loudest when they can't see much of him—just a bit of shirt-collar and an eye. His recipe for comfort, however, is "never show at the window—but when you get a chance come out on to the platform and speak—till you clear it." *Mem.* Shall try this some day at Clapham Junction. Wishing to be polite was doing a bit of *Dazzle* to him in a corner, when he cut me short by reading a full abstract of his forthcoming speech on "Nationalisation of the Land." Half through it when I found I had to catch a train. Hearty apologies to his Lordship. Told him I felt already as if I had lived at Knowsley all my life, and that when I come back I hope to be buried there. We parted smiling. A pleasant morning.

Much disappointed (of course, merely by contrast) at my reception at W. A local Bishop, a Town Council, and a trumpery arch or two with "Welcome HENRY," and a mob held in check by simple mounted constabulary. Well, that sort of thing won't do after Knowsley! Perhaps they took me for BRAM STOKER? Who knows? However, I did the civil thing; said I hoped to come back and be buried with them, and moved off amidst enthusiastic cheering, bowing coldly.

Ha! the landing-stage at length. Crowd quite dangerously large—very flattering this;—very, but I hope they won't let all of them on to the tender! Still I appear to be surrounded by friends. A sea of faces: old faces;—new faces—a great many new faces. Yet I seem to know all of them. Shall say so. I wonder whether that distinguished personage in tears, in a cocked hat, waving a farewell with a gold-tipped mace, is the LORD MAYOR about to offer me the freedom of the City. Better be civil. Tell him I feel as if I had known him all my life. He says he is the Pier Beadle, and that unless I want to go to America by mistake, the sooner I make for the shore the better.

On board at last. Now for true peace! At least, the Captain says he thinks it will be quiet enough when we get out. This enlivens

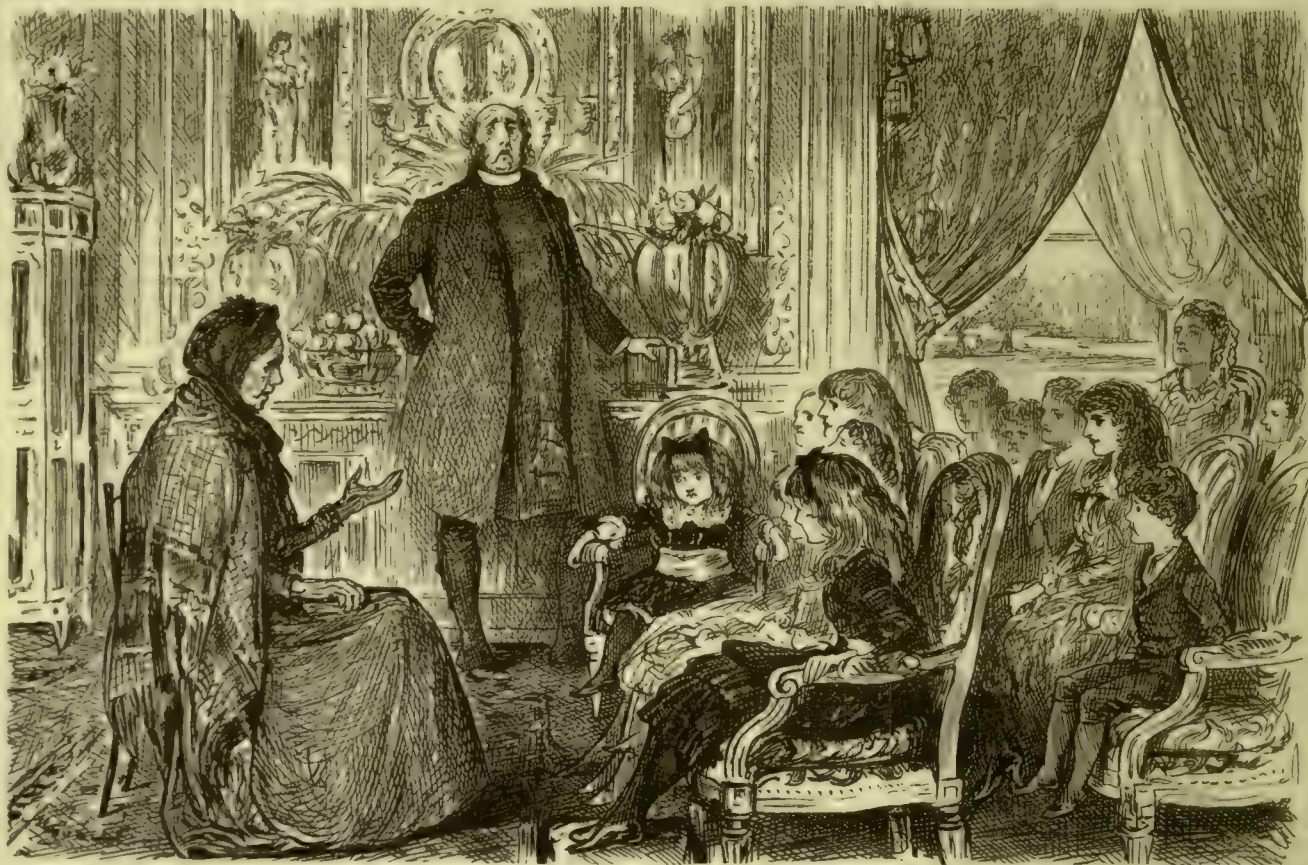
one for the hour of parting. It has come. The tender slowly moves off—but there is, thanks to this miserable notoriety, no security against my most innocent and natural movements being chronicled even at a moment like this, for I see her bows are crowded inconveniently with Press Reporters. Yes, I fully believe, were I to be seen merely standing on the top of the mizen-mast on my head, but with a full heart, and waving an open red-umbrella in each hand, as a parting farewell to my good English friends,—it would be in print to-morrow morning.

Off! Shore left behind, and the *Britannic*, splendid vessel, battling bravely, almost too bravely, with the rolling of the grand Atlantic. Survey it for a few minutes, then lie down in my cabin and repeat that other *Henry's* Soliloquy on Sleep. Begin to wonder whether "the ship boy's eyes" are really

"sealed up upon the high and giddy mast." I can scarcely believe it in such weather as this. I'll ask the Captain. Ha! here he is. He asks me if I feel "pretty comfortable." I tell him I feel as if I had been upon the rolling billows all my life. So I do, and long heartily for the shore! Never mind, there are no reporters here. Finish my Soliloquy, "Uneasy lies the head that's upside down," and gradually succumb to the influence of "Nature's soft nurse."



Mr. Henry Irving, with his Hatt-on, doing the States.



HAPPY THOUGHT—A "SUNDAY SCHOOL FOR THE UPPER CLASSES."

(Vide Bishop of Oxford's Speech at the Church Congress.)

Elizabeth Waring (Laundress and Charwoman, and Sunday School Teacher to the U.C.). "AND NOW, MY DEAR LITTLE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I TRUST YOU WILL NOT **DESECRATE** THIS BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY AFTERNOON BY GOING ON THE RIVER! YOU CAN DO THAT FROM MONDAY MORNING TILL SATURDAY NIGHT, YOU KNOW! HIS LORDSHIP HERE, WHO WAS AT ETON AND OXFORD, WILL NO DOUBT REMEMBER HOW THE OARS HE HAD PLIED SO BUSILY ALL THE WEEK, LAY UNTOUCHED ON SUNDAY! AND YOU TOO, MY DEARS, WILL PLEASE TO GIVE UP THE RIVER, ON THAT ONE DAY—TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN TOILING ALL THE BUSY WEEK LONG IN STIFLING OFFICES AND GRIMY WORKSHOPS, AND SUCHLIKE!"

"ORPHÉE AUX ENFERS."

(Fragment of a Contemporary Cello-Classic Burlesque.)

Orpheus-Northcote (complacently). *Io triumphe!* Was perfectly sure she would follow.

Who could resist my lyre-thrumming? E'en dullest Apollo Must own that his wonderful gift is well used by his pupil. Should like to be photographed thus, but suppose there's no Goupil

Or Fradelle in PLUTO's dark sunless domain. *Twangle-twangle!* Great pity! I feel that my arms, at an elegant angle, My Phœbus-like front, and Tyrtæus-like pose, are imposing, Suggestive of godlike *afflatus*. The Iron One's glozing Not in it with my fascination, so graceful, so airy. Could TUPPER in *tenebris* touch me?

Pluto-Parnell (aside). A middle-aged fairy,— A pantaloon posing as Phœbus. Woodcock aping Drizzy Were not so absurd as the prancing old buffer, so busy, With Partlett-like fuss, and the air of a new Alexander. Does he fancy—old goose!—that the girl he can really philander Away from my realm with his thrumming, self-deemed *à la* Thracian?

Orpheus-Northcote. I mustn't look back, but she's coming. By Jove, the whole nation Will thank me for this. *Twangle-twang!* What a touch!—though I say it.

I didn't, until I came here, know how well I could play it. Makes trees—at least "sprigs" of 'em—dance. It is really most wonderful!

Doubt if JOVE-GLADSTONE himself, with a fist bolts-of-thunder full,

Moved so completely the heart of Midlothian. RANDY, With taunts about "go," will, I hope, be henceforth much less handy.

I, the mildest-mannered—hum!—hero that ever—well, well, I Admit I ne'er fancied that I should be found *casus belli*. She comes! Her departure black PLUTO would gladly forbid, I see. Pooh! my good fellow, you haven't much hold on EURYDICE. "Though you had bound her with Styx nine times round her,"—you try to—

My arms, at the very first thrum of the harp, she will fly to. *Eurydice-Ulster.* Doesn't old PLUTO look black? How he's gnawing his knuckles!

And how my dear middle-aged ORPHEUS thrums, poses, and chuckles!

He's not an Apollo precisely. But after all Hades Is sombre and ugly, and not quite the quarters for Ladies. I don't like its Furies, I don't like the looks of its low range Of river-lapped flats, and though Phlegethon's floods are bright Orange,

And I, as an Orange Girl, might be supposed to admire them, I don't; and these marl-blocks so chafe my poor feet and so tire them,

That really I think, to avoid any chance metamorphic, I'll follow the music my funny old man fancies Orphic. Ha! ha! He considers I'm ravished, and hastens to play again. I hope, when he's drawn me, he won't go and throw me away again,

As though I were really an Orange!

Orpheus-Northcote (exultantly). Ah! PLUTO looks black again.

EURYDICE's safe!

Pluto-Parnell (viciously). You old noodle! she's bound to come back again!

[Left Tableau-ising.]



“ORPHÉE AUX ENFERS.”

ORPHEUS . SIR ST-FF-RD N-RTHC-TE.

EURYDICE . MISS ULSTER.

PLUTO . MR. C. S. P-RN-LL.

SCIENCE AND SUBSIDIES.

(A Hint for a "New Departure.")

TO THE EDITOR OF PUNCH.

Address—The Bearer will wait for an Answer.

SIR,—At a time like the present, when we should all make sacrifices in the cause of knowledge, I feel that I have only to appeal to your well-known patriotism, philanthropy, and, I may even add, generosity, to obtain a satisfactory response. No doubt my name will be familiar to you. For many years I have given my best attention to schemes invariably calculated to do good to some of the Public. If that Public has been small—if it has been represented by a unit rather than a thousand—that is more the misfortune of the execution rather than the fault of the originator. The "Children's Bank" certainly but indirectly benefited the infants, and the "Widows' Little All Fund" was not immediately appreciated by those in whose name it was established. If neither childhood nor widowhood received pecuniary advantage, still our "boys and girls" were mulcted of money which, no doubt, would have been expended in health-destroying sweetstuff, and our "bereaved ones" were encouraged by finding themselves more than ever dependent upon their own exertions to seek new protectors and marry again. Both classes had the further satisfaction of knowing that I myself had personally lost nothing by my exertions—that, on the contrary, I had feathered that nest which should have been, and no doubt was, the object of their heartiest good wishes. So much for the past. Now for the future. Fired by the suggestions of Professor RICHARDSON and some of the scientists who took part in the recent proceedings of the British Association, I have determined to devote the ample leisure I have at my command to the advancement of science. From my earliest days the deep has had a great attraction for me, and there have been but few of my ventures which have not, in one way or another, merited the epithet of "fishy." Thus it is natural that I should have searched the ocean for its secrets. In a word, I have secured a Whale, and am anxious to find means of exhibiting it to a learned community, always on the alert to add to the general knowledge which will be the heritage of the countless generations that are to come after us.

As I am nothing if not truthful, I will briefly relate how the monster came into my possession. Accompanied by Professor WILLIAM JONES, whose many degrees (obtained in some of the most famous of the American Universities) have made his name "as familiar in our mouths as household words," I chartered a steam-yacht. We started from Gravesend, and, passing Blackwall, Herne Bay, Margate, and many other interesting places, soon found ourselves in the Arctic Regions. It was in this lonely spot, frequented only by the fleet of the Chinese Penny Steamboat Company, that we found the objects of our search. The vessel was too small to carry the whales, so we called artifice to our aid. The creatures are most intelligent, and yet, in spite of this trait in their character, are extremely fond of peppermint drops. Knowing their peculiarities, my friend the Professor had supplied himself with several ounces of the strongly-scented lozenge in question, with a view to luring them (the whales, not the drops) towards him. The huge creatures succumbed immediately to the snare. The Professor threw a peppermint drop into the iceberg-bearing ocean, and immediately a shoal of whales rushed towards it. Having thus secured their attention, we got up full steam and made for the Nore.

It was an imposing, a very imposing sight to witness the great creatures, as they followed our yacht, snapping at the highly-perfumed sweet-stuff, as Mr. JONES emptied his pockets for their benefit. I append a sketch of the journey home. It will be recognised at a



A Journey through Whales.

glance by a true votary of Science as a most interesting addition to contemporary investigation. The whales, the ships, the ocean, the peppermint drops, made together a *tableau* once seen never likely

to be forgotten. All went well until we reached Southend, when, to our great annoyance, our stock of lozenges became exhausted at the very moment when the whales were jibbing at the pier. The Professor immediately recognised the peculiarity of their conduct, explaining that their obstinacy was caused by astonishment—that no doubt the whales had seen nothing like the pier at the North Pole, and were consequently puzzled, if not alarmed.

It would be wearisome to relate how our funny followers were brought ashore, and finally sent to London by the Parcels Post: but it is my duty to declare that, through some mismanagement or misunderstanding, only one Whale reached Town in safety. When the huge receptacle of the whales was opened in the presence of the brightest ornaments of the scientific world, but a solitary inmate was discovered. Having my pencil at hand, or rather in hand, I hurriedly sketched the situation.

"Gentlemen," I said, "the others must have been lost in the——" here I restrained myself to shield Mr. FAWCETT's employees, and added, "——in the sea, in the sea!"



Rather Fishy.

And now, to be practical, I am in treaty with the Royal Society to exhibit at sixpence a head this very interesting specimen of the Common or (as it is rather small) I should say, Uncommon Whale. But the members of the R. S. are very dilatory, and my funds are exhausted. Under these circumstances may I beg you to advance me, at your very earliest convenience, a couple of thousand pounds. No doubt, on application, the Authorities of the Fisheries (on the matter being explained to them) would refund the money. Need I say more? I think not.

Yours most sincerely,
(Signed) JEREMIAH DIDDLER.

P.S.—Should it not be quite convenient to you to furnish so considerable an amount, I would be equally satisfied with the ridiculous sum of three and sevenpence halfpenny.

Enclosure.

SIR, MR. DIDDLER,

I KNOWS yer, and you knows me. If yer doesn't let me ave them two arfrowns as yer promised for that there porpoise I got for you at Broadstairs, I will expose yer! My pal TOM SMITH as writ this ere down for me. I will expose yer as sure as my name's

(Signed) BILL JONES.
His x mark.

[The enclosure found in our "Scientific" Correspondent's letter was apparently forwarded to us by mistake. Mr. DIDDLER's messenger (a low-class crossing-sweeper) was requested to tell his employer to call in person for the MS. If he does, the Office-Boy has received instructions to return the packet and to give the visitor "something for himself."—ED.]

A PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.—See the *Graphic* for October 6th:—

"Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, who was born in 1878, has held various high offices in India. He has been Financial Member of the Government of India, Deputy-Governor of Bengal, and Governor of Bombay. In 1880 he unsuccessfully contested East Worcestershire in the Conservative interest."

Perhaps his extreme youthfulness in 1880 might have militated against his success. But when one of the burning questions of the day is what to do with "Our Boys," it is encouraging to find Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, born in 1878, admirably filling the distinguished office of President of the Social Science Congress in 1883; that is, at the ripe age of five. What a glorious future is in store for him!

WHAT CHINA MIGHT SAY TO FRANCE.—"Heads, I win; (Fig-) Tails, you lose!"

A DISMAL DILEMMA.

AIR—"Gin a body."

If a body tax a body,
Straining mind too high,
And a body wreck his body,
Won't a body die?
Ah! the prospect of the saddest,
For the more we try
Mental forage, we encourage
De-ge-ne-ra-cy!

If this body, learned body,
Should be Allbutt right,
This sage body everybody
Must affect with fright.
Back to barbarism let us
Straightway quickly hie,
Since forward paces mean the race's
De-ge-ne-ra-cy!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is a proficient in French. She never loses an opportunity either of importing a French phrase, more or less correct, into her conversation, or of interrupting her Niece when in the course of her reading aloud she comes across a sentence in French, to explain it, or at least to show that she understands it. Last week LAVINIA was reading the article in the *Times* on the Navy, in which occurred the following passage:—"A French Deputy lately declared in the Assembly that the apparent progress of the French had been made backwards—'on a fait machine en arriere.'"
"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "I'm glad of that. That's a sly hit at 'dress improvers.' I never liked them myself."

PROPOSED New Lock on the Thames. Good! Then we must have a new Quay somewhere.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 158.



RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

"POLL AND PARTNER JOE."

PLUSH AND PRIVILIDJE.

REVERENT MR. PUNCH,
ONNA'D SAW,—

HAPPERPOOF of the Rite of Wearin a Cockaid there as been so menny letters in the *times* about, alow me to pint out a Sagestion wich evverybuddy ave most extronlary ovalookt. I considra my Self in the persition of a ex-attachay to a officaw in the Harmy, in oos Servis I was till the Captin's Ridgement was orda'd Abroad. I ham now in a simila domestic Capacity to a Retired Grosa of the Clas i've erd superia Cumpany call the *noovo reach*. Now, Saw, wunce a Captin, like my late Mawsta, allways a Captin. If like Mawsta like Man, then wunce a Captin's Man allways a Captin's Man. Has sutch in cawse I ad a rite to Wear a Cockaid, and therefaw I shoold say ave now a equal Rite to the same distangay adawnment. I ask for Infamation if such is the Case, weather or no, and if reseavin no Ansa shall conclood that Silence gives concent to the respectfull query of your Most Obeigant &c.,
JOHN CALVES.

P.S.—Mr. SUGARS will be Delited to had a Cockaid to my Uniform if Peeple don't larf at im.

LANSDOWNE's gone to Canada;
Him for LORNE we barter;
And our wise well-manner'd AR-
-GYLL has got the Garter.

MILLINER'S MAXIM.—A bad Workwoman quarrels with her tulle.

"He was a man," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "of Herculeaneum strength."

COMMON SENSE AND LICENCE.

WHERE LUSBY'S Music Hall, managed by a Mr. CROWDER, may be we haven't the smallest idea. We know nothing more about it than what we gathered from the full report of Licensing Day's Proceedings, given in the *Times* of last Saturday; but we are delighted to see that the Middlesex Magistrates, acting, on this occasion, in accordance with the weight of evidence and the dictates of common sense, renewed Mr. CROWDER's (of LUSBY'S) licence by a "vast majority." Because a Mister CHARRINGTON chooses to be a virtuous Blue Ribbonman, "Hot Gospeller," and Tract-distributor, are there to be no more Cakes and Ale and Comic Songs at LUSBY'S? The majority of the Middlesex Magistrates have shown themselves opposed to bigotry as irrational as it is uncharitable, and in favour of amusement within reasonable limits. We trust that Mr. CROWDER'S establishment will be crowded nightly, and that Mr. CHARRINGTON may be there to assist in the harmony at LUSBY'S,—we mean LUSBY'S.

Also the Middlesex Magistrates decided well in renewing the licence for Mr. PERKISS'S Royal (College of) Music-Hall, therein following their Chairman Mr. POWNALL'S sensible advice, who himself spoke to the respectability of the entertainment.

The people who object to such a song as "*Tidings of Comfort and Joy*" as "injurious to religion," must have a queer idea of the sort of religion which could suffer any injury from a song sung by a comic-singer got up after the style of DICKENS'S *Stiggins*, a type rendered so familiar to us all by PHIZ'S pictures. Over-enthusiastic Salvation-Army soldiers, very moody Moody-and-Sankeyites, and such like, may recognise in the form of *Stiggins* some satire on their own proceedings. But if they are wise, they would take the hint, and reform.

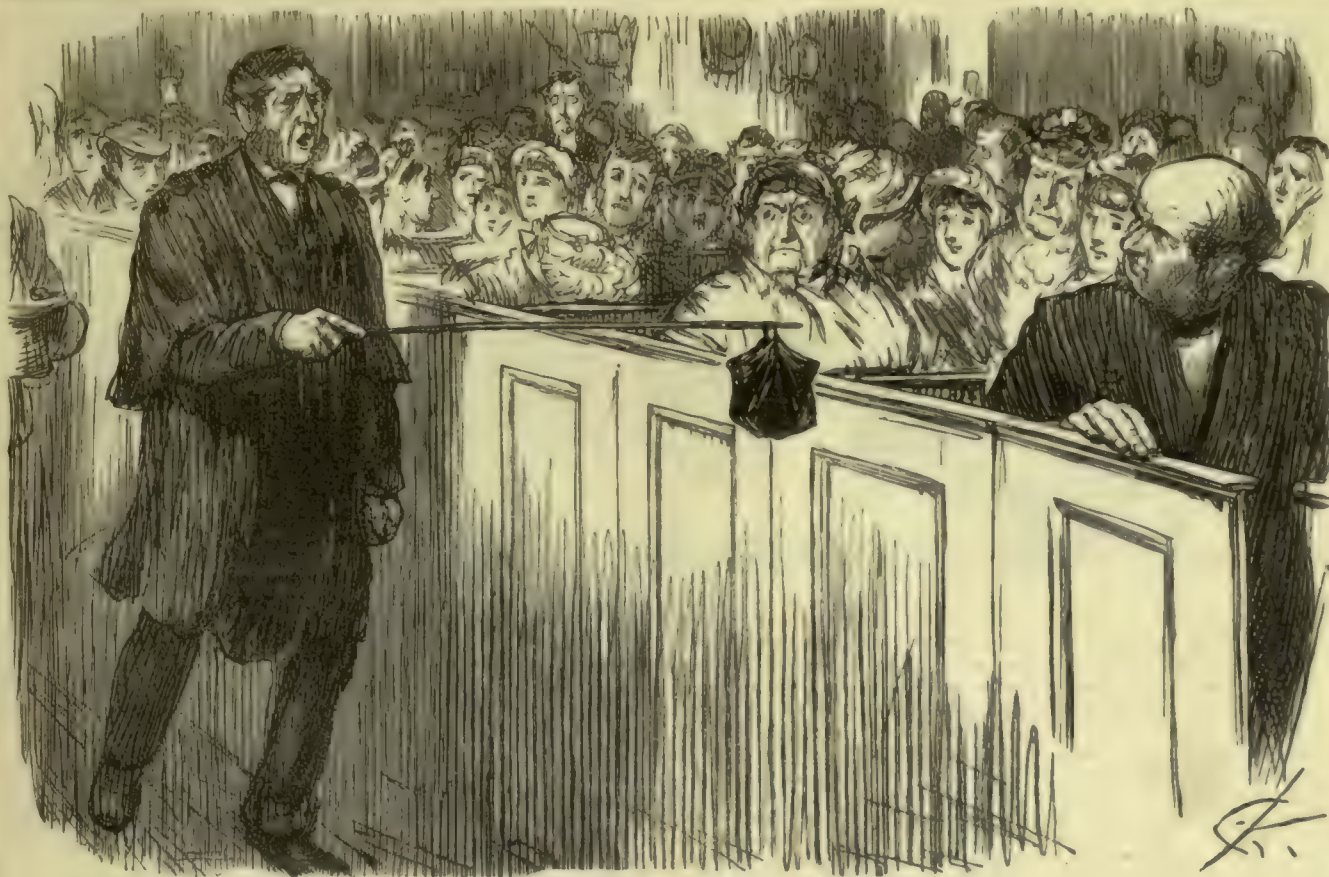
"HOW HOT IT HAS BEEN—ABROAD."—*Latest Reading from Port-au-Prince*.—"Hayti in the Shade."

AS CLEAR AS (EASTEND-ON-) MUD.

THE Southend Local Board of Health, a few days ago, "considered" a letter that had been written to them from a gentleman dating from Maidenhead, who apparently had discovered that the "chief port at the mouth of the Thames in futuro" was uncommonly like a place described in these columns under the title of "Eastend-on-Mud." The Chairman, Mr. BRIGHTEN, who very appropriately took a rather cheerful view of the subject, observed, "I am sure we laughed heartily at it." But a Mr. GOSSETT apparently found it difficult to discover an answer to the question, "Who reads *Punch*?" Well, we will try and find a solution to the conundrum. We will tell our querist that *all* sensible people do who can read, and perhaps Mr. GOSSETT may be able to do so—in time. Evidently he doesn't at present, or his manners would be better. *Punch emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

GENERAL THIBAUDIN, their "only General"—at least the only one who could be found to deal in a communistic, or rough and red-dy fashion, with the Orleans Princes, and whose title to respect was his having broken his *parole d'honneur* given to the Germans, has been compelled, by M. FERRY'S determination, to resign. Who is to go next. The PRESIDENT? Probably; in which case he and the truculent THIBAUDIN will become two Red Heroes. What is on the bill of fare to follow? Another hash, and the French, not stewed in their own *jus*, will be done brown in their own GRÉVY. This will be a pretty dish to set before a King! And all because of the wretched Parisian Geese hissing at their Guest on Michaelmas Day!

SCIENCE AND FAITH.—In comparison with belief in the direct origin of the human species, to believe in the evolution of Man and Woman from a sort of sea-slugs through a race of apes, wouldn't it require, if no faith whatever, at least very much credulity?



"FORCE OF HABIT!"

Our Railway Porter (the first time he acted as Deputy in the absence of the Beadle). "T'KETS R'DY! ALL TICK-ETS READY!"

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

From Oban to Tobermory.—Beautiful sail. Arrive here earlier than we had expected: we did this also at Oban. Fortunate, as scarcely are we in than a hurricane commences outside in the Atlantic. The Atlantic is scarcely two steps round the corner.

Rain downpouring in buckets. Next day much the same, with lucid intervals of sun. Walk on shore in morning, ditto in afternoon. Haven't done so much walking for a long time as I have within the last few days since I came out sailing. We walked at Larne, we walked at Oban, we walk here. The Waterfalls are in Mr. ALEXANDER's private grounds—from the extent of his property I should call him ALEXANDER THE GREAT—and there is no charge for admission as there is at some places where they've only got a two-penny waterfall to show for sixpence. CRAYLEY, with his glass firmly screwed in his eye, and his head more on one side than ever, examines the grand Waterfall critically, as though to detect some flaw in it. MELLEVILLE regards it judicially, as if, with a perfectly unbiassed mind, he were ready to hear both sides of any question that may arise respecting the merits of the fall. (This sounds theological.) I—such is the philosophic attitude of my mind towards it—somehow seem to have seen it all before, and, not being overpowered by it, begin, after a few seconds, to discover faces in stones, and forms, more or less grotesque, in everything. CRAYLEY, having gradually given up criticism, is now lost in admiration.

"And, like Niagara,
Finds it a staggerer,"

says KILICK, favouring us with an impromptu, for which he is instantly reproved by CRAYLEY, who tells him that "really he (KILICK) has no sort of reverence for the beauties of Nature."

"It's nothing extraordinary," retorts KILICK. "I've seen better in Wales."

"Never!" returns CRAYLEY, warmly. "This is distinctively Scotch. You'll seldom see anything like it in Wales, and never in the South of England."

"Not in the South!" exclaims KILICK, as if he were aghast at what might be a daring imputation on his native place, which it

isn't, and I very much doubt whether he has ever been there. "Why, in Devonshire and Cornwall the Waterfalls are magnificent, and twice as fine as this."

This is flatly contradicted by CRAYLEY. If they were alone, I fancy it would end in a Sensation Scene, which could be thus described in the bill:—"The Howling Cataract—View of the Devil's Bridge—Moonlight—KILICK meets CRAYLEY—The Assertion!—The Contradiction!!—The Altercation!!!—FEARFUL STRUGGLE!!!!—Awful Fate of the Victim—(either KILICK or CRAYLEY)—Flight of the Assassin—The Brand of Cain!!!!" &c.

As it is, however, this melodramatic termination to a pleasant outing does not come off, as MELLEVILLE interferes in his gentlest and most soothing tones. It is (reporting it legally) *Killick v. Crayley, Melleville intervening*. I am watching the case in the interests of the general public.

"There are," observes MELLEVILLE in a marginal-reference sort of manner, but speaking as an authority,—"There are some fine Waterfalls in Devonshire and Cornwall, not unlike this, but perhaps there are finer in the North of England, and we"—(this brings us all into it)—"must remember we are seeing this on an exceptional day, after a very heavy rain, and, indeed, while it is still raining. I think we'd better get on." Both parties are silent before this timely rebuke. It reminds me of the effect of one of Mr. Barlow's lectures to *Sandford and Merton*. KILICK is *Sandford*, and CRAYLEY, *Merton*. So we move onwards, as the rain is falling heavily, and we should soon be under shelter, but for the irrepressible impulse which seizes upon every one of us to throw something into the torrent (we are now standing at the highest point of the fall) merely to see what becomes of it. If nothing else were obtainable, I believe we should recklessly throw in our sticks and umbrellas, and even our coats and hats, then laugh at them, and cheer idiotically. It strikes me (philosophically and reflectively) that on occasions like the present the savage nature of man has a fierce but momentary struggle with his civilisation, and that if the savage nature once got the upper hand, the result might take the form of the dreadful practical joke of pushing the man nearest to the Waterfall suddenly over, not exactly to procure his untimely end, but simply to take him by surprise, to see how he liked it, and what the torrent



MORE BLOODLESS SPORT.

"HULLO, BAGSTER! WHAT'S THE MATTER HERE, EH?"

"WELL, MY LORD, IT'S THIS WAY. THE CHILDER THEY'VE BROUGHT UP THE PHEASANTS BY HAND, AND THEY'RE THAT DISTRESSED ABOUT THE SHOOTIN', THAT MY MISSUS SHE'VE BROUGHT HER BEST CHANEY TEA SET, WHICH SHE'LL LET TOMMY HERE CHUCK 'EM UP FOR YOUR HONOURS TO SHOOT AT, IF SO BE THAT 'LL DO INSTEAD OF THE BIRDS!"

would do with him. I can perfectly imagine the Untutored Savage trying this sort of thing on another Untutored Savage not belonging to a hostile tribe, but one of his own set, with whom he might really be on such friendly terms as would warrant him in taking an occasional liberty. The Untutored Savage has, of course, a sense of humour; and if he is in the full enjoyment of the highest possible animal spirits, what shape would his practical joke take except one involving some sort of cruelty? The butter-slide, the treatment of a baby, and the red-hot poker in a pantomime, come into the Untutored Savage Practical Joke Category. (Note.—Reserve this subject for Philosophical Treatise; pamphlet form; sixpence.)

Still at Tobermory.—We are here to-day, and not gone to-morrow. We have buoyed one another up with the cheeriest hopes as to being able to sail to-morrow. MELLEVILLE, as an experienced yachtsman, has pointed out to us that when there are biggish waves in the bay, the wind is expending itself, and that probably there'll be a comparatively calm sea, with the wind directly in our favour, all ready for us to-morrow morning, as if it had been carefully ordered overnight. We fish at intervals.

Note.—There is all the difference between "fishing" and "catching." The men at the bows, when they let down their lines, "catch," but we at the stern only "fish."

Wind worse than ever in the night; rain also. Outside, i.e., round the corner in the Atlantic, it is now "blowing a gale"—so the Captain says, and so also is the opinion of the Pilot. It must be, as even in Tobermory Bay we are rocking as if we were in a roughish sea. No chance of getting away. Books, the day before yesterday's papers, the piano, and writing materials, are in requisition. We write telegrams and letters, and then wait to see when there is a chance of taking them to shore ourselves. About this time we try to think of any person to whom we owe a letter, or a list of persons to whom we haven't written for years, and who have almost cut us on account of our apparent neglect. Now is the moment to make up for lost time.

Blessings on the clan McINTOSH! We are waterproofed from head to foot, and get a little exercise on deck.

Blessings on the proprietors, editors, and contributors to *The Scotsman*. We can get no London papers here except those of the day before yesterday; but *The Scotsman* is brought on the evening of the day of its publication, by steamer, here at 5 P.M.—(but ordinarily half-an-hour or so late; no matter, blessings on the steamer also)—and is equal to three London newspapers rolled into one. Herein we read last night's debate—(last night's!).

Wind and rain continuing. In the night other vessels have dragged their anchors. We are awaying as if at sea. Wind roaring always "round the corner," like *Mr. Chery Slyme* in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and imitating the sound of several steamers all working their engines simultaneously. Yesterday's paper finished. I am working hard at *Clariissa Harlowe*. What a tediously told story, and how utterly improbable are the incidents and the method adopted

for relating them. *Lovelace* is a tremendous cad and snob. He's, thank goodness, as impossible a creature as one of *OUTDA's* burlesque heroes. *BOSWELL's Tour of the Hebrides* with *Dr. JOHNSON* in requisition. Just the same sort of weather—continuous rain and wind a hundred years ago in these parts. Another instance of History repeating itself.

Locked up together in a yacht, we expend our temper—though there isn't much of it among us—on *Dr. JOHNSON* and *BOSWELL*.

CRAYLEY says "he really doesn't see that *JOHNSON* said such very clever things." I observe that he did "sometimes." *KILICK* asks, "When, he should like to know." I try to remember an instance of a very clever saying of the Doctor's, which will settle the point in dispute at once, but I can only think of—"Sir," said *Dr. JOHNSON*, "let us walk down Fleet Street"—which he couldn't have been always saying, at all events not in Scotland.

On quietly, with a view to future discussion, searching the *Tour of the Hebrides*, I find that, *à propos* of such weather as we are now having, *Dr. JOHNSON* did reply to *BOSWELL*, who had been complaining of it—"Sir, we have no one to blame but ourselves for starting to go from island to island under the impression that wherever we were it must be summer."

And in spite of any protestations I might at different times have made to the contrary, either out of compassion for my host's evident annoyance, or to show with what philosophic equanimity all variations of temperature and weather can be endured, I must say that I certainly held *Dr. JOHNSON's* conviction implicitly, if not explicitly, or I should never have been where I now am, i.e., on board, in harbour within easy sight but difficult reach of land, being rocked to and fro with a motion which is conducive neither to reading, writing, nor thinking, while the wind is blowing great guns, the rain absolutely cascading, and the vessel's timbers are literally shivering and creaking and cracking like old furniture in a bedroom in the small hours of the night.

Our host is quite distressed. He feels inclined to apologise to his guests for the inclemency of the weather. Still, I would far rather be here than in one of those isolated whitewashed cottages on one of the deserted-looking islands which we have passed en route. At all events, we have society, provisions, food, warm clothing, excellent drinks, are well furnished with cigars, tobacco, and pipes, have plenty of books, writing materials, sofas, rugs and wraps, games, cards, piano, and a sufficient supply of music.

We actually are getting out our *Bradshaws*, our *Murrays*, our *Scotch Railway Guides*, with pencil and paper, to see what is the best and shortest way back again to London!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM WITH A COLD.—"I always like a man to utter his political and moral sediments boldly."



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Lawyer. "I COULDN'T GET THE DEEDS READY, SO, AS BROWN WANTED THE MONEY, I ADVANCED HIM FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS ON HIS L.O.U. HE 'LL EXECUTE ASSIGNMENT WHEN READY. IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT."

Northern Farmer. "ALL RIGHT! IT'S ALL WRONG! L.O.U. NOWHT! IT'S E.O.I.!"

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

It is a capital idea, that occasional column one sees in the daily papers headed "Guide to Visitors to Paris," and furnishing the unsophisticated Briton, as it professes to do, with a "list of some first-class Houses, Hotels, and Establishments" where he can, with confidence, respectively refresh and renew the inner and the outer man; still it is possible to have too much of, or, rather, make too much of even a good idea. For instance, it is all right enough to send M. JOHN BULL, when decoyed from *Son Isle* by that attractive form of a little social break-out, the desire for a "few days in Paris," either to the *Hotel Continental* for his board and lodging, or to the "Grand Magazins du Printemps," for Madame JOHN's latest Paris "Confections;" but there are some things submitted to his insular notice that scarcely come within the category of "nécessaires de voyage." Take the following:—

MIRRORS and FRAMES. Artistic.—LEVENS, Manufacturer, 9, Rue de l'Echelle. First-class assortment. No drawings sent.

Here is a distinct appeal to him to purchase off-hand a large looking-glass, a piece of goods that must prove, by the way, highly embarrassing in anything like a rough Channel passage; while, again, this simple but wholesale domestic allusion—

BIBERON-ROBERT. Does not exhaust the children. Manufactory, Place Daumesnil. Export.

s almost gloomy in its suggestion of perpetual home cares.

Take, too, the subjoined rather disquieting medical reminders:—

ALCOOL de MENTHE of RICOLES, superior for all stomach, head, heart, and nerve diseases, &c. Forty-three years' success. Eight golden medals, 25 rewards.—41, Rue Richer.

PURIFIER of the BLOOD, BINGWORM. 36, Rue Vivienne.

A LAY OF THE LAW.

[The Incorporated Law Society has just held a very successful meeting at Bath.]

SOLICITORS met down at Bath, the Demurrer
Was there, Affidavits as fair as could be,
The merry Cognovits and gay Writs in Error,
Were found to be chatting of Felo-de-Se;
They talked of Commissions, of Bails, of Acquittals,
Justice DAY also said what he felt as a Judge,
And thought very likely that many acquittals
And speeches deserved Mr. Burchell's word "Fudge."

There came Surrebutter, and eke the Demises,
The Feoffees waltzed with the Tenants in Tail;
Men spoke of the Sessions, and also Assizes,
To make malefactors turn terribly pale.
Replevin was there, with Escheats and Surrenders,
Ejectments, and Rolls in Exchequer of Pleas,
With Habeas Corpus, with Emblements, Tenders—
Oh, who would not revel in pleasures like these!

The Mortgage was there, and the Certiorari,
With three months' imprisonments, others for life,
And Breaches of Promise, where THOMAS and MARY
Declined, amid laughter, to be man and wife.
The Lawyers wrangled of Plaintiff and Defendant,
Of fierce Interpleadings and Equity "jaw,"
And thought without doubt that all people dependent
On Justice, had better keep clear of the Law!

"THE ADMIRATION ARMY."—This new body, consisting of selected Regiments from various tributary Mutual-Admiration Societies, will be solidly compacted on the return of Mr. HENRY IRVING, Generalissimo of the Forces, and Miss ELLEN TERRY, *Vivandière*, from America. Lord COLERIDGE, Lord WOLSELEY, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Canon FARRAR, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and Miss BOOTH will probably be offered places in the Orchestra, when they will join in "*Sound the Loud Trumpets.*" Editors, Critics, and Reporters will hold honorary rank. A few carefully-selected Dramatic Authors (limited probably to one) will be invited to assist.

"It was nearly fatal, my dear," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "The poor man swallowed poison by mistake, but fortunately the Doctor came in time, gave him a powerful anecdote, and he got all right again."

TRUSSMAKER.—HENRI BONDETTI, 48, Rue Vivienne.

It may be fairly assumed that the blithesome traveller who cannot get along without indulging in an outlay for one or more of these useful but significantly penitential adjuncts to a holiday excursion, had far better have never come abroad at all.

But it becomes clear from the nature of some of the Advertisements that the proclivities of the British tourist are often regarded as verging on the eccentric. Here are two selected at random:—

BROQUET, Pumps, 121, Rue Oberkampf.

MACHINES for TILE and BRICK MANUFACTORY.—BOULET, LACROIX, et Cie., 28, Rue des Ecluses St. Martin. Catalogues sent.

Why an Englishman who has innocently been doing the "Louver" should suddenly wish to purchase a pump or "the machinery for a brick and tile manufactory," unless it be supposed that having a tile of his own off, he might possibly desire to supply the place of the latter, and then put himself under the former, it is difficult to conceive.

Summing up the list, however, it is pleasing to note the following concluding compliment to the cosmopolitan character of British taste:—

JARDIN ZOOLOGIQUE d'ACCLIMATATION au BOIS de BOULOGNE.—Open every day. Live animals on sale. Catalogues forwarded.

That after a few days in Paris, M. JOHN BULL should be *en route pour Son Isle* with a van-load or two of furniture, materials for constructing a Water-Work Company and a second-hand Wild Beast Show, Catalogue and all, evidently strikes the careful compiler of the "Guide to Visitors to Paris" as "*O yes—alright!*"



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"WHAT A PRETHUTH NOOTHENTH IT ITH! JUTH BECAUTH MA THIRNAME HAPPENTH TO BE ABRAMTH, AND MA PARENTH CHRITHENTHED ME MOTHETH, LOTH O' PEOPLE THEEM TO THUTHPECT I MUTHT BE O' HEBREW ECTHTRATHION! WHEREATH A THWEAR A HAVEN'T GOT A THINGLE DROP O' HEBREW BLOOD IN ALL MA VEINTH, 'THELPEME!"

THE ALL-AT-SEA SERPENT.

(Stray Leaf from a Deep Sea Diary.)

AFRAID I'm too late for that "Fisheries" concern. Still, I'll have a shy. "Giant Octopus, I know," says a distant relative of his, "has just got a medal." Too bad to leave me out of it, and I'm so fond of coloured lights, music, and cheap fish-dinners. Will make inquiries.

Heard this morning from a friendly Whale, who is always picking up the latest reliable gossip under the keels of the American liners, that the Fisheries concern was nearly over. Said, though, that if I wanted to go ashore, there was still money to be made by "starring." Suggested Aquarium as best place to begin. If you're a success, you're put on posters, go round provinces, then cross to the States. They all do it. *Jumbo* did it. *COLERIDGE* is at it. *IRVING*'s doing it now. If I had only known that, would have turned up in the middle of the Atlantic, had a good look at him, and got out of him all about terms. However, here goes for the shore for a little business on my own account.

Ugh! Here I am—close in. Horridly warm and shrimpy. Don't like this shallow fresh water tomfoolery after eight and thirty thousand fathoms of the real deep briny. Never mind, business is business. Can't see a soul on shore, though. Better show a bit.

Given a gambol or two on the surface, and displayed to 'em about eighty yards or so of me at a time—(afraid to show more for fear of

THE MILLIONNAIRE ON THE MOORS.

My 'art's in the 'Ighlands, my 'art it ain't 'ere,
My 'art's in the 'Ighlands, along of the deer;
Along of the wild deer, the buck and the doe:
My 'art's in the 'Ighlands, I'd 'ave you to know.

I bought bare estates up of lairds proud and poor,
As they 'adn't the money to live on a moor,
Now like any Duke I my deer-forest keep,
And grouse-shootins also—don't care much for sheep.

I now and agin leave my ware'ouse be'ind,
Go North for refreshment of 'ealth and of mind,
Where solitude reigns on the 'eath all around,
On the 'ole of my propputty I don't 'ear a sound.

There's no eagles now in the mountains to scream,
And as for the gos'awk, 'is whistle's a dream.
There's never no falcons a flyin' about,
Shot down by the keepers to them I bought out.

Poor beggars, and therefore you 'll own they was free,
Themselves, from romance, quite as much so as me,
In Town whilst attendin' to bisnis, although
My 'art's in the 'Ighlands wherever I go.

"HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES."

SIR,—Last Monday there was a Concert whereth Abbé FRANZ LIZST's compositions were performed. The Abbé is, I believe, alive and well; but on referring to HAYDN's *Dictionary of Dates* (for 1870) I find this entry:—

"LIZST, FRANZ, Hungarian Abbé and Pianist. Born, 22 Oct. 1811; died, Oct. 1868."

HAYDN's Compiler ought to have known, of course, specially as in this very year 1870 Abbé FRANZ LIZST was granted "by Government" a pension of five or six hundred a year for life. Artful Government this, if HAYDN's *Dictionary of Dates* (1870) is right; and the great Pianist and Composer had died (without communicating the fact to anybody except the compiler of this work) just two years before. Why, this is quite a little "Haydn's Surprise!"

Yours, A. SHARP.

[To "A. SHARP."—Haden't you better buy a new *Dictionary*? Eh? In that old edition for 1870 they were killing 'em all off, so as to start afresh next year.—ED.]

SPECULATION AT HAWARDEN.—The G. O. M. "bearing down Grand Trunks."

frightening 'em)—and finished with a playful splash of my tail, that must have been seen easily from five counties. Thought so. Quite successful. Brought out a Vicar with a telescope. Ask him if he's FARINI. Says "No," but that he'll "write to the *Times*." Goes in and gets under the table. Bah! He's no good! I wonder which is the way to Westminster Bridge.

Bless me, what a job I've had to get here! And the Thames water—ugh!—but, never mind! Have seen FARINI, after dark, off Lambeth Pier. Told him I had nearly carried away Waterloo Bridge coming through, and as I'm speaking reach as far as Erith, and am at this moment tickling the Pier with my tail. Says I ought to be a "big thing." Say I am. Asks me if I think I could show 'em "a bit of deep sea life" in a nice comfortable tank, forty-two feet by six. Terms, one per cent. on gross receipts, to be put to my credit in any sand bank I like to name, including one-o'clock dinner on first-class condemned Billingsgate fish, and, in case of death, right to my own skin. Sundays out. Tell him I'll let him know next week—take a turn up to Battersea, come down sharp, and pass the evening thinking it over in Pegwell Bay.

No—after turning it well over—can't say I see it. Anyhow—not at present. Here! what's this I hear? Someone written to the *Times* to say I'm only "a line of soot." Pooh! I may not be as black as I'm painted, but I'm not soot. So off to the bottom of the Pacific again, for a year or two, to consult a Solicitor.

"I CALL such conduct niggerly!" whispered Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM to her niece, as she saw a *Millionnaire* put sixpence in the plate at Church.



BACK AGAIN!

Cabby. "WHERE TO, SIR?"

Celwayo. "SAME OLE PLACE. MELBURY ROAD. YAH! YAH! YAH!"

WHAT! am 'sprised, Massa BULL, jist to see 'im again?—
'Im ole boss KETCHEWAYO come back.

Yes, 'im 'ere! Berry sorry, 'im come to complain
Ob dem niggers down dar, who say 'im shan't reign
'Cos 'im come quite the Masher—in black;

So 'im thinks as they 'spise 'im in togs *à la mode*,
'Im would like to c. me back to Ole Melbury Road!

When 'im first com to England, 'im slide down the stair,
Dance 'im war-dance in big 'Olland Park;

Round 'im head a cloth muffin of gold, too, 'im wear,
And learn to drink rum while 'im sit on a chair,

As 'im sing nigger song in the dark.
Dem dar people each side wish 'im change 'is abode,—
But, yah, yah! 'im still stick to Ole Melbury Road!

But he stay dar, and jump dar—till GLADSTONE one day
Say to 'im, "Dear Brer Nigger—go back:

'Cos for thirty-nine pounds of beefsteak ebery day,
Im ole Government, yah! yah! 'im no like to pay!"

"Take 'im crown, dar,—Brer Nigger, and pack."
And den dat dar Brer Nigger, with joy 'im explode,
And 'im stand on 'im 'ead, in Ole Melbury Road!

But, O golly, when back dar 'im 'rives in gay trim,
Dem Niggers say, "Whom set 'im free?"

And as soon as 'im put on 'im crown with 'im brim,
And jist say, "Massa GLADSTONE," dem say, "Whom is im?"

And dis Nigger, 'im get up a tree!
So 'im wait for 'im chance, and 'im kick off 'im load,
And so 'ere 'im come back to Ole Melbury Road!



A DRIVE ON THE MOORS.

THE REVOLUTION OF THE 'CYCLES HAS BROUGHT MANY STRANGE THINGS TO PASS—WHY NOT THIS?

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

(On to Loch Scavaig.)

Evening of Third Day at Tobermory.—MELLEVILLE, our Commodore, says that the glass is rising, the wind abating, and that we shall sail to-morrow. General excitement. "The wind," he explains, "will be freshish. I expect," he adds, "that Madame Creusa will jump a bit outside." We all say, "Oh, never mind that," and determine that we are ready for all risks rather than remain inactive in harbour. We are advised to "belay," and make everything "taut" in our cabins. Ominous, but exciting. KILLICK says he hopes he'll be all right. I join KILLICK; but somehow, though I wouldn't on any account remain in harbour any longer, yet, to adapt the line from Sir JOHN MOORE'S burial, I "doubtfully think of the morrow."

! The morrow. Wake early with headache. The Merry Young Steward, entering with early coffee, says, "We're under weigh"—on shore he is a young London valet, but here he is more nautical than any of the sailors—so that I have slept through all the preparatory noises. "Scarcely any movement," I observe, hopefully. "Not at present, Sir," replies the Merry Young Steward, "but she'll jump a bit outside." I make up my mind to get up at once, before she does "jump a bit outside," and complete my toilette while a perpendicular position is possible. I do so, as far as I can, but in a few minutes I am forming, with the floor of my cabin, an angle of seventy-five. Getting hungrier and hungrier. I foresee my fate. "Jump a bit outside." O dear!

Breakfast.—To my surprise I can eat a hearty breakfast, and feel much better, in spite of the table being one minute up to my chin, and the next touching my knees. In waterproofs ("Dressed ac-Cording-ly," the Commodore says,—hate jokes to-day) I struggle on deck. Here I manfully take my stand, holding on by a rope, and becoming more and more uncertain every quarter-of-an-hour.

KILLICK has disappeared. CRATLEY, who is a frail creature, and generally suffering from headaches, is exceptionally well, and sits in a chair perfectly calm and happy, his head on one side, critically examining the waves (such waves!) through his eye-glass. I envy him. I envy MELLEVILLE, who has a chart before him. I could no more examine that chart now than I could leave my rope, or take my gaze (I feel it is a glassy stare) off the sea. I am becoming fixed in one position, like one of Madame TUSSAUD'S effigies. I should like a label up with: "Please don't touch the figure." Also, "Don't speak to the figure." In general, I don't want any notice taken of me. KILLICK, after an hour's seclusion, comes up on deck as fresh as a lark—though I doubt whether a lark would find himself so very fresh when a yacht is "jumping a bit outside" in the Atlantic.

Who said he was "disappointed with the Atlantic"? I think it was Mr. OSCAR WILDE when he was crossing over to America. I don't care, as far as the sea-voyage goes, to be any nearer America than I am at present; but I certainly am not disappointed with as much as I have at present seen of the Atlantic. Its waves are mag-

nificent. They may be bigger and grander elsewhere, but these will do for me. Yes, they will emphatically "do for me." I am only disappointed with myself. For two hours I stand expecting the worst, and hoping for the best. "To be, or not to be," that is the question. By twelve o'clock it is solved: it is "to be." With a sudden rush to leeward—which makes them think I am bent on suicide—I surrender myself, cheerfully, to the consequences. I comfort myself by saying, "It will do me good." And I devoutly hope it will, as it does me awfully bad at the moment.

Then I retire. With difficulty I reach my cabin, with difficulty I lie down. And then—then! it feels as if someone were taking me up by the heels, and jobbing my head downwards against the pillow. For the remainder of the day I lie here, vainly trying to sleep, and sincerely wishing I could gag KILLICK (whose getting well so quickly I secretly resent), whose speaking voice I hear every minute laughing, talking, asking inane questions, and preventing my going to sleep. If I could get at KILLICK, and strangle him, I might be better. But I can't shout, I can't get off my berth, and there is no bell. The Merry Young Steward has looked in once, has fastened the blind across the skylight to keep out the sun, and has not returned. At 5:30 I hear the welcome grating of the anchor-chains, and "the movement in sea" ceases.

I prepare for dinner, by trying to part my hair and making myself look less "glazy." I appear as a convalescent. We are moored in Loch Scavaig, Isle of Skye, a fearfully wild spot, which might have been the country residence of the Three Witches in *Macbeth*. Just the place for their meeting here to-night, now that the "hurly-burly's done." The guide-book writers exhaust the vocabulary of abusive admiration for Loch Scavaig, until one of them, unable to hit on any more appropriate simile, calls it "The Avernus of the North."

To-morrow we are to make a "*facilis descensus*" on the Avernus "*sed revocare gradum*"—and how tired I shall be! How tired I am! Like the lover in LOVER'S Irish ballad, "I am not myself at all;" though it would be difficult to say who I am.

I can't smoke: my favourite drinks are abhorrent to me: my diet has been of the plainest. Messmates, good-night! And so at an early hour I retire to my berth; and as I undress, commune with myself somewhat to this effect:—"Would I buy a yacht if I had the money? Would I hire one for a couple of months' holiday trip? Would it be the most satisfactory way of spending a vacation? If fine, it is delightful—I mean if fine and fairly calm, and going before the breeze; but if not, if blowy, if "jumping a bit," or with a head-wind, or at sea quite out of reach of land, and unable to put in anywhere and come to an anchor for dinner—how would that be for a holiday? Supposing, too, that all my companions were to suffer as I (evidently) should, why, it would be merely a floating hospital." However, before arriving at our destination, I am likely to be sorely tried again, and so I will snatch a "fearful joy" to-morrow on shore by "doing" Avernus, "and after"—Now, bed.

Off Avernus Loch Scavaig, Isle of Skye.—Merry Young Steward enters cabin at 6:45. Fine morning. I am better, but only conva-



RAILWAY PUZZLE.

TO FIND THE NAME OF THE STATION.

lescent. Very cautious at breakfast, Roughish, wet on deck, and cold: bathing not enticing, "on account," the Merry Steward says, "of the dog-fish." The dog-fish, it appears, are of the Shark family,—young Scotch or Hebridean sharks—and if you bathe,—but, in fact, nobody does bathe where the dog-fish are.

No one feels better for yesterday's gale.

With waterproofs on, we put off in gig. Avernus looks more Avernus than ever as we get nearer and nearer. Not a living soul to be seen; not a sign of habitation. The tops of the mountains are enveloped in mist, which is slowly rising. This part of Skye can only be inhabited by ghosts of departed Scotchmen who have come "back agen." I should not be in the least surprised were Locke's *Witches' Chorus* in *Macbeth* to be heard behind those heavy mists, or were we actually to come upon the Weird Sisters out for a holiday—a Witches' Sabbath—picnicking around their cauldron, and rising to dance to a tune played by *Tam O'Shanter's* goblin piper! In fact, nothing supernatural would astonish me here. I should be prepared for anything—except seeing Skye-terriers in Skye! Don't believe there are any. Should say that they had all turned into dog-fish.

It is not easy walking. Big black boulders, sometimes enormous, presenting the appearance of buried elephants, their backs only being visible, petrified by time and exposure; the devious tracks between the buried elephants' backs—which it would be flattery to call sheep-walks—are composed of bits of rock, shifty sand, heather-moss, and peat-bog of a very deceptive character. The Sun suddenly comes out, and, when it does so, it comes out very strong, so that we take off our waterproof-coats and caps, and breathe more freely. We have scarcely experienced this relief for three minutes, than down pours the rain, and on have to go our coverings again. There is no faith to be placed in the climate of Scotland. CRAYLEY, generally rather an invalid, and short-sighted, skips from rock to rock,—like a mountain-goat with a glass in its eye. KILLICK is in the height of good-humour because everyone else—even CRAYLEY occasionally—is more or less in difficulties; and he has managed to get well in front, and then asks the others "why we don't come on?"

Sun shining. Very hot as we re-embark in the gig.

Happy Thought.—Bathe before lunch. No dog-fish close to shore. Not deep enough for them, and they're too deep for it.

For once, all agree to this. Yes, just the very time! No sooner is this settled, than the wind begins to blow, the waves to rise, the spray to attack us, so that we have to resume our mackintoshes—and in another second we are all complaining of cold, and decide, *nem. con.*, that we can't bathe with any sort of comfort to-day. Lunch. Directly the eating and drinking is finished, we are off.

I am still cautious, and do not rush up on deck in too great a hurry. They tell me the wind will be with us the whole time. "Now we sail *with* the gale"—only, it is not, thank goodness! a gale, merely a breeze.

It's All Ova!

[Artificial eggs are now manufactured in America of corn-flour, starch, albumen, gelatine, and plaster of Paris.]

"As sure as eggs are eggs." Alas! the bases

Of Faith cold Science one by one effaces.

Bang goes another axiom!—black disaster!

Eggs are not eggs, but corn-flour, starch, and plaster,—

"Keep good for years, and are not easily broken."

Quite likely. But this is another token

That Faith and Nature are on their last legs.

Art has but one last cruz—to hatch her eggs.

HIGH JINKS IN THE HIGHLANDS.—On Wednesday, last week, in a heavy downpour of rain upon a large crowd of people, the Observatory erected on Ben Nevis was formally opened with ceremonies performed by a Lady who defied the deluge. *Note.*—Ben Nevis, the Scotch Big Ben. Eh, Mr. AULDJO?

SOME disappointment is felt in certain circles at Trinity College, Cambridge, having been chosen for the young Prince. An aggrieved one was reminded that Trinity is the Prince of WALES's own College. "No, it isn't!" was the immediate retort. "The Royal College of Music is the Prince of WALES's. Why couldn't he send his boy there?" After this, explanation was useless.



THOSE BROWNS AND THEIR LUMINOUS PAINT AGAIN.

"DISINTEGRATION!"

"Like Achilles emerging from his tent, he is evidently determined that his followers as well as his adversaries shall be reminded, by contrast, of his prolonged absence from the field . . . His attack is damaging enough, but it overthrows his own friends almost as completely as his opponents."—*The Times*.

En avant! Ah, Sir Knight, a redoubtable cry,
Calculated, you think, scattered forces to rally.
The time for tent-dwelling you deem is gone by,
And so arm cap-a-pie for a desperate sally.
Unequalled at onset, a Rupert at least,
With a dash of Murat and a touch of Achilles.
And then what a charger! A thoroughbred beast,
Who pules about prudence then? Out on such sillies!

The foes? Sore discouragement reigns in their hosts,
The Radical ruck will not fight long together.
And as to the Whigs, poor lost wandering ghosts,
They would only too gladly escape GLADSTONE's tether.
Their low imprecations have greeted your ears,—
How sad is their lot whose sole solace is cursing!
The country, heart-sick of the barren three years,
Its fiat but waits a fair chance of reversing.

En avant, then! Of course! A *beau sabreur* like you
Is the very commander for such an occasion.
For quieter times gentle STAFFY may do,
With his love of fair fence and fine chivalrous suasion.
He and SMITH and that queer Red Cross Knight and the rest,
Very stodgy old-stagers, want rallying slightly;
Their usage of you has been none of the best,
You will show what it means to be dashing and knightly.

En avant! And a War Cry! That's ready, of course,
One quite *à la Drizzy*,—'tis "Disintegration!"
Sounds awe-striking, doesn't it? Vagueness has force,
And, like Chinamen's bogey-shields, wakes trepidation
In—well, *that's* the question. To frighten your foes
By war-whoops is possible—when they are savages;
But *cui bono* chargers and fine swashing blows,
If in your own ranks they are found making ravages?

'Ware heels! How he backs and buck-jumps, your brave steed!

What a shower of splashes behind him he spatters!

SMITH doesn't half like it, and STAFF must take heed.

Rather rum Rosinante who *followers* scatters!

The cool *Standard*-bearer looks flurried and cross,

The gig-lamps of Cross gleam "so savage and Tartarly,"

And grandmother NORTHCOTE exclaims, "Drat that 'oss!"

Call *this* a Review? It must be the *hind-Quarterly*!"

Ah! RUPERT-CUM-QUIXOTE, deliberate dash

Is a capital thing, when well-timed and well-measured.

But the leader who leads to surrender or smash,

Though he charge like a torrent, not long will be treasured.

You've tried the Thor-hammer tornado-like style

Once or twice, and its end has been—capitulation.

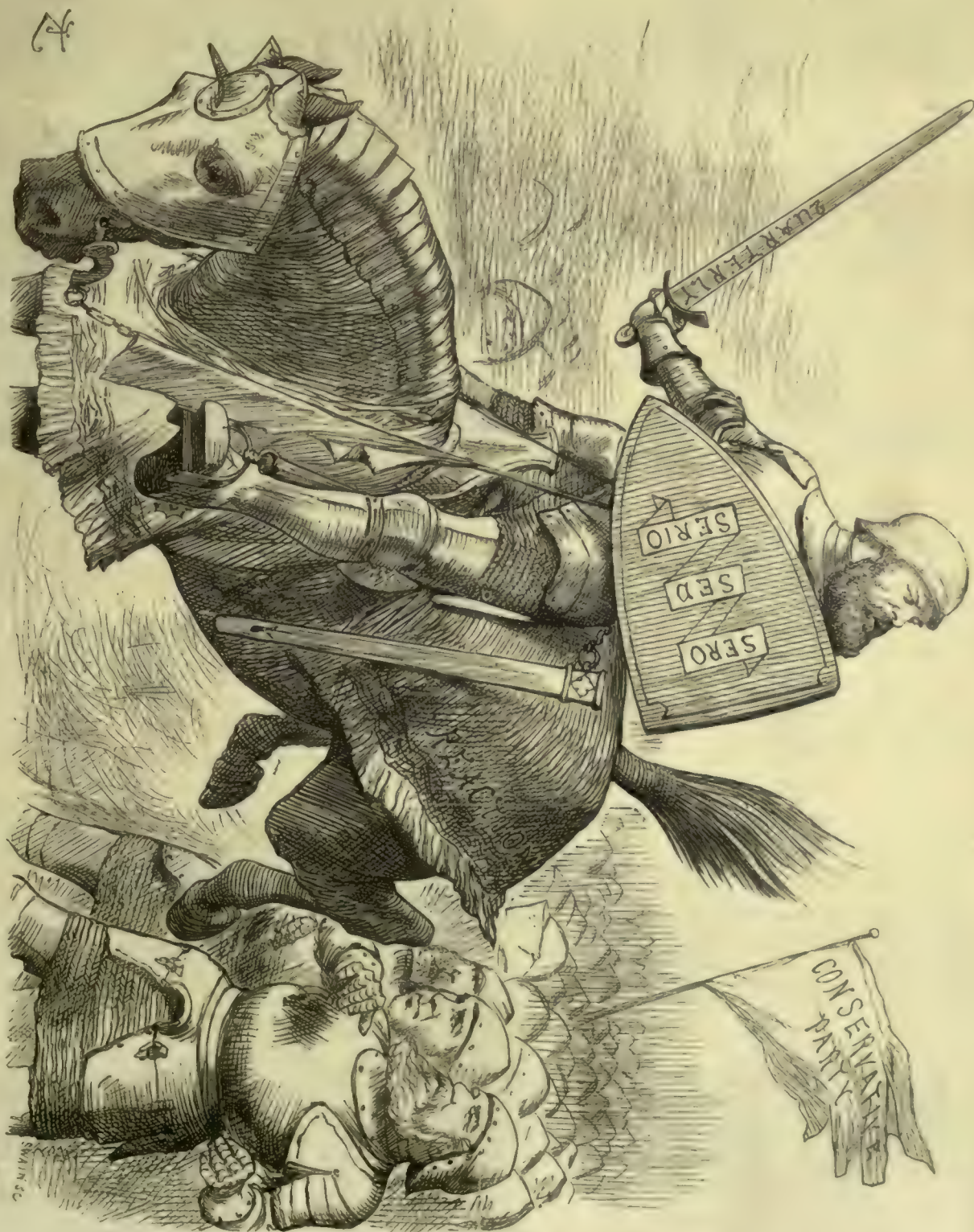
The foe at your charger and war-whoop will smile,

If amidst your own ranks they bring "Disintegration."

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.—But for G. A. S.'s reference to it in his "Echoes," only a select few would have known anything about the *Saturday Review* article on our hearty condemnation of RABELAIS. The Reviewer, after agreeing with us on our two essential points, firstly, that RABELAIS requires a thorough cleansing before he can be introduced into the polite society of to-day, and secondly, that, perhaps, after all, Professor MORLEY had better have left the "dirty old black-guard" and all his works alone,—attempts to represent him as a highly moral and kindly old cleric, on the strength of a few passages in his writings, gems which, to our thinking, are not worth wading through the intolerable muck to pick up. But as the writer has evidently only selected this congenial subject in order to use it as a stalking-horse for a malicious attack on ourselves, *Mr. Punch* leaves him to splash about to his heart's content in his own ink-pool, from which he may emerge as clean as RABELAIS himself could wish to see him.

SONG OF THE CONSERVATIVE WORKING-MAN.

I LIKES a House o' good Peers, I does,
I'm particular partial to Peers;
Confound them there Rads, the cantankerous Cads,
Who would rob the poor man of his Peers!



“DISINTEGRATION!”



TRIBUTE DEW TO BEN NEVIS.

JUST NOW THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS. MRS. CAMERON CAMPBELL
CROWNS THE EDIFICE.

THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

PART I.—LOYAL TOASTS.

ALMOST everybody can manage to propose the health of Royalty. The subject carries with it regulation applause and conventional enthusiasm. The proposer of "The Queen" should adopt an official tone, as if for the nonce he were Premier or Lord Chancellor. He should convey the idea that he was on terms of respectful familiarity with Her MAJESTY—that it was no unusual thing for him to drop in to five o'clock tea at Balmoral, or lunch at Windsor. That in spite of this friendly feeling he yet could be an impartial critic, and in that character had come to the conclusion that Monarchy was a decidedly sensible and useful institution. But perhaps to show exactly what is meant, the Handbook may drop for a little time into a theatrical form.

SCENE—A Banqueting Hall. Principal guests on a raised platform. Remainder seated at long tables. The grace has been said or sung. There is much noise, and then a silence as a Gentleman with a double eyeglass—ought to have a double eyeglass when you want to propose "The Queen"—rises slowly and with much dignity. Rather intoxicated applause, which is checked by Toast Master, who begs all present to "charge their glasses."

Toast Proposer (looking at a list before him through his glasses, and then bowing to a Feeble Youth on his right). My Lord—(abruptly)—and Gentlemen—(ap-
plause)—when an assembly of Englishmen—(pause)—I repeat, Englishmen—
(applause)—meet together anywhere, it is at once their duty and their pleasure
to drink the health of their Sovereign. (Cheers.) It is unnecessary for me to
say that—(Here follows what it is unnecessary for him to say about the love of
the Briton for the Throne, &c., &c.) But why should I detain you longer?
(A conundrum which is given up by all present.) The toast will be drunk by you
all with enthusiasm. (Seeing that the interest is waning,—to arouse attention.)
But, before I conclude, I think I may venture to say, with Lord GOOSEBERRY's
permission—(Feeble Youth smiles vaguely)—that had Her MAJESTY known that
this gathering—but perhaps I weary you—(Cries of "No, no!" and "Go on!")
—that had Her MAJESTY known that this gathering—but there—(with a diplo-
matic smile, and beating time with his double eyeglass)—this is scarcely the
moment for explanation. All I would say, and I say it with the utmost hearti-

ness, my Lord and Gentlemen—the Queen! (Sits down
with the air of an Archbishop who, having just delivered
an episcopal charge, is now bent upon retiring into private
life with as much humility as his high position admits.)

If the Chairman is able to give an anecdote about
Royalty, a great chance is opened, to those who listen to
him, of confirming his statement by a loud "hear,
hear!" that argues that they (the utterers of the "hear,
hear!") know as much about the matter as the Speaker
himself. This "hear, hear!" is very useful when
members of the Royal Family are mentioned. Thus a
pushing Physician or a "Society Barrister" can convey
a world of information in a cheer, confirmatory of the
platitudes that "the Princess is beautiful," "the Prince
is as good-natured as he is conscientious to perform his
public duties," and that "the Duke is a most able sea-
man." A certain Doctor has been known to bring tears
into the eyes of all present by the deeply sympathetic
tone in which he has applauded the remark that "the
Duke of CONNAUGHT has ever preferred duty to pleasure."
The learned healer on hearing this statement is wont
to look up sharply at the speaker, shake his head slowly,
sigh, and observe, "Hear, hear!" in a voice suggestive
of a response in church.

In proposing the members of the Royal Family, it is
as well to bear in mind their chief characteristics. The
Prince and Princess may be left out of the collection,
as everyone knows their excellent qualities. Here follows
a list:—

Duke of Edinburgh.—Sailor. Plays the fiddle like an
angel. Married to rich Russian Princess. Friend of Sir
ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Name of His Royal Highness can
be easily introduced *à propos* of the Fisheries Exhibition,
Diamonds, Coastguard Service, Nihilism, and H.M.S.
Pinafore.

Duke of Connaught.—First-class Soldier, covered with
Egyptian medals. Married to daughter of "the Red
Prince." Has served in Artillery, Rifle Brigade, and
Hussars. Is now a Colonel in the Guards. Useful orna-
ment to dissertation upon the toast, "The Army, Navy,
and Volunteers." His Royal Highness may be called "the
heroic and beloved son of our revered Sovereign"—by a
provincial Mayor. Name may be introduced anent Ire-
land, the Franco-German War, Foreign Stocks—"Prefs"
and "Unified," the late Duke of WELLINGTON, and "the
Patent Camp Equipage Hold-All."

Duke of Albany.—Scientific. Called after the old King
of the Belgians. Was at Oxford. Connected more or less
with South Kensington: Upton Park Road, Bedford Park;
the Kyrle Society; and Cremona violins. Is walking
in the steps of the late greatly lamented Prince Con-
sort, &c., &c.

Prince Teck.—Served with distinction as a letter-
carrier on the field of Tel-el-Kebir, sold furniture of
Kensington Palace by auction, and retired abroad. Name
of no great value to anyone. Is a "Serene Highness."
Semi-royal joke to be used rather late in the evening,
"As the Duke takes adversity and prosperity with equal
equanimity, in years gone by he would have been called
an 'All Serene Highness.'"

A Royalty returning thanks will speak of the "Duchess
and himself" as being greatly gratified at "the very kind
manner" in which the toast has been received. He will
be also pleased (when receiving a deputation for instance
on landing after a particularly rough passage), "at the
expression of loyalty to the QUEEN," to which the Mayor
and Corporation will give vent. At a few moments' notice
he will learn the name of the town and its chief product,
and introduce both into his reply, and suggest that, as
he was not lucky enough to be born there, "he should be
very pleased to be associated with so interesting a part
of Her Majesty's dominions." But even this is scarcely
necessary. Should the Royalty be heard, so much the
better; but should his voice be weak, it will be drowned
by the cheers, and nothing of the speech will catch the
populace. And—once again—sometimes so much the
better!

Poetry for the Porte.

(Dufferin's Version.)

EUROPE had an old *Islam*,
Uncivilised and slow,
And every way that Europe went,
Islam refused to go.

SONGS OF THE
STREETS.

A ROUNDEL IN THE RAIN.

Hr! we shout with voice
ecstatic,
As the coming 'bus we
spy;
In the wet we get rheu-
matic—

Hi!

Stop! we fain would
travel dry,
O conductor acrobatic,
Why not stop a moment,
why?

"Full inside!" the auto-
cratic
Driver yells as he goes
by!

Still we shout with voice
emphatic,
Hi!

ONE of the Musical
Correspondents—a very
learned person, of course—
at Leeds asked when the
"English pitch" was going
to be touched by the Legis-
lature? The present Minis-
try has quite enough on its
hands without meddling
with this, which, remem-
bering the proverb about
pitch generally, they will
be very careful to avoid.

"Ah! it was a gale!"
said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM;
"it shook our house by
the sea-side, and I couldn't
help murmuring to myself,
as I lay awake, the words
of the old song you know,
my dear, 'Cease, rude
Borax'!"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 159.



"GENERAL" BOOTH.

HIS OWN TRUMPETER.

SHAKESPEARE AT
PADDINGTON.

I KNOW a bank whereon
foul road-slush flows,
Where passing one hath
need to hold one's nose;
Where the familiar slop-
carts do combine
To store malodorous muck
in fetid line.
There drownses heavy
BUMBLE day and night,
Lulled into stupor to his
soul's delight.
He, with his pompous Pad-
dingtonian kin,
With well-plumped pocket
and with well-filled skin,
Allows the fetid foul fer-
menting mass
To nauseate the souls of
all who pass.

Addendum by Mr. Punch.
BUMBLE's our "Bottom"!—
written down an Ass!

AN eminent tenor of
everybody's acquaintance
is always dreadfully ner-
vous when he has to sing
a new song. He shivers
from head to heel. One of
the audience seeing this
effect, and ignorant of the
cause, supposed that the
poor man had caught a
severe chill. "Not a bit of
it," explained a friend, "it
is only because it's the
first night of a new song."
"Ah, I see," was the reply,
"he feels cold because he
is in a state of *new ditty*."

MR. GLADSTONE'S PATRON
SAINT.—St. Mary Axe.

MEMS. OF A MINUTE PHILOSOPHER.

WONDERFUL how people got along in the old empirical rule-of-thumb times, when *de minimis non curat lex* was indeed a verity. Why, *de minimis* is the theme and care of the Minute Philosopher, and *lex* is every day dealing more closely and rigorously with what are erroneously called the "small things" of life. Our only difficulty is to get Law to move fast enough. Law ought to fit in like a second skin. And it doesn't—yet. Look at Breathing, for instance! The most important action of Life, and Law hardly touches it. Fools have a frantic notion that they may respire just as they please, *breathe freely*, as they would say. What can be more absurd? I have been thinking a deal about Breathing lately. It is a sadly neglected subject. Doctors, indeed, have written books about "The Air we Breathe," but how about the way in which we breathe it? A virgin subject, which I, JOHN PARTLET, M.U.B.S., have made my own. Shall not write to the papers about it this time, or read a "Paper." No. I shall write a Handbook! It has long been the ambition of my life to write a Handbook, and here's my chance. Such a subject! Who knows just how many respirations per minute he ought to allow himself in all given circumstances? Why, nobody. My Handbook will tell all about it. It will be called *The Rationale of Respiration: or, How to Breathe, When to Breathe, and Where to Breathe*. If it doesn't create an Epoch, I'm a—FUSTILUG!

An important section of my Handbook will be devoted to demon-
strating that the mode and rate of the respiration of the Individual
should, in the interests of the Community, be regulated by Law. Free
Breathing has doubtless been the curse of the world. I'm astonished
—but glad—that no one ever thought of this before. Breathe freely—
which means capriciously and unscientifically—indeed! Monstrous!!
In view of the Lung-Furnace Theory and the awful unplumbed pos-

sibilities of GERMS, I do not hesitate to say that empirical, lawless
respiration is *High Treason to the Race!* My Handbook will
prove it.

And to think of the horrors of a World without Handbooks! Sur-
vival of the Fittest, indeed! The wonder is that there were any fit
to survive!!!

And yet what a lot of people there are still left! The Survival of
the Unfit! There's a promising subject! I must think it over, and
perhaps prepare a paper on it for the coming Panoosmical Congress.

Lines for a "Leader."

BETWEEN China and France there exist "complications,"
Which have "strained" to the utmost their "mutual relations,"
Till they now have arrived at a state of such "tension"
As to furnish occasion for "grave apprehension;"
And, because they are quite the reverse of "elastic"
They are likely to snap. But a remedy "drastic,"
As the safest and surest of friendly advice is,
Would but sharply "accentuate" this present "crisis."

"CLIFFORD LLOYD in Agypt," read out TIM MURPHY. "Is it
that same CLIFFORD!" exclaimed PAT FEENY the Fenian. "Loy'd in
Agypt, did he? Faix, he'd *loy* annywhere."

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, on hearing that a young lady friend was about
to be married, remarked, "Of course she'll buy all her wedding
things at Madame TROUSSEAU'S."



CONCLUSIVE !

Volunteer Colonel (Swell Brewer). "I'M AFRAID, MR. JENKINS, YOU HAD BEEN INDULGING IN POTATIONS THAT WERE TOO STRONG FOR YOU !"

[Private J. was being "called over the coals" for insubordination at the Inspection.
Private Jenkins (who is still wearing his Bayonet on the wrong side). "OH, I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DRUNK, SIR, FOR I NEVER HAD NO MORE THAN ONE PINT O' YOUR ALE ALL THE BLESSED DAY !"]

THE OLD VENETIAN BLIND.

"Life would be tolerable were it not for its—Venetians."
The Swinging Philosopher.

VENETIAN Blinds? I hate 'em, yet they always seem to me Fit emblems, in a mansion, of re-spect-a-bil-i-tee : And memories their greenery will doubtless ever bring, Of stocks, and stays, and curly hats, when GEORGE THE FOURTH was King :

Connected with that period they all appear to be, With port and polished tables made of dark ma-hog-a-nee. In spite of all these memories, I think you'll feel inclined To speak in terms disparaging the old Venetian Blind !

Though boasting many virtues, it is not possessed of one ; It keeps your room as dark as night or dazzles you with sun ; It has a cord of many knots, not one of them is right, And halyards which will never work to turn it "dark" or "light." 'Tis noisy, too, and cumbersome—you pull it up with dread, It comes down with a clatter on your shoulder or your head ! 'Tis a fearful nuisance, and you very soon will find A terrible impostor is the old Venetian Blind !

Its pulleys never glibly run, its laths are seldom strong, Its webbing ever giving way, its lines are always wrong ; They often break quite suddenly, and, as the blind you scan, It gives an imitation of an epileptic fan ! You may storm and you may bluster, may objurgate and frown, When down, you cannot get it up ; when up, can't get it down ! Though workmen come and workmen go—you'll have to be resigned, And spend a little fortune on the old Venetian Blind !

I wonder who invented it, and was he known to fame ? I feel so very certain that it ne'er from Venice came ; It never sheltered Doges from the ardent solar rays, Nor screened Venetian beauties from their lovers' longing gaze !

It must have been invented by some fiend in human shape, To give the world a trouble that it never could escape— For health and wealth and happiness, and ease and peace of mind, All perish in the worry of the old Venetian Blind !

A TUNNEL TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT !

(Extract from a Submarine Conversation-Book.)

SHALL I be able to enjoy a view of the Royal Yacht Squadron when I am under the Solent ?

Ah ! So Ryde and Cowes have now become one town, have they ? And how like Margate the place looks, with all these excursionists having donkey-rides on the beach !

Those swings and merry-go-rounds in the neighbourhood especially add greatly to the appearance of Osborne from the sea.

As Ventnor now has an Aquarium, three Music-Halls, and a branch of the Salvation Army, we already see the advantages of the "Isle of Wight and Mainland National Tunnel."

Did you say that the new Company formed to make a branch submarine line to the Channel Islands is in liquidation ?

How pleasant it is to see all that crowd of cheap-trippers gathering cockles at the foot of Shanklin Chine !

Freshwater has certainly improved in appearance since the five new hotels and the race-course were completed.

No, it is not true that the Poet-Laureate has consented to read "Morte D'Arthur" from a bathing-machine on Bonchurch beach, in return for a per-centage paid by the Railway Company on every excursionist brought down by the "Tennyson Express."

Is it possible that the South-Western really does the distance to Ryde now in twelve hours ?

The invalids in the hospital seem quite to enjoy the sound of the five rival brass bands on the Pier.

And, finally, it is perfectly correct that the hotel-proprietors, lodging-house keepers, and owners of house property and land in "The Island" generally are delighted with the new state of things.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT :

OR, HOW SOME OF 'EM TRY TO LIVE NOW.

(Petite Comédie Sociale, as performed daily, with the greatest success, at several leading West-End Houses.)

The Scene represents the fashionable boudoir of a well-known Mansion in Mayfair. Lady SKRIBELER discovered, seated at a dainty little Early English writing-table, amid a heap of highly-perfumed official and other stationery. On the right, a spreading pile of crumpled Society Journals; left, a bijou gold-edged "Johnson's Dictionary." As the Curtain rises, the Hon. Mrs. HARDUP is announced, and enters.

Lady Skrib. (putting down her pen). Why, my dear TIZZIE, where have you come from? What has brought you up? Why, I thought you were all down at Scrapings, economising, till November?

Mrs. Hardup. I've no doubt you did: and so did I. But *homme propose*, or, rather, HARRY does,—and disposes, too, of everything. He took away my carriage all the Season, and now he has out down my allowance, dear, to a sum that I'm positively ashamed to mention. You would scarcely believe that—

[Enters into thrilling, but painful, particulars of domestic retrenchment for fifteen minutes.]

Lady Skrib. (pleasantly). Dear me! But how do you manage! You should make him do what everybody else does; go into trade, or keep a shop, or something, you know. Why doesn't he sell wine?

Mrs. Hardup. Oh, he has done that. He was Chairman of that Thuringian Claret Company; and we got ever so many people about us, to take a quantity. But it fermented—or did something stupid; and they do say it killed the poor Duke, who was very kind to HARRY, you know, and took a hundred dozen at once. And now, of course, there's no sale—or whatever they call it; and HARRY says if it can't be got rid of to a firm of Blue Ink Makers, who are inquiring about it, it will have to go out to the Colonies as *Château Margaux*—at a dreadful loss. (Summing up.) I don't believe the men understand trade a bit, dear. So I'm going to do something for myself.

Lady Skrib. (interested). What? Are you going on the Stage?

Mrs. Hardup. No chance, my dear! The Stage is quite full; overstocked in fact. Not a place for a Chambermaid even! Though Mr. SAWDER, the "Stage-coach," you know, of whom I was taking lessons, and who never compliments anybody, said I should have made the best *Juliet* since Miss O'NEIL. But with all his influence with the Managers, he could only promise me a week's engagement at the Faneys as *Mrs. Bouncer*. So I've taken to china painting, and I've done a lot of plates; and I want you, dear, to get rid of all of them for me to your friends, at seven guineas a-piece.

[Hotly presses her for another fifteen minutes to take five-and-twenty decorated flat wash-hand basins on sale or return.]

Lady Skrib. (kindly but firmly). Impossible, my dear. Everybody does them, you know. Why, there's Lady CLYNTHORPE, and the GREVILLE girls, and the PONSONBY TEMPLARS, and, oh, I could tell you a dozen others, really very clever, who are doing nothing but painting butterflies and sprigs on over-sized soup-plates from morning till night; but they can get nobody to take one of them.

Entre nous, I myself did a lovely vegetable-dish cover, and sent it to HOWELL and JAMES. But it has been there quite eighteen months, and they tell me there's no sort of demand for it. No, believe me, this—(holding up her pen)—is the only thing that pays, dear. Nothing else. (Smiles with significant triumph at the confusion on her dainty writing-table.) This is what you should do.

[Hands her a back number of the "Peacock."]

Mrs. Hardup. Why, I didn't know you wrote, dear! How clever you must be!

[Runs her eye vaguely over a two-page feuilleton.]

Enter Lord SKRIBELER, an elderly Nobleman, hurriedly.

Lord Skrib. Ha! How do, Mrs. HARDUP? How's HARDUP? I thought you were down at Scrapings. (Making for the bijou Johnson's Dictionary.) Only a moment, my dear. How do you spell "development"? Always bothered about development. Is there an "o" in the middle or not? (Looks it out.) One's head gets quite puzzled trying to turn these things out nicely. At least, mine does. Ha! here we are!

Mrs. Hardup. What! do you write your speeches out first?

Lord Skrib. (cheerily). Speeches! Why, I haven't even seen the *Woolsock* for the last three years. (Chuckling.) No, I'm literary. Ha! ha! ha! (Laughs long and loud, and looks out another word in the Dictionary.)

Mrs. Hardup. (with increasing interest). And do you write, too?

Lord Skrib. Rather! Look at that!

[Points with beaming pride to occasional paragraph in the "Peacock," commenting on the form of a second favourite at a recent race meeting, and furnishing important details as to the character of the champagne and truffle-pie on a distinguished Earl's drag, together with some neat allusions to the toilettes of the Ladies of the party.]

Mrs. Hardup (feeling herself in face of a revelation). What? And is it really you who send this sort of thing?

Lord Skrib. I should rather think it was! Don't get anything out of my tenants, not even after returning them seventy-five per cent. of what I haven't received. Why, I got seventeen and sixpence for this "par"—that's short for "paragraph"—alone. And, look at this. Who says my Lady can't write, too? Look here. (Reads.) "The dance of the evening, on Friday, was at Mrs. POPINJAY JACKSON'S, and as there was no lack of supper, everybody was in the best of tempers. The arrangement, too, of hired mignonette on the covered balcony was delightful, and though the heavy rain poured steadily through in several places, one or two *renommé* couples were lingering there till half-past five. POLLAKY's private band was in attendance, but the cheap character of the damask made dancing dangerous. Nobody, however, was seriously hurt. There were several *belles en évidence*, and the palm of beauty was, by universal consent, accorded to pretty little Mrs. HOPTON FLYPP, who wore a brick-dust frock and sack (*charbon-de-terre*), and who, spite a tiresome and facete influenza, showed no lack of spirit in the refreshment-room. I ought to add that the linkmen were particularly civil, which is not usually the case at this house. The electro-plate was from FOGELS."

Enter the Youthful Heir to a Peerage.

Youthful Heir. Ha! I've seen it! Capital, my dear Lady SKRIBELER; I congratulate you. You beat me out of the field. Look at mine! (Takes paper, and reads with fitting emphasis, three lines and a half about the new breakfast-tariff of an unimportant Cavalry Regiment.) It ain't long, is it? But the Chappies will like it, won't they? I should think I ought to get three-and-six for that? Eh? It's every word of it true, you know. And they gave me five for that bit about Old CHAMPNEYS sending down his mutton-chop at the Megatherium. You saw it?

Lady Skrib. Oh yes! It was just the sort of thing to interest them.

Youthful Heir. And I've sent two good stories—after-dinner sort, you know—(Lady SKRIB. intimates that she understands)—to the *Actæon*, and three jokes to *Momus*; hope to see 'em again, in print. Why I'm putting by quite a small fund for my bootmaker.

Enter Youthful Heir's Uncle, the Dean of PLUMBOROUGH.

Dean (overhearing his Nephew's last observation). Delighted, my dear ALEGY, with your excellent resolution. "In books and works and healthful play"—we can all go to one of the theatres now, thank goodness!—"let my first years be past."

Lord Skrib. Dr. WATTS, eh?

Dean. I believe so. Nothing like a determination to succeed in whatever you undertake. As *Momus* hasn't sent back my last, which was charmingly illustrated by MATILDA—she's only seven, you know, and it's quite wonderful—I dare say it will appear this week. In the meantime you will be glad to hear that I have just gained the prize of two guineas for guessing the Acrostic in the *Sphinx*.

All. Bravo!

[Mrs. HARDUP hopes that she may one day guess an Acrostic.]

Dean. Yes; there is work for all nowadays. No one need be idle—"for Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Lord Skrib. Dr. WATTS again?

Dean. I think so. But how true! Journalism is not nowadays a close borough; it is open to all. It is—(They look at their watches.) It is, I was about to say—(Exit the Youthful Heir with "copy" to send off to the "Rumbler," &c.) It is—(Exit Lord SKRIBELER to finish his paragraph.) It is—

Lady Skrib. You'll excuse me, Uncle, but I'm very busy; I've several "pars" to finish, and they go to press earlier this week.

[Makes a sign aside to Mrs. HARDUP that she is not to go.]

The Dean (blandly). Quite so. I'm busy myself. I'm in for three Acrostic Competitions, and—(smiling sweetly)—I give a fourth of my earnings to a local charity, a fourth to my wife, and the remainder—Good evening, my dear Madam. [Bows, and exit.]

Lady Skrib. And now, my dear, where were you last night?

Mrs. Hardup. I was at the MANHATTANS' dinner, Lady SQUARUM'S At Home, and the MOTHER-TH ball.

Lady Skrib. Very well. Now, as I wasn't at any of them, just try your hand at a description of all three,—the leading points, you know—something after this style—(hands her a model paragraph of her own composition),—and let me see it when you've done. (Gives her pen, ink, and paper, and sets her to work.) You'll soon get into it.

[And she does. Profiting by the morning's conversation, she, too, relinquishing her five-and-twenty flat washhand basins to chaos, besieges unprotected Editors, contributes to the literature of her country most interesting weekly accounts of the doings of her friends and acquaintances, and, it is to be hoped, practically solves, to her own satisfaction, the secret of the way in which a good many of us manage to live now.]

THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

PART II.—POLITICAL STUMP SPEECHES.

THE Parliamentary Debater who is permitted by his party to perambulate the country for the purpose of indulging in "out-of-Session utterances" is invariably a practised Speaker. At Westminster he has been tried before all sorts of audiences, from the full House of a "big fight" right down to the "two men and a Speaker" of a "nothing-serious-on" dinner-hour. Consequently it would be an act of supererogation, not to add impertinence, to teach such an orator what to say and how to say it. For all that the Stump Speaker may be benefited by a few practical hints. It will be as well for his Private Secretary, having obtained a chart of his Chief's projected tour, to go over the ground beforehand, either in person or in spirit, as "an agent in advance." The Secretary should ascertain the characteristics of the people who live in the various places through which his master will have to travel, and then should proceed to draw up a sort of tabular report. For instance, say the Right Hon. Sir MAYPOLE WAISTCOAT intends a little trip to the West. He is going from England to Ireland, and returns by Wales. The following might be an extract from the Private Secretary's memorandum-book:—

NAME OF TOWN.	GENERAL IDEA.	SAFE SUBJECTS.	UNSAFE SUBJECTS.	USEFUL FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED.
Blunderton.	English Seaport, with Fishermen Voters.	The beauty of the Town Hall. The repeal of the Spirit Duties. Advocacy of increased pay to the Crew of the Life-boat.	The Corrupt Practices at Elections Act, and the success of the International Fisheries Exhibition.	That the borough was disfranchised for bribery. That for many years the more respectable of the inhabitants have been attempting to accomplish a Post-Office Mail job.
Castle Shillelugh.	Irish Home-Rule centre.	Only one quite safe—Whiskey. When sober enough to understand the purport of a speaker's remarks the inhabitants will cheer the name of CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.	Every other subject save the consumption of alcohol.	That the last Member was shot at four times, and only saved by local unsteadiness of aim. That they always try to kill strangers.
Glenbyggygy.	Welsh Boro', owing everything to the beauty of adjacent scenery, which attracts wealthy tourists.	The increase of Excursion Trains. The Eisteddfod.	The veracity of Welshmen. The charms of North Llanddypdyd, a rival beauty spot.	That ninety-nine hundredths of the audience don't understand English, and that the remainder speak nothing but Welsh.

Of course the above is merely the roughest of rough guides. A good Private Secretary will find out whether a political speaker has ever been killed by a brickbat or pelted with rotten eggs. He will see that his Chief is properly dressed to meet any emergency. In Blunderton the Right Hon. MAYPOLE might wear a yachting costume to suggest that his heart is in the proper place, and sympathises with the toilers of the sea. In Castle Shillelugh a complete suit of steel armour, worn under the cloth clothes, would be imperatively necessary to prevent accidents. For Glenbyggygy, a dress suggesting intimate acquaintanceship with the more respectable of the Music Hall agents would seem advisable. There are a number of "Bards" wandering about Wales who would feel impressed at meeting a gentleman who appeared likely to be able to get them "a turn" at some Metropolitan "Palace of Varieties." As to the subject-matter of the speech, that is an affair of no great importance. Of course the oration should be written out beforehand, and "communicated" to the Press, for transmission to London. What is actually spoken on the spot is seldom heard by anyone save the reporter, who, however, having a "corrected slip," listens with very little attention. The stumper must do his best to keep his temper. He must remember that although his words are intended for the whole world, upon his personal demeanour will depend the party retention of a seat. He consequently will do his best to be all smiles and affability. If he happen to have rather a quick temper, it will be as well for him to

rehearse the part he will have to play, with his Private Secretary, who should be an accomplished Amateur Actor. To more fully explain the meaning of the above, the Guide drops for the nonce into a dramatic form:—

SCENE—Interior of the Right Hon. Gentleman's Study. Mr. TENTERFORE (the Private Secretary) discovered awaiting his Chief's appearance. Enter Sir MAYPOLE. Mr. TENTERFORE rushes up to him, and seizes him by the hand.

Sir Maypole. This is the proudest—

Mr. Tenterfore (interrupting). Stop, Sir MAYPOLE! I am impersonating the Mayor, and in that character must shake hands with you for ten minutes, and talk rubbish to you for three-quarters of an hour.

Sir Maypole. All right! Go on!

Mr. Tenterfore. Stop, stop, Sir MAYPOLE! You are actually going to sleep!

Sir Maypole. Only closing my eyes, my dear fellow—only closing my eyes.

Mr. Tenterfore. But you mustn't close your eyes. And that speech-receiving smile of yours is scarcely natural enough.

Sir Maypole (annoyed). Tut, tut! And yet I have practised it every day for the last six months, in the looking-glass, while I was shaving!

Mr. Tenterfore (encouragingly). Oh, it will come in time. And now, Sir MAYPOLE, will you please mount this table?

[The Right Hon. Gentleman obeys, and immediately comes a "cropper."

Sir Maypole (getting up). I say, this is beyond a joke! I have hurt myself!

Mr. Tenterfore. I got a weak table purposely. Sorry to inconvenience you, Sir MAYPOLE, but you must accustom yourself to these little contretemps. And now, if you will make your speech, I will interrupt you in the customary places, and pelt you at the points where I think it is most probable you will receive a hot reception.

Sir Maypole (doubtfully). I say, you have no stones or dirty water?

Mr. Tenterfore (appeasingly). Oh, dear no! Only a few harmless cabbages! I promise not to throw them too hard.

[Scene closes in upon the Right Hon. Gentleman learning his lesson.

It will be seen from the above that the speeches of a first-class political Stump Orator require considerable rehearsal before they can be considered ready for the public ear. If the Speaker is very popular, and selects his resting places, or rather non-resting places, with care, no doubt he will escape the pelting and interruptions. But he can never feel thoroughly safe from the other inflictions. He must always put up with the fussy garrulity of provincial nobodies, and will scarcely ever be able to quite rely upon the stability of his platform. It will be as well for him to glance at the table or chair he is invited to occupy before mounting. Some furniture will not stand fervid eloquence. He should avoid hurling messages of defiance at anyone unless he is standing in a waggon or a railway carriage. If he wishes to be unusually emphatic, he should carry his own platform with him. But this should be only done in an acute crisis, as the local upholsterer might consider himself defrauded of his just perquisites.

To sum up. A political Stump Orator should attend chiefly to the necessities of the outer man. He must look after his voice, and be careful not to catch cold. He should go to bed with his head swathed in flannel, and live chiefly upon rump steak and cough lozenges. If he obeys these rules, he will return to the bosom of his family but little the worse for wear. As for his speeches, they can shift for themselves. And it is a notable fact that the speeches of some stumping Parliamentarians are particularly shifty.

"FALSELY TRUE."

(Dedicated, without respect, to Lord Rossmore.)

DISLOYAL loyalty that breaks the law
In Law's own name! Contending crows that caw
Mutual defiance harsh, from field to field,
As well might shelter spite 'neath Law's broad shield.
This loyal service of the Sovereign State?
Not so, egregious Lord, but Party hate,
Sectarian fury. Genuine loyalty
Needs covert none of the fanatic lie.

THE book singled out by the *Times* Reviewer as the successful novel for this Fisheries Exhibition year is called, most appropriately, *John Herring*. Probably some relation to John Dory.

"YOUNG FOLKS' WAYS."—A Pantomime version of this will probably be given at Christmas, called *The Other Vokes' Ways*.



A RAINY DAY.

"MAMMA, MAY I RING THE BELL?"

"WHAT FOR, DARLING?"

"OH—FOR SOMEBODY TO COME UP!"

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE LAW COURTS.

As they have already fitted up one of the Lord Chief Justice's Courts with sliding desks, useful for the barristers in very cold weather when they can take exercise and "keep the pot a bilin'" at luncheon-time, or previous to the Judge's arrival, why not try the following suggestions?—

1. Contrive the floor of the Court like a stage—traps with trap-doors, and all the appliances of wheels, pulleys, cranks, slots, and windlasses. In the Criminal Court the prisoner, guarded, should be brought up, slowly and solemnly, a great effect, on a lift. If music could be added to this, so much the better. A soothing "voluntary" on a concealed organ would put everyone in proper dispositions.

2. The jury-box should also be "worked" from below; not in two long "grave traps," as they are called on the Stage, but each Jurymen should have his own square trap fitting into its proper place in the box above, and when his cue came,—that is, when his name was called,—he should be taken up on the trap sharply, so as to say, "Here!"

3. The presiding Judge, or Judges, should always enter through a "vampire" trap, that is, a spring panel in the wall just behind the judicial bench. Or he might seat himself in full costume on a chair, and, on touching a spring, this could be wheeled forward through the panel doors, and come out exactly opposite his desk, all ready to begin.

Nothing can be more inconvenient than the old-fashioned pews for Counsel, but the above alterations should be first tried by a full Court and a Special Jury, and if the verdict is favourable,—of which there can be hardly a doubt,—the Court, so improved, will be at once acknowledged as the Superior Court, and we will then make further beneficial suggestions.

THEY were discussing the Tamatave affair. "Poor Mr. SHAW!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "I am glad he is going to be identified by the French Government. But you know they owed his family a grudge ever since Waterloo."

APPROPRIATE STEAM BOAT SERVICE TO AMERICA.—The "Star" Line. Mr. BRIGHT is said to be the next Star for the trip.

A CRITIC (VERY MUCH) ABROAD.

"After all, I think there is no place to live in like dear smoky old London."—*Matthew Arnold in New York.*

Oh, Culture's apostle, your notions must jostle,
Upset by that tossing Atlantic—Atlantic,
Or is it that travel cool reason can gravel,
And finical judgments drive frantic—drive frantic?
To think—oh, good gracious!—that *you*, saponaceous
Belauder of Sweetness and Light, are so *undone*
As thus to go raising our danders by praising
That Bogey-hole "smoky old London"—old London!

Dear MATTHEW, remember we're close on November,
And fogs foul, pea-soupy, and sooty—and sooty,
Are gathering round us to choke and confound us,
And rob us of comfort and beauty—and beauty.
And 'tis at this season you, friend of pure reason,
To Yankee reporters go prating—go prating,
In terms eulogistic, but false and sophistic,
Of London! Pray stick to your slating—your slating.

Mellifluous MATTHEW, when on the war-path you
Are noted for slyness sardonic—sardonic;
But drollery cranky that "stuffs" the 'cute Yankee
In this wise is quite *too* ironic—ironic.

What *will* you be saying, your consciousness playing,
With freedom that distance enhances—enhances,
About the old City, in which—more's the pity,
We linger as winter advances—advances.

Wilt chuckle its slime at, and gush of its climate,
And chant its perfections of paving—of paving?
Or, laudably humble, sing paeans to BUMBLE,
His prowess in sweeping and laving—and laving?
Wilt paint rosy pictures, unchequered by strictures,
Of Mud-Salad Market in August—in August;
Or pour song's oblations to bleak railway stations,
Saharas of dust cloud and raw gust—and raw gust?

Wilt say loving prank meant to *bless* the Embankment
With smoke-reek that savours of Tophet—of Tophet?
Nor launch satire's bolt on sleek STIFF and shrewd
DOULTON,

The potters who turn stink to profit—to profit?
Wilt deem him a pessimist who Lambeth's messy mist,
Streaming away o'er the river—the river,
Considers a scandal from which he'd command all
The Bigwigs JOHN BULL to deliver—deliver?

Oh, come, now you're joking! It's really provoking
To Cockneys half-choked, and neuralgic—neuralgic.
Why should *you* talk rot so? Or if it is not so,
You *must* be extremely nostalgic—nostalgic.

Discourser on "Dogma," a true London fog may
To one who is home-sick, or sea-ditto—sea-ditto,
Seem almost pleasant; yet were you here present
You'd vote it atrocious, and we ditto—we ditto.

It's just *aberglaube* you're diddled, I trow, by,
But sage though you be you shan't fiddle us—fiddle us.
Not you *plus* COLERIDGE! A home-sick mole her ridge
Might esteem worthy of Dædalus—Dædalus.
But we assure you one week here would cure you
Of bosh about Fogdom's deserving—deserving;
You'd soon cut your lucky to Maine or Kentucky,
Or star to far 'Frisco with IRVING—with IRVING!

"PHANTOM FORTUNE."—Miss BRADDON's latest novel has haunted us for the last week. It is a very substantial Phantom, without which "no Gentleman's library is complete." If some of the material is old,—and old materials must be used,—yet the *dramatis personæ* are new, the incidental sketches admirable, the humour of first quality, and the interest sustained to the end. The reader will see the plot at once—"it is too evident," he will say, and then he will go on reading and reading in order to prove his guess correct, and to congratulate himself on his uncommon sharpness. We venture to say that it is one of Miss BRADDON's best-written books, and our advice to everyone is "Read it."

"THE Lord Mayor Elect," we were informed by a City friend, "will decline to go to church on Sunday in State." "In what state?" we asked. "In the usual state that Mayors go in," replied our informant. We held it prudent not to inquire further. Of course, the "Elect" will be in a fit state for service.

SIENTIFFIC STAGGERERS.

WHAT a trewly wunderfool Body is the grate Copperashun of the City of London! Not content with feesting of Princes and Dooks and Markesses and Barrens by the score and Hem Peas by the bushel, to speak allegollycally, they has akshally 'now took it into their wise eds to ask a lot of most imminent sientifico swells and littery men to cum and have a bit of dinner with 'em, aye, and not ony that, but they akshally give 'em evry think of the best, such as reel tartel and '74 port, just as if they'd bin million-hares instead of poor fellers as as to work for their living just like an hed Waiter. They'd all evidently put their best close on, and tried their werry best to look quite at their ees, as they sat all of a roe, tho' they was surrounded by Lord Mares and Sherryffs and Haldermen, which in course must ha' bin werry trying to their unacustumd nerves. And to see the way in witch them distingwished digniterries tried to make 'em feel cumferable by their condsendin afferbilerty amost drew teers to my eyes. They evidently sukseedid, for wether it was the not being kwite used to our remarkerably fine Port, I never seed a lot of gents, of their rayther low order, talk away at sitch a rate as they did. Fortnitly for them the Chairman was a sientifiko gent, as well as being a werry uncommon Councilman, so he kindly let 'em go a-ramblin' on, jest as if he bleevd they was in earnest, and if they didn't throw the long bow and draw the Atchet to an extent as even I never eard ekwadd, no, not even after dinner, wen most folks seems to think as eating inkreeses the power of swallering, why, my name ain't ROBERT, but JON, or sum sitch low name.

Suppose as I gives jest one or two xampels of what I shoud call "Sientiffic Staggerers."

One reely quite respekabel looking Gent, who told 'em as he was imployd in the General Post Office, praps as a Sawter or summat of that grinding sort, akshally sed as he wunce stood in the middle of the Brord Hatlantick, witch I am told is a sort of fancy name for the American See, and sent a messidge to his masters in Sum Martens-leegran and got his anser back by return of post, without noboddy not going ashore! And the good nachered Chairman kindly looked as if he bleevd him! "Ah," as I sed to BROWN, "tell that to the Marines, even an ed waiter can't swoller that." And not ony an ed Waiter, but I seed the smile of pitiful contempt on the nobel countingance of more than one iminint corporater. Encurridged aperiently by the Chairman's mistaken kindness, the General Postman, whose name I lernt was PREECE, drank off a bumper of our best Port, jest as if he was quite used to it, and gave us another staggerer. He akshally said as he had once stood on the shore of Wales and talked to a friend in Dubling, witch I need scarcely add is Ierlan, and asked him if he could tell his woies, and his friend, not to be outdone in staggerers, replied "Yes, I can, and I can smell your sigar!" Well this was just a little too much for the swoller even of a Common Councilman after dinner, so they all bust out into a loud larf, but he wasn't a bit ashamed of hisself, but finisid up by saying that it was not unpossible but that we might some day be able to see all our ants and our sisters and our cozens at the other side of the world. Pretty well that for a General Postman when allowed to drink '47 Port "at indiscretion" as the French says.



DETECTED!

Mother-in-law (sternly). "YOUNG MAN, YOU MAY DECEIVE YOUR GUILLESS LITTLE WIFE, BUT HER FATHER'S WIFE, NEVAR! YOU'VE BEEN DR——" [Tableau.]

Well, after this, Mr. NEWTUNG of the British Mewsceem in Bloomsberry was called upon to speek, and being werry ankshus not to be outdone by a mere G.P.O., told 'm all, inklewding the astoniched LORD MARE, who I shoud ha' thought after a brilliant rain of eleven munse would ha' had enuff and ha' seen enuff not to be estounded at nuffin, that the properest of all proper things for the LORD MARE and his great corporashun to do, was to allow him and his exkawaiters to dig up all Cheapside, and then taking the Poultry to Cornhill, on to Aldgate, and he would pledge himself, either at Mr. HATTON BORROW's or at any other of his skilly obliging relashuns, never to leave the work by day or by night, until he had recleised the dream of his early youth, the object of his matured manhood, and the one fond ope of his advancing ears, namely the thrilling, the startling, the overwhelming discovery of the foot-print of an ancient Roman Soljer in the beautiful London Clay!

As I ventured to remark to BROWN, after I had suffishently recovered my breth, that would be about the most hingterestingest diskuvery since *Robinson Crusoe's* discovery of *Fryday's* one foot-print without no feller to it.

ROBERT.

THE DRURY LANE TEMPERANCE PLAY; OR, THE "DROP"-TOO-MUCH DRAMA.

"I've only got one night in town, and I want to see something that occupies the whole evening, with lots of sensation, murders,—murders, mind!" so said our Friend from the Country, and, consequently, we decided for Drury Lane.

Nothing is wanting. The lover of sensational melodrama cannot get more for his money, we should say, anywhere than he can at Drury Lane. *Harry Hastings* (Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS) is a young Sailor, whose every utterance is the quintessence of courageous virtue, except when he once bullies a policeman, though, by the



Every Inch a Sailor; or, De Gus-tibus non disputandum.
(Trans.—"It's no good having a row with Gus Harris.")

way, the result even here proved that he was quite right in his estimate of this particular constable's character, as the official was so completely overawed by the bold Sailor's manner, that, in the most cowardly style, he turned on an unoffending person in the crowd, and "ran him in." An unwarrantable arrest that may furnish the subject for a new drama by Messrs. HARRIS and BUCHANAN.

In the First Act a very wicked Country Squire (Mr. HENRY GEORGE) induces a drunken Farmer to murder another but a younger and less wicked Country Squire (Mr. W. MORGAN), the cousin of the first Squire, who, thereby, obtains the murdered man's property, and makes love to a remarkably fine young woman, *Mary Morton* (Miss HARRIET JAY), on whom, I regret to say, the deceased young Squire had had ulterior designs the reverse of virtuous,—but let bygones be bygones, poor younger and less wicked Squire! *de mortuis nil nisi bonum!* When Mr. FERNANDEZ, with a fine display of anatomical knowledge, gave him that one stab, with a clasp-knife, which settled the young Squire's hash in less than two seconds, we pitied him sincerely, and anxiously looked forward to the last Act, when,—unless he wasn't really killed, which was quite on the cards,—we knew retribution must overtake the Very Very Wicked Squire and Farmer FERNANDEZ, the latter of whom would by that time have (as in fact he did when Act V. came) repented of the sins of his



THE FLUTTERED "JAY."

Mary Morton (a timid and evidently helpless Maiden). Unhand me, Sir! or I'll ask Papa!

farmer life. In this Act we are introduced to the Comic Villain and a tender-hearted Cabman, capably played by Mr. H. NICHOLLS and Mr. H. JACKSON,—Mr. HARRIS's two HARRIES,—respectively.

"The murder in the First Act isn't bad for a beginning, but I hope they'll keep it up," says our Friend from the Country, rubbing his hands and smacking his lips.

The Kind Cabman takes under his protection his black-eyed Fare *Esther* (Miss EYRE) with her little child, her "small and early,"—(son or daughter, we did not hear the sex mentioned, and the costume at this early age is much the same for both sexes),—who is the pledge of the Very Very Wicked Squire's heartless attachment.

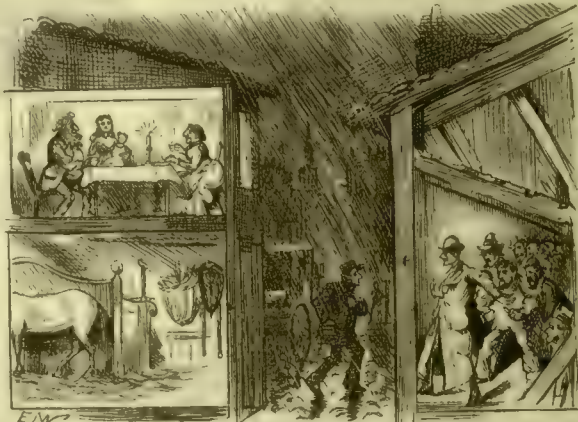
ACT II.—Ingeniously-contrived scene. Dynamite factory on one side, and Cabman's lodging for man and beast on the other. Real rain descends in buckets. The bold Sailor is caught in it. "Any port in a storm!" and, having mastered the pass-word, he goes right in among all the "Black-looking pirates, ugly swabs," and so forth,

who form the club of Dynamite Conspirators, of whom the chief villain is the Guy Faux, always offering to blow up everything and everybody. (The bold Sailor is more truthful than complimentary—that is one side of his character which he never loses an opportunity of exhibiting, while giving the audience his full front as often as possible—and abuses these ruffians to their dirty faces. They let him escape *pro tem.*, for the sake, not of their dynamite plot, but for the plot of the Drama, which, at this point, couldn't dispense with either the services of the bold young Sailor, or with those of the double-dyed villains.) It is in this Act that we get the first intimation of its being a temperance drama. Here we have the first drop,—of rain. The next "drop" comes between the Acts; and, last of all, is the "drop too much"—so much too much that the Sailor, who has been condemned (what a hard life he has had!) for the murder of which he is innocent, does not take it, but is restored, by means of the Kind Cabby and his black-eyed Fare, to the arms of his Lass, the "doosid fine gal," *Mary Morton*, who might have floored that whipper-snapper young Squire in the First Act, had she only known how to give him one-two pugilistically, and finish him. Had she done this, the second title of the piece might have been, "*Mary the Maid of the Mill.*" This Act ends by Mr. FERNANDEZ putting dynamite somewhere near a Police-station (being driven to it—the deed, not the station—by the Very Very Wicked Squire, not by the Cabman), and partially blowing up his own daughter, who had done nothing to deserve it.

"No murder in that Act," says our Country Friend, who has tasted blood in Act the First, and whose bloodthirstiness is not to be quenched by a mere dynamite explosion which only shatters glass, and injures, but doesn't kill, the very fine young woman. "Besides," he adds, disappointedly, "where was the Sailor? he ought to have come in and rescued somebody, or fought one of the villains, or have been arrested for the 'diabolical attempt.'" No; our Friend didn't think it was horrible enough, and we too fancied that a chance had



Bob Downsy and Ill-treated Esther with a couple of Black Eyes; or, The Cabby and his Dark Fare.



No Umbrella! or, Drury Lane in the Rain of Augustus.

been chucked away for the sake of forestalling other authors who might be disposed to meddle with dynamite.

ACT III.—The ship at sea. Our Friend from the Country delighted. Great chance of the whole *dramatis personæ* being swept off at one blow of the wind. Wrecks and Jacks,—Miss JACKS, we, should say, who plays the poor little Stowaway, and saves the principal performers. The inoffensive Captain, with whom, as he had only appeared in two short scenes before, we had scarcely time to scrape an acquaintance, or appreciate his exact worth, is murdered—"That's two!" says my bloodthirsty Friend from the Country, checking 'em off on his fingers. "Hooray!"—and about six of the crew, all dynamite villains, are drowned—(That's eight!" says my sanguinary-minded Friend, delighted)—then the chief dynamiter is

chucked into the sea from the top of the mast of the sinking ship—"Nine!" exclaims my gore-craving companion. "Capital!"—and with the saving of the Cabman's black-eyed Fare, her child, and the Sailor, the Act ends triumphantly.

ACT IV.—A falling off—this sounds like a sensation—but it means that my bloodthirsty Friend finds the interest falling off, for there is no murder: only an innocent man condemned to death.

"I know he won't be executed," says my friend, who has become quite a vampire, despondingly, and that's what they mean by a 'condemned sell.'"

Our Country Friend's thoughts are running on sanguinary deeds; and when the heavy rich crimson-plush curtains fall and hide the scene from the view, he exclaims, "How many unhappy Footmen must have been sacrificed to make that drapery!"

ACT V.—No more murders. The Sailor is in Newgate. This gives us time to reflect on the appropriateness of the

Sailor's name, *Harry Hastings*. Who gave him that name? His god-fathers, Messrs. BUCHANAN and HARRIS. It suggests a whole group of such family connections, as Bill Brighton, Richard Rams-gate, Mat Margate, Benjamin Broadstairs, Sam Scarborough, &c.

The Very Very Vicked One, in Scene 3 of Act V., turns out to be that "Terrible Puzzle 15"—or "No. 13" the Dynamiter and Fenian, and is arrested by the Detective, who is also witness to the old Farmer's last dying speech

and confession. The old Farmer laughs best, because he laughs last, and then expires like *Mathias in the Bells*.

The last scene of all where the Sailor is "bound" for his last long voyage, and being unable to do the Davenport Brothers' trick, is consequently taken off to be, like "repairs," "neatly executed," finishes this thrilling drama. The last scene might be described as "Tied and Time." Of course the innocent Sailor is restored to his Lass, and all ends happily.

Our bloodthirsty Friend was pleased, but not quite satisfied, as there had been one splendid opportunity for another murder, which the Authors had most unaccountably missed. This was when the Wicked Squire, in the Fourth Act, went about with a gun in his hand and shot nobody! and then when he left it most temptingly in a corner for anybody to take it up and shoot him, not even Miss EYRE, though she had lots of chances, ever thought of availing

The Tee-to-tum at Sea: a Realistic Sensation.

herself of any one of them. This oversight may still be rectified, and if the Wicked Squire can be shot by his victim before eleven, there can be no further cause of complaint.

SARTORIAL SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.—MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD (*à la mode d'Oscar*) has ordered a "lecturing-suit" of the new grey colour called "London Smoke." Sootable.



Harry Nicholls on board the Craft,—A Dele-gate-looking Creature.



Trussed Mr. Harris!



The Condemned Sell: or, a Real "Black Flag" in Waiting.



THE SIGH OF THE STOCKBROKER.

[Business is very dull on the Stock Exchange.]

It was a weary Stockbroker who stood in Capel Court, That's just outside the Stock Exchange, where brokers most resort; Quoth he, "In speculation there's a most disastrous lull, And business in the City is indubitably dull.

"There's nothing doing in the 'House' in any stocks or shares, And very silent are the 'Bulls,' and angry are the 'Bears'; 'Tis no use dealing with ourselves, endeavouring to 'best' Each other, when the public won't be tempted to invest.

"I've tried my hand at Mexicans, and sold them in a funk, And often I've been in and out of Canada's Grand Trunk; I've dabbled in Egyptians,—you don't catch me there again,— I've lost in rails American, and burnt my hands with Spain.

"It's no good going on like this, for all men know, I ween, The proverb says it's bad for Crows to 'pick out Corbies' een; We prey upon each other, since the public shows no flats, And very soon must emulate the famed Kilkenny Cats."

So moaned that poor young Stockbroker in accents sad and sour, He scarce could cock his glossy hat, he sported ne'er a flower; And as he wandered West upon his melancholy way, He hadn't tasted dry champagne through all the weary day.

Philanthropists of England, ye who go to the LORD MAYOR, And ask him to get up new funds presiding in the Chair, Now surely in the Mansion House a meeting ye should hold, To give the hapless Stockbroker once more a glimpse of gold.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE!

RULES FOR A MUDDLE LODGING-HOUSE.

No Herrings must be cooked without an order from the Head-Porter.

All Resident Workmen must leave their tools at their workshops.

All Persons must be in before eleven P.M.

Everybody to be in bed and asleep by 11.30 P.M.

No Pictures must be hung or pasted on the walls.

No Cats or Dogs allowed.

All Children beyond three in number must be chained up.

Music strictly forbidden. No whistling on Sundays.

Visitors not admitted without an order from the Head-Porter.

No Sweeps, Dustmen, or Music-Hall Singers to be admitted with or without an order.

All gaudy apparel strictly forbidden.

No Beer to be brought in, on any pretence, after nine P.M., and no Brandy, except as a certified medicine.

Rent to be punctually paid every Saturday in advance before noon, or Tenant will receive notice.

LATIN "ALL GREEK."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I am only a Fifth Form boy, but I want to know what all this new rubbish is about pronouncing the Latin C like the Greek K. I sent up some verses this week trying to give HOUGHTON (that's our Head-master) a hint. Here they are, Mr. Punch:—

Si K vis pro C substituere, quare Kukumber

Non invenire debes semper at Kesar's Hotel?

Aut pro ludibrio Cicero si querit Avernum,

Dic mihi si Kickero non game at football habet!

Now, would you believe, Mr. Punch, that for this, which took me half-an-hour with a gradus, I had to go into the library with a rod, because the Doctor said that "my verses had neither quality nor quantity to recommend them!" And so I'm in for it, but remain, Mr. Punch, your sincere friend,

THE BOY WHO CAN'T SCAN.

Bumbledom on Theatres.

At the recent proceedings in the Bow Street Police Court against the Messrs. GATTI for not doing something at the Adelphi Theatre which had been ordered by the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Architect to the Board recommended the covering of the roof with lead. As this is a material not at all likely to melt in the heat of a fire, or to pour down upon the heads of an excited crowd, the wisdom of Bumbledom was once more made apparent.



CATCHING A WEASEL ASLEEP.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (pointing to her books). "THEY ARE NOT MANY, LORD ADOLPHUS, BUT THEY ARE ALL FRIENDS—DEAR OLD FRIENDS!"

Noble Poet (taking down a Volume of his own Poems and finding the leaves uncut). "AH! HUM! I'M GLAD TO FIND THAT YOU DON'T CUT ALL YOUR OLD FRIENDS, MRS. DE TOMKYNs!"
[Mrs. P. de T. is at a loss for once.]

"NET" RESULTS.

First West-End Fishmonger. Hah! Closing at last! Been a reg'lar "Big Boom,"

As the Yankees would say, this high paternised "Fisheries"! *Second Ditto.* Jest so! (*Meditatively.*) Do you think that it threatens our doom?

First Ditto (chortling). You wag! Every 'monger its jolly well-wisher is.

It's done lots o' good to a lot has this Show;
The Princes and Paper-chaps there made no error;

But as to it's frightening us, Sir! Ho! ho!

You don't seem perticular staggered with terror.

Second Ditto (wagging his head with facetious gravity). Ah, BUGGINS, you are such a beggar for jokes,
Born grinning, you must ha' bin, got jest the mug for it.

It's writ up our Ikybod,—so say some folks.

First Ditto (winking cheerily). Oh, has it? Well, I'll have a bit of a tug for it,

Blest if I don't, before I go to smash

Along of brass bands, lectric lights, and the rest of it.

Soles are still two bob a pound, ready cash.

Some comfort in that, hay?

Second Ditto (portentously). Ah! don't make a jest of it,

BUGGINS, my boy. Think o' stuffed sharks, and squids,

And—eugh! them there devilish long-armed Hoctopuses!

First Ditto. Yah! tickle the Public and frighten the kids,

But what's that to us, so's we pull in the "Mopusses."

Second Ditto (in a ghostly whisper behind his hand). Sirpenny Dinners!!!

First Ditto (exploding). Now, SKINNEM, old man,

'Tisn't pantermine-time. Tell you what, Sir, "the Garden"

Had better engage you.

Second Ditto (thoughtfully). Ah! not a bad plan,

When salmon is down to, we'll say tuppence farden,

And all us poor Fishmongers out in the cold.

Thanks, BUGGINS, I'll think of it.

First Ditto (admiringly). Lor! what a feller!
You should start a "Comic." Snakes! how 'twould be sold
In the Trade! 'Twould make some of them scribblers look
yeller.

They've writ up "the Fisheries" proper, no doubt,

But for larks they're not in it with tradesmen like we are.

Second Ditto. Not likely. The Public bamfuzzled about
Betwixt Nobs, Scribes, and Salesmen like fish in the sea are
Fair game for the hook and the net, and that's fun,
That's a good bit beyond scribbling wits and joke-jobbers.

First Ditto. They said we was bottled up sure as a gun,

And the public well rid o' such sharks and sea-robbers.

Second Ditto. Ah, yes, that's their lay; heard the whole lot before;
But we're head uppers yet.

First Ditto (judicially).

Well, this 'ere Exhibition,

Has been good for Trade and the Railways. Done more

For amusements than plays. Then those Gardens Elysian,

As ink-spillers call 'em, with Japanese lanterns,

Weren't bad; and the Public seemed happy to wander,

With nets and sea-horrors wherever a man turns.

But as for cheap fish!!!

Second Ditto (scornfully).

Why he must be a gander

Whoever expected it.

First Ditto.

Here's its good health!

The wide 'uns as started it made a good purse from it.

As to the poor and their share in the wealth

Of the sea-harvest,—Walker!

Second Ditto (genially).

Well, we're none the worse for it!

[Left hob-nobbing in its honour.]

To our Correspondent CURRENT JELLY's question, What in Sport is equivalent to "chopping a Fox"? we reply, Probably, juggling a Hare.



"NET" RESULTS.

FIRST WEST-END FISHMONGER. "WELL—THEIR 'FISHERIES EXHIBITION' HAS BEEN A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS!"
SECOND DITTO DITTO. "YES—AND NONE OF US THE WORSE FOR IT!!"

TRICKS OF THE LANDING-STAGE.

(The whole Bag of 'em.)

Bogus Club, New York, 29th Oct., 1883.

MR. PUNCH,—SIR,—Having seen in your British papers the account, cabled off at the time to date, of the arrival of HENRY J. IRVING, ELLEN B. TERRY, and the rest of that distinguished intellectual footlight consignment, I am franking you these lines to tell you that, from a general desire freely expressed all round to avoid painful vulgar publicity, it was that delicately garbled, that though considerably on the spot myself that morning, I should not have recognised it in the afternoon sheets with a twenty-four-inch binocular. No, *Mr. Punch*, a two-cent slice of the truth, one-horse quality, is all that you have yet had of those remarkable proceedings; and under the circumstances you will, I guess, be glad and grateful to cast your eye over a few genuine straight-hand notes taken in the neighbourhood of that there ship *Britannic*, on that morning in question by

Your watchful and reliable Correspondent,

THE FIRST MAN UP THE SIDE.

3 A.M.—Woke by heavy firing of harbour batteries. Jumped up and put my head out. Procession half a mile long, with three brass bands and five Circus elephants picked out in electric light, passing quietly along somewhere. Fancy it's COLERIDGE going to bed. Wrong. IRVING's in sight. Fly into my clothes, and off to wharf like a tickled rocket.

Seventy-five launches starting together. Pushing smart. Water full of interviewers. The most cursedest crush to get on board, but manage it, and am off first. Note rival screw creeping up fast. Explain to Captain that "he may as well bust as get me up alongside in a back row." That does him. He's on the safety-valve like a piece of hot butter. Pace improved. Cannot see the other craft. Hope he's run on to a torpedo. Ha! here's the *Britannic*! Now, then. Hullo! what's this? Funnel—spars—bits of the Captain flying all over the place, and nothing to sit on but five tons of steam! I do believe she's bust!

Yes, she has! Most convenient. Here I am come down on board. Right in the very midst of all the bosses on the bridge. Shake hands all round and ask for HENRY K. IRVING and ELLEN J. TERRY. Captain, a thin, long, gentlemanly looking cuss, with flowing hair and glasses fixed up on his nose, says something with a white smile, and beckons a short and stout party, well mustachioed with a dark beard, to come up and join us. This, then, is the great British tragedian! Looks like it. Don't see though how he's to collar *King Lear* without a clean shave. Owing to the seventeen warships in attendance all playing "*Hail, Columbia!*" together, can't catch plainly what the pale Captain says, but think he calls him "JOSEPH." Proper style then, HENRY JOSEPH IRVING. Make a note of it. Interview him rapidly. Denies that he has come to the States solely to buy up tinned oysters. Has never tried to knock BOOTH down flat with a left-hander, but thinks he could. Wears merino hose in summer months. Likes artichokes. Believes VANDERBILT could stand a week's "bearing," and toss the Duke of WESTMINSTER five-dollar bits to cents with 'vantage coin any time he likes to name afterwards. Has never tasted devilled walrus. Hopes to take some home with him. Would go back by land if he could. Thinks SHAKESPEARE could give the Editor of *Tribune* five laps in a mile and lick him into apple shavings. Says the reason he isn't like the published *cartes* of HENRY IRVING is because his name is JOSEPH HATTON. Use bad language and leave him at a bound, in search of ELLEN TERRY.

Owing to that slipped-in interview with JOSEPH B. HATTON, chance gone. Every blessed one of the seventy-five launches alongside now. Interviewers, cheers, guns, Military bands, and floating triumphal arches—loose for miles in every direction. Read on one, "*May Heaven bless BRAM STOKER.*" Must find him out at any pace. Safe to be in the engine-room. Down we go.

Hullo, here's luck! Miss ELLEN P. TERRY at last! She seems to be taking tongue sandwiches and porter freely in front of the coal-bunkers, finding it cold aloft. Looks a fine well-grown woman of about five-and-forty by the glare. Go at her, straight, and ask her which she finds her biggest part, *Beatrice* or *Juliet*. Tells me "to get along with my nonsense." Turn to a cuss, with a smut-set face, sniggering by the furnace, for information. Says "she's a *Stewardess*." Ask him if he's BRAM STOKER. Says he's stoker, "but as to BRAM,—not if he knows it." Out of that as quick as I can, and up the shaft as slick as lubricated lightning.

After a free fight, and a little handling of my six-shooter, got near HENRY W. IRVING and ELLEN A. TERRY at last. Take the Lady first. Cries bitterly when I talk of the rough weather she had after

she got off from Liverpool. When asked whether she thinks she'll take the shine out of COLERIDGE, says she "rather hopes she will." Is fond, too, of PEAR'S soap, and thinks if GOULD is put up for the next Presidency it ought to be more than even betting. Takes molasses with her tea, and believes BOOTH could play *Macbeth* on a bicycle if he tried hard. Was continuing my questions neatly, but was here handed backwards through a skylight.

A little damaged, but soon up again, with the assistance of the saloon-poker. Get hold of HENRY Y. IRVING at last. Went for him like a cobra on the drink. Here is his examination in full:—

1. Says he thinks he has gained a good deal of flesh on this trip.
2. Is a better sailor in quiet water than most men. (This includes COLERIDGE.)
3. Says BRAM STOKER is BRAM STOKER, and that's all he's got to say about him.
4. Speaks with a good deal of kindly feeling of JOSEPH B. HATTON. Says, when he and ABBEY, and a cuss from the *Lotus*, and a lot more he didn't know from ADAM, all came on board together, and fell on his neck with tears of welcome, all of 'em, "so broke down like a child," that you could have heard the sobbing right away at Sandy Hook.
5. Hopes they won't pelt him with dead cats because he wouldn't play First Gravedigger to BOOTH's *Hamlet* down in the London Strand.
6. Doesn't think if the British Ministry come over, with the Speaker and other properties, that they'll spoil his business—unless they get at BRAM STOKER—which is a moral, *they won't*, not even with travelling expenses and a per-centage on the National Debt.
7. Finds the interviewing business "a nice, pleasant, modest, retiring high-class sort of work," and perfect top-boots as cheap advertising.
8. Admits he has brought a pile of sets with him, but not the Lyceum Stage and the Gaiety Restaurant—as maliciously reported by COLERIDGE.

—was about to ask him his opinion on Sea Bathing and Hop Bitters when at this point I was again handed backwards down through a skylight, and badly figured with splinters.

8 P.M.—On shore again. Just got the glass out in time to take a stroll, and pick up a bit more news. Such a crush in Broadway that I got fixed up in a gutter on top of some cuss who said he was a bit of a poet, and wanted "sweetness and light." Gave him five cents of green corn-candy and a fusee.

9 P.M.—Here they are! Skyrockets, firemen, banners, balloons, Bengal lights, deputations, brass bands, and the whole select scum out on the full swing! Here they come! HENRY K. IRVING and ELLEN J. TERRY just landed! Ask the poet if he'll let me just step on his head for five minutes for fifteen dollars. Says he's never let out his head at such a low figure." Ask the cuss his name. "MATTHEW ARNOLD." Well, I am blest! Pick him up, and get him quietly to an hotel in a back street, with the help of a few friends. Says, feebly, he likes "smoky London best." Promise to come and hear all about it to-morrow. Guess I will, too.

Hullo! Here they come! Down I go. Up again, and behind BRAM STOKER on a fire-engine.

More about what I've got out of him by next cable.

A Real Cold Place.

"NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA!" exclaimed a Gentleman up from his charming marine residence at Beachington. "NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA! how cold it has been!"

"Dear me!" observed a friend, "I'm sorry to hear that. I was thinking of trying Beachington in the winter."

"Beachington is more likely to try you," was the encouraging reply.

"But," said the friend, "when you have a West wind it must be delicious."

"West wind!" exclaimed the chilly person. "By ZAMBRA! we never have a West wind. With us at Beachington what you call the West wind is only the East wind coming back again! Ugh!"

MOTTO FOR OUR FANCY PORTRAIT ARTIST.

"Nor be it ever of my Portraits told—"

"Here the strong lines of malice we behold."

CRABBE *didit, sedit, inventedit, rimedit, and rotit*, 1810.

O IMMORTAL punster TOM HOOD! We refer to the notice in last Saturday's *Times* of hitherto unpublished CHARLES DICKENS' correspondence, in which there is a quotation from a letter of HOOD's to the great novelist, explaining why he had objected at first to the *Pickwick Papers*, on account of their supposed "Pickwickedness." What a splendid sample of "Hood's Own"!



CONSOLATION!

Widow (with a sigh). "AH, WELL—'MOURNING' ALWAYS WAS BECOMING TO ME!"

MINISTERS IN COUNCIL.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne (after preliminary conversation). Yes, I assure you, a delightful trip. TENNYSON in capital form: promised to write a new *Idyll of the Czar*, and I'm going to help him!

Sir C. D-lke. I object, on principle, to Czars, of course. Still, excellent move that, hob-nobbing with Emperors and Kings. Pleased British Public immensely. Pandora can't hold a candle to *Pembroke Castle*; can it, H-RT-NET-N?

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. Not a Lucifer! But, I say, how about business?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Ah! quite so. Here beginneth the Fifteenth Chap— I beg pardon! What I meant to say was, that the first subject for our consideration to-day is, the work for Parliament in the approaching Session. What shall it be? Now, don't all speak at once!

Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt. I should be sorry to obtrude my personal views, but I should like just to remind all you fellows that I spent no end of time last Session in working up that London Municipal Reform Bill, and—

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Don't distress yourself. The Bill's sure to come in useful. "Worked up" a trifle more, with glue, it would make capital pellets for the new police revolvers. Not safe to trust 'em with real bullets, you know, H-RC-RT.

Mr. Tr-v-l-n. Talking of bullets reminds me of Ireland. Don't know why it should, but it does. Should be sorry to press my own views on the Council, but no doubt we must look for more agitation, as P-RN-LL won't put his thirty-five thousand in an old stocking, and consequently some fresh Irish measures—

All (very heartily). Bother Irish measures!

Sir C. D-lke. And I am quite as sorry as anybody else to interrupt the course of business, but I must say that I rather agree with H-RC-RT about that London Bill. F-ETH is making life quite unendurable to me about it. Threatens to denounce me to my constituents (and his) as "An Alderman is Disguise." If London Bill isn't brought in next Session, I anticipate that F-ETH will shoot me in the back from behind a street-hoarding.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Dear me! what a dangerous person! Quite a Nihilist! Wonder if he would accept the Chief Justiceship of Sierra Leone? Talking of Nihilists, the CZAR told me that—

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Oh, hang the CZAR! Excuse the expression; but really, how about business? There's the County Franchise Bill. Shall we take that next Session, or not?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Why, of course! Imagine the natural indignation of the agricultural labourer if this great and glorious privilege is delayed much longer! Patriotism demands—

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. So it does, but the question rather is, what did the Leeds Conference demand?

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. Don't wish to say anything unpleasant to CH-MB-RL-N, but surely we oughtn't to yield to a Caucus Parliament.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. And I should be sorry to hurt H-RT-NET-N's feelings in any way, but I must remark that government by a Caucus Parliament would be preferable to government by a Whig Oligarchy!

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Come, come! You're both quite right, as I have frequently explained, and would now, only I haven't time. I confess I should like to tackle the Corporation at once. You see they've cleared for action, and stationed old FOWLER on quarter-deck, with his glass up to his blind eye, to shout that England expects every Alderman to do his duty. Should feel real pleasure in blowing up his magazines for him.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Then why not take London and County Franchise for next Session? Nothing like deciding quick. I want to go off to bed, as I've been sitting up till four in the morning all through the Recess, appointing Bankruptcy Receivers. Thousands of applications. Didn't know how to choose. Tried it by algebra at first, but have taken now to shuffling up names in an old hat. Saves no end of time. Then shall we say it's all settled?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne (thoughtfully). It has been suggested that a Redistribution of Seats Bill would easily wait till 1885. The Electoral Balance of Power must not be too rashly disturbed. Talking of the Balance of Power, the opinion of the CZAR—

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (rudely interrupting). Who cares a screw for the CZAR? Not I. Tell you what it is, GL-DST-NE; you've forgotten the chief argument for taking Redistribution of Seats at once.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. What's that?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Why, how about Woodstock and Eye? They'd be disfranchised, and then, "exeunt" RANDOLPH and ASHMEAD!

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Why, it's the Millennium! But I almost hesitate. We are Patriots first, and Liberals afterwards, and what would the British Empire do without ASHMEAD? The CZAR told me—

All. Quite so—but suppose we adjourn the discussion for a week? [Council adjourned accordingly.]

BISMARCK'S WHITE ELEPHANTS.

(Being a List of Presents to be offered by His Highness to the Royalties of Europe.)

For the Duke of Edinburgh.—A complete set of Nihilist Works, in which the system of "removing" despots is defended and explained. To be taken, as a travelling library, to St. Petersburg by His Royal Highness the next time he pays his brother-in-law, the CZAR, a visit.

For the Prince of Wales.—A collection of Danish Military Trophies, bearing the German Government mark, being a memento of the Austro-German invasion of Schleswig-Holstein. To be put in His Royal Highness's portmanteau on the eve of his visit to Copenhagen.

For the Sultan.—Fac-similes of a Turkish Bond and the Treaty of Stefano, handsomely framed. To be sent to His Majesty under cover to Lord DUFFERIN, who will be courteously invited to present them.

For the Emperor of Russia.—Neatly-executed Map of Russian Encroachments on the North of India. The Prince of WALES will be respectfully charged with the delivery of this gift.

For the President of the French Republic.—Large and handsomely-bound Scrap-Book, containing extracts from French newspapers, supporting the pretensions of DON CARLOS, or suggesting the immediate re-establishment of a Spanish Republic, King ALFONSO having, with good-natured condescension, promised to carry out His Highness's commission, has kindly consented to read the volume before personally presenting it to M. GRÉVY.

For the Rest of the European Potentates.—Handsome Uhlan Uniforms, to be worn on future State occasions when visiting France.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was puzzled what book to give her youngest Nephew as a birthday present. LAVINIA suggested "Fairy Tales." "No, my dear, I know," said her Aunt; "I can't do better than give him a nice edition of ALLSOPP'S Fables."

"THE ONLY ONE."

WE tremble when we read the following in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

AS GENERAL.—Neat in dress, respectful manners, willing and obliging. Seven years' personal character. Disengaged end of present month.

Is he tired of fame and honour? Does he sigh for other worlds to conquer? Is he bored with the adulation of the Press? Will our Only General desert us after all we have done for him? Will he leave the *Soldier's Pocketbook* to command our Army? Let us weep, let us howl, let us—hope it is not true!

DISTANT RELATIONS.—Members of the Alpine Club may have been interested by the information recently telegraphed from Calcutta that Mr. GRAHAM and his Swiss guides had returned to Darjeeling from a survey whereof the conclusion is, that he pronounces the ascent of Kinchinjunga from the South impossible. The Kinchinjunga seems to be no very small child. Are the Kinchinjunga and Jungfrau to be regarded as mountain-cousins only some degrees removed?

NEW LATIN SPELLING.—The Dean of Bangor would substitute for "*Te Deum*" the following "*Tea Deuce, eh?*" The Dean says that, as far as he is concerned, tea should remain in its own chest, and be "Unurned Increment."

LATEST FROM DOVER.—They no longer talk of fool-hardiness—they now call it Drevarication.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 160.



ABBÉ FRANZ LIZST.

ABBÉ THOUGHT (OF COURSE).—"LIZST, LIZST, O LIZST!"

A NEW PROFESSION.

THOSE who run—their eyes over the advertisement columns of the papers—may read, strange things. The following appears in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

A BACHELOR, professional, would like to meet with cheerful and Christian society, where an hour in the evening could be spent in reading, conversational German, or otherwise. This is *bona fide*. Highest references.

Now we have heard of a "confirmed bachelor," but surely a "professional bachelor" is something new. Possibly he is artful, and, when he gets into "cheerful and Christian society," fails to practise what he professes, steals away the heart of some young maiden, and gets the promise of her hand, when the parents all the while thought him to be the most harmless of men. What, too, does "or otherwise" mean? It might comprise a great deal. Carpet dances, pleasant suppers, and flirtation in the conservatory. We are afraid this "professional bachelor" is a sly dog.

At the opening of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, Madame Nilsson was presented with a golden girdle. A lot of money was spent on it, but there was very little waist. But why a girdle? Was it to remind her of the brilliant dress circle that witnessed her performance on the occasion. The Ancient Mariner, with his glittering eye—Lord COLERIDGE, Our Only Lord Chief Justice, was present. Poor MAPLESON! he had a poor show that same night!

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Away from Lake Scavaig—Practical Joke at Loch Hourn—On again—Crayley's Practice—Making for Kyle Aikin.

One of CRAYLEY's idiosyncrasies—idiosyncrasies soon become palpable on board a yacht—is to be quite delighted at having bought anything cheap. He has purchased during the voyage (before our appearance on board) a box of Jersey cigars, one hundred for nine shillings. He says that they are really very good; in fact, he prefers them to anything he has ever smoked (he deals in superlatives) at five times their price. He is most open-hearted with these treasures, pressing his host and ourselves to "just try one," but somehow we all seem to shrink from availing ourselves of his lavish generosity. Our host, who is so courteously good-natured that he would rather risk an irreparable injury to his constitution than seem by his refusal to imply a slight on his friend's perfect taste and judgment as evinced in his predilection for these Jersey Favourites, pretends to change his mind, and asks CRAYLEY, in a way that makes it quite a favour on CRAYLEY's part, to give him one; which, of course, CRAYLEY does with the greatest possible pleasure. The Jersey Favourite is a trifle recalcitrant on being lighted, and shows an inclination for burning on one side, with a dirty-coloured crumbling ash. The conversation, whatever it was about (Dr. JOHNSON, I think), continues, but I notice that, within five minutes of the first lighting of that Jersey Favourite, our host has risen to look out of the port-hole to see what the weather is like, and has then, avowedly with the same object, gone up "the companion," and when he returns, with a hopeful report of the

weather,—which is immediately dissipated by a sudden downpour, and a derisive howling of the wind,—the Jersey Favourite (the cigar merchant ought to have labelled them the Lilies, or the L-gtries) is burnt down to a stump, which our host places in the ash-tray. "It is impossible to smoke in the wind," he says, and somehow or other he skilfully manages not to give any decided opinion on the cigar; at all events, he has committed himself to nothing which can hurt CRAYLEY's feelings (we are all so tetchy about wine, cigars, and horses), and as he has smoked it, CRAYLEY, if he asks no questions, can afterwards quote MELLEVILLE (who is really a good judge of most things) as having smoked one of these, and liked it;—the logical inference being from his having smoked it that he *did* like it. CRAYLEY regrets not having bought five or six boxes of the Jersey Favourites. KILLICK observes that he's deuced glad, for the sake of his friends, he didn't, but MELLEVILLE, who occasionally visits CRAYLEY at Crayley Court, Kent, only smiles, and saying dubiously, "Ah, well!" retires drowsily to the saloon sofa.

After a despairing glance upwards at the skylight on which the rain is still cascading and cataracting, we compose ourselves to sleep, with books in our hands, and our legs up on chairs. I take my scientific work to my own cabin, and retire till a cessation of rain may permit me to pace the deck; but, as this is most unlikely, I get *Clarissa Harlowe* (that fearful example of the *cacœthes scribendi*) by my side, with Dr. JOHNSON's *Tour of the Hebrides*, a few odd numbers of magazines, and a *Spectator* which I ought to have read a fortnight ago, but which, having been packed up by mistake, comes in quite fresh now, and with these and my note-books and my pencil all within my reach, so that I shall not have to disturb my-

self when I have once settled down comfortably, I prepare to spend so much of the afternoon as may remain between now and dinner-time.

We give the weather another chance, which is returning good for evil, and determine to leave the "Avernus of the North," whatever happens, to-morrow morning.

The weather takes our courteous treatment into consideration, and limiting itself to a Scotch mist to begin with, but a real fine day and a pleasant breeze to finish with, away we go, "a-sailing, a-sailing"—and thoroughly enjoying the poetry of motion.

We sail by Loch Nevis, Armadale, and arrive at Loch Houra, where, after a consultation between the Commodore, the Pilot, and the Captain, we anchor. In this part, at the entrance of the Loch, there is a good practical joke played by some one who has placed a stick with a square piece of something on it (which may be a notice-board when you get close enough to it), on the top of a submerged rock. The humour of this is, that in broad daylight it is scarcely visible, in twilight it may be just discerned with a strong glass when you are unpleasantly near it, and at night it can't be seen at all. Of course, the practical fun of this is evident.

KILLICK and CRAYLEY, who has developed a wonderful faculty for flat contradiction, have a lively argument as to the meaning of "Scavaig." It commences by CRAYLEY informing the company generally that Loch Nevis is Lake Heaven.

KILLICK says he knew this, and caps it by telling us that Loch Houra is just the opposite.

Then I ask, if the guide-books call Loch Scavaig the Avernus of the North, what is the meaning of Scavaig?

KILLICK thinks that it must mean something gloomy.

MELLEVILLE observes, marginally, "probably."

CRAYLEY thinks it is the old Scotch for "Witch."

"Gaelic," says KILLICK, majestically.

"No; not Gaelic," returns CRAYLEY. "They don't speak Gaelic here."

"They did!" retorts KILLICK, shortly.

"They did nothing of the sort," answers CRAYLEY, with his head well on one side, his glass screwed in his eye, his face turned away from KILLICK, and towards Loch Nevis.

"Oh, certainly!" remarks our Commodore, intervening with persuasive gentleness. "They certainly spoke Gaelic in these parts. Scavaig, Nevis, and Houra are all Gaelic names."

"Armadale isn't," says CRAYLEY, not thoroughly convinced.

This is my opportunity. I am not well up in Gaelic, but now I feel my feet. "Armadale," I say, cleverly, "was a novel. Was it a story about this locality?"

Nobody is positive on this point; ergo, I suppose no one has read it. I haven't.

KILLICK remembers it in the *Cornhill Magazine*. "By WILKIE COLLINS," he adds, as if he had only read the title, and stopped there. There are some people with great reputations for reading everything who never do more than this, and manage to pick up the chief points in the course of conversation.

"It wasn't written by WILKIE COLLINS!" replies CRAYLEY, curtly.

He evidently owes KILLICK one for the latter's recent victory on the Gaelic dispute.

"It was!" retorts KILLICK, sharply.

"Nonsense," says CRAYLEY. "It was Mrs. Wood."

"Oh! I don't think it was Mrs. Wood," I say, "because she has a magazine of her own, and why should she write in the *Cornhill*?" Having given this piece of logical reasoning, it occurs to me that Mrs. Wood hasn't a magazine of her own; but keep the doubt to myself.

"Armadale was by Mrs. Wood or Miss BRADDON," says CRAYLEY, returning to the subject. "Wasn't it?" he asks, appealing to our Commodore.

But MELLEVILLE will not commit himself to an opinion. He remembers that *Armadale* was the name of a novel; nothing more.

This neutrality decides CRAYLEY, and he bears down on KILLICK with all his guns.

"Of course," he says, decidedly, as if he had just that instant received private and positive intelligence from indisputable authority.

"Of course *Armadale* was by Mrs. Wood or Miss BROUGHTON, and, at all events, it certainly was not by WILKIE COLLINS."

"I'll bet you anything you like," says KILLICK, warmly, "that *Armadale* was by WILKIE COLLINS. I'll bet you five pounds. Come!"

But CRAYLEY won't "come." He simply replies, with a superb contempt for KILLICK's offer, "I never bet," which provokes KILLICK into extravagant offers to back his own opinion, at twenty to one, thirty to one, fifty to one, anything, in fact, to one, that WILKIE COLLINS did write *Armadale*. But CRAYLEY preserves a disdainful silence, which so irritates KILLICK that he says, "My dear fellow,"—he is only affectionate when he means quite the contrary, for if his "My dear fellow" were translated, it would be literally, "You d—

(not dear) fool (not fellow),"—"My dear fellow, you can't be certain, or you would back your opinion."

"I never bet," repeats the imperturbable CRAYLEY, still with his head on one side, his glass firmly screwed in his eye, and his gaze fiercely fixed on the opposite coast. He reminds me of EDGAR ALLAN POE's wearying Raven, with its constant "Never more!" KILLICK would have thrown his boots at that raven, and broken the bust of Pallas Athene over the Poet's door. As it is, if he could chuck CRAYLEY quietly into the water, he would do so, and, as the latter was sinking, he would ask him savagely, "Now, did WILKIE COLLINS write *Armadale* or not?" to which CRAYLEY, rising for the third time, with the glass in his eye, and his head on one side gazing upwards, would serenely reply, "I never bet," and disappear for ever.

Our Commodore goes below; so do I; and KILLICK crosses over to the other side of the vessel.

Now, though at the commencement of this discussion I knew perfectly well, without having read the novel in question, who was the Author of *Armadale*, yet now I own to being a bit shaken by the decided tone and positive manner of CRAYLEY. Positiveness is nine points of the law, if you happen to be "laying it down."

"Dinner is under weigh, Sir," cries the Merry Young Steward, and we descend silently.

We all meet at dinner as happily as possible, and hear no more of *Armadale*.

CRAYLEY and KILLICK avoid discussion. It is a truce between them; but when they recommence, the contest will be frightful.

As neither MELLEVILLE nor myself will dispute with him, CRAYLEY starts a new method and argues with himself. He contradicts himself flatly, and finally brings himself as holding Opinion No. 1, over to the side of himself as representing Opinion No. 2, or he tries to bring one of us into this dual discussion. But as to cut in on such delicate ground would be like interfering between man and wife, we wisely hold aloof, and express no opinion either way.

For example, he takes up a telescope, and, after a careful survey of the distant shores, he says, "There's a castle there. A splendid ruin." Then he hands the glass to me, and I agree with him, in much the same spirit as the old courtier *Polonius* did with *Hamlet* as to the camel-shaped cloud which was backed like a weasel and very like a whale. But this does not content HAMLET-CRAYLEY. He looks at the object again, and then, in a voice which is quite loud enough for any bystander to catch and reply to (it is a bait thrown out to KILLICK, who won't bite,—or bark either, now), he says to himself, "No, it isn't a castle; it's a rock."

He turns to offer me the glass, but as I am with *Clarissa Harlowe* in Bloomsbury, and cannot be disturbed, and as MELLEVILLE and KILLICK have gone below, he applies the telescope once more to his eye, and continues the argument entirely with himself. "Yes," he says, "it is a castle"—then, the next minute, he meets this statement with the flat and rude contradiction, "No, it isn't." Then he treats himself in the most cavalier manner, and quite turns up his nose at the idea of anyone ever having been so absurd as to think that eccentric-looking rock a castle. And here it would end, but that he takes one more look through the glass, which results in his saying positively, "Yes, it is a castle: I thought so from the first"—which concludes the controversy. It is a harmless amusement, and, so to speak, keeps his hand in for when he shall have a real opponent to contradict.

We are now making for Kyle Aikin, and that is my last point before Strome Ferry.

Gold Leaf from Goldsmith.

HERE is a cap to fit some of 'em nowadays:—

"To be known in this town was almost synonymous with being on the road to fortune. How many little things do we see, without merit or without friends, push themselves forward into public notice, and by self-advertising attract the attention of the day: the wise despise them, but the public are not all wise. Thus they succeed, rise upon the wing of folly or of fashion, and by their success give a new sanction to effrontery."

This is from OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S *Life of Beau Nash*. O sweet OLIVER! O brave OLIVER! Who would have thought that Beau broke one hundred and twenty years ago. Some of the advertisers of our day might take this to heart, that "all is not GOLD[SMITH] that glitters!"

A CONSERVATIVE Solicitor in the country refused to subscribe to a Luther Commemoration Fund on the ground that, first of all, Luther started a Reform Bill, and, secondly, that had he been alive now he would have come under the Corrupt Practices Act for allowing two wives at the same time to an Elector. [Surely this "Permissive Bill" of Dr. MARTIN'S was a questionable blessing to the Elector, specially if there were two Mothers-in-law. Eh?]



"CERTIFICATION FROM LORD R-N-D-LPH CH-RCH-LL IS PRAISE INDEED."

"A Cure for the Heartache" (adapted).

Lord R. C. (to Scotch University Voter). "ALLOW ME, MY DEAR McBAGPIPES, TO INTRODUCE SIR ST-FF-RD. YOU'LL FIND HIM NOT AT ALL A BAD SORT OF OLD CHAPPIE; AND IF HE DOESN'T ADEQUATELY REPRESENT THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE PARTY,—WHY, YOU KNOW WHO DOES. EN ATTENDANT, HE'LL SUIT YOU VERY WELL FOR ANYTHING LIKE REAL WORK. PLAY UP! YOUTH MUST HAVE ITS FLING, AND SIR ST-FF-RD WILL PAY THE PIPER."

[Rectorial Dance, and Exit.]

A BROWNE STUDY IN NEW BOND STREET.

A CHILL-BLOODED, youth-forgetting creature must be he who can walk round the collection of "PHIZ's" Pictures now on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Rooms in New Bond Street, in a simply critical Lessing's-Laocon-like spirit.

"I am nothing if not uncritical!" one is tempted to exclaim as soon as the familiar scrawly signature and unmistakable "touch" bring back memories of bygone boyish enthusiasms, school-day side-splittings, the happy periodical anticipations of significant "announcements," and the pleasant monthly promise of graphic green covers. Naturalistic elaboration? What did we care about it then, in the presence of sketchy, but infinitely suggestive, "go"? "Technique"? Who bothered about technique in boyhood's breezy hour, when fun and fancy and careless grace were the charms we chiefly cared for—and always found—in our favourite? These were pictures, our pictures, the pictures. MICHAEL ANGELO might be more massive, Mr. BURNE-JONES may be more intense; but this is "PHIZ." Not HABLOT KNIGHT BROWNE! That might do for visiting-card, catalogue, or biographical dictionary—not for us. To us he was "PHIZ" tout court, or, more affectionately, "dear old PHIZ." He drew Pickwick, and Pecksniff, and Sam Weller, and Micawber, and Dick Swiveller, and Quilp, and Little Nell, and these were sufficient Art Credentials for the youth of pre-Rossettian Philistia.

And now? Well "PHIZ" is "PHIZ" still—a "PHIZ" that has not lost sparkle. We see him here in the old familiar shapes, and in some new and unsuspected ones. We find that the old charm remains. We find, too, that he will stand the test of a genial and unpedantic criticism, if we care to apply it. He may not "draw" as accurately as some heavily conscientious modern Artists. But he can "design" better. His abounding wealth of humorous fanciful invention are a good set-off against their careful finish. What fine free fun! What sharp characterisation! What spontaneous grace! What frolic phantasy! What weird impressiveness!

Sketchy? Of course. But do the self-belauded "Impressionists" hit a character, or suggest a landscape with such rapid felicity? Limited range? Equally, of course. Every Artist's range is limited. "PHIZ" could not draw Venuses and Cupids, perhaps. Neither could FLAXMAN draw Cutties and Quilps. But "PHIZ" could do

THE MARCH OF THE SALVATIONISTS.

SOUND the loud banjo before and behind us,
Grace to the Rough, and a fig for the Smooth!
Gentle Religion's sweet modesties bind us
All to sing, Hey for the Family BOOTH!

Cornets and Generals, Ensigns, Lieutenants,
Captains and Admirals, Colonels and all,
Blowing our trumpets and waving our pennants,
Shout for Humility—keep up the bawl.

All the world knows we're so blessedly 'umble—
(How like the Master we follow so well!)—
That for a BOOTH there's no chance of a tumble,
Though e'en the Temple of Solomon fell.

Hey for our CATHERINE, blushing so feminine,
Rousing the Swiss to conviction of sin;
Out on their Beak, who, the tide o' grace stemmin', in-
sisted on brutally "running her in"!

List to dear CATHERINE's fervent beseeching,
Even for Prefects, policemen, and all:
Poor old St. Paul rated women for preaching,
CATHERINE knows rather more than St. Paul.

Ancient ideas of effete Christianity
Rot in the modern advertisement age;
Modesty now is the merest of vanity,
Prophets and Players must all be the rage.

Bishops have petted and Parsons have owned us,
Shares are all rising, and souls above par;
When on the Eagle we fitly enthroned us,
Were we in debt? And who cares if we are?

Happy transgressor, forget your transgression;
Come and subscribe—we'll confess you and soothe:
Ours is the true Apostolic Succession,
Born in a cradle, but crowned—in a BOOTH!

New drink at "the American Bar." "The Cole-
ridge." It is a soothing beverage, containing one pro-
portion of spirit to three of syrup.

more than sketch light comicalities and laughable caricatures. He was fertile of symbolical fancy, and had a feeling for the graceful, the dramatically impressive in composition, the grotesque in incongruity, the tragic in antithesis, the whimsical and weird in landscape. A lightly-sketched crowd of fine fantastic Ariel-and-Puck-like creations show more power and fertility than one correctly modelled and carefully stippled, but woodenly lifeless Cherub.

Some of "PHIZ's" wonder-witched scenes were, in conception, almost worthy of EDGAR ALLAN POE, if in execution many a duller draughtsman might have surpassed him. That he had powers of imaginative and dramatic design only partially developed seems to be indicated by such pictures as "Les Trois Vifs et les Trois Morts" (No. 81), "Sintram and Death descending into the Dark Valley" (No. 128), "Death's Revel" (No. 121), and many a smaller subject. Look at the humorous pathos in "Labour in Vain" (No. 64), the honest rollicking fun in the set of Hunting Bits (Nos. 99 to 111), belonging to Major JAY—lucky Major!—the comical suggestiveness of "Mourning in all Ages" (Nos. 148 to 160), and "A Hint to Schoolboys with a Birchy Master" (No. 112), the quaint feeling of "Gone" (No. 46), the "go" of the Irish and sporting subjects, the fluent grace of many a light figure or landscape *croquis*, and admit that our old favourite had range as well as raciness. Often thin and skimpy, sometimes simpering and conventional, when out of his element amidst fine Society figments or pseudo-classic abstractions. Granted. But the man who could illustrate DICKENS and LEVER as he illustrated them, and paint the unelaborated, but harmonious and impressive "Les Trois Vifs et les Trois Morts," fetched a considerable compass in Art, and deserves more of the good things that partial fondness is eager to say for him than perhaps finical Critics may be ready to admit.

Anyhow, "Go and see the 'PHIZ' Gallery," is our advice to genial Middle-age with memories, and unpriggish Youth without hyper-aesthetic prejudices. Mr. Punch rather pities the party, man or boy, who cannot spend a pleasant hour with the relics of "dear old 'PHIZ,'" at 148, New Bond Street.

WHY?—"Why should London wait?" asks the *Daily Telegraph*. "Why, indeed?" says OUR ROBERT, "when there are lots of honest, hard-workin' perfeshnals ready to do all the waitin' that can possibly be rekwired, for a considerashun."



HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Modest Youth. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU, MISS LIGHTFOOT?"

Miss Lightfoot (to her Mother's horror). "THANKS—NO! MY WAISTBAND IS SO TIGHT I CAN'T MOVE, AND SO ARE MY SHOES!"

[*Modest Youth, who is, let us say, an Earl of Richard the First's creation, six foot eight in his pumps, with eight hundred thousand a year, and in every respect the ideal of a Young Girl's Dream—is so touched that he proposes on the spot!*

COUNTER CRITICISM.

REFERRING to the Annual Meeting of the Hogarth Club, held a few evenings since, a contemporary states that it has received the subjoined communication from a Correspondent present on the occasion:—

"'I was standing,' says the gentleman in question, 'at the buffet, when I suddenly heard the voice of Mr. OSCAR WILDE discussing with Mr. WHISTLER and others the attributes of two well-known actresses. The criticism is at least expressive. "SARAH BERNHARDT," he said, "is all moonlight and sunlight combined, exceedingly terrible, magnificently glorious. Miss ANDERSON is pure and fearless as a mountain daisy. Full of change as a river. Tender, fresh, sparkling, brilliant, superb, placid."'"

That such sort of criticism is, as the Correspondent truly observes, "at least expressive" cannot for a moment be denied, but in what intelligent manner, or with what distinct result, is perhaps not quite so evident.

Still, as there are some who acknowledge an indefinite sort of charm in the meaningless mash up of empty adjectives, and inconsequent antitheses, that is the leading characteristic of such "criticism" as the above, the process might with advantage be extended to other and equally deserving notabilities. Indeed, a species of brief hand-book to character might be essayed on such lines with much success. Take, for instance, a few names at random:—

Mr. BRIGHT might be said to be "solid and psychological as a Bath-bun. Diversified and full of surprises as a lobster-salad. Tasty, indigestible, elegant, peppery, fragrant, settling."

Or Lord SALISBURY might be disposed of as "all night-light and

A CHEAP OUTING.

CAN you get freedom from care at Brighton? It would appear so, from the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Sussex Daily News*:—

MOTHER, requiring freedom from care, asks for fortnight near New Pier at Brighton; will someone kindly give it, advertiser being unable to afford it. All letters answered.

Beyond the railway fare, a fortnight near the New Pier could scarcely be very expensive; but possibly the police might object to "MOTHER" hanging about there for so long a period, and if she stopped out all night, she might possibly catch cold. Possibly she means comfortable apartments in the King's Road, first floor, big bow-window, hot luncheon at two, choice dinner at eight, and a smart Victoria and pair to go out a-driving.

Who longed so much for change of air,
Who wished to be quite free from care,
Who hadn't too much cash to spare?—
Why, "MOTHER"!

Who'd like to spend a fortnight near
The Bedford or the nice New Pier,
In quarters free, with rare good cheer?—
Why, "MOTHER"!

It is a pity that "MOTHER" did not give more elaborate details, then we should have known how to provide.

ANOTHER HADYN'S SURPRISE.—*A propos* of our note on HADYN's *Dictionary of Dates*, a Correspondent informs us that in the edition for 1878, ABBÉ FRANZ LISTZ is still mentioned as having died in 1868. Once having killed him, they stuck to it for ten years, at all events. We haven't seen the latest edition. The ABBÉ is alive and well; and the last number but one of the *Musical World* tells us where he is going to spend his winter, in spite of HADYN's *Dictionary of Dates*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—"Brass Work at Birmingham," in the new number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, is not by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, but by Mr. BERNARD BECKER.

squib-light rolled into one, terribly humorous, magnificently unconscious." While

Mr. OSCAR WILDE himself could figure fairly enough under the involved image of "trembling as an apple-dumpling. Rash as cheap hair-oil, flaccid, futile, finished, scholastic, scented sixpence a bottle."

But there is no occasion to continue a list the value of which, if completed, would, as a psychological and social guide, be obvious. Mr. OSCAR WILDE and Mr. WHISTLER should lose no time, but meet again and again at buffet after buffet, accompanied by a shorthand-writer and an enterprising publisher or two, and, before the month was out at the refreshment-bar, the thing would be done.

THE "ORIENTAL EXPRESS" LUXURY.—The *Times* Correspondent, who seems to have been a nervous traveller for "A Special," records "that the motion (of the train) was so smooth, that the people could shave throughout the journey." What a cheerful, though after a time monotonous, amusement! He should have signed himself, "A YOUNG SHAVER." And then his description of the dinner! "Rubies of red wine, and topazes of ditto!" What sort of beverage is the latter? And is "topazes" a misprint for "Toppers"? After many of these toperses of dittos and red rubies, there couldn't be much more steady shaving except by a very old hand. We drink the Special Traveller's health in a glass of Double Ditto!

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF AMERICAN MASHERY.—Masherchusetts.



HIS FIRST SERMON
MUSTN'T LAUGH - GOT MY EYE ON YOV !



MESSAGE FROM THE 'COMMONS' GETTING IT HOT.



LESSON TIME. PLEASE NOT TO TOUCH THE FIGURES



TAKEN TO HIS ROOMS BY THE PROCTORS. BULL DOGS IN ADVANCE



A LIVELY DINNER PARTY
TOAST RACKS & PEPPY ICES



THE RESULT AFTER A WEEKS TERM

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES AT CAMBRIDGE; OR, HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.

(Suggested by a Page in the service of last Saturday's Ill-str-t & L-and-n N-ws.)

THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

PART III.—MUNICIPAL TOASTS.

THE position of a Provincial Mayor is less peculiar than that of "the Chief Magistrate of the City of London." As a rule, the country magnate has "been before his public" for many years as an Alderman before making his first appearance as the head of the Municipality. The transition from Alderman to Mayor is easy and gradual. It makes very little difference to anyone, save, perhaps, to the reporter of the local paper, who has to remember the distinction between the two grades. But in London the change is magical. Before the 9th of November the Lord Mayor Elect is scarcely known. He has been, and will, after three hundred and sixty-five days of office, become once more, a simple Alderman. Sometimes, a very simple Alderman. His name will be mentioned with an apologetic smile by the vast majority of those who know him when he is *not* residing at the Mansion House, but during his tenancy of that desirable residence, he will be accepted as a somebody—a rather ridiculous somebody—but still a somebody. For one whole year he will be Host in General to the Metropolis of the World. He will have to entertain Bishops, Statesmen, Scientists, and Royalties. Nay, it is possible that he may have to welcome to his honest but not humble house Sovereigns, and even the very Majesty of England itself. Any letter he addresses to the papers (especially during the earlier months of his reign) will be honoured with large type, and all his speeches will be given in full. His great object should be to defend the *raison d'être* of his office. It should be his task in proposing the health of such-and-such a celebrity, to trace the connection between the City and the City's guest, and to lead up to the reply. If not particularly interesting in itself, his speech should be the cause of interest in the speeches made by others. Much latitude is permitted him in pronunciation. He may take as a golden rule the line, "Look after the thoughts and sentiments, and allow the aspirates to look after themselves." He must mind his "ps" and "qs," but need not keep a severe watch over his "hs." No one expects the Lord Mayor of London to be a devoted student of the laws laid down by the late LINDLEY MURRAY. Occasionally a "Chief Magistrate" is found to be thoroughly well-educated. The present LORD MAYOR Elect, for instance, is an example of this exception to the general rule, and one of his colleagues, too, who has not passed the Chair, is actually a Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge. But these cases must be regarded as rather startling innovations. And startling innovations are never very popular in the Guildhall.

The great occasion for Civic oratory is unquestionably the 9th of November, when the intellect of the nation is gathered together to eat turtle-soup, under the shadows of Gog and Magog, within a stone's throw of Cheapside. It is then that the ears of the Press and the eyes of the nation are most concerned with "his Lordship." He has a very difficult part to play, especially if he happens to be a Member of Parliament, and belongs to the party languishing on the Opposition Benches. The loyal toasts, of course, will give him no trouble. He will say the conventional things in the conventional manner, and receive the conventional applause. It is when he has to propose the Army and Navy, the Houses of Lords and Commons, and especially "Her Majesty's Ministers" that his real troubles will surround him. He must be dignified and conciliatory, and yet have the courage of his principles. He must not be frightened at the PREMIER's uniform, and when the costume of a more than usually gorgeous Ambassador attracts his attention, he must regain his composure by a glance at the magnificent toilette of the City Marshal. He must bear in mind that he is supported by the City Trumpeters, who, in case of need, will be able to put down opposition by clamour. Thus reassured, he should pass through the ordeal successfully. To assist "his Lordship," this Guide (which is nothing if not practical) contains a few suggestions for dealing with the various toasts that have to be given from the Chair on the 9th of November. It will be seen that the leading idea is to give the "local colouring" of the City to every proposition. Here then followeth—

Hints for Speeches to be made by the Lord Mayor at his "Call Dinner."

"Army, Navy, and Volunteers."—Introduce allusion to the City Train Bands. Give briefly history of WAT TYLER, laying stress upon the incident of his death at the hands of a Lord Mayor of the Period. Refer to the love of past Chief Magistrates for excursions on the Thames. "Should the nation be really in danger, the City Barge would be manned by the Watermen, ready to expel the foreign intruder!" London Militia has for its Colonel Sir REGINALD HANSON, Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge. The Lady Mayoress is fond of giving away prizes to the City Volunteers. Conclude by saying that "NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, referring to the great commercial interests of the City of London, called the English a 'nation of shopkeepers'—for all that the Battle of Waterloo was won by British pluck and British bayonets!"

"House of Lords."—A Tory Lord Mayor will, of course, speak of this institution with much respect. Mr. ALDERMAN FOWLER no doubt will refer with approval to the suggestion of his predecessor that the Chamber of Peers and the Court of Aldermen are very much alike—especially the Court of Aldermen.

"House of Commons."—His Lordship will apologise for the shortcomings of the popular assembly. "As a Member himself," he will probably furnish autobiographical reminiscences. Each reminiscence may commence with "I remember on one occasion in the House, when I was talking to a Statesman who before now has enjoyed the confidence of Her MAJESTY, that," and then will follow the story.

"Her Majesty's Ministers."—He will say that "politics are not admissible at a gathering such as this." Having laid down this rule, he will proceed to break it. He will call attention to the rumours ("he hopes groundless") that the privileges of the City are about to be invaded. Then he will quote more history about WAT TYLER, GRESHAM, the City Train Bands, and the recent opening of Burnham Beeches to the People for ever. He will give a "nasty one" to the HOME SECRETARY. He will probably have something to say about the late Lord BEACONSFIELD and his foreign policy. The connection between the City and Ireland will possibly furnish a subject upon which to hang some pleasant saying about the Government and the present condition of the Emerald Isle. He will conclude by making the discovery that after all (in "spite of all temptations") Liberals and Conservatives, Whigs and Tories, are yet Englishmen, and may be expected "to behave as such." This last sentiment will be the concession that a host feels bound to yield to a guest. He will suggest that although the members of the present Government are rather partial to wallowing in blood and mud, they have one great redeeming point—they are fond of City turtle!

Having disposed of these toasts and received snubbings, more or less pronounced, from the FOREIGN SECRETARY, the Marquis of HARTINGTON, and Mr. GLADSTONE, he may "rest and be thankful." If necessity arises, he will patronise the Ambassadors, because the City is wealthy, the LORD CHANCELLOR, because he is himself "the Chief Magistrate of the First City of the Universe," and the ancient seats of learning, because "amongst the Aldermen is a Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge." During his year of office he will say something civil to the Judges, because he presides at the Central Criminal Court, to the Bishops, because the daughter of a Lord Mayor is occasionally married in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Fellows of the Royal Society, because telephones are now in general use in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House. When he attends the Royal Academy Banquet he will, of course, call attention to the fact that the City Authorities frequently purchase pictures. Before now, "Literature" has been entertained in the Mansion House. Should the Authors be asked to the Egyptian Hall in 1884, no doubt his Lordship will refer to the Free Library near the Mayor's Court, and say something really nice about the marketable value of brains in the Nineteenth Century. He may even admit (if in a very good humour) that brilliant thoughts are nearly as precious as grey shirtings. Again, there is a precedent for Actors going East of Temple Bar. If they make this journey during the next twelve months, the Lord Mayor will very likely express himself as quite pleased with some of the works of the late WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

To sum up. For a year his Lordship will have the privilege of patronising everybody and everything. He will be listened to during this time with patience, if not respect. When, however, the regulation reign expires, he will disappear into the ranks, and become once more an ordinary individual, whose oratory will be most suitable to a local vestry.

GUY FENIAN.

Oh, PITY the poor Fenian who has tried to wreck a train,
Or blow a public building up with dynamite in vain;
He has wasted his materials, not created much alarm,
Done anything or anyone but very little harm,
Except himself; for haply the Police are on the track;
And then he's like to Reynard with the hounds behind his back.
If a conspirer, Feeny stands within Law's long-armed reach;
'Tis probable some one of his accomplices will peach.
No damage worth a button for his deed has he to show;
And when he's caught, to prison like the pickpocket he'll go,
Be sent his whole life long in penal servitude to pass,
Having failed as an assassin, and but made himself an ass.
Oh, pity the poor Fenian who, for hate to England's Crown,
Cares not how many people he blows up or houses down,
Causes a mere explosion, and commits a bootless crime.
Alas, that pity on himself he didn't take in time!

CHAMPION CHAMPAGNE SHOW.—If one is started, it should be called "Another Phiz Collection."

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD AT THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

I HEARD a magnificent-looking fellow, who stood about six feet in his stockings, and a little more without them, and who probably weighed about fifteen stone, state publicly that he was one of five-and-thirty Pilots of Swansea, of whom five-and-twenty, including himself, wore the blue ribbon of temperance. In the bitterest winter's night, in the wildest storm of hail, rain, or snow, they tasted nothing stronger than tea or coffee, giving greatly the preference to tea. They also highly appreciated the great staying powers—to use a sporting phrase—of cocoa, and wished it were more generally used on board ship.

I saw a member of the Court of Common Council (pointed out to me by ROBERT the Waiter), about lunch-time, pensively gazing upon four different specimens of Turtle, exhibited in the Spanish Court. There seemed a puzzled look in his concentrated gaze, as if he were saying, "Four kinds of Turtle? How can that be? Thick Turtle I know, and clear Turtle I know, but what are the others?"

I heard a weather-beaten Fisherman tell, in his own homely and unadorned fashion, how he had spent thirty successive winters at sea; how he had seen four vessels, out of the fishing-fleet of which he was in command, go down with every soul on board; how, in one fearful night in October, 1881, eleven smacks went down with all hands, numbering fifty-five souls, and, on another occasion, twelve smacks and ninety-six men went down into the pitiless deep, and not one escaped to tell the sad story; how, during his thirty years of sea-life, he had seen hundreds of men drowned, and why? because the boats were not big enough, and not strong enough, being only some 80 or 90 tons. He had never known a boat of 150 tons lost.

Fear is a word unknown to Fishermen! They never care how high the sea runs, or how fierce the wind blows, provided they have plenty of sea-room and—no company!

I saw the gracious Lady whom all Fishermen ought to, and probably do, regard with affectionate gratitude—considering what she has done for the poor Fishermen of Baltimore and Cape Clear, how she has raised them, by her wisely-directed liberality, from poverty and misery and occasional pauperism, to prosperity and independence—listening with eyes as well as ears to the graphic account given by an eager enthusiast, how he had settled down in a poverty-stricken district in Ireland, where, as he said, the young men were going about wearing half a shirt and half a pair of trousers, and how he established a pottery there, and brought over Englishmen to instruct them, and how they were now clothed in broadcloth and linen, and earning from fifty to sixty shillings a week each. I think, from the delighted look of Lady BURDETT-COUTTS, she would have liked to have shaken hands with that enthusiastic and successful worker in the good cause she has so much at heart.

I heard a fine intelligent fellow describe, without a word of boastfulness, how he had raised himself from being only a poor Fisherman to be Manager of a Fishing Fleet, and I heard him use these remarkable words, "My increased knowledge increases the knowledge of my own ignorance." What Fishermen want, he said, is more education, more intelligence, and less rashness; there will then be less loss of life. Nothing will induce them to wear life-belts. Why? Because, though fearless of danger, they dread anything like chaff. Ridicule is worse than rocks or wrecks, in their opinion. No man spoke at this wonderful meeting unless he had something to say; he said it as briefly, as earnestly, and yet as quietly as he could, and, having said it, he resumed his seat. Let anyone endeavour to picture to himself what our boasted House of Commons would be, if they would condescend to stoop from their high estate and imitate these poor, but earnest Fishermen. Fancy a debate in that honourable House without waste of time, or vain repetition, or denunciation, or boredom, or noise. The Chairman (Mr. BIRKBECK, M.P.) must have been as much surprised as delighted at the unusual form of the discussion over which he so ably presided.

I afterwards saw a distinguished member of the Corporation taking a farewell sixpenny dinner on the closing day.

AN OUTSIDER.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is evidently working up the *Life of Luther*, so as to be up to the time of day for the Tercentenary. She says she saw a note from a Correspondent to ourselves, last week, stating that LUTHER gave permission to an Elector to have two wives anonymously, but her niece LAVINIA has been reading to her the correct version of the affair, and (she informs us) it wasn't an Elector at all, but a German Landmark to whom the permission was granted. (Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM is very nearly right; so was our Correspondent.)

MORE FROM THE GOLDSMITH BIRTHDAY-BOOK.

WE had just been reading once more in the *Times* its periodical dirge over the present extinction of novelists, dramatists, painters, when, feeling ourselves to be in something of the old rogue's vein of thought, we again took up our OLIVER GOLDSMITH, and—rubbing our eyes—read thus:—

"*The Bee*, Saturday, November 3, 1769:—Scarcely a day passes in which we do not hear compliments paid to DAYDEN, POPE, and other writers of the last age, while not a mouth comes forward that is not loaded with invectives against the writers of this. Strange, that our critics should be fond of giving their favours to those who are insensible of the obligation, and their dislike to those who, of all mankind, are most apt to retaliate the injury."

And again—for which we thank thee, OLIVER!—

"It has been so long the practice"—[please observe the date]—"to represent literature as declining, that every renewal of this complaint now comes with diminished influence. The public has been so often excited by a false alarm, that at present the nearer we approach the threatened period of decay, the more our security increases. . . . I am at a loss where to find an apology for persisting to arraign the merit of the age; for joining in a cry which the judicious have long since left to be kept up by the vulgar; and for adopting the sentiments of the multitude in a performance that at best can please only a few. . . . The dullest critic who strives at a reputation for delicacy by showing he cannot be pleased, may pathetically assure us that our taste is upon the decline; may consign every modern performance to oblivion, and bequeath nothing to posterity, except the labours of our ancestors or our own. Such general invective, however, conveys no instruction: all it teaches is, that the writer dislikes an age by which he is probably disregarded. The manner of being useful on the subject would be to point out the symptoms, to investigate the causes, and direct to the remedies, of the approaching decay."

And he is remembered as the Author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, who so complained of these judgments of his day. We fancy that we sometimes see him quoted as a model now; to say nothing of not a few who have written declining English since. *Times*' reporters and other "vulgar," please copy.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON "NUMBERS."*

[The lecturer dwelt on the errors of majorities, especially in morals and politics.]

NOTHING so good as a merry minority,
Very few people are sure to be right;
Down with the power of the tyrant majority,
Wanting in sweetness and lacking in light:
This is the creed, in that far Western land,
ARNOLD has preached, and they won't understand.
Though you belong to a feeble minority,
You can look up and be bold with the best,
Nor should a feeling of inferiority
Ever arise in your militant breast;
Take up an ARNOLD's ineffable song,
Truly the multitude's sure to be wrong.
Who shall be sure that he's in this minority,
So that he's truly among the elect.
Let him dissent from all men in authority,
Scoffing at everything others respect:
That's how the ethical trick can be done—
MATTHEW's minority's just Number One!

* Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's first lecture was listened to, in consequence of the Poet's ineffective delivery (according to the report), with the greatest attention; and he was occasionally asked to "Speak up!" He began by lecturing on "Numbers;" but, if he goes on like this, will he end by lecturing to Numbers? Some are asking if he is going through the entire Pentateuch.

FROM a "NON-SPORTSMAN" we have received the following extract from the *Times*:—

"THE SOUTHDOWN HOUNDS.—The first meeting of the season took place yesterday, at Glynde Place, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir HENRY BRAND. There was the largest field which has been seen in Sussex for some years, over 250 being in the saddle."

"It must have been," says our Correspondent, "an enormous field; and what a weight-carrying horse! and what a gigantic saddle! But I don't believe it!"

HONOURABLY ACQUITTED.—A Contemporary says:—"In 1878 Lord LOERNE was an untried man. He has so acquitted himself on trial as to justify the choice." "Next to being an untried man," remarks BILL BURGLE, "wot I should like is to be put upon trial so as I could acquit myself. Just wouldn't I!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "what an appropriate name for a Gentleman, who always lives in a state of gambling, the Prince of MONEYGO!"



HISTORY OF A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

Grigsby. "BY THE WAY, THAT'S A NEW PICTURE, SIR POMPEY—THE KNIGHT IN ARMOUR, I MEAN!"

Sir Pompey Bedell. "ER—YES. IT CAME TO ME IN RATHER A CURIOUS WAY—ER—TOO LONG TO RELATE AT PRESENT. IT'S AN ANCESTOR OF MINE—A BEDELL OF RICHARD THE THIRD'S PERIOD!"

Grigsby (who made an all but successful offer of three-seventeen-six for said Picture, last week, to old Moss Isaacs, in Wardour Street). "BY JOVE, HE WAS PRECIOUS NEAR BEING AN ANCESTOR OF MINE TOO!"

[Proceeds to explain, but is interrupted by Sir P.'s proposing to join the Ladies.]

SWEET HOME.

"DIVES, the owner of property condemned as unfit for habitation, is getting from 50 to 60 per cent. upon his money."—*The Bitter Cry of Outcast London.*

SWEET Home! The briar-scented lane is sweet
Some seven miles hence; exotic odours fleet
Through the dull halls that DIVES builds hard by
The hidden bounds of this slime-cumbered street.

But sweetness *here*? Do blossoms blend their breath
With Malebolge's fumes? What burdeneth
The sluggish air of this rain-sodden slum
Is disembodied horror, worse than death.

Infect with foulness palpable, unveiled,
Miasma at whose breath rude health had paled,
More than the pestilential tropic swamp,
Where lurks the Slayer by bright blooms o'ertrailed.

Yet more with that, the deeper, deadlier taint,
Impalpable, obscure, unshaped in plaint,
In speech unworded, whose soul-palsying touch
Unnerves the boldest, makes the stoutest faint.

Sweet Home! Sardonic as the Accuser's jeer
Sound the heart-moving words when uttered here,
Where life is a sin-poisoned agony,
And even love a shape of leprous fear.

And Labour? Here the primal curse in sooth
Falls unallayed by mirth, affection, ruth,
Crushing beneath its unrelenting stress
Age's last hope, and the first spring of youth.

Such labour! Heaven! to think of fingers thin
Toiling in pain the grey hours round, to win

From the swol'n hoards of wealth some scanty dole,
Tithed by the triflers, who toil not, nor spin.

Tithed? Nay, much more than tithed, for Mammon's grip
Snatches the morsel from the hungering lip:
And Mammon's minions, wringing gold from pest,
Penury's portioned mite shall not let slip.

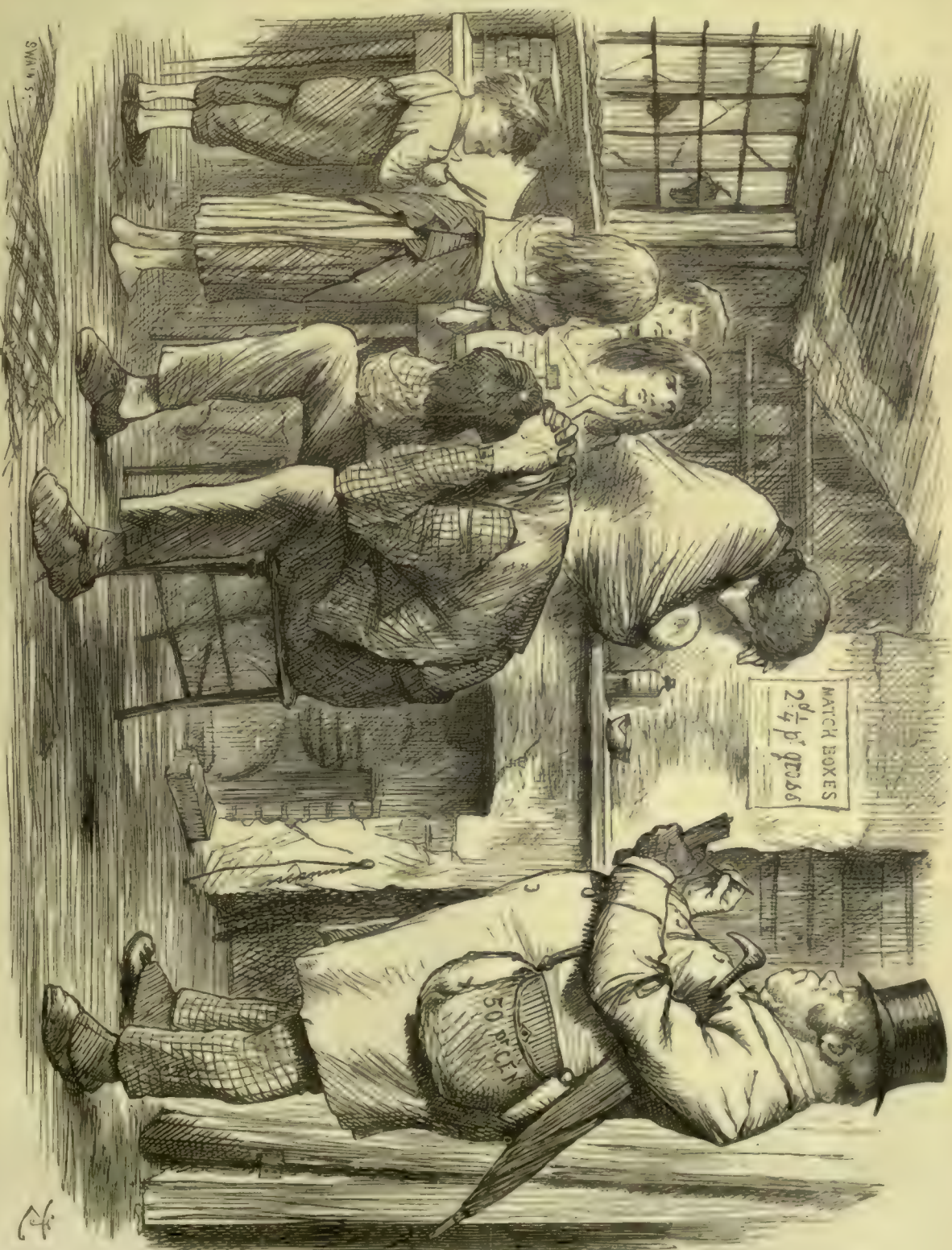
Property's gold-mine—*this*! How sweet to think
That herded thralls of want, and crime, and drink,
Though all too foul to touch the skirts of Wealth,
Well-squeezed, make Mammon's guineas chink!

Not useless, no! Cold Competition's slaves,
At least they swell Pactolus, whose broad waves
With no whit less of eager swiftness flow,
That they flow o'er slain victims, or 'midst graves.

Why should they? Whose the blame of that strange flood
Drain down from fetid flats of marsh and mud?
Or who will hold him guilty if the stream
Like Egypt's plague-smit river show like blood?

Brave affluents verily! And Affluence, clean
In show as its new-minted coin's bright sheen,
Battens upon these pest-spots, sucks curst spoil
From lazar-haunts of lust and labour lean.

Choked back from the huge City's thiek-piled maze,
Crowded aside from Comfort's cleaner ways,
They slave and sin and multiply and die,
These pariahs whose strange "Home" disgusts—but *pays*.



“MAMMON’S RENTS”!!

HOUSE-JUMPER. “NOW, THEN, MY MAN; WEEK’S HUP! CAN’T AVE A ‘OME WITHOUT PAYIN’ FOR IT, YER KNOW!”

[See the “Bitter Cry of Outcast London.”]

Pays whom? The smug House-jobber, hard of eye
As heart, the Cit, the Peer, the Bishop. Why
Portion too nicely? It pays careless greed
And its blind incarnation—Property.

Sixty per cent. ! That covers so much shame,
Dulls too quick sensibility to blame.

"Property" on these plague-spots fatly feeds.
What shall awake it to the higher claim?

Shall it be Pestilence slow stealing hence,
To strike through callous Comfort's vain defence?
Or Misery's red revolt? or the late stir
Of harrowed feeling and indignant sense?

Home? Ghetto *plus* Gehenna, reeking through
With all abomination, stye, and stew,
Alsatia, torture-house, slave-pen in one!
Once more the cry breaks forth—*What* shall we do?

Wake wordy fuss, which, rising like the dust,
So falls? Gregarious groan, then thrust
The oft-glimpsed spectre back into its lair,
Sight-banished, but unaid? Not so, we trust!

Vast problems, many-sided, maddening, wait
Time's slow solution, but we may abate
With Law's swift hand this wrong—that DIVES thrives
Upon the woes of LAZARUS at his gate.

He shall not still, to swell his loved per-cents,
Perpetuate these pest-breeding tenements,
Nor use vile vice and slavish toil as tilth
And pasturage of Wealth in "Mammon's Rents."

FOOTLIGHT CONFIDENCES;

OR, WHAT THE CABLE MAY COME TO.

HERE we are at Slickville! As there was only a slight riot at the Station, and not more than five thousand firemen accompanied me to my hotel, joining in the new national serenade, "*Henry gets nicely along!*" I confess I was somewhat disappointed at the reception.

No; it has decidedly not been all I was led to expect, and it has therefore been a real consolation to me to receive here a batch of London papers, and peruse that glorious leader on my first appearance in New York, that somehow found its way into the *Times*. How excessively grotesque! I wonder, now, who on earth managed that! C. is civil, but he is certainly no fool. Could it have been H. ? or W. M. ?—or dear old Dobus perhaps? *N'importe!* whoever did it, it was excellent fooling, and I laughed heartily; and when I showed it to BRAM STOKER, it struck him as so excruciatingly funny that he nearly had a fit. He took the opportunity, however, of again impressing most earnestly upon me the necessity of not allowing myself to be carried away, as I am sometimes, in my after-dinner utterances. He pointed out, almost severely, to me that I had several times, with great indiscretion, added to what HATTON had set down for me to say,—much to the annoyance of HATTON, who does not like to see his carefully-prepared speeches spoilt by the introduction of bits of what he calls my "unbusiness-like and clumsy gag." I dare say he is right, for I fully admit that I do sometimes forget the ridiculous humbug underlying all this spouting and screaming and handkerchief-waving, and find myself compelled to gush tremendously. But is not the temptation strong? I am not an illustrious General, a world-renowned Philosopher, a distinguished Humanitarian, or even an ordinary Emperor. Why, then, should I be made the excuse for an unceasing and universal ovation? I ask BRAM STOKER this, and he only smiles significantly, and tells me to "mind my own business, and leave it to him." He is a wonderful fellow is BRAM STOKER. So is my tried and constant biographical friend and secretary, JOSEPH HATTON. Yes, I will endeavour to act on their advice! Ha! here come the Mayor and Municipal Authorities crowned in laurel, and ready to carry me on their shoulders to the "lunch" at the local Tantalus Club.

The lunch, though it began well, has been a noisy affair on the whole, and the little bit I interpolated into my speech about the growing glories of the rival township of Witlesburg has, so BRAM STOKER says, given great offence. I couldn't help telling them that, when at that rising Western city, after the Second Act of *Romeo and Juliet*, a large clothes-basket, full of mango jelly, fresh vegetables, and Bourbon whiskey, was let down from the proscenium by ropes of roses to my very feet, my heart went out to my audience then and there, and I had, the greatest difficulty in getting it back. I had scarcely uttered this, when HATTON was pelted with Blue-Point shell and salad-plates, it having got wind that he is responsible for my public sentiments. I am extremely sorry, and must really be careful. It appears that there is some feud between these rising

places, and that my reference has, therefore, been unfortunate. I am afraid this argues a doubtful reception to *The Belle* this evening. BRAM STOKER advises me strongly either to let HATTON play for me, or go through the Mesmerist Scene with a tinned umbrella. I will think this out.

As I hear the booking is excessively brisk, and have also been informed that all the people in the Western States have taken a hint from that clapping lesson I gave the New York Reporter the other day, I cannot but believe that the reception will be quite tremendous. I have, therefore, decided. I may wear a japanned tea-tray, up my back, but—I shall to-night play *Matthias* myself.

The ordeal is over. I am standing on the *débris* of the stage, surrounded by a crowd of excited literary interviewers. What can I say of what I thought of my reception, for they are asking me a thousand questions on all sides? I am trying to recall my impressions of the performance. I tell them that as soon as I came on in the First Act a shower of rotten eggs established in my mind beyond a doubt the conviction that I felt my audience. So it was all along; and when, on the appearance of the Polish Jew, a dead cat levelled at my head, fortunately hit his instead, my shriek of laughter was so hearty, so unexpected, and so wild, that it fairly brought down the house, and enabled the Second Act to be proceeded with without any immediate attempt to lynch the Manager, or tear up the benches. But when towards the close of the play I retired to my couch amidst a hail of footstools, I began to fear I should have tough work with the Mesmerist. For an American audience is keener, handier, stronger in the whistle, harderfisted, and takes better shots with an occasional chair than an English one. At the Lyceum if I stand on my head the Stalls receive it in silence, and not a coat-sleeve cracks with applause. If, indeed, I wish for a handful, I have to get it, as best I can, from the Pit. Here I got not one, but dozens, from the whole house. They came in torrents. The stage was like a market-garden. It was magnificent; and I so thoroughly felt my audience this time, that in a transport of sympathy, when falling over the coat of the murdered Jew, I picked up a large-sized cabbage, and flung it back, right across the Auditorium, into the back of the Refreshment Saloon. This was the hit of the evening. There was a rush for the stage, the gas was turned out, and, after a short skirmish with five companies of Marines, the house was cleared, and we were able to reckon the evening's takings.

Asked then what I thought of an American "pelt"; I said it was hearty, and, seizing a dead cat by the tail, I flung it into the chandelier by way of illustration.

Pressed by the Reporters to say if I thought I should venture on *Charles the First* to-morrow night without a couple of six-shooters in each boot, I intimated that I might possibly get BRAM STOKER to play it, and sit in front myself and look on.

I was about to give them a few more items of dramatic intelligence, when they tore off to cable the above to the British Press. So, on the whole, I have every reason to be satisfied with my tour.

A VOICE FROM A CAVE.

THE CAVE we refer to is the present lessee of the Elephant and Castle Theatre—(by the way, why couldn't this lumbering old name be changed?)—and he has made an important step in the right direction by heading his programme with this, in the clearest possible type:—

"NOTICE.—In order to prevent unnecessary noise, and that the plot of the piece may run without interruption, No CALLS BEFORE THE CURTAIN will be permitted."

Excellent! And no calls after the Curtain either. "When my cue comes, call me"—and only then, should be the theatrical professional's motto. The audience will soon get tired of calling if nobody comes. And of course the printed notice on the stage to the Actors must be that no calls are to be taken on pain of forfeiture of engagement. This must apply to Authors, Scene-Painters, Machinists, and Composers as well. And even when the Composer is conducting his own Opera, he must at the end of every Act disappear at the first round of applause, and resolutely set his face against a "call"—and this will be the more easy for him to do as his proper position is with his back to the audience. Yet, stop!—how can the Composer "set his face against" a call without turning round? This must be thought out. In the meantime, Mr. CAVE has set a good example, which we trust the Lessees, Managers, and leading Actors and Actresses will immediately follow. "Friends at a distance (in America) will kindly accept this intimation." We hope Mr. CAVE will stick to his rule, and that he will not cave in.

OUTSIDE THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA-HOUSE.—"The Duke of MUDFORD'S Cabbage Cart stops the way!"



"ALL HIS EYE."

Fobbinson. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, ISN'T THAT MY UMB—THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO LEFT, AND THIS IS CERTAINLY NOT—" (*A shabby black Gingham!*)

Journes. "EH!—WELL, I DECLARE—SO I HAVE—THOUSAND PARDONS—MY UNFORTUNATE COLOUR-BLINDNESS—COLOUR-BLIND, SIR!"

[*Restores neat green Silk!*]

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

IN A BATH-CHAIR.

WHY haven't you heard before? Why? Didn't you know? Because I've damaged my knee fearfully. Not allowed to walk. Knocked off my feet! Of course you can't write verse without feet. Ha, ha! That's the reason I'm in a Bath-chair at Brighton. Good opportunity for composing poems, *Bath-chair Ballads* (by A Bath Bunn—Ah! "When other lips," &c.), *Chairy Nothings*, *Lays of a Lame 'Un*, *Babbings of a Bath Chap*. Find it difficult to get beyond titles. Chair rolls so. Something might be done with title rôle, I fancy. Another thing—can't take my banjo with me. People would think I was a nigger-minstrel not so black as he is painted, and would "support the chair" by contributing coppers. Good notion, go on the Pier, sit in my Bath-chair, and recite my own poems. Those who had paid twopence to come on, would give shillings to get off, if I once began. *Spec for Company.*

Hope my dragger is a man to be trusted—willing and able. Wonder what his name is. Why not call him ABLE DRAGGER? I do so. He doesn't take the least notice. Evidently thinks I'm light-headed. Wonder if he charges by weight? If light-headed, he oughtn't to charge so much. Song, "*Weight for the Waggon*." No. "*Weight for the Chair*." I trust ABLE will be careful. Perhaps I ought to call him Mr. Chairman. Reminds me of a public meeting—"Mr. Chairman, I rise to protest—" Unfortunately I can't rise, as I have a game leg—do you require a game licence for a game leg?—and am tightly strapped and buckled within a leathern apron. I am in the power of ABLE. He can do just as he likes with me: he may turn me over, or he may shoot me into the sea, or run races with other chairs. Fancy Bath-chair Races, with real invalids, all properly handicapped. If I entered, I should have to be knee-capped—but no matter! This is no time for frivolity. Don't quite know how to behave in a Bath-chair. Fancy my bearing is too jovial. Rather too much of the Bath-brick! I temper it by putting on a sentimental expression, and end by appearing like a faint fool. A disgusting red man who has just passed shakes his head, says something to his friend, looks at me, and taps his forehead. I should just like to jump out, and tap him all over with my trusty Malacca. I yell out "Hi!" to ABLE, but he takes no notice. He is probably afraid, if there is a scrimmage, his Chair will be injured. I protest I do not feel at all easy. "Shall I not take mine knees in my—Chair?" Ahem!—SHAKESPEARE!

Try to look unconcerned. Begin to whistle. Old Lady who passes by looks shocked. Why shouldn't invalids whistle, if so dis-podged? We have heard of the Whistling Oyster—why not the Whistling Invalid? However, I may be wrong. I withdraw the whistle, and begin to sing "*Chair, Boys, Chair!*" beating at the same time a vigorous "rum-tum" accompaniment on the leathern apron. A lot of school-girls pass by two-and-two. Not only a number of impudent, short-frocked frillistines, but several graceful girls in their "last half" every single one of them—I emphasise "single"—old enough to be thinking of becoming a "better half,"—in most cases a very "becoming" better half. The whole crew giggle outrageously. I wish I could see their governess, I would at once report their disgraceful behaviour.

Don't think I am popular with other invalids. They don't seem to "welcome me to their circle." Old Gentlemen make faces at me as I go by, well-preserved Dowagers give imitations of *Mrs. Skewton*: a graceful Lady, with violet eyes and a pretty child, gazes on me reproachfully, and a swollen, rubicund, goutesque Port-Admiral, looks as though he would like to hang me at the yard-arm. Will try it once more, and let you know.

A Riparian Rhyme.

"The Staines Sanitary Authorities have been fined for polluting the Thames with drainage."
—*Daily Paper.*

THE Sanitary Savans of Staines
Had better look after their drains;
If they poison the River,
They'll quickly diskiver
They're sure to be fined for their pains!

ON THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—Very sharp chap Sir HENRY JAMES. In fact, he's quite "JAMES and THORNE."

THE WORSHIP OF
TINSEL.

HARDLY have the Mayor and Corporation of Cork recovered from the exertion of presenting an address to Mr. HENRY IRVING, when they are called upon to perform the same ceremony on behalf of Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN. There may be other shooting stars in the theatrical firmament who will claim and receive the same distinguished attention, until we shall be compelled to ask these Mayors and Corporations what honours they have left to present to real heroes and paragons? If counterfeited presentments of imaginary virtues are to be treated in this way, what will become of the great soldiers and benefactors who may in the future do the world some service? If every tragedian who fights a broad-sword combat is to be treated as if he had won a new Agincourt or Waterloo, these Mayor and Corporation addresses will lose their value.

A sober and respectful admiration for one or more great Actors, that is not adulterated with Barnumism, and is not degrading both to giver and receiver, is worthy of support and imitation; but enthusiasm, real or affected, spontaneous or stimulated, which goes to the length to which some of these "demonstrations" are going, deserves to be stigmatised as the present Worship of Tinsel.

"I'm so sorry my friend the Rev. Mr. AINGER, the Reader, didn't send me tickets," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "as I should like to have seen the Show of 'Christmas Anthems' at the Temple last week. It's rather early for them, though!"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 161.



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE,

A "HEBREW OF THE HEBREWS,"

WHO, ON THE 8TH DAY OF CHESVAN (i.e., NOV. 8, "VERY OLD STYLE"), ENTERS ON THE HUNDRETH YEAR OF HIS BLAMELESS, BRAVE, AND UNIVERSALLY BENEFICENT LIFE.

MUD-SALAD MUDDLE.

THE Corporation won't relieve the Duke of MUDFORD of his Mud-Salad Garden responsibility. "It's really asking too much," is what they seem to say; but they are wrong, and have lost a chance. Still, if the Duke can do what he likes with his own in the way of selling it, why can't he earn the gratitude of Londoners by having it kept in better order under new rules and regulations, and, as opportunity offers, introducing improvements, refusing to renew leases except on certain conditions, and so gradually but effectually making a clean sweep of it? If his Grace can do what he likes with his own, let him do this. If he doesn't—then it is either because he has not the power (and if this is so, who has?), or the improvement which London expects of him is not what his Grace likes. Let his Grace, sacrificing for awhile his enjoyment of sea-breezes and the pure Devonshire air, take the house lately known as "Evans's," and live in the heart of Mud-Salad Market for six months. Evans's would make a capital dual mansion. "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself"—at all events, see to it yourself; and we warrant there would soon be a decided improvement.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was instructing her youngest niece in French manners and customs. "The 2nd of November, my dear," she explained, "is the day when they visit all the seminaries, and lay chapels of flowers on the graves, a beautiful custom! The French call this day the *Jeu de Mots*—a phrase, my dear, that no doubt you have often heard, but never understood."

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

"Here break we off"—Return by overland route.

NEVER met with such weather as in the Hebrides and in the Scotch Lochs. No knowing where to have it. It pours, and you put on your mackintosh and waterproof cap and cape. When carefully buttoned up in these, out comes the sun, and off come all the above-mentioned articles except the cap, unless you have had sufficient forethought to have brought a lighter cap with you. Directly you row, or have been rowed, or, if on shore, you have walked a few yards, the rain re-commences, has a short struggle with the sun, conquers, and has the next half-hour all to itself a downpour in torrents, when, just as you have made up your mind to return to the Yacht, sunlight appears, as much as to say, "Hold on! I'm coming to the rescue, more powerful than ever!" You hesitate; sun and rain have a struggle, sun getting stronger and stronger, rain weaker and weaker, until it disappears altogether, the mists roll away, the mountain-tops are visible, the sky is blue, the flies come out and bite fiercely to make up for lost time—(a Scotch fly is a most persistently irritating insect; when it finds someone it really likes, it scarcely leaves him for a second, and if it does, it comes "back agen" fresher than ever)—and in another moment the waterproofs are voted a nuisance, are carried over the arm, coat-collars are turned down, some of the party complain of the closeness and heat of the weather, others prepare to strip off and carry their waistcoats; and all, *pace* flies, are

admiring the view, when somebody exclaims, "Hang it! Wasn't that a drop of rain?" Some hopeful person denies it. If KILLICK has asserted that he has just felt a drop of rain, CRAYLEY will immediately assure him that he must be mistaken, and that such a thing is impossible. KILLICK says he was not mistaken, and declares he has just felt another.

"That time I admit," says CRAYLEY, true to his colour of contradiction, under which he would die sooner than yield, "I did, but not when you first spoke." And in another second the rain and sun drama is enacted all over again, and, tired of the monotony of the variety, we return to the Yacht, and—this is the usual resource—ask at what hour dinner is ordered.

Whatever the time mentioned, if KILLICK is pleased, CRAYLEY sighs; or if CRAYLEY is delighted, and says, "Ah! that exactly suits me!" KILLICK wishes it were later, or earlier, or at any time, in fact, when CRAYLEY doesn't want it. CRAYLEY, however, is generally most pleased when it is at an hour which doesn't suit anyone—not even our host precisely.

Strome Ferry.—Here my brief holiday comes to an end, and I quit the *Cressa*. My life on the ocean wave has been a short but merry one. CRAYLEY also leaves. Other guests are coming to take our places. KILLICK is to remain for the whole voyage. The Merry Young Steward keeps up his *Mark Tapley* character to the last, and on the morning of my departure he enters the cabin with a radiant

smile to inform the Commodore that "he's been ashore, and there's no meat to be got anywhere."

What's to be done? The Merry Steward, brighter than ever, makes a suggestion. "Wouldn't it be as well to telegraph to the Gentleman who is coming aboard to bring a round of beef with him?"

After all, even the pains of separation can be ameliorated by the consideration of the sufferings of others. I am going straight through to Town, and offer to send them any beef and mutton from there; but at the same time suggest that, as CRAYLEY is going "by easy stages"—as Cardinal WOLSEY travelled—to his destination, he could send them provisions from Inverness, and, indeed, from various stations all along the line.

Return "Through Journey," *Express Notes*.—Strome Ferry to Inverness. First part of scenery wild and wonderful. Panorama changes to low and lovely, with Ben somebody in the distance, and then at Inverness to lower and unlovely on the shore-side, and to bold and blustering on the other, or sea-side, with Fort George at the farthest point, which I am informed is evidently a nice warm station for the soldiers, and on that account generally chosen by the Authorities as a *dépôt* for any troops fresh from India. How tropical must be the situation anyone can judge for himself when informed that it is built on what Estate Agents call an eligible and picturesque site, commanding uninterrupted views of the river and mainland on one side, and of the German Ocean on the other.

Inverness—in time for the *table d'hôte* at all the hotels. Can only go to one. Fair *table d'hôte*. Usual eccentric tourists, and wonderful females. Everybody making arrangements to be called early. Meet a shooting friend unexpectedly, who, having been forced to remain here alone for some hours, has read two three-volume novels, and, not liking to dine alone, has determined upon renewing reminiscences of his childhood by buying a sweet cake, which he intended to eat with his tea, poor fellow!—and so to bed about eight. I save him from this miserable fate, and in a burst of grateful hospitality he asks me to dine with him. Pommery *sec* instead of tea. I accept, and we foregather till nearly ten, when I have to continue my "through journey" to London *via* Perth and Stirling.

Having bespoken a berth in a sleeping-saloon—there's still some slight reminiscence of the yacht about this—I dispose myself for the night. N.B. (North Britain.) This sleeping accommodation has not yet been brought within measurable distance of perfection.

Perth.—Perfectly fresh—as fresh as one ever can be during a night journey under the present conditions. I slip out, in full yachting costume, to breakfast at Perth. More nautical now, on shore, than I was at sea.

Perth Express Breakfast! If there be an oasis in the dusty desert of the Railway Station Commissariat system, it is this! it is this!

Cleanly, bright, cold meats, hot drinks, tea and coffee,—I had some "grounds" for saying that the coffee was not perfect,—eggs and bacon, salmon, all on the "out and come again" principle, hot rolls, toast-and-butter, real *mac*-marmalade and jam *ad lib.*, what more could be desired by the most voracious and capacious traveller with a clear half-hour before him?

Then off by 7:30 train to Edinburgh *via* Stirling, with—and here is the great defect—no prospect of a wait of more than five or ten minutes anywhere, and not *that*,—should the train be unpunctual. We pass through pretty country highly cultivated, but the boldness has disappeared; the wild has become tame; the waters are no longer turbulent torrents, but placid streams, or rippling rivulets. The distant moors suggest grouse, the hillside cottages are neat and comfortable. The horses sleek and shining in the sunlight; the cows, evidently accustomed to a regular life, repose luxuriously between business hours, while the sheep are contentedly grazing, never once lifting their heads at the sound of the train—unlike their rough-coated, twisted-horned cousins in the parts we've been visiting, which are ever on the alert, and dart away at the approach of any footstep, except that of their own particular attendant. The "storm-motive" is over, and the "pastorale" has commenced.

Civilisation! Boys begin to cry yesterday's London afternoon papers, but I have already got the *Scotsman*, with all the latest news of any importance from town. I read how pairing has begun, how everyone is off for a vacation, how the business of the nation is being hurried through so that Legislators may be off—and "rogues are hung that jurymen may dine"—and I feel very much like the boy who has to remain in to do a task while all the others are off for their holiday,—for I am coming back to work.

Stations *en route*—

"Berwick-on-Tweed"—sounds like the work of an author on "Trouserings." Has a legal twang like "BYLES on Bills."

At Newcastle.—The first thing to see is an Old Castle, probably the residence of Old King Coal. The town is being vastly improved. Am told we shall have half-an-hour at York for refreshments. "York, you're wanted!" Don't know where this is from. Perhaps G. A. S. will respond. His "Echoes" always answer.

York. Very good dinner—soup, fish, meat, pudding, cheese; the whole boiling and roasting at 2s. 6d. a head, to be taken in half-an-

hour, which, deducting three minutes for the walk to and from the Refreshment-Room, is feeding at the rate of an infinitesimal fraction over a penny a minute. One plateful of anything, however, if all eaten, will stodge the hungriest traveller unless he's a champion lunch-eater, and can do it against time. One shilling for a B.-and-S. is dear, but the profit must be made somewhere.

We race through Doncaster—stop at Grantham for tickets—see Peterborough Cathedral, and think of Mr. WHALLEY—glimpse of Huntingdon race-course—St. Neot's, where, of course, a *tidy* lot of people live under the patronage of St. Neot. Flat country—pass small station, apparently called "London News," as that is all I can see, written up in white letters on a blue board—cultivation everywhere—good roads—country giving promise of good shooting-coverts for September—"every bird has his day"—new proverb—close fields—big hedges—brick-making—new division of panorama—high yellow banks—station called "Sandy"—remember a Clown of that name at HENGLEY's—a mound or two, mere molehills compared to the hills I've left behind me—fine trees, meadow, grass-land—neat villages—gardens—shriek of engine—we whizzle past station—the only prominent name I can catch as we pass is "Somebody's Mustard," in yellow letters—corn-fields—gleaners—then a large field of some dry-looking stuff, which looks like somebody's light hair unbrushed—more covert—ricks—sheaves—fewer hedges—signal place labelled "Langford Box"—big potatoe-fields—then banks—more brick-making—station called, I think, Marley,—pretty church—park-like grounds—inclosed fields and big hedges again—more signs of harvest—"Flying Scotchman" gives a whoop! as his countrymen do in the national dance, and we rush wildly by a station, the name of which is "Arlesey Siding"—what party Arlesey is siding with I haven't time to guess—fields—high banks—reappearance of road—village—old houses—old trees—banks again—signal-box—more harvest—grass and clover-fields—hedges—falling off in trees—brook—through English landscape shut out—"Flying Scotchman" shrieking again—"Hitchin!"—"Flying Scotchman" dashes past it, evidently calling out "Bless the Duke of ARGYL!"—then slacks off a bit—as if a trifle blown—scene changes to Wymondeley—very pretty—Birket Foster sort of English scenery—then changes to high reddish sand-banks—F. S. going steadily—hurries up a bit before Stevenage, which we pass in style—neat red-brick town—gardens—road—more bright-red houses, as if the builder had been a regular Rufus—Harvest not so forward—fields for miles—crowds of trees—more good coverts—undulating country—sheep. Harvest better than ever—absolutely "golden grains"—big banks—probably tunnels—no—more red bricks—extensive view of country—grazing-land—charming farm. Large village—two men—we go under bridge—country more undulating—F. S. tremendously elevated—decidedly, F. S. is a whiskey train—tunnel at last—shriek—in we go—darkness—lights—out we come—shriek—in we go again—out we come again—pass Welwyn—lovely wooded country—large fields—fine trees—banks—under bridge—big fields—small hedges—F. S. going it now—intends finishing well—only about twenty miles more to do—two more arches—wooded country—horses—cows—but nobody about anywhere the whole way along, except two men walking in opposite directions—odd!—is it tea-time everywhere, or dinner-time, or have they all migrated for the holidays?—shirk Hatfield—"Renowned SALISBURY!"—F. S. slacking off—wooded country—much the same as before—views shut out—meadow-land—rabbits feeding outside plantation—hedges—ditches—woods—copses—an obelisk on bank, with City Arms (I fancy) on it—slight whistle for Potter's Bar—no one at the Bar—we don't stop—F. S., the whiskey-er, is becoming temperate—whistle—tunnel—in for twenty seconds—out—sun setting—whistle—tunnel—seven seconds—short whistle—tunnel—ten seconds—people at last—suburbs of London really commencing—thrown out like skirmishers to see what the county is like—F. S. going it again—must get it over quick now—short whistle—tunnel—ten seconds—more skirmishers—wall of advertisements—Station (what?)—houses—shorter whistle—tunnel—fifteen seconds—shorter whistle, 'cos F. S. can't waste breath—gas-works—London bursting out—River Lea, or New River?—views shut out—Station (what?)—suburban London in force—boys—school playing—F. S. taking it leisurely—rather blown,—whistle—sun setting—moon rising red on the other side, to see the effect—sun hot and tired—moon chilly—want of circulation—town, town, town—smoke, smoke, smoke—churches—advertisements—Holloway Station—PETER ROBINSON, MAPLE, COLMAN'S Mustard to welcome us,—tunnel—going—low whistle—tunnel—in—out—ten seconds—tunnel again—that's it—F. S. ceases to fly—he's walking in—but he burrows into London through more tunnels, and—here we are, King's Cross, 7 P.M. to the moment, after a splendid two hours' run with the "Flying Scotchman" without a check. As the Mohawk Minstrels sing, "Home Once More."

In the account of the explosions, last week, it was reported that "The sleepers, even in the immediate vicinity of the hole, were undisturbed." What heavy sleepers!



BAMBOOZLEDOM.

Distressed Foreigner. "PARDON—MAIS MONSIEUR COMPREND-T-IL LE FRANÇAIS?"

Brown. "OH—ER—WEE—UNG POO. KWAW ESKER VOUS AVVY BEZWANG!"

Distressed Foreigner. "AH! MAIS MONSIEUR EST FRANÇAIS, ÉVIDEMMENT!"
[Brown is victimised to the extent of Half-a-crown!]

THE "FIRESIDE" AT VENICE;

OR, HOW WOULD IT HAVE BEEN?

IN the face of the highly complimentary, scholarly, and altogether admirable criticism that Mr. RUSKIN has just passed on much of Mr. Punch's artistic work, what can Mr. Punch do but, standing hat in hand, acknowledge with a respectful bow the genius, the judgment, and the grace that have deservedly won for the great living Apostle of English Art and Culture the admiration and homage of so large a following of his enthusiastic fellow-countrymen? For where the verdict runs so musically, and is withal so kindly, there seems to be scarce place for one jarring note of discordant cavi. Yet, over the subjoined sentence has Mr. Punch been sorely concerned and confused. Says Mr. RUSKIN,—having before him in review one or two selected specimens of Mr. Punch's Cartoons,—

"Look, too, at this characteristic type of British heroism—'JOHN BULL guards his Pudding.' Is this the final outcome of King ARTHUR and Saint George, of BRITANNIA and the British Lion? And is it your pride or hope or pleasure that in this sacred island that has given her lion hearts to Eastern tombs and her pilgrim fathers to Western lands, that has wrapped the sea round her as a mantle, and breathed against her strong bosom the air of every wind, the children born to her in these latter days should have no loftier legend to write upon their shields than 'JOHN BULL guards his Pudding?'"

And then Mr. RUSKIN, as if conscious that the very onward sweep of his own free fancy has carried him beyond the limits of fair and reasonable estimate, as it were, harks somewhat back again, and offering Mr. Punch something in the nature of an apology, acquits him of all true responsibility for this same terrible and offending "pudding."

"It is our fault" (proceeds Mr. RUSKIN) "and not the Artist's; and I have often wondered what Mr. TENNIEL might have done for us if London

had been as Venice, or Florence, or Siena. In my first course of Lectures I called your attention to the Picture of the Doge MOUENIGO kneeling in prayer; and it is our fault more than Mr. TENNIEL's if he is forced to represent the heads of the Government dining at Greenwich rather than worshipping at St. Paul's."

Now, Mr. Punch, the "Immortal" (again does he bow to the accurate judgment of his learned Critic) is nothing if not practical, and so, with a wave of his all-powerful truncheon, he puts matters to the test forthwith. He has found this commonplace nineteenth century and its humdrum materials pretty well suited to his purpose; still, as the distinguished Professor thinks he might have fared somehow better at an earlier period, amidst more picturesque surroundings, let him try the experiment. *Presto! Change!* Up goes the misty curtain of the centuries, and discovers to him—say, Venice, in the Middle Ages—thus:—

The Piazza di San Marco an hour before daylight. Enter GIOVANNI TENNIELLO, and the Editor of "Pulcinello del Adriatico," disguised in cloaks and masks. They both assure themselves that they are not observed, then approach each other cautiously.

Editor. Ha! You are here! Then you have escaped the daggers of the vengeful PANDOLFINI, notwithstanding the point of last week's Cartoon! 'Tis well! But say, my trusty and well-designing GIOVANNI,—what rare subject hast thou hit upon for this?

Giovanni. Marry, but there is nothing that I wot of, capable of supplying the merry jest. (*Mysteriously.*) I hear that the Doge was yesternight again tied up in a sack and dung from the Rialto; but, good sooth, such old party manœuvring affordeth material but for grim fooling, and maketh at best but a sorry picture.

Editor. True,—and we have had it before.

Giovanni. We have—twice.

Editor. Canst thou, dost thou think, do aught with the much-talked-of banquet at the Council. They say that five of the goblets were poisoned, and that now the partizans of the Duke of MILAN have a working majority. There seemeth to me stuff in it? What sayest thou?

Giovanni. Nay—but, it is gloomy,—and the five bodies would but crowd the picture. By my faith, I see it not!

Editor. Ha! I have it! Why not the Doge, kneeling at his prayers? Come, there be freshness in that—and quaintness too, I warrant me.

Giovanni (shaking his head). But, nay, again—it lacketh composition.

Editor. Thou art difficult, good GIOVANNI.

Giovanni. Not so: say that of thy subject. But, ha! who comes this way? (*They draw long daggers.* Enter RUSKINO, with a lute.) A stranger! and striking a sweet note in this dull and miserable city! What wouldst thou?

Ruskin. Hush! I know thy trouble—for have I not seen thy work! Alas! how wasted in this gilded sepulchre! For how canst thou bring wit or wisdom to the fireside here?

Giovanni. We do our best.

Editor. Ay! and thou hast sung in praise of the stilt-wearing beauties of our GIORGIO DU MAURIER, and of the doings of BRIGGS, the intrepid gondolier of GIOVANNI LEECH. Why, then, pelt us with stones?

Ruskin (sadly). They are but Stones of Venice! Look—take this (*produces a back number*). "The Council suspending their judgment and their DOGE." Is this the final outcome of MARINO FALIERO and St. Mark, FOSCARI and the League? And is it your pride, or hope, or pleasure that this your fair sea-born Mother, whose golden locks have wantoned in the sweet soft zephyrs of the sun-born south, should, in her zenith, be able to give you no livelier legend to write upon your comic shield than "the Council suspending their judgment—and their DOGE!"

Giovanni. Well,—considering the scanty material at our disposal, we thought it rather good.

Editor. Most decidedly.

Ruskin. Nay, but it is not thy fault—but ours—ay, that of Venice! Ah! My good GIOVANNI, look, as I do, with prophetic eye, into the far future, and tell me what it might have been hadst thou been given to London, at a distant day! Ah no—it is not thy fault that with such terrible surroundings thou art obliged to represent Authority with its head continually on the block,—rather than dining occasionally at Greenwich.

[*They vanish.*]

And, as the cloud curtain falls, Mr. Punch ponders, and asks himself, whether, after all, spite the golden glamour of her far-off glory, and the soul-moving music to which a great master has set her splendid tale,—the Adriatic Queen may not have had, in her day, something less noble to lose, even than that condemned typical "pudding" which JOHN BULL as yet has fortunately known how to guard.

THE MODERN DAMOCLES.—The foot-passenger in the public streets with the aerial telegraphic wires hanging over his head.

PHEASANT BUTCHERS.

[In six days 8,312 head of game were killed with six guns on the English estate of the Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH.]

In days of old the Squire went out
Upon his land with dog and gun,
Cheered Ponto with a kindly shout,
Saw pheasants rise and rabbits run;
Flushed the brown partridge from the beet,
Or haply shot the timid hare;
And wot ye well such sport was sweet,
When golden Autumn days were fair.

But now the *Millionnaire* will stand,
Or sit a-near the covert side,
With guns men wait on either hand,
He need not take a single stride;
But dawdles through the livelong day,
And pots the birds that scarce can fly,
And as he idly sits to slay,
In thousands round him they will lie.

And this is sport? Ah no! it shames
The ancient spirit of our race;
No place this wholesale slaughter claims,
'Mid field-sports like the nobler chase.
Go take those strange four-barrelled guns,*
Or other plutocratic freak,
Like butchers, oh, degenerate sons
Of England, to where shambles reek!

* The latest invention of an enterprising gunmaker, an abominable and most unsportsmanlike weapon. If this sort of thing is to go on, we shall see men take a *mitrailleuse* out shooting!

THE MONTEFIORE COMMEMORATION.—What a grand reward for a virtuous and beneficent life, to have the commencement of your hundredth year celebrated by a procession, with elephants and camels in it, arranged by a Circus Manager! Of course it never could have occurred to the Circus people that this was a fine opportunity for an advertisement.

ABSIT OMEN!—The last days of the Municipality have commenced. On the Ninth of November, at the Guildhall Banquet, there was the tremendous spectacle of a Lord Mayor quoting Latin . . . and Greek!!! It is the beginning of the end.

"WASN'T there a great scholar called JULIUS SCAVENGER?" asked Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM of her Nephew.



"SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND!"

Young Spoonbill. "AH, MY DEAREST MISS SHILLINWORTH, IF I MAY—I HAVE LONG WISHED FOR THIS SWEET OPPORTUNITY, BUT I HARDLY DARE TRUST MYSELF NOW TO SPEAK THE DEEP EMOTION—BUT, 'N SHORT, I LOVE YOU!—AND—YOUR—YOUR SMILE WOULD SHED—WOULD SHED—WOULD—"

Miss S. "OH, NEVER MIND THE WOOD-SHED! HOW'S YOUR AUNT'S MONEY INVESTED! AND WHERE ARE THE SECURITIES DEPOSITED?!!"

"IN THE MATTER OF —, A PRISONER."

(Probable Proceedings if the same Secrecy is observed towards Laymen as Solicitors.)

YESTERDAY a person (it is impossible to give the sex, for fear of affording a clue to identification) was brought before the presiding Magistrate at a certain Police-Court, charged with committing either a felony or a misdemeanor. The Prisoner, upon being placed in the dock, was immediately ordered to be removed by his Worship, as the person had not been clothed in the new regulation mask and disguise-cloak. Upon these necessities having been supplied, the Prisoner was readmitted, and the charge was read in a whisper to the Magistrate. A Gentleman of the Long Robe appeared to prosecute, and the Prisoner was defended by a Solicitor.

The Magistrate. Are there any Witnesses?

Prosecuting Counsel. Several—they are in the waiting-room.

The Magistrate. I cannot possibly consent to have them in Court. Were they seen they would be immediately recognised, and the privacy now enforced by statute would consequently be lost.

Defendant's Solicitor. I had foreseen this objection, your Worship, and as my Client is most anxious that the complaint against him or her (as the case may be) should be fully investigated, I have arranged that you shall listen to their evidence through a telephone.

The Magistrate. A very proper precaution. The matter may now proceed.

Telephones having been supplied to his Worship, the representatives of the parties interested, and also to the Prisoner, the case commenced. After a whispered examination and cross-examination of the Witnesses for the prosecution, the Magistrate asked the Prisoner to make a statement, if a statement were considered desirable.

Defendant's Solicitor. If you hear the voice of the Prisoner, surely the sex will be identified.

The Magistrate (severely). You must be very ignorant, Sir, of the manner in which I conduct my Court, if you believe I could permit such a miscarriage of justice! (To Usher.) Supply the Prisoner with the Punch-squeak, known in the Puppet Trade as "the Call."

This useful article (which completely disguises the natural voice) having been supplied, the Prisoner reserved the defence.

The Magistrate. Very well, then, you are committed for trial, and, under the circumstances, I must refuse to accept bail for your appearance in a Superior Court.

Prisoner (speaking in a peculiar falsetto through the Punch-squeak). But won't they discover who I am, your Worship, when I am lodged in the House of Detention?

The Magistrate. Certainly not, Anonymous One, as every precaution will be taken to protect your incognito. You will continue to wear your mask, and you will be supplied, on admission, with a domino equally applicable to either sex.

The Prisoner, having thanked his Worship (through the Punch-squeak) for his courtesy and consideration, was then removed in the charge of a male and female warder.

The proceedings then terminated.

AMONG THE "NEW RULES."

WHEN any public professional person is maliciously and unfairly criticised, whether as an Actor, Author, or Singer, he can bring his action against the malevolent Critic at Nisi Prius as a "Running Down Case."

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says the Champagne she likes best of all is Promissory. The name being disputed by her Nephew, a bottle was produced. It was Pommery. "I said Pommery," answered Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "And the next best Champagne, I used to think, was Hideandseek."



"A LITTLE MIXED."

LORD COLERIDGE LECTURES ON THE PRACTICE OF THE AMERICAN BAR.

CHEAP TELEGRAMS.

No. 29, Cravat Place, Great Grewsome Street, Jasey Square, W.C.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

If the addresses of the Sender and the Sendee are to be charged in the new Sixpenny Wire, we shall find telegraphic communication dearer than ever. I frequently correspond by electricity, for a shilling, with Mr. SAMUEL SASSOFERATO SMITH, of No. One hundred and forty-one, Osker Terrace, Much Wilde Street, Sunflower Park, S.W. If you will be good enough to cast your eye over my address and that of my friend, you will see it would be impossible, under the new regulations, for us to send even the briefest despatch under half-a-crown.

Yours despondingly,

BENJAMIN BLOWFLIGH BLEWPOSTLE.

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE—DUMMY BRIEFS!

In re—the Occupation of a Counsel.

SIR,—As a great and valued friend of my father, I appeal to you. On the 2nd of November, 1883, barristers in wigs and gowns were refused admittance to the Royal Courts of Justice on the score *that they had no business to transact there!* This outrage speaks for itself! For years I have attended the Queen's Bench Division and the other Divisions exclusively to exchange bows with the Judges on their taking their places on the Bench! And now even this privilege is denied me! The profession is indeed going to the dogs!

Yours indignantly,

To Mr. Punch, &c., &c.

(Signed)

BRIEFLESS JUNIOR.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS, *on dit*, is writing a novel to appear in *Time*. Better than writing it hastily, to appear in no *Time*.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM thinks that some Theatrical Managers overdo the advertising in the newspapers. "As to that Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS," she exclaimed, "I think he out-heralds Herald."



GENERAL MUNDELLA REVIEWING HIS AWKWARD SQUAD.

MULTUM IN PARVO;

OR, HOW TO "EXPAND" A SKELETON TELEGRAM.

POLITICAL.

Skeleton Telegram (dated China).—Sick Emperor—War problematical.

Expanded Despatch (dated "Pekin, by Special Wire from Our Own Correspondent").—His Majesty the Emperor of CHINA during the last ten days has been suffering from a complication of ailments. Commencing with a slight touch of influenza, the chill (contracted at an evening fête during the Feast of Lanterns) rapidly assumed a typhoid type. Dr. BONES (whose name appears in the *Medical Directory*) was called in by Dr. HI SKI HI, a native practitioner, and the two physicians prescribed a concoction of Senna, Quinine, and Ki Bosh mentioned in the *English Cyclopædia*. On Thursday last His Majesty took a Turkish bath, which afforded him considerable relief. On Saturday he was decidedly better, and even was able to "pick a little." For dinner he managed to discuss a *pâté* made of puppy dogs' tails (a favourite dish of the Mandarins), and subsequently seemingly enjoyed three large basins of birds'-nest soup. On the following morning a Cabinet Council was held, when it was decided that as the French were concentrating in large numbers near Rong Too (on the West Coast—the place can be found in the *Imperial Atlas*), it would be as well to temporise. It is thus very problematical whether the Chinese Ambassador will receive instructions to proceed to extremities.

SOCIAL.

Skeleton Telegram (dated Australia).—Southern Governor—Glorification—Exhibition—Scandal—Drink.

Expanded Despatch (dated "Melbourne, by Express Wire from Our Special Commissioner").—Early on Thursday morning, this favourite city, surrounded by palm-trees in full bloom, bearing at this moment the nests of thousands of canaries, was agog with excitement. At nine o'clock the streets were gay with bunting, and the band of the Royal Victorian Guards, commanded by Major SMITH (whose name will be found in your monthly *Army List*) discoursed a programme of sweet music, conspicuous, however, for the absence of any of the songs of SULLIVAN's operas. The occasion was the opening of the Exhibition building, which, as you may not know, is uncommonly like your own Law Courts, except the Conservatory, which strongly reminds the beholder of the Central Transept at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Bishops of all denominations were present, and the Senior delivered a neat address, in which he hoped that the undertaking would be quite successful. Then, midst the sounds of trumpets and salvos of artillery, the Governor, who was in full official uniform, and wearing the insignia of K.C.B., declared the place "duly opened."

It is to be regretted that so hopeful a morning should have been followed by an evening of shame and gloom. However, I am forced to telegraph to you the sad news that at the subsequent banquet liberty was exchanged for licence. Plainly, all the guests took a great deal more than was good for them, and the result was a scene

of dissipation completely baffling description. The Governor himself attempted to avoid the impending intoxication by mixing aerated waters with the more potent liquids in the glasses of the guests. This he managed to accomplish successfully, as, from drinking to excess, a large proportion of those present had become completely stupefied. Unhappily the matter did not end here, as hot blood soon engenders hot words. Several duels were fought on the following morning. Two of our leading Politicians were dangerously wounded in the side by sabre-cuts, and are not expected to survive. In my next I will give you further particulars.

OBITUARY.

Skeleton Telegram (dated Canada).—SNOOKS gone.

Expanded Telegram (dated "Montreal, by Special Transatlantic Cable from Our Private Envoy").—General SNOOKS, who left this country a few months ago for the Dominion of Canada, is now no more. (Then follows, copied verbatim, a biography extracted from "Persons of the Day.")

N.B.—No expanded telegrams can be sent after next week, as then the Manager intends selling his reference library a bargain, and retiring with a fortune from business.

RANK NONSENSE!

THE Proposed Bill for the Regulation of Hackney Carriages and their Drivers having been received with some coldness by the class it was intended to benefit, a new measure is being draughted on the lines of the original, but going "just a little farther." The following are some of the provisions:—

1. Anyone hiring a cab shall immediately pay a deposit of £5 to the driver, who shall not return the money unless he pleases.
2. The hirer of a cab objecting to the use of strong language on the part of the driver, shall be liable to six weeks' imprisonment without the option of a fine.
3. Should a driver become "incapably" intoxicated, the hirer will be bound to look after him, and see that he is not robbed. The hirer will be responsible to the driver for any damage done to the cab while the driver is in this condition.
4. Anyone offering less than two shillings for the "cabman's mile" (800 yards, imperial measure), shall be condemned to five years' penal servitude.
5. All matters connected with the Cab interest shall be adjudicated upon by a Committee consisting of five cabmen.
6. If the driver takes it into his head to horsewhip his fare without provocation, the said fare shall immediately apologise.
7. The driver of a cab shall be exempt from all law. He shall never be brought before a Magistrate, and any Policeman venturing to address him shall be immediately dismissed the Force.
8. Should a cab-horse require replacing (at the suggestion of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals), the expense will be defrayed by the first old lady who enters the vehicle.
9. Should the driver require it, the hirer will handle the reins himself, while the driver smokes and drinks in the interior.

THE LATEST CRAZE.

(Letters from a Young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as a Profession.")

28, Shrimp Street, Shellford, Monday, October, 1883.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,

I MUST write and tell you about my first day and night's experience of the *real* Stage. You'll hardly believe me, but it isn't all fun, like those jolly theatricals at Granby. You remember the local papers said I was so good as that Footman who said "Lunchink is ready," just when they were telling you your husband was dead. (We mayn't do that on the *real* Stage.) You know how thoroughly in earnest I am about it all, so I felt bound to do what they told me at the Gatherum Club; that is, take a provincial engagement—they say one learns such a lot. Yes, one does; but, perhaps, not quite in the way they meant. I can't tell yet what the effects may be of what I learn, but I think I'm "acquiring confidence," which seems to be another phrase for learning to be very rude.

I certainly never knew there were such a lot of Actors and Actresses about. You, my dear Duchess, are very fond of the Stage, and you like to entertain those who entertain you with recitations and songs and that sort of thing, you know; but you haven't an idea of how many Actors and Actresses there are about, for you don't see one quarter of them in London, and not one hundredth part of them could you be possibly acquainted with. They all tell me it isn't their faults, poor things, and I'm sure they all mean very well—it seems hard they can't manage quite as well as they think they can before the Curtain goes up; but then, of course, people's tastes vary so much; perhaps, if they pronounced words as we did at Granby, the audience here mightn't like it.

I must tell you, as far as I can, what has really happened. It was awfully kind of you to persuade Mother to send GEORGE to look after me; but he's going back; he says he belongs to the London Footman's Conservative Association, and can't stand the life here, and he don't think my Mother could stand it either.

I've taken the name of EXCELSIOR MCALPIN, because I mean to get up the ladder like IRVING. I should do it quickly if I could manage it with his strides; but then I haven't got his legs. I arrived here yesterday, Sunday (it's not much of a place); but wasn't it lucky I found old Lady AWEBERRY had taken a house at Seaborough—she'd heard I was coming, and sent over to ask me to dinner, and had actually asked Miss POSTER to meet me—so like her—(Miss PRISCILLA POSTER is my Manageress, you know). Miss POSTER asked me a thousand questions. I told her I didn't want to take up any particular line at first. I wanted to try and play *every* sort of part. This seemed to please her, because she said they tried to do with as few people as possible, and so I could play a lot of parts every night; and that then I should get so very handy in changing my clothes, which is a great thing to learn. She said she wouldn't pay me quite at first, as it wouldn't be fair on the others; but in time she hoped to give me something. She put it all very nicely. She said I might wear the things in her wardrobe,—when I say "*her* wardrobe" this doesn't mean that I am going to assume feminine costume in burlesque, but it means the stock of dresses belonging to her Theatre or Theatres,—some of them, she said, had been worn by Actors in the time of MACREADY, and ever since (because she's had the Theatre Royal, Shellford, for thirty years). I daresay they might have inspired me, but, on the whole, I thought I'd rather have my own things. She told me to come to rehearsal next morning at ten. Her audience like Melodrama, and she was going to produce one in six Acts, which she would have liked to rehearse more than once, if circumstances had permitted it, but the stage had been wanted to paint barren rocks and parching plains of some Desert, so that they would have to do the best they could with one good rehearsal. I'd never heard of the play before, but Miss POSTER said it was most interesting, and nobody had to pay for acting it, which she thought so "English" and like the days of Free Trade. This is her view of "encouraging the Drama." A very practical one, I think, as the more plays you can perform for nothing, the more you can play. If ever I become a Manager, I shall always play SHAKESPEARE, because they tell me there are no "Authors' fees" for representation. Why should Authors have fees? Where would they be without the Actors? This is what Miss POSTER and the others say, and I am not quite sure whether they are not right. When I used to play with Amateurs for a Charity, we always thought it rather hard to have to pay an Author for performing his piece. Of course paying for the Theatre to perform in, for the band, for the Costumier, and for the printing, is quite another thing. I said this, and Miss POSTER quite agreed with me, though she was of opinion that if Amateurs wanted to play for a Charity, they should play for the Benefit of a Provincial Manageress who was always doing her best to support and encourage Dramatic Art. Lady AWEBERRY liked the sentiment, and asked her to dinner again next Sunday. (Miss POSTER is quite fit to dine with anybody; she found out a corked bottle of Champagne directly.)

I was so anxious to please, that I got to rehearsal next morning before Miss POSTER had arrived, and I was stared at by a lot of men in ulsters. They didn't look at all well off, like the ones we know in London; but there, my dear Duchess, the ones you have at your house in London, where it first struck me that I should like to go on the Stage, are just three out of a thousand. I thought I'd better begin to talk to them, because I wished to be very civil; so I told them who I was, and I don't think they liked it. One of them observed it was usual for a new member of the Company to "stand drink"; I said I had brought no drinks with me, but I'd send for GEORGE, and see if he could get some from the Hotel or wine merchant, but the man in an old ulster said there was no need to do that, he would go himself "round the corner," and get enough "Mother-in-law" for us all. (This was the *first* professional thing I learnt, and I don't know that it's much help.) "Mother-in-law" is old and bitter beer. Of course, my dear Duchess, you can't be expected to know *that*. I don't like beer myself, especially in the early morning. I said I would pay this once, but I couldn't always pay, because I was just the same as they were, trying to make my living. I'm sorry to add that this gave great offence. They said, after what I'd told them, they wouldn't accept my money, but would all go "odd man out," as to which should pay. However, it came to exactly the same thing.

Miss POSTER arrived very different to what she'd been the night before at Lady AWEBERRY's; she was very cross, the Stage Manager came with her—(poor man! I'll write to you more about him. I'm now trying to get his son into the Bluecoat School. Could you help?)—somebody had given her a bad shilling, and she seemed disinclined to attend to the rehearsal in consequence. The Ladies of the Company and some more men in ulsters had been dropping in all this time. Some brought chocolate, others apples, and one or two shrimps, which they offered to me after I had been introduced. (I must have it put in my engagement that I am not expected to take miscellaneous refreshments like this, or I shall be ill.) I began to get very tired of all these preliminaries, because I had come on business. Everybody said they were ill, but would do their best. Most of them had near relations dying as well. The theatre was very dark and draughty, and there was an old charwoman, with the worst cold I ever saw, or heard, clearing up the pit. Miss POSTER said I must forget "Belgravian drawing-rooms for the nonce." I didn't like to ask her what "the nonce" was. She feared her dressing-rooms were not to be compared to the "boudoirs of the nobility." She had arranged for me to dress in the same room with a Mr. GARRICK and a Mr. DERWENTWATER, as she believed they were both well connected, and so she thought I should like to dress with them. I think, after all, it is more the man himself than his relations, when it comes to dressing in the same room, and I thought it a shame their influential friends didn't help them to get a little better underclothing.

Rehearsing then began in earnest. It was difficult to grasp the action of the piece, as the band and carpenters were all rehearsing at the same time. It was most confusing; bits of tunes, shouts and hammering, and moving of scenes just when one was going to speak. Everybody had to copy out their own part, as there was only one book of the play. This doesn't seem to be a great encouragement to Dramatic Literature, but perhaps it is a "very rare old play." Miss POSTER, who plays the heroine, would constantly break off in the middle of her heartrending speeches to scold somebody pretty sharply. I will tell you all about the play in my next. I hope I am getting on in my profession. My brothers write to me that "it isn't a profession at all." That it's "all bosh." MARCUS says that not very long ago Actors were all "rogues and vagabonds" by Act of Parliament. This is unkind of MARCUS, but both he and JIM, being in the Army and at the Bar, won't allow there are any other professions, I suppose, though Uncle ROBERT is in the Church, and SAM in the Navy. But of course those professions are not like this. The Drama is ennobling,—at least, so they said at your house, my dear Duchess, and I dare say they knew all about "Mother-in-law" and "odd man out," only they wouldn't tell me. Yours very truly,

HUGO DE B***.

HOMICIDE AND VULPICIDE.

A FRIGHTFUL crime is reported from East Cornwall—an atrocity no less horrible than that of "Poisoning a Pack of Hounds." At the opening meet of Colonel CORYTON's Foxhounds, the bow-wows "were observed to make a set at some dead fowl. Shortly afterwards they showed symptoms of poisoning. Before they reached home six had died, and others are not expected to recover." So far so bad; and it is difficult for the hunting-mind to conceive anything much worse than an attempt to poison foxhounds. But in this instance:—

"It is supposed the fowls had been placed in order to poison foxes."

Homicide, though unintentional, perpetrated in the commission of any felonious act, amounts to murder. In the hunting-mind's eye, it is at least no palliation of the poisoning of foxhounds, even if true, that it was the result of an attempt to poison foxes, however accidental.



TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Ethel. "LOOK—LOOK, DOROTHY! THERE'S RICHARD MARVEL!" *Dorothy (Country Cousin).* "RICHARD MARVEL? WHO'S HE?"

Ethel. "WHAT, NEVER HEARD OF RICHARD MARVEL? WHY, HE'S THE ACTOR, YOU KNOW, AT THE PARTHENON!"

Dorothy. "OH! AN ACTOR, IS HE! HE'S SOMETHING LIKE MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH."

Ethel. "WHO'S MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH?"

Dorothy. "WHAT! NEVER HEARD OF MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH!! WHY, HE'S THE GREATEST BREEDER OF SHORTHORNS IN ALL CUMBERLAND!!!"

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

FROM his sulphurous realm as the sun goes down

The Devil is walking once more,
To visit his favourite vineyard, the Town
That stretches by Thames's shore.

Over the bridges and through the Parks
He strolls, and along the streets,
A presence that fails to elicit remarks
From the hurrying hundreds he meets.

There is naught to suggest that he comes as a guest

From regions torrid and drouthy,
He has altered his ways since the simpler days

Of COLERIDGE and SOUTHEY.

A jacket of red and breeches of blue
He knows would be far too striking,
And as for a tail!—even DARWIN's crew
Would hold that in sore misliking.

There is naught unesthetic about him at all,
Not a hint of the diabolic;
He's trim as a citizen bound for a ball,
Or a "Masher" out on a frolic.

And what, oh, what is the Devil's aim?
Oh, never a titled preserver of game
Through his covers with watchfuller interest
Than this "noble sportsman," whose quarry
is souls.

He seeks it not in nut-scented heather,
Green coppice, or golden stubble,
But in London's slums in detestable weather
(*This Sportsman doesn't mind trouble.*)

He sees a spectral scare-crow thing
Slink into a slum-fouled alley,
And he mutters, "With cowl and with
scythe and wing,
He might lord it in Death's own Valley."

He sees a roof-rotten, muck-sodden den,
To the gutter ready to tumble.
Says he, "Well, if this be the dwelling of
men,
We haven't much reason to grumble."

Then steps he into a "tenement-house,"
Through a dark but doorless entry.
"Little need," chuckles he, "for a lock or
a key
Whilst my brace of friends stand sentry."

He climbs a rotten and rickety stair,
Foul filth its cracked walls smearing.
"Why, chaos," says he, "had a pleasanter
air,
And needed less careful steering."

And what, oh! what, does the Devil behold
In these reeking chambers, barren and
cold?

What Satan himself might scruple to tell,
Lest his language should shock a less
hideous hell.

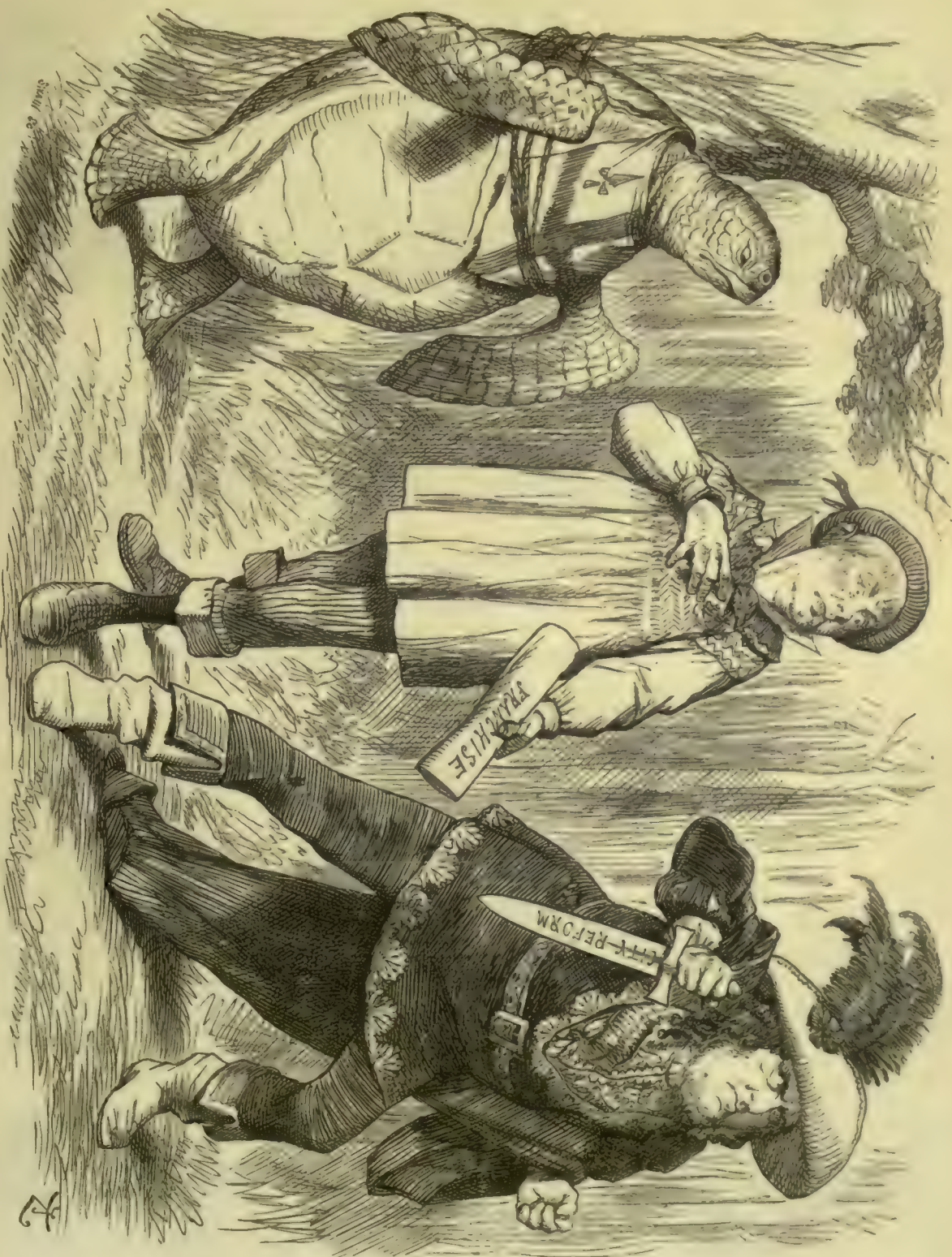
He sees commingling of Labour and Vice
In joint contamination.
Quoth he, "This, indeed, were a spectacle
nice
For Belial's contemplation."

Sees Childhood, broken with ill-paid toil,
'Midst sin's contagious venom.
Says he, "For friend Moloch's favourite
spoil,
This beats the Valley of Hinnom."

Then he sees a House-jobber grubbing for
gold
Amidst festering Vice and Poverty codd,
And says he, "I've one henchman more
trusty and bold

Than the ogre worshipped in Ammon:
Beelzebub's doughty, and Astaroth's good,
As snarers of souls with a crown or a snood,
But the first, most ubiquitous, best of my
brood,
Is my ruthless, respectable Mammon!"

So Satan, seeing that all went right
In his big branch-Hades by day and night
To his personal pleasure and profit,
Back to headquarters swift wended his way.
"I shall sicken," said he, "if much longer
I stay;
For though sulphur's not pleasant, I really
must say
'Mammon's Rents' are more choky than
Tophet."



A RESPITE.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON (the Ticked Baronet). "HA! (Aside.) FOILED AGAIN! BUT A TIME WILL COME——"!!!



HUNTING PUZZLE. NO. 1.

HOW TO GET OVER THAT GATE.

ANOTHER INVITATION TO AMERIKAY.

I HAVE jest received a letter from New York of such extrordinary a character as fairly puzzles me. It begins "Dear old Cuss," which Brown tells me is Amerikan for Dearly beloved Cuzzen, and it says, putting it shortly, that as the Lawyers of Amerikay has invited over the gratest of our Lawyers, and the Poets of Amerikay has invited over the gratest of our Poets, and the Actors of Amerikay the gratest of our Actors, so the Waiters of Amerikay would like to see the gratest of our English Waiters!

With that yuthful modesty so nateral and so becoming to a English Hed Waiter, I fust blusht, and then I dowted. I examined the Envelop carefoolly and showd it to a G.P.O. of my acquaintance, but he sed as it were all rite and no mistake, it had suttently cum from New York, and, luckily for me, post paid, for as it cost ever so many cents for postage, and every cent of course means a hundred sum-thinks, I should have had to pay a lot of money for it.

Well, the letter goes on to say that the Waiters of New York have subseribed a fabylus sum to pay my xpenses, and will give me sitch a reseshun as will simply stagger me. What they wants me to do is to read, as Lecters, my contrybushuns to your most poplar periodiekle. They are redy to engage the largest of all the large Alls in New York, but I don't quite understand what they means by its being in a Awenue, coz I'm afeard that would be werry drafty, and to give me all the prophets and to pay all the losses, if there is any, and they says that as there is about 10,000 of 'em in New York alone, and each on 'em has plenty of frends, and they shoud charge arf a doller admittance, which Brown tells me is about 2s., they coud garrand-tee me a good thousen pound!

I declare I'm in sitch a wirl of egsitement as I reeds and reeds it ower and ower agin, that, tho' it seems odd, I carnt ewen keep my old spees on my old nose for presperation. He says they has menny and menny a roar at my fun, tho' what fun they can find in my true storsy I can't understand, but that's their bizzeness, not mine, and if they means wot they says, and does what they says, they may larf and larf till Hall's blue, whoever Hall may have been, praps a relay-tion of *Blue Beard's*.

My fust difficulity is about the woyage. I am suttently not a fust rate Saylor. I never shall forget my feelinx when I crossed the foaming Oshun last year, wen I wisited the Ague in Olland to see the Lord Mare go and visit the King. And I thinks, if possibel, the

coming back was wusser. That was only a day, this ud be a week. Wot a week! Memry looks back with a shudder and forrad with a groan. But then think of the reckempence. The I hadmirashun of my feller waiters, and praps, a thousand pound! A thousand pound! Why, with sitch a sum as that I coud realise the dream of my hurly manhood, and take a nice little Pub in a good ard-drinking nayber-hood, and live at my ees, and be the horacle of my own back parler, and relate my egsperiences of my perfeshnal life, elustrated with little sparkling annygoats of the werry ighest nobillerty and harrystock-rasy, and praps, who nose, ewentually become a Westryman! Wot a future! and all within my grasp, if I can but skrew my courage to the sticky place, in other words, to the rolling and pitchy Weessell.

My Co-respndent says as all my predecizzers has bin werry sucsess-fool, speshally Lord COLLINGRIDGE, but then look how thick he spread the butter, and don't the Amerikans jest like it. He writes that if he woud only have allowed Mr. BARNEM, or some other of their great geniusses, to have taken him in hand, and took him round the Country, he mite a maid at least a hundred thousen dollers! Mr. IRWING the hactor was so run after, that sum peepel achsally paid more than an Amerikan suvvering to see him hact, wile wen I seed him at the Lyseehim in *Romyoh*! I only paid a shilling, and thort him deer at the price. Such is taste, or the wont on it, the witch is witch is one of the Miss Terrys of the stage, and there's sevrul on 'em.

I thinks on the hole as I shall do wisely to write to my brother Waiters for further perticklers, and in the mean time try my best to settle down to my old jog-trog egsistence, as if no sitch brite wision had ewer crost my lowly parth, tho I'm jest a leetle afraid as my thorts will be sumtimes a-wand'ring across that brord Hatlantick that Mr. WILD HOSKAR was so disapinted with, tho', if I thort as I should be disapinted with it, I'd go at wunce without a second thort, but I carnt even so much as pretend to think as I should, coz I knows better. On sitch ocashuns I shall want all my presents of mind to perwent me a-spilling of the hot soup down sum gent's back, or a-nocking his pore bald hed with sum well-drest hair, but I've faith in myself and in my Star, and ewen sitch brite prosper as mine, witch mite well intockscate a meer ornery Waiter, shall only elp to sober me.

ROBERT.

ADVICE TO SMALL CAPITALISTS ABOUT TO INVEST IN "NEW RUSSIANS."—Leave it—a loan!

A STRANGE OCCUPATION.

It was said at one period that Electricity would annihilate Time and Space. It has recently dazzled our eyes so much that we feel it is equal to anything, even to blinding us. From the following Advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, it looks as though the annihilation of time were not far distant:—

ELECTRICIAN WANTED,
to fill up time with gas and hot-water work. Address, &c.

We have heard of "killing Time," but why it should be put to the unnecessary torture of being "filled up with gas and hot-water work," we fail to understand. Possibly, it is a matter only understood by Electricians.

A Breezy Ballad.

THE Wind's in the North,
I decline to go forth!
The Wind's in the South,
I must tie up my mouth!
The Wind in the West
I both loathe and detest!
The Wind in the East
Is but fit for a beast!

LAUVINIA's military cousin was travelling North. As Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM entered the room, JESSIE, her youngest niece, was saying, "Bob's going to Fort William." "I'm very sorry to hear it, JESSIE," said her excellent Aunt; "but even if it is so, you might speak good grammar. He's 'going to fight WILLIAM' would have been the correct expression."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 162.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY, AND ALDERMAN HADLEY UPSET.

THOROUGHFARE OR NO THOROUGHFARE.

As Bow Street is the most important connecting link in the series of streets, squares, bridges, &c., which form nearly the only central communication worth speaking of, between the North and South of London, it is as well to know whether it is a Thoroughfare or a No Thoroughfare. After many years' experience we are unable to decide the question, and shall be much obliged to the Authorities—if there are any Authorities?—who will kindly assist us. In the morning it is generally given up uncontrolled to the Duke of MUDFORD and his Clients, and then it is decidedly a No Thoroughfare; in the middle of the day it is fairly passable; but sometimes at night, and especially on Saturday nights, it is made impassable for cabs or carriages at the will of some mysterious Police Official. Policemen bar the entrance from MERE-WEATHER's to the publican's at one end, and from the boiled-beef house to the publican's at the other. Dr. JOHNSON defined a fishing-rod to be a stick with a hook at one end and a fool at the other; and we may define Bow Street to be a short bit of road with a Duke at one end and a Policeman at the other.

To "ALARMIST."—No. The Chinese are not all cannibals; only those belonging to the "Man-chu Dinnersty."

THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

PART IV.—PAROCHIAL SPEECHES.

PERHAPS of all the Orators contained in the United Kingdom, the Vestryman has least need of assistance in speaking. The fact that he is a Vestryman is an infallible proof that he has (as he himself would term it) "the gift of the gab." As a rule, he is the proprietor of a ham-and-beef shop, or is deeply interested (by deputy, for in this case his wife does the work) in the selling of cabbages. Sometimes he belongs to the educated well-to-do trading class, but then he is swamped in the mass of petty shopkeepers who surround him. Sometimes again, but very seldom, he happens to be by birth and education a gentleman, and then he shows his utter unfitness for the Vestry by never appearing at its meetings. So rarely, indeed, are Vestrymen anything but what are termed "highly respectable tradesmen," that it is unnecessary to consider them as belonging to the classes above them. It has been said that these exalted worthies require no guidance in the wallflowerly walk of rhetoric bordering the floor of the Court-house. But every rule has its exception, and it is just possible that there may be a Vestryman not belonging to the "genteel" and silent order, nor to the well-to-do trading class, who has not the courage "being a Westryman, to be'ave as sich." It is to such a one, if he can be found, these hints and suggestions are addressed. It will be as well, perhaps, for the benefit of the unique individual to whom allusion has been made, to give

A Rough Sketch of an Ideal Vestryman.

Costume.—May be either a slovenly-cut suit of tweeds, or "a coat, vest, and trousers as advertised" of black cloth. Pot-hat worn with both. If under forty, flower with long stalk sticking in button-hole. Thick and dirty boots, indifferent linen, and alpaca umbrella.

Voice.—Should be rasping. Unless it can be heard not only in the

Vestry Hall but in half-a-dozen Committee Rooms beyond, it is practically useless.

Tone.—Pert, abrupt, overbearing, and yet semi-respectful with brother Vestrymen. However, on special occasions a professional joke may be permitted; for instance, about the price of ham-sandwiches or the adulteration of moist sugar. Sharp with the Surveyor. Obsequious to the Clerk of the Vestry, especially if that Official happens to be a Solicitor. Stern to the Rector, and generally offensive to everybody else.

Mode of Delivery.—Head thrown back, right hand advanced. Usual commencement of speech, "Now, look 'ere, I want to know." Peroration, "I tell you what it is, we must not be 'umbugged. Not we. So I tell you, one and all, that we'll precious soon let 'em see what we want, and that's all about it!"

The Vestryman is not at his best when performing his official duties. When he has to defend himself against a charge of gobbling and guzzling at the public expense, his indignation jumps well over the gap dividing the sublime from the ridiculous. On other occasions he will raise his strident voice to ask, "Why the Vicar 'as 'is name printed on circulars without them there two Churchwardens?" And if he is not falling foul of the Church, he delights in a fad. For instance, it suddenly occurs to him that the act of a street-boy using a rod and line in fishing in a local canal may be dangerous to the Public. He argues that if anyone caught their legs in the string, they might do themselves a serious injury—one might fall on his nose, another tumble into the water. So the Vestryman calls attention to the use of rods on the local canal, and the matter is referred to a Committee. This Committee applies to other Local Committees, and the body swells and swells until it reaches a certain magnitude. At this stage, a deputation is chosen to wait upon a Cabinet Minister. The Statesman receives the Vestrymen "with the utmost courtesy" (as the published report of the latter is subsequently careful to state), and quietly snubs them. The Right Hon. Gentleman is of opinion "that the Vestry have



Cheeky Passenger. "ANY FEAR O' MY DISTURBING THE MAGNETIC CURRENTS, CAPTAIN, BY GOIN' NEAR THE COMPASS!!"
Captain. "OH NO, SIR. BRASS HAS NO EFFECT ON IT WHATEVER, SIR!"

ample powers to deal with dangerous rods and lines, and therefore cannot pledge himself and his Cabinet colleagues to indefinitely postponing all other Imperial business while they give their undivided attention to the passing of a Bill making unauthorised minnow-fishing by children punishable with seven years' penal servitude." The deputation is bowed out, and returns to the Vestry for comfort. A large bill is run up for various incidental expenses, and the matter is brought before the delegates of the Ratepayers on numerous occasions, always to meet with the same fate, "adjournment to another occasion." And here be it noted that the golden rule of the model Vestryman is, "when in doubt—postpone." This is a most useful custom; for instance, when some Ratepayer, who enjoys the honour of the acquaintance of one of the elect, wants to put up a conservatory in his front garden. The Vestry constitutionally objects to anything that could be regarded as either a novelty or an innovation, and the conservatory in the front garden answers both descriptions. But the petitioner for the sweet boon knows a Vestryman. Here arises a difficulty. The Vestry must act up to its principles, and yet has no wish to affront one of its own body, so the matter is—"postponed."

At the commencement of the proceedings of a Vestry gathering, the minutes of the last meeting are invariably read and confirmed. These minutes are rather of a perfunctory character, and, in the cause of information, might be made infinitely more interesting. As a guide to would-be municipal orators, subjoined are

The Minutes of a London Vestry slightly improved.

The Churchwarden, supported by the Vestry Clerk and the Surveyor, took their seats at their raised desks, and assumed an air of defiant reticence.

The Vestry Clerk read the minutes of the last meeting amidst a hum of voices.

The Churchwarden read a long list of proposed disbursements of Ratepayers' money, amounting in the aggregate to several thousand pounds. After each proposed disbursement he called upon those present to signify their assent or dissent "to the expenditure in the usual manner," adding, immediately after making the request, the word "carried."

During these votes the conversation was general.

On reaching the vote for the payment of £2,547 12s. 8½d. on account of the poor,—

Mr. BRASSLUNGS wanted to know why one of the paupers had been deprived of some of his coat-buttons. It was said that the Master of the Workhouse was "most 'aughty," and expected all the inmates to "touch their 'ats to 'im." Now he (Mr. BRASSLUNGS) thought—

The Churchwarden (interrupting). Mr. BRASSLUNGS, you are now making a speech, and not asking a question.

Mr. Brasslungs (to admiring colleagues, satirically). Oh, ain't 'e sharp this morning? (*Laughter.*) I do say it's a shame that—

The Churchwarden continued his reading, and the objections of Mr. BRASSLUNGS were ignored.

The consideration of the schemes for turning a ruined local burial-ground into a handsome park, for paving a main road with wood, for causing the dust-holes in the dwellings of the very poor to be periodically cleared, and several other propositions admittedly extremely beneficial to the public, were postponed.

The Vestry having then to open tenders, all but the personal friends of the would-be contractors drifted away, and the meeting was adjourned.

To sum up. A Model Vestryman does not require to be a polished orator. His words seldom get further than the columns of the local paper. Here they are seen after undergoing a revision which has reinstated lost aspirates and corrected bad grammar. But what matter sense and culture to a nominee of the Ratepayers? In conclusion, London will indeed be worthy of pity if forced to take in exchange for the ponderous stupidity of the City Alderman the impertinent incompetency of the Model Vestryman.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FROM all parts of the country we have continued to receive most favourable accounts of the opening day of the season, the Fifth of November. There were plenty of Guy Foxes everywhere, and some first-rate runs, chiefly from policemen and infuriated householders.

SIMPLE REMEDY.—How to make a tent waterproof. Pitch it.

OUR WEALTHY DRAMATISTS.

THERE may be poor Actors nowadays, but no poor Dramatic Authors. Not to be behind the fashion of the present time, when everybody craves to know what everybody else is doing, when he is doing it, and how it's being done, we are grateful to an unknown Correspondent, who signs himself an "Occasional Pall Mall Gazetteer Paragraphist," for the following interesting details, and the public will agree with us that Dramatic Authorship is at the present time a highly remunerative profession:—

Mr. W. G. WILLS is a Millionaire, having made his money entirely out of *Charles the First*, while the poor Actor of that important rôle only received three pounds a night for the entire run! This is no fault of Mr. WILLS's. But clearly some "redistribution" is required here. Mr. W. G. WILLS lives in several castles in the North of England; keeps five steam yachts, and two or three packs of hounds. For his new piece at the Princess's he receives fifty thousand pounds down *before a line is written*; and Mr. WILSON BARRETT binds himself over to him to serve him as a slave, to work his farms, do boot-cleaning, or go out to the Colonies for him, or anything, if he should fail in producing the exact sum by twelve o'clock next Friday.

Mr. W. S. GILBERT, as a Dramatist, made five hundred thousand pounds by one piece at the Olympic, some years ago, which sum having been advantageously invested in Botany Yarns (on which he is founding his *Burglar's Tale*), still brings him in the handsome sum of one hundred thousand pounds a-year. His income as a Librettist would amount to fifteen hundred thousand a year, but for the necessity of sharing it with Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who insists upon receiving his "pound of flesh," or, rather, his two-thirds, or ten hundred thousand pounds of flesh, paid quarterly. Finding his present house too small, Mr. GILBERT is in treaty for Buckingham Palace. He stipulates for the sentry-boxes remaining with sentries in them. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who is to have a wing of the building—for, as his Librettist gracefully says, he couldn't indulge in such high flights but for Sir ARTHUR's wing,—insists upon these sentinels having been through a campaign at the Royal College of Music and being skilled vocalists. This proviso has for the present brought negotiations to a standstill, but it is said that the brilliant Librettist and gifted Composer, on agreement with the Buckingham Palace Authorities, will refer the matter to a mutual friend who,—

In spite of all temptations,
Will accept their invitations,
And remain an Engel-ishman,

—and who will probably be accommodated with a room in the Palace (near the Critics' Banqueting Hall) all to himself, fitted up with the latest-invented telephonic apparatus, communicating with the Librettist's and Composer's apartments, so that at any instant he may be informed of every wonderful rhyme or extraordinary musical phrase that may occur to either of the talented partners.

Messrs. HERMANN and JONES have only recently started in business, but they have already achieved a fortune which will make the entire ROTHSCHILD family envious. It is variously stated at from sixteen to fifty millions. Messrs. HERMANN and JONES are inseparable. Their equipages are familiar to all Londoners frequenting the Park, where they both drive a collaborating team of eight horses. Their benefactions to their countrymen are well known.

Mr. G. R. SIMS is in receipt of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum from his *Lights of London*, in the Metropolis alone. From the representations in China, Japan, Persia, and one or two other places (where the drama is localised and sharpened up with topics of the day), he has realised the magnificent sum of £275,008,005 19s. 11½d., with which he furnished his present mansion. As the Librettist of the *Merry Duchess*, he shared with Mr. FREDERIC CLAY the Composer, a couple of millions; and this would have been more, but for the unfortunate result of the Derby, which, it is an open secret, hit these two talented gentlemen rather hard.

Mr. GILBERT A BECKETT by one piece at the GERMAN REEDS' made over a hundred and sixty thousand pounds. His hunting-lodge in the Midland Counties is a model of perfect taste. It is open house with him all the year round; and though hunting five days a-week (except in the summer, and it's difficult to prevent him even then), he yet finds time to write the *libretti* of French and German Seven-Act Operas. Of these he speaks, in his light and airy way, as "mere trifles thrown off before breakfast." But it is well known that these trifles represent two hundred thousand pounds each. His forthcoming Opera, *Savonarola*, has been purchased by a syndicate composed of the Emperor of GERMANY, Emperor of AUSTRIA, the King of HOLLAND, and the French House of ROTHSCHILDE, for upwards of three millions sterling, one quarter of which has been already subscribed, and the remainder guaranteed. If the guarantee is not made good, the instalment will be forfeited, and Mr. GILBERT A BECKETT will be at liberty to sell it over again.

Mr. HERMANN MERIVALE's new mansion cost him a hundred

thousand pounds. The drawing-room is inlaid with precious stones, and the mantelpiece (constructed by the Author) is one blaze of diamonds. He will not live in it, but will only go and look at it now and then, as he prefers the residence he has occupied now for some years, and which he lately furnished lavishly out of his receipts from the *Cynic*. He made just on half a million by the play he wrote for Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD, who, of course, such is the irony of Fate, was but little benefited pecuniarily by the successful work. Mr. HERMANN MERIVALE spends about ten thousand a year in fishing-rods, and is endeared to all mariners on the more dangerous parts of our English coast by his patented invention for saving life at sea, and safety nets for the herring fishery.

Mr. F. C. BURNAND, as a Dramatist, makes fifty millions a year. He is largely interested in Electric Lights, and has bought up most of the patents. By a piece called *Unlimited Cash*, a few years ago, at the Gaiety, which only ran a few nights, as the expenses were so enormous (one may buy gold too dear), he realised a quarter of a million, after granting Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD a splendid annuity. His last new coat cost him over five hundred pounds, and his hatter, haberdasher, shoemaker, and tailor divide about sixty thousand a year between them. His shooting-box and moors, arranged on the most luxurious and expensive plan, cost him a hundred thousand pounds to keep up. He is a great benefactor to the various lines of rail which meet at the junction station near his place, as he is always sending vans laden with game all over the world. His pieces played in America (where there is no copyright or dramatic right) produce—by the courtesy of the Managers, who feel themselves in honesty bound to make him some acknowledgment—an income of about from seventy to ninety thousand pounds a year. As a Librettist, he would have made another couple of millions out of *Coz and Boz* (after sharing with Mr. MADDISON MORTON) but for Sir ARTHUR, then Mr. ARTHUR, SULLIVAN's claim for a hundred thousand, which Mr. BURNAND at once doubled, as a token of his esteem and friendship.

Mr. H. J. BYRON has never made less than a million a-year. He has several times tried to do so, but without success. He has houses and gardens all over England. He always travels by private engines, with saloon-carriage attached, having early in life taken a dislike to horses. Mounted outriders precede him at a gallop, with flags to warn the approaching travellers. He spends the winter in India, tiger-hunting, and writes most of his pieces in the cool of the morning, when in his palanquin on the back of an elephant. He returns for the season to London, and his Western Palace—as it may indeed be termed—is the rendezvous from morning till night, or rather from morning till morning [as it never closes], of *Tout ce qu'il y a de plus gai, de plus brillant, de plus savant*, in all London. A great amateur of music, he has ten magnificent private bands, and three Composers at five thousand a-year each. He says he can't understand Mr. W. S. GILBERT being content with Buckingham Palace as a residence (if he gets it), as, for his part, he likes a place he can move about in. His Elephant Saloon in his second London house, which he only uses when he is "passing through," can be seen during November, from twelve to two, by anyone obtaining an introduction from the HOME SECRETARY, backed by the PRIME MINISTER and Archbishop of CANTERBURY. He realised sixty millions by *Our Boys*, and has pensioned off Messrs. JAMES and THORNE with a handsome competency per annum as a recognition of their past services.

[In the foregoing information we shall be happy to make whatever corrections may be necessary, on hearing from any one of the Dramatists named, in order to bring it into strict accordance with his own private and confidential statement made to the Commissioners of Income-tax.—Ed.]

Food v. Cram.

THE suggestion that destitute children obliged to attend Board Schools should be supplied at school with penny dinners seems good, and feasible. Less than a pennyworth of oatmeal a head would afford a fairly filling mess of porridge, and not cost much. Nor would that small expense necessitate any great addition to the rates. Might it not readily be met by a reasonable reduction of the sums now expended in attempts at putting sciences and literature into the heads of children destined to become plough-boys, errand-boys, shop-boys, and servant-girls?

THERE was a paragraph last week in the *Times* headed, "The Status of Solicitors." Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM read it without her glasses, and then putting down the paper, exclaimed, "Well, I do not see why Solicitors should have Statues."

UNFOUNDED RUMOUR.—There is no truth in the report that the Dean of Bangor, on account of his anti-tea sentiments, is about to be raised to the episcopal bench as the Bishop of Soda and Bran.



PUTTING HIM AT HIS EASE.

She. "AND I SUPPOSE YOU WENT IN TREMENDOUSLY FOR ATHLETICS, AT OXBRIDGE?"

He (much pleased). "WELL—ER—NO—I'M AFRAID I'M RATHER LAZY, YOU KNOW!"

"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT" AND THE SULTAN.

(Extracts from the Diary of his Majesty.)

November 1st.—WEISS PASHA has just informed me that the Unselfish Representative will arrive in time for the celebration. He is coming all the way from Paris by the Eastern Express. So pleased, as I am very curious to see what he is like. WEISS Pasha says that he is being fed up well, so that he may be nice and fat for the final ceremony. He was greatly pleased with the first dinner they gave him when he entered the train. I am told he wrote columns to a London paper about the waiters and the napkins. The only thing that disappoints me is that he should have neglected to have brought PAIR or BROCK in his suite. How can the affair go off properly without Fireworks?

November 2nd.—PHILIPPI BEY has been with me all the morning. It seems that the Unselfish Representative is not an Englishman by birth, although his name sounds like an English imprecation—"Blow it!" This is the more creditable. I can understand a native of the country submitting to the terrible sacrifice, but that a foreigner should offer himself to undergo so great an inconvenience seems to me incredible! However, he is said to be very eccentric, which may possibly account for this noble act of self-sacrifice.

November 3rd.—Was shown a letter from Lord DUFFERIN, in which the British Ambassador expressed a wish that I should be informed of the arrival of the Unselfish Representative. It is rather perplexing, this semi-official recognition of this painful act of self-abnegation. However, I should be the last to complain. Here am I about to be as much favoured as if I were living in Bridgewater or Lewes. I do hope that before he finally disappears there will be a really good explosion.

November 4th.—It is all arranged, and I am to see him. PHILIPPI BEY has managed it beautifully. On my way to the Mosque he is to be propped up outside a window, so that I can have a good look at him. The difficulty about the etiquette of our interview is smoothed over. It appears that he will walk in on condition that he is permitted to sit down the moment he has entered. Of course, I am glad of this, as if he had been carried in in his chair by two persons walking before and behind (his favourite mode of travelling), the breach of manners might have established an inconvenient precedent. I am looking forward to to-morrow!

November 5th.—The great day has arrived, and I have seen him! He was propped up on the window-sill as arranged. I never saw anything more grotesque and amusing in my life! He quite realised my anticipations! Much funnier than a wooden puppet, and just as helpless. He had his feet hanging down, and his toes turned in, just as I had seen them in the pictures! I hurried over my prayers, and had him brought in. RAGHIB BEY acted as interpreter. I asked him if he thought we should have a fine night for the ceremony? He replied, through the interpreter, that he thought that there was just enough wind to blow the smoke away. I explained to him how deeply I regretted that I should not be able to be present when they lighted up. He replied, that after all there was not much to be seen so far as he personally was concerned. One celebration was much the same as another. So with a bonfire. Put anything into it, and it soon loses its individuality. I admitted that this was the case, and to change an awkward subject (although I must declare that it seemed to give him no distress), asked him if he had brought his lantern with him. He replied, "No;" that as he had got the old original, he thought it best not to bring it. So it is left at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Asked him why he was secured to his chair when he went out for a ride? He answered that it was an English custom, and prevented unanticipated ejections. Expressed my surprise that he was not more gorgeously costumed—he was wearing a plain tourist's suit. He said that any old clothes would do for his purpose—that it would be a pity to work in his best. Upon this, I said, to make him look a little grander, I would confer upon him the order of the Medjidie, second class. Rather extravagant this! However, my visitor seemed pleased, and soon after took his leave. On bidding him adieu, I wished him a fine night for the interesting ceremony.

November 6th.—I can scarcely write for rage! However, I have had the whole of the Cabinet sewn up in sacks, and thrown into the Bosphorus! I will teach them to impose upon me! RAGHIB BEY, who acted as interpreter, has taken to flight. Very wise of him! I have just seen a translation of the *Times*' account of my interview with the Anglo-Frenchman! The audacity of the thing! I am actually represented as talking politics with a person who I was given to understand had been brought all the way to Constantinople that I might see him before he was burned as a *Guy Faux* on the 5th of November!

"LIKE A CRAB, IT CAN GO BACKWARDS."

THE *Times*, of November 14, in a curiously ill-tempered and illogical leader, laid it down as an axiom that "Men of sense make up their minds on these subjects (i.e., religious doubts) at an early age, and it is only rather poor and narrow-brained persons who are troubled at thirty with any question about the form of religion they have lived under." It has probably occurred to many persons that the selection of the age of thirty was singularly unfortunate, and though *prima facie*, intended as "a nasty one" for Lord RIBOT, it was indirectly a rather severe commentary on the doings of Dr. MARTIN LUTHER, who certainly did trouble himself considerably "on these subjects" from thirty to thirty-seven, and hadn't quite done with them at forty. The names of GAVAZZI, BLANCO WHITE, and some others will recall themselves to the memory of those who see that "Sauces for the Goose," &c.

In another article on Friday, the *Times*, which has been having quite a little religious dissipation, says:—

"To this day the French workman talks of Protestantism with the same airy ignorance as his forefathers. There is something English or German in it to his eyes, and he is not far from believing that a Protestant cannot be a good Frenchman."

Now, substitute "English Times Leader-writer" for "French workman," and "Roman Catholicism" for "Protestantism;" substitute also "foreign" for "English or German," and "Roman Catholic and Englishman" for "Protestant and Frenchman" *et fabula narratur de Times*. The paragraph amended would read thus:—

"To this day the English *Times* Leader-writer talks of Roman Catholicism with the same airy ignorance as his forefathers. There is something foreign in it to his eyes, and he is not far from believing that a Roman Catholic cannot be a good Englishman."

The superior intelligence that directs the ready pens of the Leader-writers is evidently behind the *Times*.



THE ALDERMAN'S NIGHTMARE.

Demon Conger. "HA! HA! IN ME BEHOLD THE REAL TURTLE! HO! HO! YOU MUST LEARN TO LOVE ME!"

O 'ENERY THOMPSON! 'ENERY THOMPSON, O!
 That epicure the Orther of the *Seasons*
 May have been void of rhymes, but no, oh no!
 He wasn't arf so destitute of reasons
 (Whatever Hood may say), as what you seem,
 O THOMPSON, who did not write *Sophonisby*!
He wouldn't 'a give me that there 'orrid dream,
 From which I still feel quisyb.
 You're wus than WERNON HARCOURT and his lot,
 That soupercilious FIRTH, and BEAL the bounceable.
 That chap who in the "*Telly*" writes sech rot
 'Bout testitudi—somethink unpronounceable—
 Is bad enough with his long crackjaw fuss;
 Turtle is turtle. Who can put it stronger?
 But 'ang it all, Sir 'ENERY, you are wus.
 You say it's only Conger!
 Conger be—well, I won't. But he must be
 As cruel as a MANNING or a THURTELL,

Who'd try and shake, with his wild fiddle-de-dee,
 A Alderman's sweet confidence in Turtle!
 Wot *would* be left? Reform might 'ave its way,
 If Turtle lost its individuality;
 And eels would do quite nicely, I dessay,
 For a Municipality!

That dream! Oh, it was dredful! For I thought
 That I was fixed, my feet a awful weight on,
 While with a hidjus thing I wildly fought,
 Like that there Python of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON.
 I felt like them three parties caught by snakes,
 In that uncomfortable classic statue.
 The Creature seemed to grin, "I'll give you quakes,
 Old Boy, when I get at you!"

He gaped and goggled at me like a shark,
 His mouth appeared a saw-mill in full action,
 He lashed his 'orrid tail, and seemed to bark;
 I shook like a *blomonge*, in stupefaction.



TRANSPPOSITION.

Irish Sergeant. "MARK TIME! CHANGE YOUR STIP, THAT MAN!"

Recruit. "IF YE PLAZE, SURE——"

Sergeant. "SILENCE!—AN' FALL OUT AT ONCE AN' CHANGE YOUR FEET!"

"Git out!" I gurgled. Then the Conger spoke,
Lifting his 'ed and offle coils above me;
"I am the real Turtle, ancient bloke,
And you must learn to love me!"

Of course 'twas all delugion, like the trash,
In hignerant Sir 'ENERY's startlin' letter.
Wot can 'e know of Calipee or -pash?
He ought at least, though, to 'ave known much better
Than to 'ave give us this 'ere frightful shock.
Round our dewoted 'eds Fate's arrows 'urtle.
But Conger? 'Ang it, no!—not ev'n as "stock."
I pins my faith to Turtle!

CAN'T BE FAIRER THAN FOWLER.

(A Page extracted from the Diary of the Lord Mayor.)

Monday.—Very glad I rescinded my permission to Herr STOCKER, the leader of the "Jew hatred," to lecture at the Mansion House. See what a reception he got when he *did* open his lips! Howled down! Very properly, too. Considering that Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE has now entered his hundredth year, it is simply disgraceful to say anything against the Jews. Besides, if there had been a row in the Egyptian Hall, the stained glass windows might have been smashed. So, take it all round, we are well out of it.

Tuesday.—Application from the Anti-Mock-Friendly-Societies League to hold a Meeting in the Mansion House. Though rather sympathising with the objects of the Association, was forced to refuse their request. Silly of them to select such a stupid title. "Mock-Friendly"—evidently an allusion to the Society of Friends. The Quakers are a most respectable class of people, and I am the last man in the world to sanction any sneer at their expense. Especially as I know that if I did so, I should be called to book by a certain member of the Corporation. Decide, then, to refuse the application with scorn and contempt.

Wednesday.—Everybody seems to want to use the Egyptian Hall! Here are certain Gentlemen "having the regeneration of the British

Drama at heart, who are anxious to meet together to consider the advisability of petitioning the Government to subsidise a theatre for the exclusive performance of *Shakspeare*." Well, in its way I sympathise with the movement. In fact, I should have no objection to asking questions of my Right Hon. Friends in "another place." But the thing won't do in the City. Some Common Councilman or Alderman would be sure to ask questions about it. No, no; were a Meeting held about the future of the Drama, during the absence of our leading Tragedian in America, the proceeding would be regarded, and justly regarded, as a slight by the *Irringlies*! This would never do, so must write to refuse the application.

Thursday.—Another petition for the use of the most comfortable room in the Mansion House! Too bad that people should want to turn me out of my own little study in this way. But they will—they always ask for the Egyptian Hall! However, on this occasion, I think I can stump them. Permission requested by a Mr. MOCKER to lecture "Upon the History of Country Fairs and the Origin of Booths Generally." A nice row there would be in the Court of Aldermen if I consented! Why, I do believe, it would cause even Sir ROBERT CARDEN to say a naughty word! "Booths Generally." Why, of course, the lecture would include "General" BOOTH, and attack the Salvation Army!

Friday.—Once again! But there can be no doubt about my course in this instance. My excellent friend, Alderman HADLEY, I feel sure, is regarding my movements with interest. The Society of Sincere Believers want to hold a meeting; just like their impudence! I would not offend Agnostics in general, and Mr. BRADLAUGH in particular, for the world.

Saturday.—Ah, come now, don't mind this. The Antipapistical Society wants to hold a meeting in the Egyptian Hall to protest against Romanism. Certainly. I shall enjoy it immensely, so that nothing is said against the Jews, Dissenters, and Atheists. But stop, Alderman DE KEYSER is a Roman Catholic! So perhaps, after all, I had better take time for consideration!

AN ASIDE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.—What Lord DERBY said when the Delegates from the Transvaal were announced, "Oh dear, what Boers!"

NEW READINGS OF AN OLD NURSERY RHYME.

GERMAN READING.

*(Tremblingly.)*Says AARON to MOSES,
"Let's cut off our
noses!"*(Nervously.)*Says MOSES to AARON,
"And put a Christian
pair on."

IN LONDON.

*(Joyfully.)*Says AARON to MOSES,
"Let's develope our
noses!"*(Proudly.)*Says MOSES to AARON,
"They're the fashion to
wear on!"

LORD MARE'S DAY.

NONE of us a knowin wot's to foller, like the Gests at dinner wen there ain't no Menu, I was determind to see all I coud connectd with the grand proceidins of Lord Mare's Day. So I managed to be present at Gildhall on the heighth hinstant to witness the sollem and affectin serry money of Lord Mare's Heave. Ah that was a seen that was. No wonder the Livermen, all in livry, flockt in crowds to see it, and no wonder so many on 'em seemed to be took with sitch bad colds just at the most affectinest moment.

"At 2 o'Clock by the Gildhall clock," as the Poet says, two Lord Mares cum in together, hand in hand, and marched in sollem state to the place of execution, where the Town Clerk, looking pail with surprest emoshun, awaited their arrival to perform his sad office. His rich manly voice trembled as he administered the customary dioklaration to the New Lord Mare, and his three stately bows wanted sumthink of their ushal dignerty, dowlless from the same caws, for the makin of that dioklaration by the new Lord Mare, speakin metologically, reelly decapptated the Old 'un, for dreely the words was huttered, without no paws, off went the 3 cornered Cooked At of Power, and he was again a simple Alderman!

Wot his feelinx was at that supreme moment who can tell? but his manly features bore the smile of stoickle resignashun.

Then forth stopt the Chamberlane in a full court soot with a lovely floury veskit, and walkin up with three graceful bows, gives up the City Purse to the old Lord Mare, who gives it to the new 'un, and he, after feeling of it and finding, I spose, as there was preshus little in it, hands it back to the Chamberlane, who is so jolly pleased to get it agin that he makes three more gracefool bows and aeshally walks out backwards! A pretty lot of praktisin he must have had before he could do that I shood think. Then the old Lord Mare and the New 'un departs in peace, but tho' they both goes together, this time the left one's right and the right one's left.

That same evnin, as is our invaryable kustom, we all assembl'd as usual and seated ourselves round our kustomary round table and drunk our kustomary bowl of punch, which I has the honner to bru, and at 12 o'Clock percisely, at Midnite, we stands up on our feat, and we drinks in sollum silence to the pious memmery of the late Lord Mare! and then in fresh bumpers, with three times three and one cheer more, we drinks to the prosperous rain of his noble suckesser.

I had herd the rain a peltin down the Chimbley like one o'Clock jest before daylight, and may thorts nat'rally turned to the poor Lord Mare's footmen's silk stockings as they walked thro' the streets amid ribbald jeers. However I rowed myself betimes from my nupshal couch and pulled myself together at duty's caul, as England expecs every Waiter to do on such a sollum day, and fourth I storked, fust to the Manshun House and second to Gildhall. With that kindness of art for witch I hopes as I am sumwhat remarkabel, I sort out the poor Lord Mare's Postillion who I had herd was to be discarded from his long suit, and found him to my extreme satisfashun arayed in all the gorgeous parofy nailyer of his dinnifide and importent offis. As time pressed, his only remark was, "If ever, ROBERT, they takes off my two leaders, they'll have took the fust step towards a Ansom Cab, and the rest will be all down hill with not no skid on!" and so we parted.

I'm told as most people thort as the Sho was a werry fine 'un, of course there's no a counting for taste, but, to my mind, bails of wool, and legs of mutton, and a lot of birds full of stuffing, and chastes of Tee, was but a werry poor substitoot for real Men in Harmer, who I was sorry to see absent, and that I have no doubt made the mob angry, and so I aeshally herd 'em hiss the LORD MARE! which so effected my sperrits that I rushed into the Cryp and drowned

'em in a bumper of sherry. I then sat down to meddytate, and the thortful Butler, a old frend of mine, seeing my state of mind, kindly giv me a second, and then reckomended me to take just 40 winkels, witch I did for jest about a cuple of ours, and then woke up quite refreshed and prepared for the wust.

The bangkwet was much as usual, tho' I thort the thick turtill seemed rayther thin, but then custom makes an ed Waiter almost as fastigious as a Alderman. I was again struck werry forcibly by the estonishing fac that many of the gests would leave the aquist delly-cacies of the table a most untouched, and prefer sith werry wulger food as cold beef, merely because it's cut off a werry big joint, and called a Barren instead of an Aunch!

The speeches was jest a little long, but if ever I seed a look of estonishment, and amazement, and wonder, it was when the LORD MARE torked the two furren langwidges of Latin and Greek rite bang at Mr. GLADSTUN. Whether it was that he coudn't quite belevee his ears or his eyes, I of course don't know, but he certainly coudn't take either of 'em off his Lordship, for estonishment. All I can say is, there wasn't not one of us Waiters as could understand a singel word, and I rayther thinks as even sum of the Worshipfool Court of Aldermen was in the same predickymnt (which BROWN translates to mean, "what the dickens he meant.") But there was no diffulty in understandin what the PRIME MINISTER ment when, having got over his estonishment, he told 'em all that the late Lord Mare was to be nighted, and become Sir ENERY NIGHT. How they did all cheer, and speshally when he added that it was the QUEEN's own wish. I've no dout that it was partly owin to what Lord DARBY told 'em the other day, that when the QUEEN is about to make a man a Ambasseder or a Lord Leftennant or a Night, or sumthink of that hi and lofty caracter, the fust question as she asks is, what sort of wife as he got, and in this case the anser was so satisfiactory that Her MAJESTY said, as Natur made her a Lady from her birth, and the Lord Mare made her a Lady for a year, I will make her a Lady for life. And so she did.

We hadn't no Dook, witch I was sorry for. I allus likes a Dook or 2. It gives a distangay tone to the hole proseedings, tho' they generality sits as dum as Gog or Magog, but I've no dout as they makes up by a lot of thinkin, and will be werry usefool to us wen the grate fite cums, if, as Mr. GLADSTUN finely said, "it hever do cum."

ROBERT.

THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

PART V.—"THE DRAMA," TREATED FROM A MUTUAL-ADMIRATION POINT OF VIEW.

THERE are many toasts that recently have grown in importance. The chief of these is unquestionably "the Drama and its Professors." Not so very long ago, to be an Actor was to rank as a vagabond. But, nowadays, this is changed. A popular Tragedian or Comedian receives nearly as much attention in Society as a Royalty. He is the bright particular star of the firmament wherever he appears. Hostesses, famous for their high respectability, stand at their drawing-room doors, eagerly awaiting his coming. Hosts, notorious for their love of punctuality, wait hours for him, patiently, while the soup is thickening, and the birds are being burnt into cinders. Sometimes the popular Tragedian or Comedian condescends to visit the house of an influential Critic or a celebrated Author. On these occasions he retires into a corner with the "most useful person" he can find, and hides himself away from the common herd—a body composed of the very class to which he himself belongs. To this "useful person" (who is, of course, connected with the Press) he will confide his future plans, and mention the sums that have been taken during his engagement at the Theatre to which for the moment he is attached. He will call that "useful person" by his abbreviated Christian name, and adopt a tone towards him suggestive of the tender devotion so often existing between a proud young mother and her dearly beloved first-born. In general society he will not be required to say much. So long as he has an eye-glass through which to smile, he is as safe as possible. If he be a Tragedian, his smile must be sad; if a Comedian, knowing. It is only on public occasions that he will be expected to speak. When he takes a benefit, for instance, he will say a few words about SHAKESPEARE, his own love for the town in which he is acting, his desire to be buried in their midst, and last, but most important of all, the exact amount of the nightly receipts. He should feel that the stall-occupiers before him, having paid half-a-guinea a time for their places, have a right to be in his confidence. Of course, it is of the last importance to them to learn that he reverences the great national Poet, has a preference to the local cemetery, and has made a good deal of money by the exercise of his art. They will be all the happier for this knowledge—all the better. His speech at a banquet, organised in his honour, however, will be rather more complicated. He will have to reply to a number of the most fulsome compliments without sacrificing his dignity or overstepping the mark which

separates the sublime from the ridiculous. Of course, he will belong to the Mutual Admiralty Army. The regulations of that gallant Corps should be of assistance to him at such a time. He should remember that he is the best possible Actor, and that his friends who tell him so are the best possible Critics. He and they together combine to represent absolute perfection. But, as an example is the safest guide, the handbook assumes a dramatic form for the purpose of illustration:—

SCENE—A gorgeous Banqueting Hall, filled with notabilities. Birth at the high table, Genius and Talent somewhere below the salt. The Guest of the Evening's health has been drunk with immense enthusiasm. The Guest rises to respond, and the cheering is frantic; he smiles, and handkerchiefs and dessert-knives are flourished deliciously. The Toast-master obtains silence, and the reply commences.

Guest of the Evening (bowing gracefully right and left). Your Royal Highness, your Graces, my Lords, my Lord Mayors, my Right Reverend Prelates, and—hem—Gentlemen, or, as I know you would prefer me to call you all, my dear, good, worthy friends—(Cheers)—here I thank you. (Cheers.) The noble Duke seated some little distance from me on my left has told you, in proposing my health, that he and I are old—may I say it?—"pals." (Laughter and applause.) He has not deceived you. (Cheers.) We were boys together; and I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that I have always found ARTHUR WALTER PLANTAGENET, twenty-third Duke of Ditchwater, one of the very best, one of the honestest of fellows! (Immense enthusiasm, during which the Speaker shakes hands with the noble Duke in question.) Ah, it is a very long time since we started on our careers. Twenty years ago I was trying hard to get the most menial employment in connection with a country Circus, and my friend, my good friend—(addressing the Duke)—you are a friend, ARTHUR, dear fellow!—(Cheers)—and my good friend the Duke was just going to Eton. That is twenty years ago. We have succeeded since. He has gained considerable distinction as a Statesman and Diplomatist, and has been made a Knight of the Garter. ("Hear, hear!") As for me—well (smiling) you know my career. (Immense cheering.) I think we may indulge in mutual congratulation. You tell me that I am the best possible Actor. (Enthusiastic applause.) I am afraid you are rather partial—"No, no!"—that you estimate my poor abilities at too high a value. ("No, no!") Well, be it as you will, and I will grant you that I am the best possible Actor. (Thunders of applause.) But if I am the best possible Actor, you are, unquestionably, the best possible Critics. (Renewed applause.) But this evening I would rather sink myself in my Art,—in my profession. (Cheers.) I would say, take us at home, at the theatre when only a "T-light" is ignited, and the auditorium is empty. I would ask you where do you find such courtesy, such exquisite good breeding, as at a rehearsal? (Applause.) I would say to you, where do you find such perfect domesticity as at the fireside of the Actor? (Thunders of applause.) Yes, my worthy friends, I can safely say to the Judges, send your daughters on the stage to rehearsal, where they will be treated as if they were the first Ladies of the land, and to the Bishops, give your sons to a profession where they can take to themselves helpmates who will never desert them. (Enthusiastic cheering.) And of one thing be quite certain. Our highest aim is Art. (Cheers.) We have no jealousies, no love of gold. (Applause.) So long as we please you, we are satisfied, as we feel that when we meet with your approbation, we are receiving the commendation of all that is best in the civilisation of the nineteenth century,—all that is worth most honour in the whole of Christendom. (Wild enthusiasm, lasting for a quarter of an hour, amidst which the eloquent Speaker resumes his seat.)

Of course the above is merely an outline of a speech, which may be filled in to suit the idiosyncrasies of the place and the hour. But it is in the proper key, and should wake responsive chords in the breasts of all present. The golden rule of the orator can be summed up in four words: "Praise, to receive praise." Or, to adopt a homelier tone, "The best way to earn your bread is to deal in—butter!"

Worse and Worse.

[The candidature of Mr. W. H. MALLOCK for the Rectorship of St. Andrew's University has been withdrawn.]

SAD for the seer whose pornographic page
Proves the world pessimist, and life one grand ruse!
Is life worth living when the solemn sage
Is scorned by Merry Andrews?

AN UNBELIEVER CONVINCED.—Any Anti-Spiritualist still open to conviction (though it's the impostor-mediums who are most open to this sort of thing—in a Police Court), has only to go to South Kensington Museum and see with his own eyes "The Spirit-Fresco." Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON and Mr. GAMBIER PARRY will attend, if requested. No Fees.

THE LATEST CRAZE.

(Letters from a Young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as a Profession.")

MY DEAR DUCHESS, 28, Shrimp Street, Shellford.

I HAVEN'T much time, but I continue where I left off, and thank you so much for your invitation, which, as I am rehearsing all day and playing at night, I cannot, I regret to say, accept. You know in London your Actors only "got their Sunday out," for dinner.

I told you about my going to rehearsal. You remember the sort of people I mentioned as being on the stage. Well—the play (of which we only had one rehearsal in the day, we played it at night) is about Miss POSTER, who goes abroad for fun with some friends. They, however, fall into the hands of wild Arabs, but are saved at the last moment from death by the leader of the tribe, who, oddly enough, turns out to be an old flame of Miss POSTER's. Well, then they come to a place where the charge of Tel-el-Kebir is going on. They arrive just in time to join in the hurrahs and display of bunting after the victory, and to be asked to breakfast by the General. (I was the General.) Unfortunately, just as we were going in to breakfast, Miss POSTER's lover is bitten by a deadly snake.

The scene next changes to Australia, where Mr. DERWENTWATER, a convict, escapes, and vows vengeance against Miss POSTER's lover. It appears he knows something about Mr. GARRICK (Miss POSTER's lover), who is his hated rival in the affections of Miss POSTER. In this scene I am a Prison Warder with a soliloquy, in which I inform the audience the convict has really been pardoned, but that I have kept the letter back from the Authorities for no particular reason. Then come a lot of vicissitudes in the course of Miss POSTER's love; she sucks the poison from Mr. GARRICK's snake-bite, and is very ill herself afterwards. The Arab tribe are tempted to revolt against their leader by the convict, who arrives all right from Australia; but Miss POSTER says such nice things about the QUEEN and England's banner, that everybody, except the convict, surrenders to her. The convict is not to be done, though. He declares he's my son, and I believe him, having lost one. (I'm the General.) He next accuses Miss POSTER's lover with desertion from the Army, and having struck a superior officer years back. I refer to my books, and find it was so. I've got rather a good speech at the end of the Fifth Act, sentencing Miss POSTER's lover to the lash.

A telegram suddenly arrives, stating that the Earl of Mount Cashville is come out to die in the immediate neighbourhood, and wishes to see Miss POSTER at once. (I am the Earl.) The convict starts, first meaning to assassinate the Earl before Miss POSTER can arrive, and then get into bed, like the Wolf in Red Riding Hood, and frighten Miss POSTER when she arrives. But this is all stopped by a most extraordinary sequence of events. The Old Earl recognises the convict as the son of his valet, changed at birth for the General's son, who really is Miss POSTER's lover. The Earl himself has enjoyed the title and estates for seventy-five years wrongly, as he's not legitimate, and Miss POSTER is really the Countess in her own right.

The convict is so upset by all this, that he confesses it was he who struck a superior officer, under the assumed name of Miss POSTER's lover. The Earl can't stand any more, and dies. Countess POSTER marries the General's son (who is just saved as the first blow of the whip is descending on him), and they engage the convict as a gardener, as he knows all about plants in Australia.

I can't explain it any better, because much confusion reigned, both at rehearsals and at night. Such loss of temper, and turning-up of noses! I was so busy, also, rushing to the little closet I dress in to change. First I was the Old Family Coachman, with a dialect, who was sorry Miss POSTER was going abroad; then I was Captain of the ship Miss POSTER went out in, and danced a quadrille with her; next I played an Arab Guide, and was murdered in the Swamp Scene twice, because I fell so near the footlights the first time, the Curtain couldn't come down, so I was pulled up and murdered again; then the General, a Convict Warder, and the Earl. The General and the Earl were much the best parts; that sentencing to the lash and confession of illegitimacy went splendidly. The audience, consisting of several people, seemed delighted. There was a good deal left unexplained in the story, but the ends of the Acts (the final "situations") were all right. The guns went off, and the band didn't miss the cue for "Rule Britannia." I'll tell you such a lot about the people themselves in my next letter—it's all so new. Au revoir, my dear Duchess, I am yours very truly, HUGO DE B***.

MR. GORING THOMAS, English Composer, never scored a bigger success than when he scored *Esmeralda*. It has made a great hit at Cologne, and the Cognials are enthusiastic. His name we have already illustrated, it is suggestive of a "duet for horns." Laudatory Critics are all for GORING THOMAS, but you'll take a deal of bating, THOMAS.

"FOILED again!" as the champagne-bottle exclaimed when it found itself filled and packed for the fourth time.



AN EXTENSIVE ORDER.

Cabby. "BEG YER PARDON, MISS, BUT MIGHT I 'AVE A PAIR O' LIGHT KID GLOVES, FOR A WEDDIN' AS I 'VE BIN ARST TO?"

Shopwoman. "CERTAINLY. WHAT IS YOUR SIZE?" *Cabby.* "SIZE, MISS?" *Shopwoman.* "WELL, WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER?"

Cabby. "OH, NUMBER, MISS! TWO-FOUR-EIGHT-NINE-SIX!"

THE SONG OF THE SNUBBED ONE.

AIR—"The Gay Cavalier."

In the year it was late,
But Madrid was *en fête*,
The Bolero was sounding amain,
When a youth from fair France
Came to ask for the dance,
The hand of a beauty of Spain.
When he saw with a wince,
That a gay Teuton Prince
Was *au mieux* with the mantilla'd maid,
His moustache he did twirl,
Crying, "Sacr-r-e! False girl!!
I'm a leetle bit late, I'm afraid!
A leetle, a leetle, a leetle bit late, I'm afraid!"

Now, this gallant French youth
Had been lacking, in sooth,
In politeness; a fit of the spleen
Had quite made him forget
The most plain *etiquette*,
The result of which rudeness was seen.
His last chance was flown;
"With the Teuton she's gone!
Spanish nuts on my rival!" quoth he.
"It is plain whom she loves;
She takes Berlin wool gloves,
And has given the mitten to me!
Has given, has given, has given the mitten to me!"

Now some might have thought
He'd have followed and fought,—
That a challenge should come at this stage;

But this gallant from France
Knew he hadn't a chance,
Though he felt in no end of a rage.
So, wiser by far,
He—postponed thoughts of war,
But as homeward he went, muttered he,
"Maviana! He's strong.
But he'll find before long,
Le diable to pay—and that's *Me!*
Le diable, le diable, le diable to pay—and
that's *Me!*"

MR. PUNCH AND TURTLE.

WE are informed by the *Times* that Turtle Soup, the delight of Aldermen, is largely composed of Conger Eel. But *Mr. Punch* was the first to make the discovery. If the curious reader will consult our Eighty-first Volume, p. 30, he will read as follows:—

"Conger Eels are caught on the Irish coast. The people will not eat them, so they are iced and sent to London. A fearful whisper went round the room as to their ultimate destination. When it reached the ears of the two Aldermen present, they were seen to turn pale, and one of them presently left." The whisper was as follows:—"The awful-looking object that the poor hungry Irishman disdains to eat, is, when the demand for" the especial luxury of Masters and Wardens, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common Councilmen "is great, and the supply small, manufactured into real Turtle Soup!"

In relation to this important subject, it may be stated, as a most remarkable coinci-

dence, that whereas two Aldermen were present when this astounding revelation was made, and were both, as stated, visibly affected, it does so happen that, shortly after that fatal day, two Aldermen voluntarily resigned their high position and retired into private life.

WORTH PRESERVING.

AN old-fashioned Country Squire writes to us thus:—Sir, Why continue your attacks upon the "Duke of MUDFORD," as you call him? Because his Grace will at last do something if you persist—he'll make some alteration in what you stigmatise as "Mud-Salad Market." If his Grace does anything of the sort,—if he makes the slightest change in Covent Garden Market, no one will regret it more than myself and some of our Old Tiewig Club, as Covent Garden Market is the only place in London where I can get a sniff of a perfume that reminds me of the country.

Yours, ANTONY LUMPKIN.

WE sent our New Musical Critic from the Provinces—his first appearance in London—to hear Sir GEORGE MACFARREN'S *David* at St. James's Hall. He returned delighted. He said he thought Messrs. SANTLEY and LLOYD were there, but which was singing the part of *David* he couldn't make out, as they had all got black faces. (Instead of hearing the Oratorio called after the Jewish king, he had been to the other entertainment in the same building; that is, the Christy-'uns.)



SNUBBED!

Mossoo (*aside*). "HA!—WITH MY HATED RIVAL! WHY WAS I SO RUDE TO HER?!"



"POOR SWEEPAR, SIR!"

Benevolent Stroller (feeling in his pockets). "I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T A PENNY——"
Reduced Party (wistfully). "I DID NOT SPECIFY THE COIN, SAR!"
[It came to Sixpence!]

ART GOING TO THE WALL.

A MOSAIC, for which Mr. WATTS has prepared a Cartoon from his Picture of "*Time, Death, and Judgment*," is to be placed outside St. Jude's Church, in Whitechapel, as a permanent memento of the Art Exhibitions for the Poor which have been held there for several years past. Bravo! St. Jude has again and again proved itself a Church of great spirit—in fact, a Jude *d'esprit*, and not hampered by narrow notions of rigid Jude-istic economy. "Mosaic is eternal," said GHIRLANDAJO, and it seems that six square feet of eternity can be had for £200. St. John's Church, in the Waterloo Road, is said to be contemplating a similar investment. The *Pall Mall Gazette* hopes that "these Mosaics may pave the way for many more." This is equivocal, but the P. M. G. is not to be suspected of a joke. Mosaic pavements are common enough already, but these High Art Mosaics would presumably adorn our walls. And thereby hangs a horrid haunting suggestion. *What if the Advertisers get hold of the notion?* We wish well to the Art-idea—so long as it is not—as it now too often is—the slave of self-trumping Trade. But fancy AUGUSTUS in Mosaic, or SQUEERS's Soap eternised by a GHIRLANDAJO among Bill-Stickers! After that, the—Mosaic—Deluge!!!

"And is this Fame?"

WE'VE just seen the wrapper of a newspaper addressed—

"OSCAR WILDE,
 PORT,
 LONDON."

And in the corner above is written "*Not Known*." Some kind person had scribbled on it "Try No. 4, X..... Place," but it had evidently been returned to St. Martin's with the fatal words, "*Not Known*."

The Smith Celebration.

WE beg to remind our readers that the four-hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the Immortal SMITH will be celebrated in the November of next year. This event is likely to cause the liveliest interest, not only throughout Great Britain, but in every part of the world where the English language is spoken.

CHRISTMAS LEAVES.

THE Fairies sat in Council and they passed in quick review, Smart albums, cards and picture-books, bright, beautiful, and new!

They come in scarlet and in gold, a brave defiant host, They come at morn, at night, at noon, by Fairy Parcel Post! From ROUTLEDGE in the Broadway and from CASSELL on the Hill, From MARCUS WARD in Chandos Street, from MANSSELL come they still; From GRIFFITH, too, and FARRAN and from WATERSTON also, From HILDESHEIMER, FAULKNER and from MARION & Co.: From FREDERICK WARNE in Bedford Street, from RAPHAEL, TUCK & SON,

Come the Fairy Parcel-Postmen exuberant with fun! Now *Cobweb*, *Moth*, and *Mustard-seed* will here divulge to you, The critical opinion of the *Fairyland Review*.

Bedight with gold and colours bright are countless Christmas cards, The work of many Artists with the song of many Bards! The *Maids of Lee*, *The Men of Ware*, are graphic, bright, and terse, For HODGSON does the drawings and WEATHERLY the verse: Told in *Twilight*, with its verses, you'll gladly contemplate, The pictures by MISS EDWARDS and JOHN STAPLES are first-rate, *Friends Divided*—Won't the boys and girls devour it with zest? 'Tis bright and Henty-taining—G. A. HENTY at his best! In *Time of War*, by JAMES F. COBB, details the Commune's strife; *Cadet to Captain*, PERCY GROVES, depicts a soldier's life. *Mid and Ensign* is a treasure to "the fathers of the men;" The pictures are by PETHERICK, the tale by MANVILLE FENN.

Oh, KINGSTON, well-beloved of boys, though thrilling yarns you spin, You never spun a better one than that called *Paddy Finn*! While *Chums* will suit the youngsters well, as SEVERNE tells the tale And HARRY FERNISS illustrates, "there's no such word as fail." But if you want bright books for girls, as sure enough you must Read Mrs. GELLIE's pretty tale—she calls it *Nora's Trust*. Miss MARSHALL's *Court and Cottage*, you will not forget to view, And *Lily and her Brothers* we must introduce to you.

The *Holly Series*, for Holly Days—a very patent joke,— They're just the thing, the very thing for very little folk! There's *Little Thumb*, by ANDERSEN—a King in Fairyland— With cuts by LAURA TROUBRIDGE, you will never leave unscanned: *Brave Lives*, by CLARA MATEAUX, would be difficult to match: *Myself and Friends*, for little ones, is writ by OLIVE PATCH, A simple tale for simple folk and full of good advice, And *Daisy Dimple's Scrap-book* is a baby's Paradise!

You never saw, we'll bet a crown, a smarter volume than The TAYLORS' pleasant verses, which are christened *Little Ann*. The flavour of a faded age revives again to-day In countless pretty pictures by expert KATE GREENAWAY! And *Phiz's Funny Stories* and his *Funny Alphabets*, Will smooth the road to knowledge for innumerable pets; And CALDECOTT's brave *Picture-Books*, we hail as Christmas comes— They're better far than pudding, and they're quite as full of plums! Here's dear old HAWTHORNE's *Twice Told Tales* and *Tanglewood* also,

As fresh as when we read them first a many years ago; The numbers called the *Queen's Gift*, will the youngsters quickly spot, And won't forget the series that is named *Forget-me-not*.

Philip Farlow, writ by TROWBRIDGE, to read you can't refuse, *Captain Pimple's* strange adventures you'll merrily peruse! While *Robin*, by SCOTT GATTY, you'll reckon very nice, With C. A. DOYLE's quaint drawings to the favourite *Blind Mice*. Here's the *British Army Album*, of very choice design, For friends who're in the Cavalry, the Guards, or in the Line: And here's the *Fairy Album*, and you clearly understand Its graceful and unique designs come straight from Fairyland. With books in gorgeous bindings, pink, green, and red and blue We've only space to mention in the *Fairyland Review*.

THOUGHT by a Goldsmith on seeing the Lady Mayoress eating Turtle—"She Stoops to Conger."



THE PRINCE PLAYING HOCKEY "OH DON'T HURT HIM!"



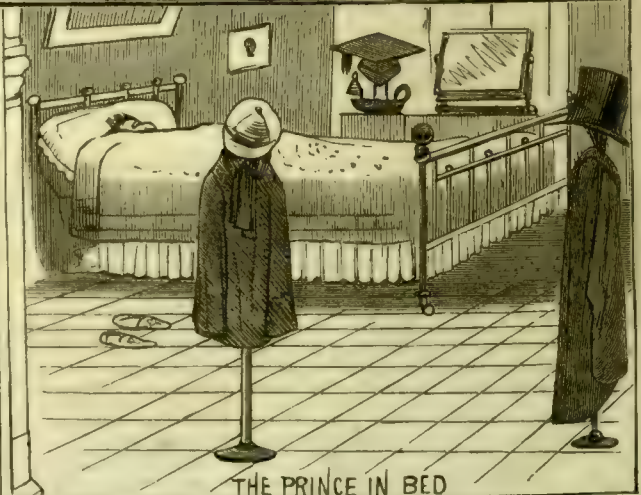
THE PRINCE THROWING STONES AT THE BOATS

THE PRINCE AFTER BRUSHING HIS HAIR

THE PRINCE SELECTS A NEW PLACE IN A FOUR OAR AND STEERS IN THE BOWS



THE PRINCE AT BREAKFAST



THE PRINCE IN BED

ANOTHER HAPPY DAY FOR PRINCE VICTOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

(Suggested by the Ill-str-t-d L-nd-n N-ws, Nov. 10.)

A NIGHTMARE OF FAIR WOMEN.

(By Leporello Junior.)

MAKING sundry double-esses
After supper and ex-esses,
Thus I dream—oh, Janes and
Bessies,
Marys, Fannys, Anns, and Jessies;
Though my waking soul confesses
You have laughed at my addresses,
Sleep my wounded spirit blesses.
For I dream how Marchionesses,
Viscountesses and Duchesses,
Queens and various Princesses,
(Brandenburgs and Guelphs and
Hesses),
Girls with fish and water-cresses,
Ballet-dancers, shepherdesses,
Canonesses, Bishopesses,
Authoresses, Poetesses,
(Chiefly of the "upper classes"—
Here my wilful pen digresses),
Fair Circassians and Turkesses,
Dreamy and divine Jewesses
(Some with rather long noses),
Women with all shades of tresses
(All, though, more or less hair-
esses),
Crown my passion with successes,
Never saying noes but yesses!
How they fight for my embresses!
Bring me into endless messes,—
As their beauty effervesces,
Like a Seidlitz coalesces
With my love, and so liquores,
While their waists my fond arm
presses—
This is but a dream, I guesses.

EVERYTHING was going wrong
in the house. Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM
said she should dismiss them all
"at one fell swoop." "I'm not,"
she added, "going to allow my
servants, to ride shipshod over
me!"

A COMEDY IN THE COURTS.

[Breach of Promise Case. *Miller v. Joy*, part heard.—On his Lordship taking his seat, the Jury complained of the draughts which they had experienced on the preceding day, on which his Lordship suggested that a curtain should be hung over the door leading into the jury-box, adding—"It was some months before I could obtain curtains after applying for them, but at last they gave me two, and I shall be happy, Gentlemen, to lend you one."—*Daily Paper*.]

SCENE—The Queen's Bench Division in the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand. Enter a Judge, shivering, supported by two Attendants. Several Queen's Counsel, with raging toothaches, are angrily signalling for all windows to be closed.

Judge (sneezing violently, and addressing the Jury). And now, Gentlemen, before we begin this morning's proceedings, in the interesting Breach of Promise case which afforded such a display of forensic wit yesterday, let me inquire of you how you like your new seats? I don't wish to take too much credit to myself, but I may remark—(proudly)—that it was owing to my intervention that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has been induced to consent to the expense entailed by what I may be allowed to call the user of a warming-pan in the jury-box before you came into Court. Every seat, I may add, is stuffed with the very finest feathers, taken from a kind of fowl which is, I believe, indigenous in South Australia, but which is also sometimes observed in the neighbourhood of these buildings. It is called the *Anser cliens*, or Client Goose; and the specimen, Gentlemen, which is now contributing to your bodily comfort was recently plucked by the kind assistance of one or two Solicitors in the adjoining Hall.

Foreman of the Jury. My Lord, the only "anser"—(roars of laughter)—I can make is to say, that in your Lordship's hands the comfort of Jurymen and the welfare of litigants seem equally secure.

Judge (complacently). It pleases me to hear you say so. If there is any other little matter which you wish attended to—

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 163.



SIR FREDERICK AUGUSTUS ABEL, BART.,

ABLE PROFESSOR, AND DYNAMITE DETECTOR.

READING FOR THE MILLION.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is so delighted with Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE'S review of the Political Progress of the last fifteen years, delivered at Reading, that it suggests its being circulated as a political tract by Liberal Associations in all parts of the Three Kingdoms. To be Shaw! It will shortly be published,—title, "The Story of Lefevre." The same course will probably be taken with Lord NORTHBROOK'S Bristol Addresses,—title, "A Bristol Bird's-Eye View of the Political Situation." Lord HARTINGTON'S coming campaign will doubtless furnish materials for a companion tract, to be called "Cut Cavendish." The Tories will then have plenty to "put in their pipes" for some little time to come.

SPORTING MATCH.—A big fat man, one of the Extra Stout Division, and a cheeky little thin youth were discussing pedestrianism. The pigmy chafed the giant. "Good!" says Extra Stout. "I'll back myself to run against you for a fiver!" "Done!" cried Pigmy: "Where and when?" "Here, and now!" replied the Big Man. And he did run against him. There wasn't much left of the Pigmy after the first concussion. He paid the "fiver," but protested that it was "under pressure."

MILLERDRAMATIC AND POETIC QUOTATIONS (*à propos of a recent Trial*).—"Early and late the Miller thrives." Also, "Joy! joy! My task is done!" MOORE,—where that came from.

A Juror. I have heard, my Lord, that "*de minimis non curat lex*"—(uproarious laughter)—but I must beg leave to state that, owing to the crowded condition of the Great Hall, a favourite corn which I have cherished for many years—(murmurs of sympathy from several Jurors)—was much trodden upon, and—

Judge. Not another word! Usher! corn-plasters for one—for half-a-dozen, if necessary! (Thoughtfully.) Some may call me weak. Mr. CHILDERS, I know, will object to the expenditure. But nobody shall ever say that I did not attend to the physical comfort of Jurymen in my Court. Anything else?

Another Juror. My Lord, these 'ere Breach o' Promise cases make a fellow hungry—also thirsty. I don't want to make no complaints about the wittles, but our lunch yesterday—

Judge (sadly). Gentlemen, it is as I foresaw. I have repeatedly called Mr. GLADSTONE'S attention to the subject, and have even gone so far as to order turtle-soup to be supplied to my table, if not to your own, charging the cost to the general expenses of our Judicial System. But these complaints are too much. I will—(weeping)—to-day divide my own turtle-soup with your Foreman: and, Master!—oh, would you kindly step down into the kitchen and see that the Jurymen's chops are not burned; and perhaps some member of the Junior Bar would not mind giving an eye to the mashed potatoes—I merely throw out the suggestion as a *dictum*, and do not mean it to become a precedent—Ah, thanks, Mr. McMUGGINS! very kind of you, indeed! And, oh, Mr. McMUGGINS, when you are in the kitchen, would you mind just telling the cook—(Whispers.) Yes, a little more fat, you understand—thank you so much. Usher, the hot-water bottle for my feet! And now, Gentlemen, suppose we proceed to business.

FROM OXFORD.—Why would Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS,—not the Anaerotic BILLY nor the Etonian Editor of "Poet's Walk," but Wall-paper MORRIS,—be more at home in haranguing a crew on board ship than an audience of Undergraduates?—Because he's a Dec-orator.

THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By *Punchius Naso*.)

PROEM.

PUNCHIUS, past Master of the Art of Arts,
Here to his friends, the British Fair, imparts
Love's latest lessons. Newer Naso he,
And nicer. Hark! girl-voices ripple free!
Arms and the Boy I sing—commingling fun
With warmth of a Mayfair Anaëron.
Moms and modish Cupid hand in hand
Deal Love and Laughter round a listening land!

CANTO I.

THE MODERN CUPID.

To arm the Amazons against the Greeks,
In days when blue-hosed BECKER boldly seeks



Penthesilea to
make para-
mount,
Might seem super-
fluous toil,
did Cupid
count
Arms Amazonian
as his own;
but, no!
That oldest ben-
der of the lip-
shaped bow
As soon would
sling a Gatling
at his back,
Or with torpedoes
spread his
mazy track,
As, dropping his
own dainty-
feathered
darts,

With LYDIA's grey goose-quill assail our hearts.
War's weapons change, no longer lance-lines glint,
Breech-loaders supersede the primal flint,
But Eros, protean else in guise and garb,
The sweet simplicity of plume and barb
Maintains, and, loyal to the archer-craft,
The modern Cupid shrills the ancient shaft.

The Modern Cupid! There's a thought, my Girls!
Through soft curved lips gleam out the serried pearls,
Betrayed in that slow subtle brooding smile,
Blending of rapt delight and blameless guile,
Which ever greets the utterance of that name
In ear of damosel or youthful dame.
How shall one paint him? Age-old Infant he
Eternal adolescent, fresh and free
As when he played in Paphian air, at home
And native in Belgravia or in Rome,
Potent in Piccadilly as Japan,
Your only genuine Cosmopolitan.

"That word-of-all-work,—Love!" So read the Sage
In darkly deep *Deronda's* ponderous page,
And countering Cupid (Sage and boy are chums,
And wander oft where high Hymettus hums,
Bee-peopled, or where buzzings far less sweet
Lade the dense air of memory-haunted Fleet),
The twain, by draughts nectarous reinforced,
In free colloquial dactyls thus discoursed:—

PUNCHIUS.

First of noun-substantives, *nomen* sublime and ecstasial,
Once so serenely pre-eminent, proud, autoeratical,
Hath it befallen so fatally, foolishly, funnily,
Thou in the shade, who didst lord it supremely as sunnily?
Thou, on whom Beauty and Bravery showered joint benison,
Sunk to a sort of a "Slavey"? Though honey-tongued TENNISON
Shows us young Chivalry stooping to Cookery willingly,
Patient, though taunted by tip-tilted termagant thrillingly,
What is a Knight in the Kitchen to Love in the Scullery?
Thou "word-of-all-work"? What destiny dreadfuller, duller? I
Fain must compassionate conquering Cupid, whom *Rex* I con-
sidered, whatever his *alias*, of life, lip, and lexicon!

CUPID.

Words are but words, Sir. My power defieth paralysis,
Shrinks not from sharp inquisition, or subtle analysis,
Though 'tis applied by a critic of cuteness phenomenal,
Keenest of caustic pen-wielders, most wondrous of women all.
As for my *name*, fools will take it in vain; 'tis equational,
Many conceive, with the silly, or coarse, or sensational;
Certes their Algebra's crass and remarkably curious,
Love is their true "unknown quantity." Utterly spurious
Most of their pseudo-solutions. With purely chimerical
Statics of dulness, dynamics of fervour hysterical,
Fain they would formulate *Me*; whom young ladies erotic
Blindly excoogitate out of crazed noddles chaotic.
Love laughs at libellous labelling, ludicrous counterfeit;
Modern Romance should go lave in the Muses' pure fount her feet,
Ere she come trampling, like Pan, o'er my lilies and crocuses.
My nectar's pure till some satyr the rosy draught hocusses.
Me would they scullionise, set me to sense as subordinate,
Slave to mere appetite, morbid or gross or inordinate?
Mammon, and MUDIE, and muck-à-la-mode do not master all.
Once a queer quill-driver's craze, called, absurdly, the Pastoral,
Ruled it in modish Romance. I survived *that* stupidity;
So shall I sensual spasm and callous cupidity.
Making my name "Word-of-all-work" is using me scurvily;
But though Love's world—in three volumes—seems turned topsy-
turvily,
Trust me, my actual orb keeps its centre of gravity,
Spite of all word-spinning flights of fantastic depravity.

So Cupid in his chartered Laureate's ear,
Unchanged by folly as unchecked by fear,
Ready to tackle with his whims and wiles
PSYCHE of Greece or SUKEY of St. Giles'.
Psyches are scarce. Would JULIA emulate
That much-afflicted maiden? "*Pas si bête!*"
JULIA would say, she who would pipe no eye
Over the tender tropes of Mrs. TIGHE,
As might her grandmamma perchance have done,
In days ere cynic "form" was thought good fun.
No moon-eyed maiden she with soft clasped hands
Shy lowered lids, soft pleats and snowy bands,
Such as in days ere OUIDA's banner waved,
Soft STOTHARD limned, bland BARTOLOZZI graved,
Blushfully yielding to the stumpy dart
A hovering Cupid twanged against her heart.
Erect, wide-lidded, carelessly composed,
JULIA the firm of lip, cool, classic-nosed,
WORTH-robed and WINGFIELD-trained, the god confronts
With steady glance that his best arrows blunts,
Or *would* un-point them were Cythera's boy
A strategist so poor as to employ
Old wiles that answered when the world was Greek,
And female wit had not invented *chic*.
Not so keen Eros errs. He comes not now
A chubby *sans-culotte* with curl-topped brow,
Plain bow and patent quiver. How? Perchance
He comes correct of garb and cool of glance,
Like ARTHUR, "as a modern Gentleman,"
But oftener, as befits a subtler plan,
In the receipt of fern-seed. Maids beware
Of the *invisible* Eros; his a snare
The warriest bird may haply fail to twig.
Cries JULIA, with a *moue*, "how *infra dig*.
To be caught napping, captured ostrich-blind!
Let me but see his face and I'll not mind."
Sage PUNCHIUS smiles, a smile with meaning rife,
Which JULIA may not fathom for her life.
Then in the shell-pink ear of soft LOUISE
He whispereth, "The Cupid whom one sees,
Beholds afar and waits for, as you wait
For laggard postman fumbling at the gate,
Is not the urchin who makes surest capture,
Means subtlest mischief, or brings rarest rapture.
You comprehend?" That faint rose flush replies,
And lights the lamps of scorn in JULIA's eyes.
Dear *demoiselles*, your PUNCHIUS must lay down
His first of maxims. It may raise a frown,
And on the ears of modish matrons jar.
In love much hangs on Cupid's avatar,
Whether unasked and unannounced, he come
As to a sort of amorous "at home,"
Or, ticketed and touted for, appear
Like any other "lion" of the year;
Whether with empty hands or plump portmanteau—
But for full explanation, see next Canto!



SO SIMPLE!

Proprietor of Furnished House. "YOU WILL OBSERVE, MADAM, THAT THERE IS EVERY CONVENIENCE. FOR EXAMPLE, IN CASE OF FIRE, YOU POP THROUGH THIS TRAP, AND THERE YOU ARE, YOU KNOW!"

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

STILL IN A BATH-CHAIR.

STILL in a Bath-chair! "Still so gently onward rolling!" People don't seem to approve of 'my eye-glass. I suppose as an invalid I ought to wear blue goggles. "Bath-chairity begins at home." Of course it does, but it doesn't end there. There are all sorts of little adventures and excitements that serve to chequer the serenity of your onward progress. I nearly crushed a goat-chaise full of babies just now, I "poled" an eminent Author in the back, I went gently over the corns of a Conservative Member of Parliament, I nearly killed three pugs, and lamed a black poodle.

Sometimes, in passing another Bath-chair, ABLE gets into conversation with a brother dragger, and I find myself side by side with a fellow sufferer, who looks somewhat angry. Query, how should I behave? Should I say, "Hah! nice fine mornin'," in a hearty jovial fashion, or should I say, "Hope I see you better, Sir," with a touch of tender melancholy in my voice. As I have never seen the Gentleman before, as he looks very much as though he would bite, I conclude it is better to say nothing at all, but feign to be intensely interested in something in the offing until I have got well clear of him. I have met with a good many books of etiquette, but never yet came across *Rules for Behaviour in a Bath-chair*. I suppose, when people get to Bath-chairs, they are generally considered to be past behaviour, good, bad, or indifferent.

But you certainly acquire an entirely new view of human nature, and enjoy countless fresh opportunities of studying character. There is something wondrously soothing in the semi-nautical roll of your dragger, and the easy way in which you appear to drift along. The hansom has been called the gondola of the London streets. I would certainly christen the Bath-chair the "Punt of the Pavement." Indeed, it has such a dreamy, gliding, pantesque character about it that I quite long to have a fly-rod in my hand. I fancy I could put a "palmer" or a "coachman" into the ear of that old gentleman who is studying a newspaper, with tolerable certainty. And supposing he made a dash right down the Esplanade, what sport I should have in playing him!

Feel as though I should like to smoke. Get out cigarette. Strike a light several times. Wind blows it out. I yell to ABLE to stop. I shout so loud that it frightens him, and he pulls up short, and very

nearly shoots me head-first over the leathern apron into a perambulator full of twins. ABLE touches his hat, but evidently regards my cigarette with distrust. Perhaps it is against the rules to smoke. Possibly this is not a smoking-chair, and I shall be fined forty shillings. Perchance I ought to smoke a cigar—if in a cab of course I ought to smoke a Cabana—or, peradventure, a pipe. Of course a Bath pipe. And if I want a little light refreshment, Bath buns and Bath Olivers—singing "Rum-tum, tiddle, iddle, liddle, iddle!" &c.

As I get near the Pier I meet my noisy, hearty friend, SHOGGLER-BACK. "Ha! ha! ha!" he shouts in a voice which makes everybody look round, and causes several fly-drivers to think they are haled. I hate SHOGGLER-BACK because he is always so obstreperously hearty. Heartiness is his profession and his practice—in point of fact he is quite the hearty-culturalist. "Ha! ha! ha!" he shouts, nearly wringing my hand off short at the wrist. "So like you, you know, to be in a Bath-chair!" I calmly explain to my friend that it is not in the least like me, that I have never in my life been in a Bath-chair before. But he will have none of it. "Ho! ho! ho!" he ejaculates, "you will have your joke! He! he! he! Splendid, upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! The best thing I've heard for a long while! I must go and tell KINCUMBER at once. He'll roar!" And off he goes to tell KINCUMBER.

Who KINCUMBER is, I have not the least idea, but I am pretty certain that my friend, instead of commiserating my unfortunate position, is about to circulate the report that I am playing practical jokes on the Brighton public. No matter! I go rolling on, nodding my head, as I sing softly to myself, "Oh, 'tis merry to ride in the Bath, Bath-chair, 'Tis pleasant to glide o'er the Esplanade!" and the passers-by regard me with pity not unmingled with fear.

FOOD AND FIGURES.

SIR, MAISTER PUNCH,

LOOK'EE here Sir. Squire GIFFEN, a-spoutin' tother night about I and we country folk, stuck to it that we wur better fed now-adays than we wur forty-one year ago; and them as 'eard 'im say that there, they up and swore as how we wur a grumblin', cantankerous, discontented, set o' chaps as didn't know naught of our own jolly good luck. Now look'ee 'ere, *Maister Punch*; 'ere be Squire GIFFEN's figures. Says he that forty-one year ago, that be in 1840, I eat this 'ere in the first column, say in about a couple o' weeks, and that now I gets through this 'ere, wot he's set down in the second, in the same matter o' time. 'Ere's the figures:—

FOOD SWALLOWED BY I IN 1840 AND 1881.

	1840.	1881.
Bacon and hams.. .. lbs.	0-01	13-93
Butter "	1-05	6-36
Cheese "	0-92	5-77
Currants and Raisins "	1-45	4-34
Eggs No.	3-63	21-65
Potatoes lbs.	0-01	12-85
Rice "	0-90	16-32
Cocoa "	0-08	0-81
Coffee "	1-08	0-89
Corn, wheat, and wheat flour "	42-47	216-92
Raw sugar "	15-20	58-92
Refined sugar "	1-11	3-44
Tea "	1-22	4-58
Tobacco "	0-86	1-41

Now addin' all that there up, that be for 1840, about 69 lbs. of food for I; while now he says, says he, "HONOR, you old pig, you swallows 373 lbs.—that be six times as much—just as easy in the same time, and you grumbles at it too!" Now look'ee 'ere, *Maister Punch*, if I does that there—and figures is figures—well ain't it plain that a feed up like that must give I such a fit o' blues from indigestion, as sets I hankerin' about franchise and land stealin', and such like things o' which I knows and cares just naught, and gets I called by a set o' chaps, as wants nothin' more than to make summat out o' me, yours all of a puzzle,

DISCONTENTED HODGE.

MR. HERKÖMER's Scholastic residence (see *P. M. G.* Nov. 23), for Artist Boarders at Bushey is of course to be called "Limmer's Hotel." The pupils to be in harmony with the neighbourhood are to tattoo their skin, that is to "Raddle it," and to let their hair and beards grow "Bushey." As the above-mentioned President and Instructor retains to himself the right of "giving a severe reprimand" to any pupil who may slip out late, or break any of the rules, he will be known down there as Mr. HAIR-COMBER.

A SOUDAN INSPIRATION.—How to get rid of the False Prophet.—Get him a lucrative engagement on any Sporting Paper.—Yours truly,
ARABI (on the Feast of the Mahdi Gras).



OFFENSIVE MODESTY.

New Customer. "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE WHAT THE THINGS ARE MADE OF, YOU KNOW. ALL I WANT IS TO LOOK LIKE A GENTLEMAN."

Tailor (with uncalled-for diffidence). "WELL, SIR, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT I WILL DO MY VERY BEST!"

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

(Latest Advance—at the Double.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

LOOK here. Here are a couple of questions (there were a lot more of them) that I had to tackle in a "General Intelligence Paper," at our school the other day:—

"5. Mention some fact connected with each of the following names:—GENSERIC, MAUSOLUS, DIOGENES, MICHAEL SCOTT, LORD BACON, RAVAILLAG, STRABO, IVAN THE TERRIBLE, LOUISE MICHEL.

"8. Explain what is meant by:—Crusted Port, A 1, old Dresden, Alkaram, an heirloom, nepotism, the survival of the fittest, abrasion of the cuticle."

I don't mean I want you to do them, you know; for I don't suppose you would find out without a crib, as I did afterwards, that *Ivan the Terrible* was a Surrey Melodrama in Five Acts, and that Lord Bacon invented halfpenny squibs. All I want you to do is to put this letter in, and let them know that I'm not going to be stumped, next half, and shall take precious good care to get well coached-up in the right sort of things in the Christmas holidays.

I like that question about "Crusted Port." A 1! *I should rather think it was*; and if we had a dozen of it down here I dare say our form could polish off that question about the "survival of the fittest" in no time. Here's one that BAKER, Major, says is down for next term:—

"4. State all you know about Raised Pie, Dry Monopole, the Derby Favourite, Lords and Commons (at the Haymarket), Dinner at the Holborn, Nap, CORNEY GRAIN, ALFRED THE GREAT, and Oyster Suppers."

That's a stiff question—least some of it—but the sort of thing one can get up first-rate with a crammer, you know, and that's the way I mean to do it. So please, *Mr. Punch*, let them know that however badly I've been getting on with Latin prose, HOMER, and EUCLID, and all that old-fashioned rubbish, I'm coming to the fore at last; and if I don't floor the next paper—well, all I can say is, I'm not your much admiring and, henceforth studious, friend,

THE GENERALLY INTELLIGENT BOY.

A SIGH FROM THE SLUMS.

Do you hear the people weeping, oh, my brothers,
In this London of un-rest?
Do you see the tears down-falling from the mothers
On the babies at their breast?
The world is full of joy and exultation,
And the City throbs with pride,
The mighty and the magnates of the nation
Fling their riches far and wide;
But the poor, poor people, oh, my brothers,
You can see them crouching down,
Whilst the giddy whirl and noise of pleasure smothers
All the anguish of the Town!

Get you forth from out your palaces, and visit
Where and whence the sorrow comes
Round the corner, not so very distant is it
To the stews and to the slums!
Just a stone's throw from your dwelling, see them lying
Naked, starving on the floor,
Infant cries amidst the groaning of the dying,
Whilst the Landlord guards the door.
Out of work and out of heart, but where's the pity
For a pauper bruised and bent?
Not one curse has fallen yet upon the City
That has murder to repent!

Day by day they rise and journey forth and wander
To the work-yard and the Docks,
Slouching sadly past the millionnaires who squander,
And the fatalist who mocks:
And the women left behind them wear their fingers
To the sinew and the bone,
Working sadly, whilst November daylight lingers
Not for bread, but for a stone;
And the ragged children, huddled near their mothers,
Keep on starving in their cry.
Thus they live in tribulation, oh! my brothers,
Thus they mercifully die!

Grope your way up rotten staircases, and find them
By the dozen in a room,
'Tis but love and blind affection that can bind them
To this wretchedness and gloom.
See the mother round the dying cinders crooning,
See the father in despair,
See the daughter in consumption—she is swooning
From the foulness of the air.
Hear the coughing and the crying and the groaning,
With the bare boards for a bed,
Get the heart-ache with their miserable moaning,
"Give us bread! oh, give us bread!"

Great possessor of the miserable hovel,
Where you hustle men like swine,
Have you never any pity when they grovel,
Pleading, praying off your fine?
Do you sleep in peace and know the rotten rafter
Falls in filth on pauper heads?
No! you threaten execution first—and after
Sell their vermin-eaten beds!
Mighty Landlord, when you pass around the bottle
In the merry Christmas-time,
Does a spectre never rise at you and throttle
All your life out for your crime?

How long? How long? Oh, proud and mighty nation,
Will you coldly shut your ears
To this wailing cry of pain and tribulation
Welling up in London's tears?
Oh! how long to all this bitter crush of sorrow
Will you fasten up your door,
Putting off to an indefinite to-morrow
All your pity for your poor?
Have you comfort for yourselves and not for others?
Are you careless of the future and its fate?
In the name of great humanity, my brothers,
Is it London that must wait?

EXTRACT FROM MOSCOO'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—"The Britons were always barbarians. Even so late as the last century we read of the Country Gentlemen with their bottles of Port wine, sitting in front of a blazing fire, and *toasting a Lady*! And this is no romance," &c. &c.



CANDID.

Sportsman. "BOY, YOU'VE BEEN AT THIS WHISKEY!"

Boy (who has brought the Luncheon-Basket). "NA! THE COOARK WADNA COME OOT!"

"IN 'NATIVE' WORTH WITH HONOUR CROWNED."

A protest was entered against Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL's candidature for the Rectorship of St. Andrew's University, on the ground of his being an alien. He was elected by a majority of 18 (100 against 82).

AN alien? Go to! If fresh genial wit
In good sound Saxon speech be not genuine grit,
If the wisdom and mirth he has put into verse for us
Don't make him a "native," why so much the worse for us!
Whig, Tory, and Rad. should club votes, did he need 'em,
To honour the writer who gave *Birdofreedom*
To all English readers. A few miles of sea
Make LOWELL an alien? Fiddlededee!
'Tis crass Party Spirit, Boetian, dense,
That is alien indeed—to good taste and sound sense!

"Hamlet" Applied.

THE foes of "the competitive system" are having another pitch into their pet aversion in the pages of the *Standard*, under the heading of "Questionable Questions." Of course we do not wish our boys and girls to be either "crammed" into sapless "saps" or catechised into "precocious prigs." Only to a "PRIVATE TUTOR" who protests against the rigours of Public Examiners, an impartial reader might be tempted to say:—

"Thou comest in such a 'questionable' shape."

THE French Republicans are determined that their Clergy shall go to Heaven, no matter what becomes of themselves; that is, if reducing them to a state of practical poverty is a great step in this very right direction. The Archbishop of PARIS has been gradually lightened of his burdens, and from 100,000 francs has been just cut down to 15,000 francs; i.e., six hundred a-year. He had better send over and borrow a trifle from Lambeth, as the Archbishop of CANTERBURY has £15,000 per annum. Rather a difference between pounds and francs, eh?

A BIG BILL.

THE following Advertisement appears in the various daily papers:—

MR. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY, and the Lyceum Company, STAR THEATRE, NEW YORK, TO-NIGHT.—"Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Louis XI.," "Charles I.," "The Lyons Mail," "Eugene Aram," "The Belle's Stratagem," and "The Bells."

Nine heavy pieces in one evening! Probably, even the vast American appetite for the play must be satisfied by this time. But we cannot exactly see how all these pieces can be compressed into one evening. Probably it is done in the form of a drawing-room entertainment, in which Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY take their station behind a couple of tables, and bob down and come up again as somebody else every few minutes, after the fashion Mr. WOODEN rendered popular. Meanwhile what are the rest of the Company doing? Are they taking a holiday, or performing somewhere else? It strikes us that all the large Company, their wardrobes, their wigs, with the scenery and fittings, has been an unnecessary expense. The Yankees would pay their money just as readily to see Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY in a drawing-room entertainment.

In a daily paper we found this announcement:—

"Among recent 'calls' to the Bar are to be found the names of two gentlemen who until lately were popular Clergymen."

This is inverting the Christian order, which is from the Law to the Gospel. However, they can still say that they have had a distinct "call."

A PUPIL of dear old Mr. Barlow writes to ask us, "Is there a College of Sandford at Oxford?" No; we believe not. Only of Merton. Of course this is unfair. There should be a Sandford and Merton College, with a Master, Dr. BARLOW.

MONEY MARKET.

Remarket by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Rentes Declined.



Silver was Unchanged.



At ten you 'ated Prophets!



Operation in Dairas.



Fresh Fall in Canals.



'Spec you late!



Considerable Balance.



Legal Tender.



Net Deposit at the Bank.



Short Lone.

THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

PART VI.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It is a remarkable trait in the Anglo-Saxon race that every English-speaking man has an inborn reasonless respect for the fortunate bearer of a hereditary title; or, to put it briefly, "for 'Briton' read 'Flunkey'." This characteristic in their fellow-countrymen is extremely useful to the noble personages for whose benefit this part of the Handbook is compiled. The one fact that a person is a Member of the House of Lords is worth a hundred theories. At a public dinner a representative of this illustrious body takes as a right, which only a lunatic would pretend to dispute, a place far above the most learned of Sages, the devoutest of Divines, and the grandest of Authors. His Lordship or his Grace has only to whisper that he is a Lord or a Grace, to be ushered up with servile smiles to the high table. It matters not that the banquet is being held in honour of Literature, Art, or Science. The noble reveller may know absolutely nothing about these subjects, and yet, upon the strength of his hereditary title, he will be one of the chief ornaments at the board, and will be obsequiously requested to speak. The other diners will regard him, if they don't know him, with awe, and if they do, with intense satisfaction. If he has an Order—has been given a Thistle, or tendered a Bath—he will wear it. This, on the whole, will be a mistake, as it will suggest the painting of the lily or the refining of pure gold. Why should a Lord be decorated? Surely, his coronet places him on a pinnacle from whence he can regard the ambitions of smaller creatures—if a Lord can be called a creature—with equanimity, not to say contempt? Commoners receive ribbons, therefore Noblemen should refrain from accepting them. Thus, it is far better that the Peerage should remember the adapted adage that "Nobility unadorned is adorned the most." However, as sometimes more than one august personage appears at the high table, it may be as well to jot down a few notes as to the appearance of some titled types, for the benefit of unintelligent foreigners:—

The Duke of Ditchwater.—Old man with a bald head and a large vulgar mouth. Rather deaf, and fond of snuff, which he spills over his shirt-front. Stammers when he speaks; and in replying to "The House of Lords," is never (fortunately) heard beyond the Chairman. Norman ancestor was a thief, and his own great-grandmother happened to be a washerwoman.

The Earl of Mudlarking.—Jewish-looking middle-aged man, with watery eyes and whitey-brown hair and whiskers. Very dull and stupid. Is married, and has a large family of children. Wife most amiable person. In spite of this, is himself a great "patron of the Drama" (Frivolity Theatre Branch), and is partial to bachelor parties at Richmond. Never spoke half-a-dozen words to an audience in public in his life, and never dines at a charity dinner except on the condition that he shall not be asked to furnish a post-prandial oration. Consequently, not nearly such a fool as he looks. Heraldic coat—beautifully decorated *bar sinister* on the national arms. Genealogy—descended, rather indirectly, from the daughter of a chimney-sweep in the time (very much the time) of the Stuarts.

Lord Lombardball.—Noble Masher. Fond of "Chappies." Son of

serious father. All collar, cuffs, and white waistcoat. Quite ready to make a speech after dinner, but then runs all his syllables into a single word, and smiles inanely. Great-great-grandfather was a favourite pawnbroker of WILLIAM THE THIRD.

The list might be extended, but the above types are general. With certain exceptions (and in the roll of exceptions will be happily found some of the brightest intellects of the nation) our hereditary title-bearers in the "Upper House" have sprung from soldiers of fortune, "sharp" tradesmen, "smart" Lawyers, or Ladies of humble birth. This raw material has been refined by generations of Eton and the Universities; but, in spite of this, the residuum very frequently gives unmistakable evidence of its rather coarse origin. The "common" features, the shop-counter simper, the stunted artisan figure all tell of extremely plebeian blood. But then these are lost sight of in the glamour of high rank. An Earl, if he is an Earl, looks every inch an Earl, in spite of his squint, and a Duke, if he is a Duke, appears to be specially worthy of a coronet with the regulation strawberry leaves, even though his finger-nails do not strongly testify their owner's enthusiastic love of personal cleanliness.

There is a motto which every Peer is supposed to adopt as a rule of life—*noblesse oblige*. It is presumed that every bearer of a hereditary title, carrying with it a right to receive numberless Blue Books published at the expense of the Public, is willing, in virtue of his position, to please everyone. Now it gratifies the community at large to hear a Peer talking in public, and, as some Peers cannot talk in public, it may be as well to give the specimen of the sort of speech which would cause unlimited satisfaction in all quarters but the highest. Of course, the imaginary speaker is a myth—a foolish but frank Lord, with the courage of his opinions. Should such a person, however, be found, there would be no doubt about his popularity—again, in certain circles. It must be remembered that, as the speaker would be a Peer addressing Commoners, all his Lordship's remarks would be received with the deepest approval.

Noble Orator (rising at the right of the Chairman). Gentlemen—(enthusiastic applause)—I am sure I must thank you for the honour you have conferred upon me. ("No, no!") Yes, it is an honour, because I believe I am verily the most uneducated dolt in all this brilliant assembly. (Cheers.) I am, indeed: and, although a great many of my peers—perhaps the majority—are highly respectable, still in my class you will discover many who resemble me in nearly every particular. (Applause.) As a lad I refused to learn anything, and could scarcely spell my name—certainly it was a long one—at fifteen. (Great cheering.) I was a dunce at school, and a cad at the University. (Frantic enthusiasm.) It is my great pride to remember that at this latter seat of learning I had the honour to burn half the College library, and to screw up the door to my tutor's apartments. (Roars of laughter.) But from this you must not imagine that I am fond of squandering. On the contrary, I audit my town butcher's book, and superintend the store-cupboard of my Lady's housekeeper. (Cheers.) I never go by a cab when I can take an omnibus, and if asked for a shilling by a genuinely starving beggar, would, after mature consideration, advance him a halfpenny on account, chargeable on approved security. (Cheers.) And yet I am very rich, enormously rich. (Renewed applause.) Many of the slums of the greatest city in the world belong to me. (Cheers.) And although slums are not pretty to look at or live in, they are good

ones to pay. (*Shouts of enthusiasm.*) From this slight confession you may imagine that I am ignorant, vicious, mean, and grasping. (*Prolonged cheering.*) Well, I am all three, and more, for I am an ass into the bargain. (*Thunders of applause.*) Besides this, I have no birth to boast of. A hundred years ago or so, my great-grandfather swept a crossing, and his wife dealt in hare and rabbit-skins. But what matter the past when we have the present before us! I am crassly ignorant and intolerably offensive, but I am a Lord. (*Enormous enthusiasm.*) And, as a Lord, I can give you what laws I please—"You can; you can!"—or never go near the House of Lords from one year's end to another. I generally adopt the latter course, except when the interest of my own class, or the gratification of a fad, cause me to perform my highly responsible duties. On these occasions, however, I take care that I represent none but myself. (*A storm of applause.*) Under these circumstances, as I am bored out of my life, and have just enough sense to see that I am a nuisance to everyone, inclusive of myself, I am sure you are glad that you are not me. *Noblesse oblige*, I want to console you! (*The noble speaker here resumed his seat amidst the wildest enthusiasm.*)

Such a speech as the above would, no doubt, reconcile many listeners to cease to envy the Peerage, the more especially if they happened to be either Baronets of JAMES THE FIRST's creation or members of the oldest (not the mushroom) county families.

A GREEN OLD AGE?

THE Corporation of the City of London is, as we all know, for we are informed of the important fact by the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR about three times a week, a very ancient institution, it therefore naturally sympathises very keenly with everything that is old, not forgetting such minor matters as old port and old customs. The LORD MAYOR himself is an ancient institution, being very nearly seven hundred years old, and his numerous speeches breathe of reverence for age, and defiance to change. The Lord Mayor's Show is an ancient institution, and gallantly bears aloft its many banners against the battle and the breeze of Metropolitan chaff, and Metropolitan sarcasm. The Jews are an ancient people, and the Corporation naturally sympathises with the Gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion, and having heard of the existence of a highly favourable specimen of that—certainly not persecuted, but, on the contrary, rather highly favoured race—especially in one very important feature—who has attained the very unusual age of ninety-nine, they at once determined to do him honour.

A member of the Common Council of the name of LEVERAGE, wanting possibly a little more leverage to raise him to notoriety, if not to fame, moved the Court to pass a vote, not of sympathy, but of congratulation to the Jewish Gentleman on having lived for so long a period. There certainly seems rather an appearance of oddity about such a proceeding as that of congratulating a man on being so very old, but as the motive was doubtless a good one we will pass that by. Here one would naturally have thought the matter would have ended, but, as the LORD MAYOR so continually and kindly reminds us, the Corporation is an ancient institution, and does things in its own old-fashioned way. So the Resolution was, what is called, "fairly transcribed and emblazoned," which means, we believe, for of course we speak under correction, that surrounding the inscription would be painted the coats-of-arms of the City of London, of SIR MOSES, what a curious combination it seems—of the LORD MAYOR, and of all and every of the other persons engaged in the matter, for which room could be found.

And now came the difficulty which had possibly been foreseen by the originators of the idea. How was the magnificently emblazoned Resolution to be presented? Common-place people might have suggested that if it was of too valuable a character to be entrusted to the tender mercies of a Railway Company, one of the numerous staff of Corporation Officers might have been spared for one day, from his numerous duties, to have accompanied it.

But these Common Councilmen are not common-place people, and the Corporation is an ancient institution, so it was determined that a certain Committee, of which the mover of the Resolution is Chairman, should go to Ramsgate, *en masse*, and make the presentation in due form. We have no means of knowing the number of Corporators this included, but we certainly hope they had a fine day for their pleasant sea-side trip, and were entertained with that bounteous hospitality for which SIR MOSES is somewhat celebrated, and which no class of HER MAJESTY'S loyal subjects can better appreciate than the members of the Ancient Corporation of the City of London.

WHEN an English Star, even as a lesser light, visits America, her appearance is hailed with enthusiasm by Public and by Critics. But when an American Actress visits us, it seems that our Theatrical Critics are unable to dissociate the Stars from the Stripes—which they administer pretty freely.

ALL FOR HER-KÖMER.

(A couple of Extracts from an Art-Student's Diary.)

"Let us recollect that an experiment is an experiment, and nothing more. We must not look to Mr. HERKÖMER to carve heaven-gifted painters out of his raw material, or blame him if the present result of his eager enterprise be little. Bushey may become another Brabazon, studded with painters, or the pleasant dream may break like a bubble. It will have been a pleasant dream, if the worst comes to the worst."—*Mr. Edmund Gosse on Mr. Herkömer's New School of Art.*

Monday.—Notwithstanding the bore of having to get the dog-tickets at the last moment, seeing the piano safe in, and scurrying right and left all over the place after my hundred-and-one traps, I just managed to catch the 9.15, as "particularly requested," on the A.D.V., and got down here, as fit as a lark and twice as lively, in regular slap-up time. *Vita brevis—Ars longa*, is it? The longer the better, say I. By Jove, I think I shall like this artistic fun! Bushey is a regular downright rustic, rose-leafy, tinty, take-tea-in-the-garden sort of place, and no mistake. A bit quiet, perhaps. Never mind. Soon wake 'em up with the cottage Chickering. Noticed capital duck-pond, where the gay *Titian* and *Flobbs* can disport themselves freely. Fancy they'll like it better than the Regent's Canal. 'Pon my word, precious glad I am old HERKÖMER picked out my drawing. Three cheers for him! Ha! Here comes "the Professor" to show me my rooms. Jolly-looking old fellow! I should say he could make himself uncommonly amiable to the "fair girl students." Ha! ha! Half a mind to tell him so. Anyhow, will ask him in to-night to have a little music and social fireworks, and try those thundering good cigars I got at BUREON'S. I wonder if he's a good judge of a bull-terrier. Anyhow, if he's an Artist, he'll know how to draw a badger. Ha! ha! Tell him *that*, too! Down, *Flobbs*! down! Good dog! This way to my den? Ha! Thanks. Small, but snug. Capital! In for a pleasant week, and no mistake; I can see *that* with half an eye. Once more, three cheers for old HERKÖMER—and the other party! Hooray for the life of a "Student"! O my spirits!—they'll be the death of me!

Saturday.—The week is over,—and yet—I have no wish to return to the Metropolis for the purpose of enjoying that little occasional mental dissonance in the giddy vortex sanctioned and acknowledged by the Draconian but admirable regulations of this establishment! Am I then an altered man? Has the "experiment" succeeded? I think it has! Let me recall the few scattered but striking incidents of this eventful week. On Tuesday they took away my Chickering, my cigars, a beautiful tweed suit with a yellow stripe, and one of my dogs. I offered to fight HERKÖMER, but he declined. Then I grew thoughtful. On Wednesday they confiscated my favourite, *Flobbs*—and the oyster-supper I had ordered from RULES' was sent back to town again by the 10.17;—all this while I was partaking of a sweet artistic tea of toasted buns with the Vice-Principal and a few favourite and selected Students. We did not talk of much, indeed, we talked of nothing—and the buns were cold; but I felt the influence of the place as I was conducted home to bed, at our retiring hour, a quarter to nine, and I began to think that Art, pursued for "Art's sake," was something I had not yet distinctly understood. I had a toothache all the night, and I think I rose an altered man. I began to feel the beauty of this guided humble life. The next day we had rice pudding for our dinner. This saddened me, but in the afternoon we walked, the four-and-thirty of us, two and two, as far as Colney Hatch. They would not let us in,—so we came back! Then we played humming-top and marbles in the rich green pasture of the little Romanesque Cloister,—not for money, but for love;—and so ended the simple story of another earnest but artistic day. What shall I say of Friday? Up in the dark at half-past three (here we are advanced to models, and never draw the line), I worked for seventeen simple hours at one simple stretch till,—as if in some waking dream I seemed to see the all-gentle HERKÖMER take up a nine-foot easel in both hands—but why continue? Saturday is here—and, ah, well, if worst had come to worst, it would have been at least a pleasant dream!

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* publishes the above extract without comment; but at the same time he is glad to take the opportunity of expressing his lively interest in a scheme which, even if it "break like a bubble," has enough of what is praiseworthy about it to command a respectful attention.

FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW.

SOMEONE has brought out a song entitled "*I always meet you in my Dreams!*" Someone else is going to bring out a ditty called "*I shun you when I'm wide awake.*" We wonder which is the truest, and which will be the most popular?

"IN A CONCATENATION ACCORDINGLY."—Suggested shorter name for "The Charity Organisation Society,"—The Charitable Grinders.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Mistress. "AND YOU MAY ALL OF YOU ASK A FRIEND TO DINNER, YOU KNOW; AND, SMITHERS, YOU CAN ASK YOUR WIFE."
Butler. "THANK YOU, MA'AM. I THINK NOT, IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM!"

THE HOUSE THAT CAPITAL BUILT.

(Seeing is believing.)

This is the House that Capital built!

These are the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

These are the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

This the House-Jobber all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

This is the Agent, smug and content, who harries the wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts that herd in the House that Capital built!

This is the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent, smug and content, who harries the wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

These are Reports of Pulpit and Press, that threaten attack (may it meet success!) upon the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent smug and content, who harries the wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

This is the Statesman, worthy the name, who, holding that seeing's believing, is game to search himself in the slums and courts to test the truth of the dread Reports, freely put forth by Pulpit and Press, that threaten attack (may it meet success!) upon the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent, smug and content, who harries poor wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!"

And this is *Punch*, who is glad to say, "That's right, Sir CHARLES, you have hit on the way to tackle this problem of many phases, and track the truth through its puzzling mazes, by practical first-hand observation, with quiet skill and without sensation!"—say to the Statesman, worthy the name, who, holding that seeing's believing, is game to search himself in the slums and courts, to test the truth of the dread Reports, freely put forth by Pulpit and Press, that threaten attack (may it meet success!) upon the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent, smug and content, who harries poor wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

LINES TO A RETIRED RECTOR.

Is life worth living? Mostly so.

But when you're reading MALLOCK. No.

A BOOK is advertised—*The Age of Clay*. Surely this is an impertinent intrusion into the private affairs of the Composer of the *Merry Duchess*. Besides, a Musician is "not for an age, but for all time."

WE are sorry to hear that Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM's Niece has taken a severe cold through standing about on the rocks and trying to get some Agapemones for her Aquarium.

'ARRY went the other day to Toppledock Common to see the hounds throw off. In his case the operation was performed by a horse, and he never saw the hounds at all.

SILLY QUERY.—If there are two sides to a question, how many angles are there to an answer?



“SEEING’S BELIEVING.”

MR. P. “QUITE RIGHT, SIR CHARLES! *THAT* MEANS BUSINESS!!”

[“The President of the Local Government Board yesterday visited the most overcrowded neighbourhood of St. John’s-street Road and Goswell Road; he also made a renewed inspection of the worst parts of St. Luke’s, which he had already visited this week.”—*Times*, Nov. 24.]



"UPON THE MART."

First City Man. "WHEN I BEGAN BUSINESS I WASN'T WORTH A PENNY!"

Second City Man. "OH! AND WHERE ARE YOU NOW?"

First City Man. "THOUSANDS IN DEBT, SIR!"

UNJUST RATES!

MR. PUNCH has been requested by a poor puzzled Ratepayer to throw his eagle glance upon what is technically called "the incidence of taxation as regards Rates." *Mr. Punch's* own income being of that fabulous amount that his only difficulty is to know how to spend it, of course so trifling a matter as Rates never crossed his mighty mind. In fact, he was in regard to them much as CRUIKSHANK'S gorgeous Flunkey was in regard to Taxes, when, to the question of his fellow-flunkey, "What is Taxes, Taxes, when," he had to reply, "I'm sure, ROBERT, I don't know." But being always willing to unravel a mystery, or probe an injustice, where the interests of his poor fellow-citizens are concerned, he has complied with the request above alluded to, and has thrown his eagle glance upon the matter of Rates, and he discovers it to embody such an abominable system of injustice, if not iniquity, as fills his indignant soul with almost unspeakable wrath!

Take the rich City of London as an example. Nearly every foot of the freehold of the City belongs to wealthy City Companies or to wealthy men, rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It is often found necessary to expend enormous sums of money in widening the streets to accommodate the ever-increasing traffic. Every such improvement largely increases the value of the neighbouring property. But who pays for such improvement? Mark the abominable injustice of the system. Not the wealthy owner of the improved property, but the poor hard-working occupier! But even that is not all. The poor Ratepayer has first to pay for all the cost of the improvement; secondly, he has to pay a largely increased Rent for the property he has paid to improve; and, thirdly, he has to pay increased Rates upon his increased rental. Anything more shamefully unjust, or more artfully contrived, was never invented by the cutest American of Jewish extraction.

The grasping Landlord sits quietly by, smiling at the ever-increasing value of the property he never contributed one shilling to improve, while the poor occupier finds more and more of his small income required to meet the ever-increasing calls upon him for a

THE SONG OF KING CONGER.

Ha! ha! So they've let out the secret, my hearties!
And you pale as you find that for years you have been
The gullible dupes of unscrupulous parties
Who have played ducks and drakes with your sacred
tureen.

You vowed that no stock could be richer or stronger,
More grateful to palate, of a savour more fine;
"Real Turtle," my hearties?—Be humbugged no longer.
Write down on your *menus*, in capitals, CONGER;—
The flavour you so long have worshipped is mine!

Yes, mine, and no other! The Ling and the Whiting,
As the Sea-bream or Haddock as cheap may be found;
E'en the Whelk may supply a stock as inviting,

But, oh! not at my figure—"a penny a pound!"
So why should I reek, if my flavour recalling—

Let's say, cod-liver oil with pure garlic combined,
Supplies you a dish quite terrific, appalling,—
That, artfully costlier Turtle forestalling,—

Fell brute that I am,—I prove much to your mind!

But grumble or growl,—brave Sir HENRY has stated,
Though you analyse, argue, or do what you will,

My horrible, rich, racy flavour so slated,
If but garnished with turtle, will conquer you still.

So, let it prove weaker, or let it prove stronger,
You'll have to accept it whatever it be;—

Then down on your knees, and defy me no longer;

"Three platefuls of Turtle"?—You mean three of
CONGER!

So, swallow that statement, and then swallow me!

WHAT TO DO WITH "OUR BOYS."—Play it! This, we believe, is going to be done by Mr. DAVID JAMES at the Criterion. This excellent low Comedian, being considered *facile princeps* in his line, was named JAMES THE FIRST; but when it was found how sweetly he sang in a duett with Mr. THOMAS THORNE, he was thenceforward called JAMES THE SECOND.

HOMOEOPATHIC.—Fish Dinners for Paupers. If Conger is good enough for Aldermen, why not Porpoise for Paupers?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—Your "If" is a great peacemonger. Not so your Tar-iff.

Rate, from which he derives no kind of advantage. The only solution of this almost incredible state of the law is, that the Legislature consists almost entirely of Landlords, who apparently rejoice in devising laws whose evident effect must be to make the idle and rich owner much richer, and the hard-working and comparatively poor occupier much poorer. The only chance of obtaining a remedy for this gross injustice is the formation of a Ratepayers' Association, with the object of insisting that all Rates for the improvement of property should be paid by the rich owners who get all the benefit from the improvement, and not by the poor overweighted occupiers who get none.

To show, too, how this Landlord-greed increases the difficulty of improving the dwellings of the Poor, *Mr. Punch* learns from the *City Press* that the cost of clearing away two City Rookeries that were condemned as unfit for human habitation, and which were inhabited by less than three thousand people, has cost no less a sum than £270,000. Of this amount probably about three-fourths would go to the Landlords of these shameful hovels, being nearly £70 per head—man, woman, or child—of the occupants, or, for a small family of five persons, £350; which would seem to show that the poor creatures who inhabited these filthy dens must, on an average, have paid rent equal to about two shillings per head per week, or, in the case above alluded to, ten shillings per week. Of course, too, the more Rent these Vampires sucked out of their poor miserable tenants the more compensation they received from the City Authorities, and the heavier Rates the City Ratepayers had to pay.

No doubt these grasping Landlords prefer to do their deeds by stealth, and would probably blush to find them fame; but, nevertheless, *Mr. Punch* would strongly recommend that their names and addresses should receive that publicity they so richly deserve.

"Mrs. CAUDLE'S *Girton Lectures*?" asked Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "Ah, a very valuable book, no doubt. I am told she is one of the cleverest Professors in the College, and her language, I have heard, is something beautiful."

THE SCHOOL-BOARD
VICTIM.

"MOTHER! how my head is
aching,
In a strange and painful
way!
See what sad mistakes I'm
making
In my exercise to-day.

"All the irksome words are
whirling
Underneath my listless
glance;
And the rows of figures
curling
Round like demons in a
dance.

"I was cold and wet and
weary,
Hungry too, at school to-
day.
Why is learning all so dreary?
Is there never time to play?"

So the School-Board victim
crying,
Bowed her little aching
head,
And her Mother watched her,
sighing
For to-morrow's daily bread.

Oh, ye men of small discerning,
On official red-tape nurst,
Though there's good no doubt
in learning,
We must feed the children
first!

HER Nephew had just come
home from his day-school.
"What have you been learning
this morning?" asked Mrs.
RAMSBOTHAM. "Mythology,
Aunt," answered the little man,
"all about the heathen Gods
and Goddesses." "Then I
must brush up my memory,"
said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "and
ask you a question or two.
Now, first, who was Juniper?"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 164.



SIR JOSEPH BAZALGETTE, C.B.

HE IS GREAT AT DRAINAGE, AND WAS MADE A COMPANION OF THE BATH.

"FINIS FRANCÆ."

"France will not perish, for with
her Civilisation would come to an
end."—M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

LIGHT-hearted and rhetorical
EMILE,
Of course you're right! The
world then *must* appeal
To "noble—intellectual—
liberal" France.
For, Sir, she'll lead the world
a pretty dance.
On your own showing, if she
goes on so.
You say, EMILE—and who but
you should know?—
That the last hope which Civil-
isation cherishes
Of life must die, if *la Grande*
Nation perishes.
The prospect is appalling! *If*
the life
Of Civilisation hang on France,
the strife
Of suicidal factions in your
land
Means Civilisation's death—
you understand?
From your own *dictum* 'tis a
clear deduction,
For France—alas!—seems bent
on self-destruction.
'Twere a sad *finis* for the
noblest nation,
Self-slain, to die slayer of
Civilisation!

FROM A SHAKSPEARIAN COR-
RESPONDENT.—Sir,—I often
hear of the "Tower Hamlets,"
can you tell me anything
about the Tower Ophelias?
By the way, what is a "Tower
Hamlet?" [Why a Hamlet
on tour, of course. As to
Q.1. we can only say that we
don't suppose the quotation
"too much soap and water
hast thou, Poor Ophelia!"
would apply to them.—*Sp.*
Shak. Ed.]

THE LATEST CRAZE.

(Letters from a young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as
a Profession.")

MY DEAR DUCHESS, 28, Shrimp Street, Shellford.

Now I'll just tell you something about the dressing-rooms.
They are not similar to "the Boudoirs of the Nobility" in any one
particular. I arrived at the Theatre about 6.30 P.M., with GEORGE,
long before anybody else had come. (How dismal a Theatre looks
when it's all dark and empty!) The old charwoman with the cold
was just *thinking* of lighting up (she begins to think ten minutes
before she does a thing, I've now found out). "Which is my dress-
ing-room?" I asked her. "I d'no," she said, "suppose you're with
some of the Gents, and the Gents all dresses in the basement. Names
write on the door. 'Is dressing-room!'" she chuckled to herself.
"E'll 'ave to get out of them 'is down 'ere,—things is more *hother*
people's in this place!" What she meant I don't know. GEORGE
and I stumbled down a precipitous staircase in the dark, and after
groping about for a time at the imminent danger of breaking our
legs, we came upon a door on which was written—"Mr. GARRICK,"
"Mr. DERWENTWATER," "Mr. EXCELSIOR MCALPIN."
"Ah, GEORGE, here we are," said I, as pleasantly as I could, and
here we certainly *were*, in a little room about ten feet long and six
broad. Along one side was a deal table, and there was nothing else but
an old broken chair in the room; at each end of the table was heaped
a dirty mass of soiled linen, and a few stumps of wig-paste. The
centre of the table was clear. "I wonder why they've cleared the
middle of the table, GEORGE," said I. "I don't wonder why at all,"

he replied, slowly. "The fire's one end o' the room and the gas is
the other, and there ain't nothing in the middle, so you've got to
dress there." I'm sorry GEORGE is going, and yet he depresses me.
I'm determined not to give way, and GEORGE's melancholy and pity-
ing expressions unnerved me.

We've had a hard day—all the afternoon I've been looking out
things suitable for a Coachman, a Sea Captain, an Arab, a General, a
Prison Warder, and an Earl. I didn't expect such a strain would be
put at once upon my private wardrobe. So, besides buying things, I
was obliged to get some help from the "Macready" stook Miss
POSTER had referred to. GEORGE has helped me, but he's been very
solemn about it. I don't feel in the same position with him as I
do at home; and then this morning the men in ulsters called him
"Sir," and me "Old Chap." Yet you know these people are Actors
just as much as I am. I mean as I am trying to be, though of course
they are not a bit like the "selections" who used to come to your
Evenings. I wonder if it's like this in other professions? In the
Army for instance? or the Church? Well, in the Church, perhaps,
because there are Beadles, and Clerks, and Churchwardens, though
I am not sure if these regularly belong to the clerical profession.

I left myself and GEORGE in the dressing-room, each holding a big
bundle of clothes. GEORGE was right about the table. The fire *was*
one end of the room, and the gas (with an old cracked glass hung
round the burner) the other; but I'd got a beautiful "make-up"
of my own, with a nice glass, every sort of paint and powder and
wig-paste, and also a little reading-lamp to help me to see. And
now the old Charwoman had finished thinking about lighting the
gas, and had really done it, and I heard whistlings, and jokes, and
titters overhead, so I knew the company were arriving. "I think
you'd better go, GEORGE," I said; "there won't be room for four of



THE LAWN MEET.

Cad (who has been holding Swell's Horse). "TUPPENCE! YAH! YER GOES INTO THE 'OUS', AND GETS THREE OR FOUR GLASSES O' SHERRY INTO YER, AND GIVES ME TUPPENCE! YAH!"

us here; and, besides, it might be a bad precedent. If both the other Gentlemen brought their servants, we should be six in the room, or about a square foot a-piece." "Ah! they won't bring no servants," said GEORGE, contemptuously. I don't like my own servant looking down on me, or rather on my companions in Art. If they were all Clergymen or Barristers robing in this room, would he be the same? Somehow—I don't think so. There's something wrong here somehow.

GEORGE is gone, and Mr. DERWENTWATER has arrived. He's been bustling about the room a good deal, and using bad words to himself, but he doesn't notice me. (I'm getting myself up for the Coachman, and practising my dialect, so I'm quite busy.) "What's the matter?" I venture at last. "Everything's the matter!" is all the change I get.

Then arrives Mr. GARRICK, and I should like to give you a taste of the conversation between provincial "Pros." I enclose a glossary—"Pros" means "Professionals;" "Screw" is their salary; "Taking the Biscuit" is acting well; "Juggins" is a person unacquainted with Stage-life—(I am a "Juggins" at present)—and lots more I can't remember. But you may imagine, from my letter, what pleasant, gentlemanly fellows I have for companions.

"Overture and beginners, please!" says the Stage Manager outside. (There isn't a call-boy.) The Stage Manager does everything, and is responsible if anything goes wrong. If the gas flickers, it's his fault; and so it is if a child cries in the Gallery. (Poor man! I must get his son into the Bluecoat School.) Directly "Overture and beginners!" was called, Mr. GARRICK and Mr. DERWENTWATER both began to dress, and complain bitterly. "It's just the same every blooming night. A man can't have five minutes to himself, but he's got to hurry, and drive, and dress himself, just when he's talking business." I'm dressed. "How do you like me as the Coachman?" I ask. Mr. DERWENTWATER (who is using my wig-paste to see if it's good) don't answer. Mr. GARRICK (who don't like my rouge, but puts up with it till he gets his own famous stuff "off" old JACK BILKER) says, "Do very well for Uriah Heep." "But I don't want to do well for Uriah Heep! I'm Diggory Grainbin now." "You look like nothing on the end of a stick," vouchsafes Mr. DERWENT-

WATER. And with this remark I have to leave them. "Have you got your dialect?" says the Stage Manager. "I really don't know," is my answer: "but I think Mr. GARRICK has it: he's kindly using most of my things." "Now, then, Mr. McALPIN, get into the corner, and begin your regrets in the Lancashire brogue, if you please," says Miss POSTER, sharply.

No more to-day. I think I'm getting on in my profession, though I am afraid I shall be a "Juggins" for some time to come. "No matter!" (as we say in melodrama) I suppose HENRY IRVING was once a "Juggins" himself. Yours very truly,

HUGO DE B***.

FROM a recent Number of *Gardening Illustrated for Town and Country* :—

PARCELS POST.—INVISIBLE WORLDS! ENDLESS AMUSEMENT.—BOTANICAL TABLE MICROSCOPE, Compound Lenses, with screw adjustment, equal in power to a 3-guinea instrument, showing with extraordinary distinctness minute animalcules in a drop of water. **MOULD IS A FOREST OF BEAUTIFUL TREES, WITH FLOWERS, LEAVES, AND FRUIT.** A flea appears as large as a beetle. No person should be without one.

Very much obliged. But most persons would be of a different opinion.

Examination Questions.

CABINET Ministers should go through a course of questions, but before they enter the Cabinet, in order to qualify them for the position. Afterwards some of the questions would be more difficult to answer; e.g., "Where's Egypt?" "Explain the exact situation in the Transvaal. Give a diagram of what is to be done, showing how to do it."

COUNT DE LAGRANGE.—The "Terrible Count de Lagrange" leaves no issue. Is it possible, that on this final occasion when he will have any connection with the turf, that he is the Last of the Race?

THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

CANTO II.

THE COMING OF CUPID.

How would you *have* him come, this Protean god?
Silk bond, steel fetter, rosy chain, or rod,



All are his gifts. JULIA would bid him bring
Much more than roses, raptures, and a ring.
No Phœbus-fronted Detrimental gleams
As lode-star of her unromantic dreams.
Beauty loves Bullion. JULIA knows its power,
The willing Danaë of the aureate shower.
Then, JULIA, waste no dance, no moonlight stroll
On that soft myth, "affinity of soul."
Lavish no lash-veiled glance of those keen eyes,
Shoot, fair toxophilite, for the first prize;
Get home on the right target, then bend bold
The bow, draw to the head, and *hit the gold!*
No interludes of arrowy play to test
The starched and snowy mail of the male breast.
Do eagles hawk for butterflies? No doubt,
In those green days ere JULIA was "out,"
The lawny level and the sharp-fought "sett"
Saw more than spheres shoot o'er the tense-drawn net;
Saw untrained glances, and unguarded smiles,
Artless inveiglements, and simple wiles.
Do you remember, JULIA, when the musk
Of June's glad roses filled the verdant dusk
Of all that "dear old garden" down in Devon?
What time a carpet-dance was instant heaven,
And some mad boating frolic rarer sport
Than the concentrated glamour of the Court,—
Do you remember, dare you recollect,
Ere you had learned to reason, weigh, reflect,
Like an unmoony shrewd she-*Hamlet*, how
You pulled the curls upon a boyish brow,
And swore, sweet girlish gusher, that their gold
Was more than Midas-touch could make?

But hold!

An *ingénue* of seventeen—so much?—
Might not appraise the value of that touch.
Now you know better, nor artillery waste
In tender thoughtlessness, or amorous haste.
That "dear old garden"? Pooh! a slow, dull spot,
Where you so "spooned," and RUPERT talked such "rot"—
(RUPERT's own word, boys will talk slang,)—absurd!
When the World called, you met it "like a bird"—
(RUPERT again!) And RUPERT? Oh! he's gone
As—something small and shoppy—to Ceylon;
And you are angling for a Peer—they say so—
And listening to the tips of PUNCHIUS NASO.

So Cupid comes to you. That old mad fun
Was not the work of Aphrodite's son.
Of course! Methinks I see the urchin now,
Demure, and meaning business; on his brow
Close serried lines, and cool eyes, clerkly, clear,
With—can it be, a pen behind his ear?
That hints of settlements. Receive him so,
Fair JULIA; let him take his gleam and glow

To lackadaisical LOUISE. Chide not.
The goose-quill that signs cheques *sans* halt or blot
Is better than a feather from his wings,
That scrawls in violet ink of such vain things,
As cots and kisses, since, for all bards' pother,
You can't live in the one nor on the other.
Hear Cupid's confidences thereabout,
Cupid the champion, here, of Cent.-per-cent.,
The sworn appraiser, not of golden locks
And silvery laughter, but of Shares and Stocks:—

CUPID'S CONFESSION.

I dwelt in a cottage, a cottage *ornée*,
With two newly-meshed doves for a year and a day;
For a year and a day, till the newly-meshed doves
Stooped from "bliss" to—*Cabañas* and ten-button gloves.
Aye me, the chill lapse! So a river may run
To the icy-bound North from the land of the Sun,
When the fuel that fed the sigh-furnaces failed,
AMANDUS so cooled, and AMANDA so paled.
Thy moustache curled as trimly, AMANDUS, but oh!
With how much less of sweetness the lips curled below.
AMANDA's blue eyes, still twin amethyst spheres,
Looked so much less bewitching their lids red with tears.
I was there. Could I help them with vow or with verse,
As she drew the last coin from her satin-lined purse,
Leaving more gold without than within? I was there—
At the window—when Butcher descended from prayer
To imperative rude oburgation; and when
Poor AMANDA first learned that "the sweetest of men"
Could be bitter of speech! I was there, though outside,
When AMANDUS first used naughty words to his bride.
I'd no gold. Could I mend with a rose or a dart
That terrible fracture, a flaw in the heart?
Could I bid shallow Passion, once stagnant, flow on,
When the fountain was choked, and all current was gone?
Could I help them who floated in rapture's mad round,
Breast to breast, whilst the footway was flowery, but found,
When occasion arose to endure or console,
That he had not a heart, and she had not a soul?
Could I aid those who Poverty hailed without fear,—
At a pretty safe distance, but when he drew near,
And displayed rather more of the wolf than the dove,
Making calls upon courage as well as mere love,
Found *not* rosy bliss, but abandonment utter,
In "Love in a Cottage"—without bread-and-butter?

"All are not Julias," lisps a rosy maid
To PUNCHIUS prattling in his cedar's shade;
"Some few of us love Cupid as of old,
Before he tipped his tiny darts with gold."
True, watchet-eyed bewilderer of sage brains,
And PUNCHIUS writes for all. If other gains
Than golden ones inspire the maiden's breast,
And lure her through love's labyrinthine quest;
If—foolish child!—six feet of manhood straight
And an unwrinkled skin—and heart—have weight
More than joint bulk of coronet and pocket,
Linked with a soul that's burning to its socket;—
Why, then,—dear me!—the ever verdant sage
Combines the Augustan and Arcadian age
In his orb-wide experience; yet to teach
Maxims of Arcady in Mayfair speech
Seems like attempting with swift steel-cased shot
To gain admittance to Sabrina's grot.
Lend *Punch* your pocket-mirror, gay-lipped Grace!
Ah! lily-fingers seek the well-known place
With unsophisticated speed. What fun!
(JULIA would vow she never carried one)
Now look within. Lips cool and cheeks a-blush!
Teach those to glow, let these forget to flush
If you'd compete with JULIA. But, bright elf,
If you seek love, not lovers, *be yourself*.
So front the tricky god, so meet his eye
With radiant hope, too honest to be shy,
Own you have heard of him, heard, oh! a lot,
And wish to know him, as what girl would not?
You'll find the Protean one put off his wig,
His clerkly airs, his looks austere and big,
His *chic*, his coolness, and his cynic slang,
And he the boy whose limpid laughter rang
In Paphos till e'en frolic Aphrodite
Would chide the urchin for a flight too flighty.

ART-FULL CARDS.—Most of the Christmas Cards as now produced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope.

CATTLE-SHOW WEEK.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



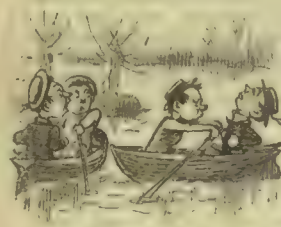
Scotch Polled.



Best Wether.



Class for Roots.



Steers.



Best Butter.



Cross Bred.

A CRITICAL POSITION.

LAST week *Claudian* was to have been produced at the Princess's, and the Critics had, we believe, been invited to witness a dress-rehearsal, but in consequence of what the *Times*' Theatrical Reporter would call the "unpreparedness" of the Earthquake, with which Mr. BARRETT was to have "brought down the house," the production was postponed.

To invite the Critics to a dress-rehearsal is in the interests of Dramatic Art a great mistake, though probably not for the Manager and Author, who can avail themselves of such an exceptional opportunity by acting as Judges, and explaining to the Jury of Critics why such and such an effect isn't as right as it might be, and of pointing out the vast amount of trouble, outlay, time and talent which may have been expended on the new piece, whatever it is.

On such an occasion the Manager and Author could both diplomatically ask advice, express themselves most grateful for any hints that their learned friends in front might give, knowing very well that nothing their learned friends could say would induce them to alter at the last moment any of the carefully planned details, but perfectly aware that the best and shortest way of winning a Critic's good opinion is to humbly listen to the suggestions that may fall from his lips, as though they were invaluable instructions from some Mighty Master.

We have before us a pamphlet entitled *Claudian*, being a few notes on the architecture and costume of the new piece, in the shape of a letter written by Mr. E. W. GODWIN, F.S.A., to "My dear BARRETT," in which the well-informed writer instructs the apparently ignorant Manager, as to the interesting details of the period, A.D. 360-460, which, he says, is "almost a blank in the modern history of Art"—and then Mr. GODWIN, in a series of illustrations, (does he always write such letters with so many pictures?) proceeds to draw this blank.

Mr. GODWIN, F.S.A., finishes up his epistle with "Believe me, my dear BARRETT, yours very faithfully—" and, of course, our dear BARRETT does believe him. In fact, the short answer would have been, "Thanks, my dear GODWIN; I believe you, my boy, yours trustfully, W. BARRETT."

If, instead of this letter, or if, with this letter as preface, we had been presented with a book of the play about to be acted,—it could not be sold, as the American acting-right would be thereby destroyed, my dear BARRETT (A.D. 1883-1884),—we should have been better pleased, holding, as we emphatically do, that the book of any new play ought to be in every Critic's hands at least a week before production, so that he may know what he is going to see, and, as with a Shakspearian, or any other stock-piece, have a standard by which he can measure the performance.

As it is, when a Critic goes to a *première*,—a night which is, as a rule, all *clique* and *claque*,—he has, as a matter of course, to pronounce upon the dish set before him. It may not be to his taste, and then he has to ask himself, "Why is this? Is the acting bad? Have I really seen the piece as the Author intended it to be played?"

And, again, instead of expressing any sympathy with a Manager and Actors who have "uncongenial parts," or who have parts "unworthy of their talents," and so forth, why does not the Critic ask, plainly and straightforwardly, "What on earth induced a Manager of Mr. So-and-So's experience, to choose such a piece as this (whatever it is)?" The Critic invariably writes as if the Tyrant Author had compelled the suffering Manager to produce his piece, and even to play in it himself.

Censure the play, by all means, when you have ascertained *what* the play is, but censure also the Manager for placing it, if evidently bad, before the public. If the Manager was doubtful, and the Author doubtful and inclined to risk it, then if the Author had provided the Critics with the book of the piece, the play would be judged on its own merits, if any, and a fair criticism could then be made on the acting, decorations, and so forth. If it occurs to the Jury that Manager and Author must have "a tile off" to have produced between them such a piece, then there are plenty of hands ready and willing enough to supply the defect with good powerful "slating."

Musical Critics take care to know the score pretty well by heart before hearing a new Opera, and then they follow it with a book in front of them. Why should not the Dramatic Critics do likewise, and why not refuse to witness any piece until it should have been played three or four times?

SOMETHING LIKE A SCHOOL!

(An Extract from a Pupil's Diary.)

6 A.M.—Got out of bed, and made a rush for Old KNIGHT's door. Old KNIGHT is the master of our form. Shouted at him through the key-hole, and arranged a booby-trap with the coal-scuttle and a large can of water. But he sold us by letting himself down into the garden from the window, by tying his blanket, sheets, and counter pane together. However, fortunately caught sight of him when he was dangling in the air, and pelted him with tooth-brushes.

8 A.M.—Breakfast. Informed Old KNIGHT that there was a balloon, and asked him to look at it. When he turned his head, we deluged him with coffee and toast-crusts. Spent rest of recreation hour in making slides out of the butter-dish.

10 A.M. to 12 Noon.—At Study. Most of us reading novels, the remainder playing at dumb-crambo. Fried sausages, as usual, while Old KNIGHT was working the *pons asinorum* for us on the black-board. When we had finished our luncheons, some of us escaped by the window, and the remainder by the chimney.

2 P.M.—Dinner. The usual game of pelting Old KNIGHT with bits of potatoes, and filling his pockets with rice-pudding. Poured the beer into the Head-Master's coal-scuttle. This last feat got us into a row. We are sentenced to stay at school during the Christmas holidays—Old KNIGHT is to remain with us to keep us out of mischief.

4 P.M. to 6'30 P.M.—More lessons, and this time toffee-making. Head-Master came in, and finding BILLY POTTER standing on his head on Old KNIGHT's desk, kept us all in during tea-time. After this we all "communicated our ideas" to BILLY POTTER, and coloured his eyes beautifully. Old KNIGHT rather disgusted at having to mind us instead of getting his tea.

9'15 P.M.—In our dormitory at last. Saw that the place was all right for the night. Screwed up all the doors belonging to the masters' rooms, piled up all the class-books on the kitchen fire, and emptied the contents of the beer barrel into poor Old KNIGHT's wardrobe. Then, having driven the cow into the best drawing-room, and the sow and her little piggies into the parent's reception parlour, got into bed. As I fell off to sleep, reflected that on the whole, I had found out the way to enjoy a happy day, and wondered if Old KNIGHT had been as fortunate.

A PROPOS of Christmas Amusements, should anyone happen to mention such matters at this time of year, you may say that the game of cards called "Merry Matches," issued by Messrs. WYMAN, is a good all-rounder, and very much in Young Folks' ways. The Merry Matches are in their own box, which, by the way, may be used as an excellent substitute for a cigarette case. So deal out the merry harmless cards, pour out the Champagne, *arrosé un peu pour les petits*, and let the toast be "Wine and WYMAN!"

A SCRAP of Paper, it is said, is to be revived at the St. James's soon after Christmas. As long as a theatre is doing genuinely good business, the Management would object even to a Scrap of "Paper" in the house. The reason for the non-adoption of the electric light at the St. James's is because they have hitherto found Kendal-light sufficient. If this theatre has been, as we hear, recently treated to a little extra ventilation, it was in consequence of the demand from the public for "More Hure!"



THOUGHT-READING.

Irish Gent (paying debt of honour). "THERE'S THE SOVEREIGN YE KINDLY LINT ME, BROWN. I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE——"

Saxon (pocketing the coin). "NEVER THOUGHT OF IT FROM THAT DAY TO—— BY JOVE! 'FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT'——"

Irish Gent. "BEDAD! I WISH YE'D TOULD ME THAT BEFORE!"

[What did he mean?]

"THE PLAY'S THE THING!"

THAT nothing short of an educational revolution was inevitably about to burst upon the University, must have been evident to everybody who had an opportunity of attending the several performances of *The Birds* given at Cambridge during the course of the past week. Sober Heads of Houses who have hitherto shuddered at the GERMAN REED's Entertainment, and Learned Professors who have only once or twice seen a Gaiety Burlesque on the sly, could be noticed in shoals on the steps of the theatre convulsed with *verve* and merriment, while freely admitting to each other in groups, that nothing could withstand the all-encroaching dramatic spirit of the age, and that in the future the footlights must take their proper position at the Universities as a great educational factor. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that no time has been lost in the organisation of some scheme calculated to give a practical shape to the fervid convictions of the moment. The following brief account of an influential meeting on the subject, held only yesterday afternoon, shows at a glance how rapidly matters are already progressing.

On the assembling yesterday at the door of the Senate House of the various Heads of Houses, Professors, Tutors, and others interested in the "New Dramatic Degree" Movement, there was again by common consent an immediate adjournment to the Theatre Royal, and the business was, as on the previous occasion, transacted in this more appropriately and agreeably constructed building. A Provincial Company, who happened to be rehearsing at the time, having been good-humouredly hustled off the Stage by the Proctors, the Prompter placed a "property" Doge's Chair under the "T-light" for the use of the Vice-Chancellor. On occupying it, however, he introduced such an excellent and happily-conceived bit of business that a loud and spontaneous roar of laughter and several shouts of "Encore!" greeted him as he finally sat down. The proceedings then commenced.

The Rev. Chairman, rising, said he need not recapitulate to such an assembly the motives that had again drawn them together to further their one great common object, namely, the incorporation of the Stage into the system of University Education—(loud cheers)—but he would content himself with reading to them the following brief extract from an Article on the subject that appeared the

other day in an influential evening paper. "More," wrote the writer of that Article, "can be learned of Athenian life, and also of the comic method of ARISTOPHANES, by seeing one of his plays put on the Stage than by reading all the eleven which are extant. Young men will find a new interest in their Greek plays when they have one or two realised before their eyes." (Prolonged applause.) He was glad to hear such sentiments greeted in that fashion, because he was prepared to go even further than the writer who expressed those views. ("Hear! hear!" from the *Jacksonian Professor of Natural Philosophy*.) He would say that young men would not find a new interest in Greek alone, but in everything else as well, when they had once had everything realised for them before their eyes. (Applause.) Need he say more? Everything taught in their University ought to be put upon the Stage. (Prolonged cheering.)

The Plumian Professor of Astronomy, who had on a large Pantomime demon's head, and whose appearance in consequence created such an outburst of enthusiasm, that he could be but with difficulty heard when he attempted to address the meeting through a hole under the chin, said, he trusted that his present little off-hand effort—(cries of "No, no! it's splendid")—might be taken as an earnest of what he intended to do in his own particular line, when he got his chance. (Loud cheers.) He had already ordered a black cotton-velvet astrologer's gown, covered with the signs of the Zodiac in red tinsel, and he had also given a commission for a crocodile and property telescope, which he hoped and believed would, in the matter of size, be two of the finest things of their kind ever produced in Europe. (Cheers.) Cambridge must march with the times. When the youth who attended his lectures had once had realised for them before their eyes what an astronomer really was—on the stage—they would pick up more from him and his comic method, than by mere poring over all the books of astronomy extant. He might add, that the great feature of his reformed lectures, would be several quite grotesque magic-lantern effects, and a character-song (with a dance) entitled "*I am such a regular Para-la-lax*," specially written for him by a distinguished Doctor of Music, who had his heart and soul in the movement. (Great cheering.)

The Queen's Professor of Arabic here rose. He said he had no wish to reflect on the learned Professor's programme, but he trusted that the dance he referred to—"hear, hear!"—which sounded to him, if he might coin an expression, rather "Music-hally"—(laughter)—would in no way interfere with his course of lectures which would be given by himself, with five brother Professors of Arabic, in spangled tights, on a carpet and red velvet bolster. His idea was, in fact, an "Arabian Drawing-room Entertainment"—(cheers)—with as much lofty tumbling as they could manage, combined with a few occasional short expressions in the vernacular, or even in dumb show addressed to the audience. ("Excellent!" from the *Professor of Experimental Physics*.) He thought this would give a stimulus to the study of Arabic—at least, it would enable the earnest student to understand something of Arabian life. (Applause.)

The Professor of Sanskrit said he had been thinking of the same sort of thing himself—(laughter)—but after what had dropped from his learned colleague, he felt he must fall back upon something else. He should very probably endeavour to try and charm a snake or two—"hear! hear!"—and hoped in this he should have the kindly co-operation of the Professor of Zoology. (A Voice: "He knows nothing about it!") Very likely not. (Roars of laughter.) But they were all entering on a new path, and he could learn. For his own part he felt sure that his learned colleague, who had so often skinned a snake for mere instruction, would not mind for once being "scotched" himself in the higher interests of amusement. (Cheers.)

The Woodwardian Professor of Geology said he meant to illustrate an Earthquake. (Cheers.) He was already in communication with the Manager of the Princess's Theatre, London, and was engaging a Company for *The Last Days of Pompeii*. He had also an "Antediluvian Burlesque" in hand—not his own—(prolonged cheering)—introducing all the principal monsters of the glacial period. ("Oh, oh!") It was a fact, and he hoped to play a foreleg of something effective himself. (Cheers.)

The Public Orator here rose, and was about to read *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, but was greeted with



THE RIGHT PIG BY THE EAR.

Poor Piggy (pleading in an injured tone). "OH, PLEASE, SIR, I ONLY THOUGHT I WAS CARRYING OUT MR. GLADSTONE'S WISHES."

such a prolonged storm of disapproval, that he had ultimately to resume his seat. He was, however, understood to say that he would be even with the best of them before he had done.

After a little discursive talk as to the future holding of all Public Examinations in the Theatre, and the desirability of entirely suspending the free-list on the occasion, the Master of Trinity said that he thought that henceforth the Vice-Chancellor should be preceded by a regular red-hot Pantomime Poker. (*Much cheering.*) He thought these Stage accessories to Academic life could not be too much insisted upon. And he was of opinion that their present business-like discussion could not terminate more appropriately than in a regular Stage banquet. (*Thunders of applause, that lasted several minutes.*) He would be happy to provide that entertainment himself. (*Roars of laughter, in which the Rev. Speaker joined heartily himself.*)

After the customary chorus and *finale*, and a little rough horse-play, owing to the Professor of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics endeavouring, in vain, to show the Auditor of the Chest the working of a Vampire-trap, the Meeting was adjourned till next Tuesday.

Strange Omission.

THERE have been remarkable sunsets viewed in London, Eastbourne, Ramsgate, and many other places. But what is still more remarkable is, that not one of the awe-struck Correspondents who have written about these phenomena to the daily papers has expressed any astonishment at *having seen any sunsets at all in England*, as every place where these strange appearances have been witnessed is, of course, in the British Empire, on which, as we all know, "*the Sun never sets.*" So that is the first wonder to get over; the blazing phenomena are of second-rate importance. Yet, though not superstitious, we firmly believe that *something is going to happen.*

"GRIP."—Odd name for a paper for Boys! Was it suggested by *Barnaby Rudge's* Raven? Everyone recollects that he used to hop about saying, "I'm a Devil! I'm a Devil!" It also croaked out, "Never say die!" which is a good omen for a literary work, even when coming from a Raven's beak.

THE NEW NEPHELOCOCUGIA;

OR, "BIRDS" OF A MODERN FEATHER.

A NOBLE Lord, of high Parliamentary repute, considerable literary power, and no small gift of acrid Aristophanic humour, is, we understand, about to superintend the production (at H-tt-ld H-se) of a modernised adaptation of *The Birds*. We have the peculiar good fortune to be able to present to our readers some particulars of the proposed cast, together with a brief sketch of the drama and a few characteristic extracts.

Nephelococugia (or Cau-cus-cloud-crow-land) is, in this case, the R-d-c-l Utopia or Limbo, intervenient, in these dire democratic days, between the common herd of earth-dwellers and the high Olympian Autocracy of the old oligarchical times, when everything was imperious, imposing, and—especially—"impartial."

The following are some of the chief *Dramatis Personæ*:—

- EPOPS (*Hoopoe-King of the Birds, formerly* Played by
TORYUS, King of Boeotia, but metamorphosed in consequence of political philanderings). J-HN B-LL.
- PEISTHETAIROS (a Citizen, disgusted with his original state, who travels to seek his fortune in the Kingdom of the Birds. A man of business and ability, who loves to direct everything and everybody. Voluble, plausible, sophistic). GL-DST-NE.
- EUPEIDES (another Citizen, companion of PEISTHETAIROS, a plain, shrewd person, with an eye to the future). CH-MB-RL-N.
- CHORUS OF BIRDS (subjects of EPOPS, beguiled by the blandishments of PEISTHETAIROS and the cunning of EUPEIDES. The latter has furnished them with a common crow-like cry, which may be represented phonetically thus: "Cau-cau-cau-cus"). R-D-C-LS.
- PROMETHEUS (a malcontent personage, uplifted, but timorous, disguised as an old woman hiding under an umbrella). Q-ET-RLY R-VI-W.
- IRIS (Messenger from Olympus, spry, and grandiloquent). N-TI-N-L R-VI-EW.
- POET (unimposing, but rhetorical personage, who supplies IRIS with most of her tall-talk). ALFR-D A-ST-N.
- THE PROPHETIC BIRDS (that of PEISTHETAIROS an Owl, sage, serious, and earnest). SP-CT-T-R.
- (that of EUPEIDES, noisy fowl who leads the clamorous "Cau-cau-cau-cus" Chorus). SCH-DH-EST.
- NEPTUNE (one of the Ambassadors from the elder Gods, a formal, dignified, slightly fussy person of the old school). N-ETHC-TE.
- HERCULES (ditto, ditto, a fiery, wrong-headed personage, powerful, but indiscreet, carrying a huge club bearing the mystic word "Property"). S-L-SB-RY.
- TRIBALLOS (ditto, ditto, an undisciplined, mischievous "outside," deity-perky, and sparrow-like in appearance, causing much vexation to the temperate NEPTUNE by his gamin-like outbursts). R-ND-LPH CH-ECN-LL.

There are other characters of course, but these will give our readers some idea of the course of the noble Dramatist's play, from which space will not permit us to give more than a few extracts. Some passages from the Parabasis will show that it is not without force and pertinence:—

Owl Coryphæus.

Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
(And that scarce worth spending, so M-LL-CK would say)
Plodding and wingless, morally kingless,
Fussy and Philistine creatures of clay,
Attend to the words of the R-d-c-l Birds,
The only true Soarers, the heirs of air's glories,
Who look from on high, with a pitying eye,
On the follies and frets of the Wh-gs and the T-ri-s.
Science bores us of late with eternal debate,
And wild Speculation about the Creation,
Organical strife, protoplasmical life,
And comical notions of cosmical motions;
Strange tales of descent from tailed creatures who went
Prehensilely swinging from branches, not winging
Their unfettered flight through Æther and Light.
In the deep Tory Erebus foully bedight,
Many in darkened delusion still lag on,
In life dull as that of the Ape or the Dragon.

At length in Creation's great germinal closet
Was laid a most precious and privy deposit:
A Mystical Egg! 'Twas the *radix* or root
Of which we brave Birds are the ultimate fruit,
Who rove in the air, triumphantly furnished,
To range its dominions on glittering pinions,
All golden, and azure, and blooming, and burnished.

For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine
For every oracular temple and shrine,
We Birds are a substitute equal and fair,
On us you depend, and to us must repair.
Then take us as Gods, and be ruled by our nods!
We'll serve for all uses, as prophets and muses.
We'll lengthen your tether, we'll all live together,

We'll not hide in air,
Pompous and proud, a-top of a cloud,
(In old Jovian way) but attend every day
To prosper and bless all you possess,
Give you plenty of change, and unlimited range,
Reform quite *ad lib.*, and a champion glib,
To whose eloquence voluble all things seem soluble.
Partake of this root, which King Hoopoe here brings,
Which forces the growth of true R-d-c-l wings,
And then you'll be Birds, blessed Birds of our band,
And free of the City of Cloud-Cau-cus-land!

Chorus.

Nothing can be more golumphus than the having wings to wear.
Wingless, T-ry-thralled poor mortals step up here and try a pair!

The new NEPHELOCOCUGIA with its clamorous, cackling, cawing, crowing, clucking, chirping, croaking, clapper-clawing denizens, is described with true Aristophanic *verve*—and verjuice. We wish we had space for certain pungent passages *à propos* of the pompous prolixity of Property-menacing PEISTHETAIROS, and the cockney Cockahoopohiness of Cau-cus-chorus-leading EUPEIDES. We can, however, only give extracts from the scenes describing the reception of the Olympian Embassy,—

Neptune, The Triballian Envoy, Hercules.

Nep. There's NEPHELOCOCUGIA! that's the town
Bird-built, whose airy battlements defy us.

[Turning to the TRIBALLIAN.]

But you! Why, what a regular guy you are!
Look like a Bird yourself! Don't cock your nose,
And wag your tail in that preposterous way!
They'll take you for a sparrow.

Her. Or a Woodcock.

Tri. Drop it, old Cockalorums! Bah! Yah! Booh!
Leave me alone, or I'll upset the pair o' you!

Nep. Why did they send him with us? Hercules,

I say, what shall we do? What's your idea?

Her. Do? Take that PEISTHETAIROS by the throat—
That throat whence flow exuberant sophistries
Which are the cause of all our tribulations—
And throttle him!

Nep. Hush! Our "tip" you know is peace.

Her. That makes no difference; or if it does,
It makes me long to throttle him the more!

Pei. (very busy, affecting not to see them). Give me the Brummagem
Spice. Where's the Leeds Sauce?

Municipal pickle, too. Come, mend our fires!

Her. Mortal, we greet and hail you! Three of us,
Three deities—

Peis. (without looking up). But I'm engaged at present.

Busy, you see, seasoning our next big dish.

Her. (aside). To dish us, I suppose. (Aloud.) What's in the dish?
Birds seemingly.

Peis. (without looking up). Some very weak-shanked creatures,
Opposed to the popular democratic Birds,
Rendered themselves obnoxious.

Her. So you dish them!

Just like disloyal democratic ways.

Peis. (looking up). Oh! bless me, Hercules, I'm so glad to see you?
What is your business?

Her. (breaking out and flourishing his club wildly).

To pull you down,

And bring your precious cloud-built noisy nest

Of clamorous birds at once about your ears,

You puffed up, prolix, property-menacing

DISINTEGRATOR!!!

Iris (hysterically). Go it! That's the style!

Just like our old club-wielder!

Prometheus (flourishing his umbrella).

Hear! Hear! Hear!

Fire, fire away, and I'll take notes—and print 'em!

Nep. (wringing his hands distractedly). Oh! dear, dear, dear, dear, this will never do!

Trib. (delightfully). Hurroo! Yohoicks! Bird-leader, here be "larks"!

Chorus of Birds (rushing to the rescue).

Cau-cau-cus! Cau-cau-cau-cau-cau-cau-cau-cus!

We think that these specimen passages will make the public anxious for the performance of this masterpiece of the modern political Aristophanes.

THE SPEAKER.

(*A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.*)

PART VII.—BAR AND BENCH.

At a first glance it would be imagined that "the Gentlemen of the Long Robe" scarcely require a guide to declamation. It is one of the duties of an Advocate to defend, in eloquent terms, the interests of his Clients. Certainly, rhetoric is not greatly appreciated in those Courts in which Equity is said particularly to prevail over Law, but at the Old Bailey, or in any other place where a common or special jury congregates, a silvery tongue is of the last importance. But a Barrister may be safely left to himself to speak when called upon in Court. If he fails in his first attempt, there will be no necessity to try to teach him to do better in the future, as the chances are enormously against his ever having a second chance. Solicitors are chary of repeating unsuccessful experiments. So it may be taken that any attempt to assist a Barrister in becoming proficient in forensic oratory would be absolutely futile. If a man after undergoing the extremely severe examination now required by the Council of Legal Education before he can be called to the Bar, cannot speak in Court, he had better for ever hold his peace, as, in point of fact, no doubt he will. But although this Handbook cannot teach a Counsel what to say in the Royal Courts, it may, at any rate, contain a few short speeches, warranted to prove admirable in their results if addressed to a certain sort of Solicitor. Below, then, are given—

Half-a-dozen Speeches to be addressed by Counsel as occasion requires.

"My dear fellow, as you say, it is a most comfortable Club! What! you would like to belong to it! I am on the Committee. Pray let me put you up?"

"I say, my boy, what are you doing on Thursday? If not better engaged, will you and Madame come and dine with us?"

"Look here, old man. My wife wants Mrs. TIMOTHY and her charming daughters to share her carriage with her at the Eton and Harrow Match. We might join them later."

"This is the best glass of Port I have ever tasted! What! still twenty dozen left in your cellar! Well, all I can say is that I hope you will give me plenty of opportunities on future occasions of tasting it!"

"I confess, my dear friend, that I cannot see any reason why the Profession should be divided into two branches. But until they are amalgamated, I suppose, to the best of our ability, we must share the work between us."

"By the way, old fellow, I think your people know that I have changed my address at Lincoln's Inn. Eh?"

It will be obvious to any stuff-gownsmen that the above speeches, if made judiciously—one of the four first always being used and preceding either of the two last—will not fail to do good. They must of course be addressed to the proper people—to the "Hearts" not the "Heads" of the Profession. That good, although lasting, will be—brief.

Turning from the Bar to the Bench, the *raison d'être* of this Handbook, so far as the forensic Profession is concerned, becomes more discernible. Their Lordships seldom deliver orations in private life, or, if they do, those orations are imperfectly reported in the newspapers. The Judges are "understood to have thought" this or "believed to have agreed upon" that; but at this point certainty ends, and doubt commences. To say the least, such vague paragraphs are far from satisfactory. To come to a modern instance. Nothing could have been more shadowy than some of the sayings ascribed to Lord COLERIDGE after his recent visit to America. Under these circumstances, it will be as well to conclude this part by giving two specimen speeches—one that might have been delivered by a Judge of the modern school, and one by a Judge who respects old-fashioned traditions. It must be remembered that however distasteful some of the sentiments of their Lordships might appear to the Bar, all of the judicial remarks would be received, according to precedent, with the utmost deference.

Utterly superfluous Speech by a Judge of the Modern School:— Gentlemen of the Bar! (*All the Barristers in Court immediately rise to their feet, and listen intently in an attitude of the most respectful attention.*) As I feel rather disinclined this morning to continue the work of the Court in my customary hap-hazard manner, I pro-

pose suspending the business which has brought us here together, while I make some remarks of a general character. I trust this will suit the convenience of Counsel.

Leader of the Bar (bowing). On behalf of myself and my learned friends, representing between us the interests of one hundred and fifty-seven Clients, I beg to inform your Lordship that your Lordship's suggestion meets with our entire approval.

Judge. I am glad to hear it. But before I say anything more, I must complain very bitterly of the New Law Courts in which you are now standing. Although by virtue of my office I am a staunch supporter of the Constitution, I still claim to be a Member of the Great Republic of Taste. Some of the Bar may have heard this declaration from the Bench before?

Leader of the Bar (bowing). I am informed by some of my learned friends that your Lordship is quite correct in your supposition.

Judge. I thought so. Not only are these Courts hideous, but the accommodation on the Bench is so scanty that I have been unable to find room for the bevy of Ladies who usually honoured us with their presence on any occasion when the proceedings were of more than ordinary interest. Having abused the Law Courts, I will now turn my attention to what we may call procedure. I have been very much struck with American Institutions. It will be remembered that one of our Lordships (to quote from the formula in use on the 9th of November) has recently been touring through the United States, accompanied by a picked forensic company, and has been received with considerable enthusiasm. Some of the Gentlemen of the Bar may remember the circumstance?

Leader of the Bar (bowing). It is within the recollection of many of my learned friends that his Lordship was received with a cordiality only equalled by that afforded to Jumbo the Elephant and IRVING the Comedian.

Judge. Exactly. Well, it is the intention of my brothers and myself gradually to revolutionise the Bar. We propose to sweep away all old forms. We consider that, although a Barrister has to undergo a special training and to pass a special examination, there is no reason why he should enjoy any particular privileges over the members of the junior branch of the Profession.

Leader of the Bar (bowing). On behalf of myself and my learned friends, acting on behalf of those who have instructed us, we beg to thank your Lordship for this observation. However, we think it right to say, on our own behalf, that we are merely carrying out our instructions.

Judge. Just so. We propose following the lead of the Benchers of the Inns of Court who, having no sympathy with the members of the Junior Bar, have done their utmost of late years to swamp the Profession with what I may call Converted Solicitors. It must be remembered that when my brothers and myself were called to the Bar, a Barrister was not required to know anything about law; and to this day some of our number are still rather deficient in this branch of forensic study, so that the fact of finding Solicitors possessing a smattering of the science, has filled us with feelings of respect, not to say awe. So—to put it briefly—we have determined to do our best to despoil the body from which we have sprung. By revoking the privileges gained by Barristers at the cost of years of study and hundreds of pounds, we hope before long to enable Solicitors to fill a far prouder position than that they now so ably occupy. I trust this announcement will afford satisfaction to the Bar.

Leader of the Bar (bowing). Any observation of your Lordship must of necessity be received with satisfaction by my learned friends and myself—even the scheme your Lordship has just been good enough to sketch out, which seems to have for its main object our immediate ruin!

Judge. Just so. And now, as I have had my say, I think we will resume the business of the Court.

[*The business of the Court is resumed.*]

So much for Specimen No. 1. Now for Specimen No. 2:—

Utterly superfluous Speech of a Judge who respects old-fashioned Traditions.—A Judge who respects old-fashioned traditions, never makes an utterly superfluous speech!

Cupid to Order.

In a suit for the Restitution of Conjugal Rights (when is this absurd portion of the Law to be abolished?), the President orders "an attachment." This is Love to order with a vengeance. If the order is not complied with, then the President goes a step further, and "orders an attachment to issue." But what if there be no issue? The Law utterly fails. There's a cynicism about the association of wreckage with marriage in the Divorce and Admiralty Divisions being under the same President.

In England there are Masonic Dinners, and Charitable Society Dinners of all sorts: "Nothing can be done without a dinner,"—which is exactly what the starving poor say.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Enter Mr. Chesterfield Grandison Potts. "HOW D'YE DO, MY DEAR MRS. PETTIFER? I'VE COME TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR PERFORMANCE OF THE LADY OF LYONS, AT MRS. TOMKYN'S. IT WAS SIMPLY PERFECT!"

Distinguished Lady Amateur. "OH, FAR FROM PERFECT, I FEAR! TO BE PERFECT, ALAS! THE PART OF PAULINE REQUIRES THAT ONE SHOULD BE YOUNG AND LOVELY, YOU KNOW!"

Mr. C. G. Potts (who piques himself on his old-fashioned courtesy). "MY DEAR LADY, YOU ARE A LIVING PROOF TO THE CONTRARY!"

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"SIR CHARLES DILKE, who has been the guest of the QUEEN, left Windsor Castle yesterday morning, upon the conclusion of his visit to the Palace, and returned to London."—*Daily Paper*, November 29.

SCENE—The Interior of Her Majesty's Boudoir for the transaction of Public Business. Desk covered with numberless Official Documents, Despatch-Boxes, &c. Present—The QUEEN and Sir CHARLES DILKE.

Her Majesty. It gives me the greatest satisfaction, Sir CHARLES, to repeat to you in person my very hearty thanks for the many visits you have paid to the dwellings of the Poor in London.

Sir Charles (bowing). I can assure you, Madam, that had not your Majesty made the suggestion, my own sense of duty would have caused me to undertake the task.

Her Majesty (smiling). You know it is a tradition in our family to do our best for the sick and destitute. My children are never so happy as when they are assisting to establish Homes or Hospitals. And now, before you conclude a visit which I trust has been a very pleasant one to both of us—(Sir CHARLES bows low)—let me see if I clearly understand what you have said. It is your opinion that legislation directed to ameliorate the condition of the Poor—(Sir CHARLES bows, and murmurs beneath his breath, "The Proletariat")—is the safest mode of protecting our present Constitution; that, in fact, kindness—charity and real interest—shown to beggars and those who are forced to live with criminals—if not, indeed, to criminals themselves—is the best, if not the only, method of nipping Communism in the bud. Is not this the sense of what you have said to me?

Sir Charles (in a deprecating tone). Certainly, Madam; although I scarcely ventured to use the very plain expressions your Majesty has graciously adopted.

Her Majesty (with a smile). I thought, Sir CHARLES, you were

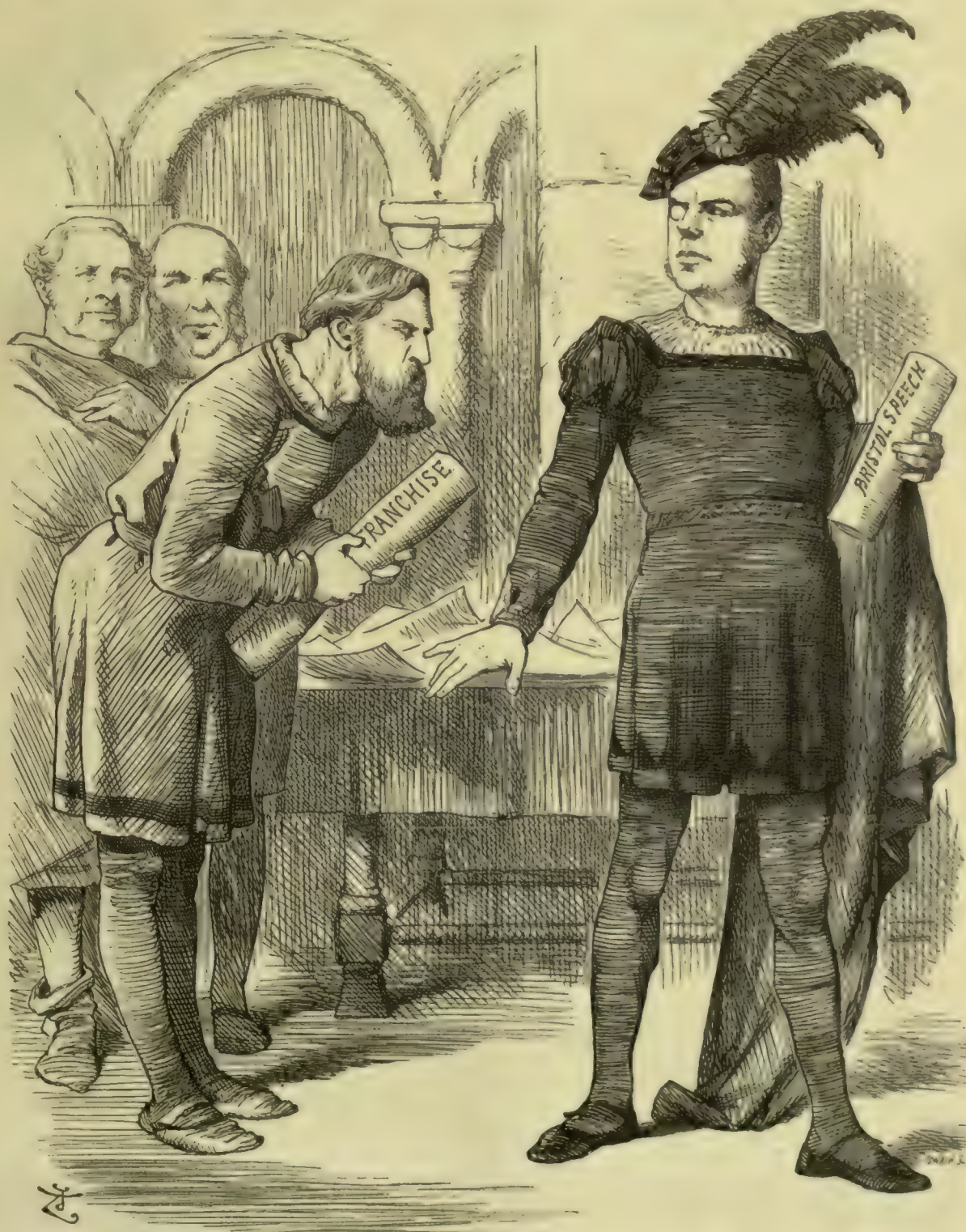
fond of plain-speaking. I have a very good memory, and fancy that no one could ever accuse you of not having the courage of your opinions. (Handing Sir CHARLES a copy of a popular periodical.) You will see that you have not been forgotten this week by Mr. Punch. Let me tell you, Sir CHARLES, that there are not very many of my subjects who can boast of having figured as the hero of an entirely complimentary Cartoon. But I think, as usual, Mr. Punch has shown wise discrimination—you deserve the distinction. I suppose you are very conversant with his pages?

Sir Charles. I know every line Mr. Punch has written by heart, Madam. I see that your Majesty has been studying Volume Sixty-two. (Looking through the leaves of a book lying on the table.) Dear me, how time flies; this was actually published eleven years ago!

[Suddenly starting and regarding Cartoon for March 30th, 1872, intently.]

Her Majesty (smiling). I can guess the picture that has attracted your attention. It was produced just after a silly thoughtless boy had pointed an empty pistol at my carriage, and Mr. Punch, with his customary ingenuity, had turned the incident to account. There was a certain young enthusiast in those days who, full of good intentions, had not quite attained to years of discretion. This young enthusiast, in his zeal for reform, and hatred of shams, attacked good and bad together, without showing much discrimination. Mr. Punch pictured this young enthusiast aiming a blow at the Throne itself, and excusing his conduct on the score "that there was nothing in it!" Ah! that picture appeared eleven years ago, and I feel certain that that young enthusiast must have taken the lesson to heart. Yes, I am told by his colleagues, that he is one of the hardest working Ministers of the Crown—able, straightforward, loyal—as much a friend to his Sovereign as to her People! (Smiling.) Are you still looking at that Cartoon, which seems so strange to us nowadays?

Sir Charles (bowing to the ground, with the Volume in his hand). No, Madam, when I came to that Cartoon, I thought it time to turn over a new leaf! [Scene closes in upon a very pleasant picture.]



HAMLET, PRINCE OF BIRMINGHAM.

"Enter HAMLET and (UN)certain PLAYERS."

FIRST PLAYER (H-RT-NGT-N). "I HOPE, SIR, WE SHALL REFORM *THIS* INDIFFERENT WELL!"

HAMLET (CH-MB-RL-N)—*(impatiently)*. "O REFORM IT *ALTOGETHER*!!"

Act III., Sc. 2 (*adapted*).

THE FAIRYLAND REVIEW.

Is "slating" fit for fairy hands? By any chance could you imagine Fairies writing for the *Tweedlesome Review*? Or penning heavy columns in a carping, captioned key, And being rude and quarrelsome 'neath shelter of the "We." Of course not, so in merry rhyme some Christmas books we'll "do," In a light and airy fashion, for the *Fairyland Review*.

But first let's speak well by the card, or rather by the Cards, For here they are in thousands, with "Best wishes," "Kind regards." Enough to build a House of Cards just now have come to hand, Or build a Paper Palace in delicious Fairyland!

Here's RAPHAEL TUCK with packs on packs, a vast and brave array, With etchings, colour symphonies—an elegant display! E'en though you sneer at Christmas Cards, you'll feel inclined to gush

O'er wondrous screens and novelties in satin, silk, and plush!

And MARCUS WARD, who revels in variety untold, Has bees and books and butterflies, all glorious with gold, With rare artistic wonders, too, so beautiful and bright, In pictures, poems, and welcomes most daintily bedight.

But HILDESHEIMER-FAULKNER, as everybody knows, Have scores of lovely studies of the lily and the rose: With dicky-birds and pussy-cats, with rare conceit or rhyme, Enshrining pleasant greeting for the merry Christmas time!

The figures, flowers and calendars undoubtedly are good, With tiny fans of novel form, from EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE; And PRANG & Co. and ACKERMANN send marvels of design, And SCHIPPER's tiger-lilies are indubitably fine!

JOHN WALKER sends hand-painted cards, on ivory they're limned, On dainty satin cushions all most radiantly trimmed; While SPARAGNAPANE—suggestive name for this most skilful man—He'll "spare nae pain" to Cosques make as lovely as he can. O'er TOM SMITH's Christmas Crackers you'll gleefully rejoice, They're wonderfully various and exquisitely choice.

Here are countless books for babies, you scarce know which to take—Mrs. BARKER will enchant you with her *Little Wideawake*: 'Tis full of coloured pictures, which make each story clear, By CHARLOTTE WEEKS, and others, with KATE GREENAWAY, and WEIR.

The book about *King Arthur* you will be delighted with, The drawings are by FRASER and the history by FRITH; To very great advantage in *Ascents* does he appear, In telling of the perils of the hardy mountaineer.

The verses on bold *Robin Hood*, that outlaw of renown, Are edited by RITSON and the drawings are by BROWNE. And *Every Girl's* and *Every Boy's* are Annuals to buy—A fact which all the boys and girls immediately deservy! *St. Nicholas* in volumes is a fund of pure delight For children of all altitudes at morning, noon, and night.

Only a Child, a story is by M. A. ELLIS writ, With pictures to propitiate each frolicsome young chit. *Blind Man's Holiday*'s a welcome work, by one who seldom fails, With ABSOLON to illustrate a string of merry tales.

Afternoon Tea has wondrous charm, its pictures are so quaint, 'Tis just the book, the very book, for baby-hands to paint; And SOWERBY and EMMERSON you easily may see, Are ever hailed by little ones with joyfulness and glee!

While youngsters who would like to know of boats and blocks and sails

Should give their minds to studying *Ships, Birds, and Wonder Tales*.

The *Fairies* writ by ALLINGHAM, most joyfully you'll read—Miss GERTRUDE THOMSON's pictures they are excellent indeed! *The Fairy Horn*, by THEYRE SMITH, pray don't forget to view, Or overlook another SMITH who writes *The Babe's Début*: And every word you'll master—with no desire to skim—In very clever *Clever Hans*, by dear old Brothers GRIMM. A skilful author deftly spins a pleasant children's yarn Which HENNESSEY well illustrates—they call it *Hannah Tarne*.

Ah! *Nights with Uncle Remus* will scare away all gloom; For such an uncle, TOMMIES will all cheerfully make room! The tale of dear old *Robinson*—our *Crusoe* brave and bold—In words of single syllables is curiously told; By clever Miss GODOLPHIN, and most artfully does she Adapt for baby paraphrase the old *Swiss Famillee*. But here's *Old Wives' Fables* writ by EDOUARD LABOULAYE; And here's *The Children's Christmas* you're delighted to survey: MYLES BIRKET FOSTER's music wed to R. S. WATSON's lays—A mighty pleasant volume makes for merry Christmas days!

Sheer Pluck, With Clive in India, are books boys can't put down, The author is GEORGE HENTY, and the artist GORDON BROWNE;

Who, in *The Golden Magnet*—by the skilful MANVILLE FENN—With clever graphic pencil gives a piquancy to pen: In *Wigwam and the War-path*, too, his talent has full scope, To illustrate the stories that are told by ASCOTT HOPE. *Picked up at Sea*, by HUTCHESON, you'll gladly read, no doubt, And a score or two of others we can't now write about.

And here the Fairies pause for play, they fain would dance, and so You'll wait for information from TITANIA & Co.

IN THE TIME OF THE RESTAURATION.

We have, a long time ago, of course, "Dreamt that we dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs by our side," but we only realised it the other night at the Holborn Restaurant, when, the vassals and serfs being represented by the civil and attentive waiters, "of all who assembled within those walls, we were their hope and their pride"—that is, up to a certain well-earned bonus, which, except when "No Fees" is the rule on penalty of dismissal, is always due to ROBERT the Waiter.

It is also a long time since we have been in this part of the Holborn Restaurant Restaurated. There is nothing like it anywhere, as far as our recollection serves, in London or in Paris.

Seeing the Holborn full, but not overcrowded, and vacant places immediately filled up by relays of Diners,—we may paraphrase the words of Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD's immortal contribution to *Nigger Minstrelsy*, and sing,

"We've been to the East, we've been to the West,
We've been to South Carolina,"

Which isn't a fact, but it saves trouble to retain this line as it stands in the original,—

"But of all the things we'd like to be best,
It is the Holborn Diner."

And to Mr. J. MOLLOY's sweet air of "*Dinah Doe*" might be set

"O Diner, Diner, Diner, Diner at the Hol-
born syn' he for a guinea
May dine four, nor spend a pinny
More than that if your way you know."

Only you mustn't sing this while the band is performing, nor, indeed, when it isn't, unless you keep it to yourself, in which case, you may give yourself as many airs as you like without interfering with anybody. The *salon* where we were entertained is one of the public dining-rooms, and it at once occurred to a musician of our party, "What a Hall of Music it would make"; while the ladies immediately discovered that it would be magnificent as a Ball-room. Wouldn't it be splendid! A fancy ball here! Well it would, but . . . "Yes, with supper in the Venetian saloon." Ah! that's another matter. But we are satisfied with it as a Restaurant.

Just think what the old chop-house used to be! Ladies couldn't go there, and if you wanted to give them a dining-out treat,—just something out of the usual run,—and quite equivalent (so it might be artfully put) to a visit to Paris without the "crossing"—though this might be included by walking—you had to take them to an expensive hotel, dine in a private room, and were compelled to make a party of it in order to be at all lively. But here, DABBY and JOAN can go in, take their little table all to themselves, a table garnished with fruit and flowers, while the band, bidden to discourse, does so in the second gallery, and you can play a good knife and fork (spoon too if you like, *sotto voce*, of course) to its accompaniment.

Then if you are not going to risk indigestion and draughts by going to a theatre, you can at 8:30 call for the fragrant Mocha, the qualifying *chasse*, and strike the light lucifer previous to applying it to your cigar. Then you can lean back in your chair, and regard your *convives* with that feeling of entire satisfaction which comes over a good man when he has well dined, and you will say that this is the best possible Restaurant in the best of all possible worlds. Then, being in a "merry mood," you will call for the attentive Manager, Mr. HAMP, and with an aspirate, *emphasis gratia*, tell him you have done Hampe justice to the *menu* and to the Pom-mery, which is here, I believe, a *spécialité*. A Frenchman, say the observant MAX O'RELL, would conclude, from seeing the number of people dining at the Holborn, that the English are not a domestic people; that they are always frequenting Restaurants and seldom dining at home.

If all Restaurants were like this one, with six courses and dessert for three-and-sixpence, and all good—though of course the days must vary—JOAN, the thrifty housewife, would find dining here actually cheaper than dining at home: but this might interfere with Mr. DABBY's Club arrangements. The Holborn Restaurant dinner will be to many jog-trotters, who may be just a bit tired of domestic monotony, an acceptable novelty, in respect to which we are glad to make this Inn-ovation.

"CHANGING THE BRAND."—Getting a new Speaker.

THE MORE-AND-MORELY SERIES.

THE latest additions have been *The Prince*, by MACHIAVELLI ("a gentleman of Scotch extraction," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM), and *Bacon's Essays*. Delightful reading in the clearest type. PROFESSOR MORLEY—HENRY, not JOHN, the former being the Professor, and the latter the Practitioner,—in his preface to the *Essays* shows, that in respect to the character of the representative of the "wisest and the meanest of mankind," he is in no way biassed towards one side of BACON. Read BACON's *Essay on Judicature*, and then study his conduct of the case, *Regina v. Essex*, when he held the brief for the Crown. "A great deal of gammon about this BACON," as the subtle old JOSEPHUS observed. It is supposed that BACON enjoyed a pipe with RALEIGH, and introduced Pig-tail. There is a hotel still called after him in Great Queen Street, the Great Queen being of course, Our Precious BETSY. Here's the health of the More-and-Morely Series taken generally, and "may they live long and broseber."

"THE SPIDER'S WEB" AT THE OLYMPIC.—Likely to remain longer in the Auditorium than on the Stage, although the latter does contain "the flies."

EGYPTIAN NEWS.—The English "Evacuation Day" has been postponed.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 165.



THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

"O blame me not because my verse is rare!"

Sonnet, No. IX.

A BAR AND A CROTCHET.

THERE is no doubt that this is a musical age; but till reading the following Advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, we had no idea that the Royal College of Music had so successfully popularised the Art. We have often heard of a Singing Chambermaid, but never before of a Musical Barmaid:—

YOUNG LADY Wanted, as Barmaid and Pianist. A comfortable home guaranteed.—Send terms, age, and photo. Address, &c.

A young Lady who can touch the piano and handle the beer-engine with equal facility, must be indeed a paragon. One who can fly from MEYERBEER to bitter beer without a pang, and can be equally at home with MENDELSSOHN and mild ale, must be a real treasure. It opens quite a new field for female labour; and girls who can combine PALESTRINA and pork-pies, PURCELL and Port-wine, HANDEL and ham-sandwiches, BISHOP and brandy, DIBDIN and Dublin Stout, BEETHOVEN and bitters, MOZART and Moselle, CHERUBINI and cordials, OFFENBACH and 'Ollands, STRAUSS and sherry, SULLIVAN and Sillery, and CLAY and Curaçoa, will never be in want of employment.

SEVERO Torelli, by FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, at the Odéon, is a big success. Of course, it will be "transferred" to London. Friends at a distance, please Coppée.

"PRESUMING!"

It is presumed by the English Law "that a man is innocent until he has been proved to be guilty." Quite so; and now let us see how it works.

He is Accused.—There is only a single Witness against him. He can declare his respectability, and point to the records of a hitherto blameless life. Quite superfluous, as already observed, "it is presumed by English Law that a man is innocent until he has been proved to be guilty." In spite of this, he is taken into custody, and marched off to the Station House.

He is Brought up before a Magistrate.—As he is presumably innocent, he is placed in the criminal's dock. He is told that, as his guilt is not to be thought possible until proved as plain as the sun at mid-day, "he had better not say anything, as it will be taken down and used against him." Finally, he is remanded for a week.

Bail is Refused.—As the greatest care must be taken that a blameless man shall not suffer, he who is presumably guiltless is quietly lodged in prison, where he undergoes a punishment apparently intended only for the wicked. However, while sweeping out his cell, and looking through the bars of the gaol, he can console himself with the thought that it is presumed by the English Law "that a man is innocent until he has been proved to be guilty!"

He is Re-examined. He again appears in the dock. He is again warned to be careful. He is guarded by the Police, and snubbed by the Magistrate. All this because "it is presumed by the English Law," &c., &c. Finally, he is committed for trial, and once more is carried back in a prison-van to the gaol—consoling himself with the thought that "until he has been proved guilty," &c., &c.

He Awaits his Trial in Gaol.—Although it is contrary to the liberty of the subject to incarcerate an innocent man, he undergoes as much imprisonment as a convicted thief or a condemned assassin. Moreover, he has the services of the Chaplain, whose ministrations being peculiarly efficacious with convicts, are consequently extremely comforting to a presumably innocent man. If the Warder and the Governor regard him with distrust, he yet feels that they must know that "in the eye of the English Law a man," &c., &c.

He Takes his Trial.—He, as the most interested person in the Court, has least to do with the proceedings. His own account is inadmissible. He cannot "speak through" his Counsel, for that person at most can merely hint at his innocence. He thus learns practically that although "the English Law presumes that a man is innocent until he has been proved to be guilty," British Justice will never allow the accused to personally testify to the fact.

The Verdict of the Jury.—After months of acute anxiety, passed by the accused behind prison-bars, twelve "good men and true" at length are collected together to declare that he is "Not Guilty." Justice is gratified. Under the circumstances, then, it was quite right "to presume that until a man has been proved to be," &c., &c.

The Verdict of Society.—People remember that the liberated one has been several times before a Magistrate, often in a gaol, and once in the dock at the Old Bailey. So, although quite agreeing that in the eyes of our English Law a man is deemed—and should be deemed—to be guiltless until his sin is brought home to him, that—of course theoretically—he has left the Court without a stain upon his character—that, in fact, the charge made against him was false, and the prosecution he had to undergo was superfluous, yet—yet—yet can't help presuming that "there must have been something in it!"

UNJUST RATES!

MR. PUNCH's indignant protest against the iniquities of unjust Rates has produced an amount of interest and gratitude among the poor victims of the abominable system, that has pleased but not surprised him.

Another poor puzzled Ratepayer, with a wife and small family, who opens his shop at 8 A.M. and closes it at 10 P.M., and finds himself, with all his care and self-denial, gradually getting poorer and poorer, while his Rates are becoming higher and higher, sends us a statement showing that for the same house he now inhabits, whereas he used some years ago to pay £16 a year for Rates, he now pays £30, to enable him to do which he and his poor little family have to make such sacrifices as reduce his living to the mere necessities of life. A few years ago the street in which he lives was widened. It was not of the slightest benefit to his trade, but rather the contrary, as people hesitate to cross a wide street, but his Landlord immediately raised his Rent £30 a year, and his Rates were, of course, raised in proportion; in addition to which he had to pay an increased Rate for the cost of improving his Landlord's property.

Another victim, who carried on business in one of the principal City thoroughfares, was paying the enormous rental of £800 a-year, his gross profits being £1,500. The street was improved, as it is called, and his rent increased to £1000. So that out of the £1,500, the annual profits of his life of toil and anxiety, his grasping Landlord, who literally does nothing but watch for an opportunity of getting a little more, takes two-thirds for his share, and the poor struggling Tradesman has the remaining one-third left for his share, out of which he has to pay an enormous sum for Rates, which sum was increased by nearly £40 a-year by the improvement which had already cost him £200 a-year, which his Landlord had received without the expenditure of a single shilling!

If these be but examples of what is going on around us, who can sufficiently admire the astonishing amount of patience with which this crying iniquity is borne?

With a view of probing this important matter still further, Mr. Punch has requested one of the youthful members of that portion of his staff who dedicate their lives to his statistical department, to analyse and digest the whole of the statistics that were forwarded in waggon-loads to the Home Office last spring by the various local Authorities of the Metropolis for the information of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. This has accordingly been done, with results that, Mr. Punch confesses with a blush, have even staggered his well-conditioned mind. They are, of course, far too voluminous for the short space that he can spare from the other multitudinous calls upon him, but they will possibly be shortly published in six volumes folio, as light reading for the Christmas holidays.

But just to prove what an El Dorado to wealthy men is the City of London, to which favoured spot Mr. Punch will for the present confine himself, what a perfect Paradise to grasping Landlords, what a haven of bliss to those who toil not, and who spin not, and who pity not, he will call attention to this one astounding fact, that, whereas, only some fifteen years ago, the annual rent paid for the houses occupying the one square mile of the City of London amounted to about one million eight hundred thousand pounds, the annual rent now paid for the houses occupying the same one square mile, has increased to the enormous sum of four



"OUR BOYS."

Pater. "KNOWLEDGE, MY BOY, IS BETTER THAN WEALTH—"

Filius. "YE-ES. BUT, PO'MY WORD, D'YOU KNOW, SIR, I THINK I PREFER THE INFERIOR ARTICLE!"

millions! It is perhaps almost needless to say that this astounding statement was at first received with, to use the very mildest phrase Mr. Punch's ample vocabulary suggests to him, a scornful smile of incredulity, but on the quietly repeated assurance by his gifted statistician that it was as "right as ninepence," he at once yielded the point, and hereby presents it to an astonished world as perhaps the most remarkable revelation of modern times.

The annual rent paid for the buildings on a single square mile of land is four millions sterling! Consequently, at twenty-five years' purchase the fee simple, as the simple Lawyers call it, of this single square mile of land would amount to just one hundred millions sterling!

"HOW THE POOR LIVE."—The 16th of this month will be just forty years since Tom Hood's immortal "Song of the Shirt" appeared in Mr. Punch's pages. The "Bitter Cry" is as loud and as heartrending now as then. Mr. Punch is generally first in the field for the public benefit, and, when necessary, he is first in the slums, as he was this year with his "Real Haunted House," which appeared in page 50 of the number dated August 4th.

THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

CANTO III.

THE MEN.

"THE Men." All-comprehensive term, most wide
Of generalisations, in the tide



Of female prattle ever bobbing up,
Like mimic icebergs in a claret cup,
Or "I's" in EGOMET's smart social "pars."
The Men! A galaxy of twin-orbed stars
Gleams round great PUNCHIUS as he nibs his pen
To sparkle to the Sparklers on "the Men."

The subject, to the softer sex's view,
Is zenith, nadir, and horizon too.
These be the Greeks, to be or crushed or charmed,
'Gainst whom our Amazons would fain be armed.
Odd fish, the modern males, of greed not great
For Matrimony's old and simple bait:
A sigh and a soft hand, a dimply smile,
A sleeve-worn heart, a naively obvious wile,
A lip-curve tremulous, or a tearful look,
Will scarce avail to lure them near the hook.
So Lalages and Bonnibels might win,
But souls susceptible to *chic* and "tin"
Not so are taken. When soft OVID sang
Æsthetic argot and athletic slang
Were strange to female lips. Men had not heard
That *Atalanta* "romped in like a bird;"
We are not told that "burning SAPPHO's" talk
Was crammed with idioms fit for Cheyne Walk;
No plunger yet had taught the bard's *Corinna*
To "put the pot on" or to "spot a winnah."
Nor yet had any green and girlish reader
Learned barrack slang and club-room chaff from "WEEDER."

Well, *tempora mutantur*. Now, as then,
The female problem's how to "fetch" the men.
The fisherman who, armed with net or rod,
Laid the same bait for gudgeon as for cod,
Might miss his finny spoil. What would you catch,
Arch Anglers? Would you make the Season's match
Or take a social "Lion" by the mane?
Well then, remember this—*All men are vain*.
The mightiest often most so. Here's firm ground
Amidst the quicksands, shifting and unsound,
Of the male nature. CLARE, your corn-flower eyes,
Without much wisdom may bewitch the wise,
By worshipping their wisdom—in sweet show.
(The genuine cult might be too hard, you know)—
Not as NELL does it; NELL's so prompt to gush,
The readiest vanity, constrained to blush
By overt adulation, may fight shy;
But oh, the adoring lift of a soft eye
Suffused with silent homage! So, be sure,
Looked simple *Desdemona* on the Moor;
And every clever or heroic fellow
Is, doubt not, more or less of an *Othello*
In this regard. Say he's a soldier-star,
Back from big conduct in a little war;

He takes you down to dinner. As you hook
Your arm in his that rapt adoring look
Comes to your finer orbs which one may mark
In MARY ANNER sauntering in the Park
With her six foot of scarlet. Or suppose
The brightest light that ever sudden rose
On Science's horizon asks your hand
For the first dance. With smile most sagely bland
He'll sidewise bend his massive brow which store
Of Tyndall "twisters" and Darwinian lore
Freights to top-heaviness, to catch the shy
Low query from your lips. How lights his eye
With smile complacent when your lips let fall
In polysyllables their little all
Of *Times*-learnt terminology. You lift
Arch eyes. "Those hunters of the river-drift,—
Pray have you *seen* their bones?"—a shudder small—
"And do they *really* topsy-turvy all
Chronology completely, and upset
Mosaic myth? Sounds wicked; yes,—and yet
I *should* so like to know. 'They cramp us girls'—
A sigh—"in crude conventions." Science twirls
A dubious moustache. He "fears to bore,"
"But if you *really* care." "Oh! you *adore*
All—all that sort of thing. Bathybius, now
What *does* it mean, exactly?"

Solemn brow
Of Science, tangled mop of modish Art
Cover alike conceit. 'Tis girlhood's part
To move that master-passion in its lair
'Neath the bald pate or the full flowing hair.
Ask Eros else. The urechin-god will smile,
And sing a bantering ballad, in this style:
His version of the text seers are so sweet on,
The old *Mataiotetes Mataioteton*!

CUPID'S CAROL.

We, I and Venus, sway all things between us,
Rule both the hearts and the heads of humanity.
Some, though, have neither. How hold *them* in tether?
With thine invisible bridle, oh Vanity!

Hearts? Though no few men, and some among women,
Bear valves of leather in bosoms of granite, I
Know how to tickle the cold, hard, or fickle;
All will respond to thy feather-touch, Vanity!

Heads? There is many a vacuous zany
Lacks enough brain e'en to suffer insanity;
Yet me will follow. A cranium hollow
Forms fitting home for thy vapours, O Vanity!

Ask you the motive of offerings votive,
From Coldness to me, Cynic's gush, Pride's urbanity?
Why Churl and Stupid alike cringe to Cupid,
Fawn upon Venus? 'Tis Vanity, Vanity!

Pity's akin to love, the proverb says:
Less closely than the well-gorged greed of praise.
Known by that name? Nay, Sirens, not at all,
"Yearning for sympathy" the wise it call,
And you are wise. The cynic club-trained youth,
Who mocks at sentiment and yawns at truth,
Is a shy fish, and little apt to rise
To tremulous lips or soft appealing eyes.
You will not witch *him* with a pretty pose,
Twitterings by moonlight, twaddlings o'er a rose;
No *Romeo* he, his coldly critic sneer
Appraises passion like an auctioneer.
And yet beneath that *morgue*—preserved perchance
Like fish in ice,—for all his sceptic glance,
And keen self-conscious wariness of mien,
Vanity lives and thrives, as quick and green
As in the soldier's or the *savant's* soul;
He's bound, by devious ways, to the same goal.
Nay, tell it not in Clubdom's Gath, his heart—
If he'll permit one so to name that part—
Hangs obvious on his sleeve in such plain sort
As makes it quarry clear for Cupid's sport.
Vain of his knowingness, the verdant sage,
Read by keen SYLVIA like an open page
Is caught by *chic* and coolness, and the veiled
Suggestion of the fire that never failed
To soften save when flattered. "SYLVIA? Oh!
A jolly girl; no nonsense, don't you know,
And understands a fellow,"—synonym
For the warm gusher's "sympathy," with him;
And this deep fount of "sympathy" once tapped,
The wariest bird is safely lured and trapped.

THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

CANTO IV.—THE MEN (CONTINUED).

TRAPPED? And is Love a net? Is all its art
To play the vigilant bird-snarer's part,



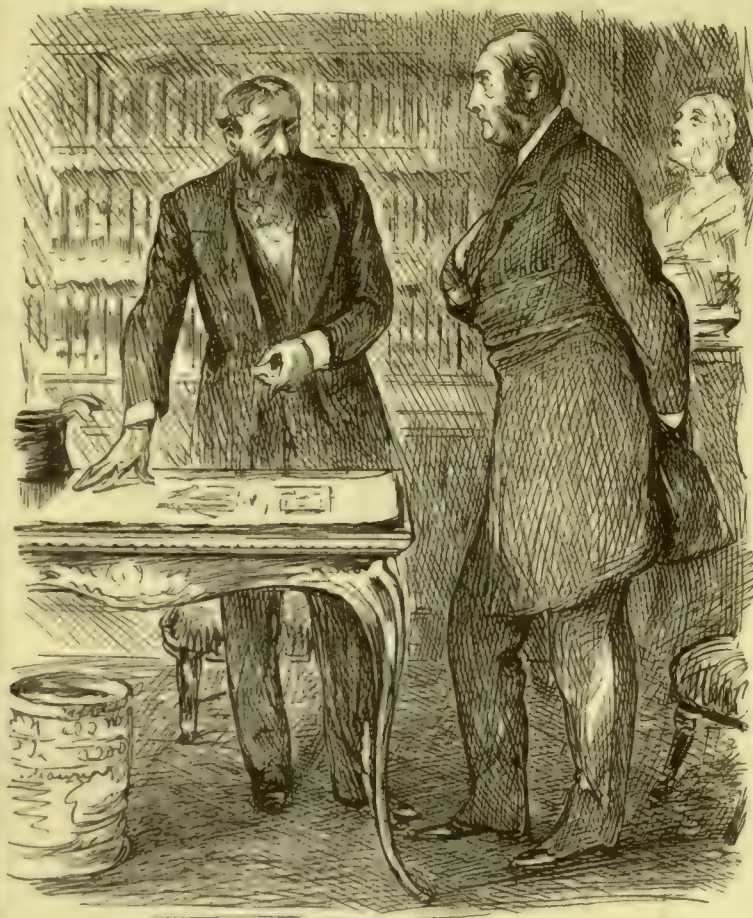
And vagrant fancies, like shy finches, catch?
Humph! Would you win a mate or "make a match"?
So queries WINIFRED of the watchet eyes:
So counter-queries PUNCHIUS the Wise.
Gusher and Cynic are alike but geese;
One cackles, t'other hisses. Babblers, cease
Apportioning your praise to this or that!
Although the one is sharp, the other flat,
They both are simply out of tune with truth;
The wise man will be neither, knowing both.
But means to ends must be adapted still;
Many will practise with elaborate skill
The Art of Love, who ne'er may know its nature,
Since Passion's lore and Cupid's nomenclature
Are learned alike by Cynic and by Clown,
TIMON or CYMON. TIMON takes the Town
With icy insolence of drawling speech,
Slow as the circulation of a leech,
Yet of so callous confidence that it
Passes with dullards less self-poised for Wit.
Would Psyche win him with a passion pure?
Rather he'd rise to arch TIMANTHA's lure,
TIMANTHA false as *Cressid* and as cold
As *Becky Sharp*, but so serenely bold,
So valiantly responsive, eye and hand,
So swift to see, so prompt to understand,
The veiled or half-avowed, that "a smart run"
With her is more than rapture,—'tis "good fun,"
Society's best beatitude, all unknown
To the soft bosom or the straitened zone.
And CYMON? CYMON is a Curate mild,
Or cricket-loving muscular big child.
Bull-throated, sheepish-smiling, he can smite
The spheric leather almost out of sight,
Flex the ash scull to semblance of a bow,
Or hurl the hammer seventy feet or so.
Him would you witch with babblings about books,
Parade of crewel-work or crochet-hooks?
No, with the chances Henley Reach or Lord's
To Mayfair *Galatea* free affords,
When she would tickle Titans. She, of late,
Athletic honours, in a Cookham eight,
Contests with mere male muscle, adding grace
That wins the eye to strength that wins the race.
Ah! me, the snowy flannel dinctured close
With azure, fair flushed cheeks that shame the rose,
The close-mopp'd curls crowned with the jaunty straw;
The comic clench of the soft-rounded jaw,
Stern set in strenuous effort, the alert
Tense muscle, prompt for steady spin or spurt!
Whom, what might they not win? CYMON at least
His blue unspeculative eyes will feast
On such a picture, feel his fancy warm
At this divine development of "form."
CYMON whom *Punch* hath seen on Thames's tide,
In all a Benedick's unbounded pride,
Of fresh possession "stroking" smartly down
Past Cliefden's golden woods, bare-armed and brown,
With glance triumphant o'er his shoulder cast,
And laughing query, "Do I pull too fast?"

Sure of a confident negative from lips
Through which sweet breath in equal pulses slips
Unfluttered and unstrained. Clear, bright, and strong
Her laugh bewitched him, whom the Sirens' song
Had left untouched. Where laughter wins its way
Why waste the sweetness of *LIGEA's* lay?
Yet where you'd softly snare, shock not nor frighten
A more sophisticated modern Titan,
Self-conscious, self-admiring, proud to pose
The Providence of pic-nics, one who rows,
Pot-hunting prowess in his every stroke;
Him too close emulation may provoke,
Not prepossess. Him follow and not lead!
The hands that fumble, and the lips that plead
Will with the subtlest throes of flattery thrill
His soul, and mould young *ANAK* to your will.
Hear *CUPID's* confidences once again!
Did *Love's* selected Laureate choose, the strain
That uttered his revealings might display
The touch *ASMODEAN*. Nay, turn not away
Fawn-eyed *LUCILE* or fiery-orbed *FAUSTINE*!
He sings *virginibus puerisque*. Spleen
Sardonic might an *Ars Amandi* shape
That garlands should not deck, nor fancy drape
In garb Arcadian only. Cupid knows
More than in genial stanzas fitly flows
When girlhood is the audience. He could tell
How Mammon and worse spirits counter-spell
His purer inspirations; how the heart
Is made a Moloch altar, or a mart
For sordid merchandise. Not for to-day
The sterner strain, this song shall not betray
FAUSTINE or fright *LUCILE*. He holds the myrtle,
And not the nettle; sharp his dartlets hurtle;
But if some sting, the sly satiric touch
The softest bosom shall not soathe o'ermuch.

CUPID.

AMANDUS, pride of the swift-flowing river,
Callous as Pan held his triumphant way on,
Untouched by any dartlet from my quiver,
Holding girl-hearts, like gathered reeds, to play on
Pleasant impromptu pipings, fleeting lays,
Brief peans of self-praise.
A comely churl, a shallow-soul'd Adonis,
A river-haunting, self-possessed Narcissus,
Cackling in slang of "form," and "pots," and "ponies,"
Deeming girls born to comfort, flatter, kiss us,
And fond of varying shandy-gaff, pipes, spurning,
With non-committal flirting.
AMANDA—ah, AMANDA! Such bright twists
Of tangled chestnut glittering as she shook 'em!
And who would think that pair of dimpled wrists
Could stroke untired from Maidenhead to Cookham,
That swelling breast bear with so little trouble
Passion or pulling double?
A cool coquette, with glance as warm and sunny
As Marlow Reach in August midday. Knowing
AMANDUS quite *au fond*, soul, muscle, money:
He deemed that he was coaching her—in rowing,
But, unware and all unwilling, taught her
The art of cynic-slaughter.
An easy art! Eh? None of *mine*? Why, verily,
I had not much to do with this cool couple.
Yet I, *dans cette galère*, oft chuckled merrily
To watch wit make cold metal hot and supple.
Alternate blast and *douche* dart points will temper,
Or hearts—*eodem semper*.
Hers was no Pan-pipe for the passing playing
Of any cynic-satyr draped in flannel,
But, siren-strained, the churl to bonds betraying,
Though *Phœbus* might have deemed it poor and scrannel.
It does not need the flutings of a god
To witch a comely clod.

So every sort of man, the sage, the sad,
The thrall of muscle or of maudlin fad,
Hath his unarmoured place. Think not to trap
In Girton mehes, like a soft she sup,
The hero of the cinder-path; nor hope
With *Pater-patter* or *Tibullian* trope
To snare the unconscious slave of lesser slang,
Whose ears upon Burlesque's stale twaddlings hang,
And hold *Anacreon's* raptures rot and trash,
Compared with verbiage of the verb "to Mash."



PUTTING IT PLEASANTLY.

Sir Pompey's Architect (producing a Plan). "THERE, SIR POMPEY! I FLATTER MYSELF I HAVE MADE THAT DRAWING PLAIN TO EVEN THE MEANEST CAPACITY!"

THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

PART VIII.—HOW TO PROPOSE THE HEALTH OF AN IMPORTANT PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

"Times change, and we with them," and its Latin equivalent are particularly stale platitudes. Staleness, however, does not detract from their truth. All things alter, and are altered—even lists of toasts. Twenty or thirty years ago, Literature, Science, and the Drama were scarcely recognised. Nowadays an Actor is invariably received with the utmost cordiality when he rises to return thanks for the "great heartiness" which has accompanied the drinking of his health. But we are not likely to stop here. Of late there has been displayed, in the most influential quarters, a great disposition to "take up" another character, whose Stage, fitted with a trap-door used more frequently in the morning than in the evening, is yet thoroughly associated with the most sensational performances. No doubt his turn will soon arrive for this special form of distinction. So, under these circumstances, it may be as well to prepare the Public for the occurrence.

To carry out the intention of making this Handbook as complete as possible, the report of the first occasion on which the toast will be proposed is now prophetically given. As the subject is decidedly dramatic, it is dealt with in a dramatic form:—

SCENE—A Banqueting-Hall filled with miscellaneous Guests. The Chairman has proposed "the loyal toasts," and is about to suggest one of another character, when a simpering middle-aged Spinster claims permission to address a few words to the assembled throng. Her request is granted, and she rises jauntily, announcing herself as—

Miss Tricky Gruesome. You must really forgive me for claiming your attention for a little while—I promise that it shall be only for a little while. ("Hear, hear!") I am rather surprised at the interruption. Remember that I am a Lady; and, as a Lady, I claim all the privileges of my sex. (Loud cheering.) Having disposed of a very unseemly outrage—(cheers)—I think we can get on

comfortably together. Like other Ladies, I am extremely nervous and timid. What else can you expect of a female who possesses neither the strength nor the boldness of a man? (Cheers.) I, and those like me, would be shocked at a prize-fight—it would be so brutal. ("Hear, hear!") And if we were asked to be present at a Spanish "distraction," in which a bull had to be killed, and blinded horses to be gored to death, we should simply faint. (Cheers.) Oh, yes, I pride myself upon the attributes of my sex—mercy, kindness, refinement. (Loud applause.) But poor woman must have her pleasures, and one of the most agreeable to her is that which is associated with a Court of Justice. ("Hear, hear!") I consider a good trial the most charming thing in the world—I do, indeed. When a good trial takes place at the Central Criminal Court, nothing is more delightful than to secure a nice comfortable seat on the Bench, where you can hear and see everybody. I am sure the Judges and the Aldermen are the most charming of people; and are never so pleased as when I, or one like me, is perched up beside them.

A Judge (interrupting). Pardon me, Madam; but it is my opinion, and the opinion of many of my colleagues, that a woman listening to the painful details of a heart-rending case of felony, is a scandal to the civilisation of the nineteenth century.

Miss Tricky Gruesome (giggling). Oh, you are too hard upon us! (Laughter.) I only wish you were as hard upon the prisoners brought before you! (Renewed laughter.) Why, you scarcely ever put on your little cap, although it's most becoming! (Continued laughter.) But to be serious. I repeat that there is nothing more delightful than to assist at a really good trial, especially if you are personally comfortable. Think of the entrance of the prisoner. You put up your opera-glasses, and scan his face. Is he pale? If so, how interesting! Does he tremble? If he does—how perfectly sweet! (Applause.) Then the evidence. Perhaps a child is examined, and cries, not liking, of course, to denounce its own father! What could be more charming than this! Then the Counsel spar at one another, and it's such fun! (Cheers.) Or they are cross-examined, and isn't it a joke? (Renewed applause.) And then perhaps comes lunch. (Laughter.) Yes, it is a pleasure when you have just a nice little pile of freshly-cut sandwiches, and, say, half-a-pint of sherry. (Cheers.) Still, I do think that the Sheriffs might supply us with something better. ("With a pint!") They are nasty disagreeable old things there! (Roars of laughter.)

A Sheriff (smiling). I beg pardon for interrupting, but it is no part of our duty to provide a meal for our fair friends.

Miss Tricky Gruesome (playfully). Oh, you naughty man! I do not believe you a bit. (Laughter.) Then after lunch—(A Voice: "And the sherry.") Yes—and the sherry—(roars of laughter)—after lunch and the sherry, what can be more impressive than the eloquence of the Counsel? Their voices are so grave, and they often say such beautiful things! And while you listen to them you can watch the face of the accused through an opera-glass while it changes its expression. ("Hear, hear!") Then when the Judge sums up, the excitement reaches its height. Is it to be Guilty or Not Guilty? What is to be the fate of the interesting stranger in the dock? Then, when the Jury retire to consider their verdict, you have time to look round the Gallery to see if you can discover the wife of the interesting stranger in the dock. (A laugh.) You grow more and more excited, until at last the twelve good men and true return and deliver their verdict. It is Guilty, and you can guess the rest! (Prolonged cheering.) Well, for this pleasant day I thank the Judge and the Bar and the Jury. But there is another who deserves my heartiest recognition. He is not present, but his subtle influence pervades the Court. He hovers about the Prisoner, in the spirit, all day long. It is the knowledge that he is waiting ready, aye ready, to do his duty at a moment's notice that gives the scene such a flavour of excitement and romance. (Cheers.) What would the trial be without him?—flat and stale and unprofitable. (Renewed applause.) Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, this excellent official is the commencement and the finish, the Alpha and Omega of all the proceedings. He stands near the Judge, walks whispering to the Jury, and, as he gets close to the Prisoner's side, turns him as pale as the whitest marble. And shall we forget this silent, this ghostly friend? This spirit that

increases our pleasures and intensifies our excitement? Shall we forget him when his obituary notice is a column in length in the London paper? No!—a thousand times no! Ladies and Gentlemen, then, with all my heart, I give you—the *Common Hangman!* (*Scene closes in upon the reception of the toast.*)

What the hard-working public official would say in reply is a matter of uncertainty. And as, fortunately, his utterances, although frequently given at great length in some quarters, are interesting only to a tithe of the Public, it is unnecessary to pursue the matter further.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE JUDGES.

(*A moving Story of the Courts.*)

It was a day of deep anxiety. The Judge and his two children sat in the darkened room, nervously awaiting the result of the Meeting of the Council. The apartment was filled with guide-books, guns, fishing-rods, and Lists of Members of the Yachting Clubs.

"Father, what shall we do if they make any alteration?" asked HERBERT.

"I do not know, my boy!" answered his Lordship, gloomily. "I have given you a comfortable appointment, and I think it is scarcely fair to alter the conditions under which you accepted it."

"Nay," replied his son, gently, "as I had to undergo an examination before I could be called to the Bar, I know a great deal more law than you who were not blessed with a similar discipline."

"True—very true!" murmured his parent.

"And, therefore, as I do know more law than you," continued HERBERT, in a less gentle tone than before, as he was not pleased to be interrupted, "I am of opinion that any alteration that the Judges may make will not give me a cause of action."

"Very likely," said the Judge, sorrowfully, "I admit, my son, that this trouble has unhinged me. I feel so prostrate, that the youngest of Solicitors might almost knock me down with a Statutory Mortgage deed!"

And then the old man was fairly overcome, and wept like a child.

"My own dearest father!" said ALICE, throwing her arms about his Lordship's neck, "I cannot bear to see you thus. Can I not console you? May it not be that any alteration their Lordships may make may be for the benefit of that Public you have served so long and so worthily?"

"Benefit of the Public!" cried the veteran Lawyer, wildly. "What benefit can it be to anyone to deprive me of my little pleasures? Does it hurt anyone when I breathe the balmy breeze on the Mediterranean, or drink in the sweet scent of the heather on the Highland moor? No, it is cruel, cruel, cruel!"

"Yes; and what am I to do?" exclaimed HERBERT, with nearly equal excitement. "How am I to undergo my tiresome wearying work of doing nothing in particular if—"



VACATION JUDGES.

THEY HAVEN'T QUITE SETTLED IT, BUT THEY ARE ACTUALLY GOING TO TAKE THIRTEEN DAYS OFF THE LONG VACATION!! THE BAR WILL STRIKE.

Then there was a pause, as a powdered footman brought in, on a salver, a telegram, and, falling gracefully on one knee, presented the missive to his Lordship. Then the servitor retired.

"It comes from the Council of Judges," whispered the old Judge, trembling with emotion. "I was not able to attend their Meeting, as you know they proposed to consider at it the poor four or five months we take for our little autumn holiday."

Then the old man put on his spectacles, and opened the telegram. He glanced at it, stared wildly at it, and, uttering a fearful shriek, sank to the ground in a swoon.

He had read that the Long Vacation was to be curtailed by Thirteen full days.

"THE BIRDS" OF ARISTOPHANES.—It appears that the Aristophanic Burlesque to which Critics when seeing modern burlesque, have so often and so learnedly referred, bears so strong a resemblance to pantomime, that the comic "business," as one writer in the *Standard* candidly remarked, would be "set down as padding, were it not the work of ARISTOPHANES." He was also astonished to find in *The Birds* Greek puns. Not content with their Author's lines, the two Cantabs who played *Peisthetairo*s and *Euclpides* "introduced," to quote the same authority, "quips and quirks, much as Mr. TOOLE does in English"—that is, these two amateurs were simply of γαγγοί (the gaggers). The language of the talking birds, by the way, must be a classic example of *ἑτα πτερόετα*.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business, and a little about their own. First, to Mr. Wilson Barrett, of the Princess's, about "Lords and Commons" at the Haymarket, with a few incidental remarks on "Claudian."

MY DEAR BARRETT,

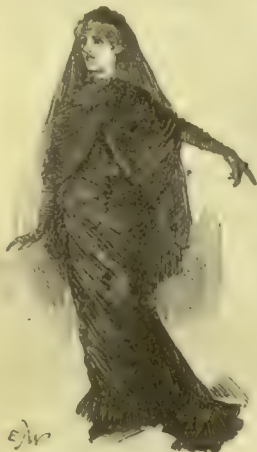
I AM so delighted with the notion of the pamphlet-letter written to you by Mr. GODWIN, F.S.A., and profusely illustrated by that eminent Artist, that at this moment I cannot for the life of me write to anybody else but you. It doesn't matter whom I have to answer, or what I have to write about, I am compelled, by an irresistible impulse, to write to you, my dear BARRETT, and tell you all about it,—whatever it is. I know that, according to the first Epistle of GODWIN to the Representative of *Claudian*, you and Mr. WILLS and Mr. HERMAN, your Scenic Artists MARY HANN—beg pardon, I mean Mr. WALTER HANN—and Mr. STAFFORD Hall, also your Costumiers, Madame AUGUSTE, Mr. BARTHE, and the Lady whose name is suggestive of the Fisheries' Exhibition—Miss SMELT—are all so deeply "interested in the Early Ages of Christianity" (Bless

'em!)—that it will be difficult to distract your attention from this absorbing subject. You, my dear BARRETT, must be so taken up—excuse the Bow Street expression—with the sublimities of your all-engrossing Art (have you yet decided on any new picture-posters of yourself as *Claudian* wherewith to murally decorate the Metropolis?) as to be unable to afford the time to make yourself acquainted with what is going on outside the Princess's Theatre. You will therefore thank me for telling you.

Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, who, you may be aware, are the Managers of the Haymarket Theatre, not very far from where yours is situated, have recently produced a piece by Mr. PINERO (who is an Actor as well as an Author) entitled *Lords and Commons*. As it is not classical, nor in any way associated with Christianity, early or late, you would not, just now, be much interested in it. It is beautifully put on the Stage, the last Act being one of the best "interiors" I have ever seen, and I remember a good many. But there is no Earthquake.

The Critics were rather down upon the piece, though perhaps if Mr. BANCROFT had adopted your judicious plan of taking the Critics into his confidence at a Dress Rehearsal, the result might have been slightly different. The Author has not protested, and so I presume he is satisfied. If this hypothesis be correct, Mr. PINERO is very easily pleased.

Lords and Commons is a piece written by an Actor for certain Actors, not by a Dramatist for any Actors. It is as full of "characters" as a German Reed Entertainment used to be, when each performer used to play two or three parts which were termed "Illustrations." It is badly constructed, as the audience, not being let into the secret at the commencement, are hostile to the Author.



Mrs. Bernard-Bier appropriately draped.



Mrs. B. B. Flopping;—Devenish like Sarah B., eh?

An audience should never be left in the dark, except, of course, for an Earthquake or some terrific effect of that sort, or for a change of scene, when they may for once and away be in the historical position of the Hebrew Law-giver on the occasion of the

candle being extinguished,—but excuse me for quoting this Semitic precedent to you who are so deeply "interested in the Early Ages of Christianity."

But to return to the Haymarket. Those of the *dramatis personæ* who represent the members of a Haughty Aristocratic Family talk as no Aristocrats out of the *London Journal* ever talked,—at least, I hope not,—though I admit I have associated with so few 'aughty families as not to be a thoroughly competent authority. The hero of this piece, *Lord Caryl*, married, when he was very young, an illegitimate daughter of some old Earl, and when he discovered



Captain Tom Hawtree (Rip Van Winkle Junior). "How did you know 'twas Hawtree?" "'Cos I heard jer voice."

her illegitimacy, which it seems he did a few days after the wedding, he left her, and they never met again for fourteen years, not, in fact, until kind Mr. PINERO brought them together in *Caryl Court*, Haymarket, when the husband did not recognise his long-lost wife in *Mrs. Devenish*,—a name which, my dear BARRETT, your knowledge of Dorsetshire will tell you is invariably associated with Beer, and curiously enough it is associated at the Haymarket with Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE. The Devenish Beer at Weymouth is far more satisfactory than the Mrs. BEERE's *Devenish* at the Haymarket, who behaves in a most objectionable manner, and styles herself in a vague sort of way "A Child of the People"; so that, as she comes to turn the 'Aughty Aristocrats out of *Caryl Court*, this appellation is suggestive of her being BECKY ISAACS the Sheriff's daughter, the Woman in Possession. However, old *Lady Arful* (admirably played by Mrs. STIRLING), is suddenly taken ill, can't be moved, and has to be carried up again to her own bed-room and attended by her daughter, a very stagy Aristocrat of the 'aughty type, whose staginess is not toned down by Miss CALHOUN, though the hard edges are taken off on the arrival of Mrs. BANCROFT, who, as *Miss Maplebeck*, does her best to make things pleasant and natural all round, and succeeds, I am bound to say, as only Mrs. BANCROFT the Inimitable can. Unfortunately, *Miss Maplebeck* is no more essential to the piece than are Mr. Chadd and Mr. Tredger, the pantomime tradesmen, who will, of course, be furnished with their legitimate business at Christmas-time, and will tumble over Mr. BROOKFIELD, wonderfully and fearfully made up as old *Lord Percy Lewiscourt*, afterwards Clown, whenever he lies down on the threshold, and be picked up by Mr. ALFRED BISHOP as Mr. Snee, the Butler, afterwards Pantaloon. The Chorus of Tradesmen to see the old family out and the new family in, is unworthy of Mr. PINERO's head as a Dramatist, but does credit to his heart as an Actor with sympathies for such of his fellow-artists as are doomed to "utility" and small parts with "lines."

Mr. ELLIOT, as the Doctor, who comes in for about five minutes' with a little entertainment on his own account, is simply perfect. He is another example of the "Illustration." What a pity that he hasn't a song! There's plenty of time for it, and *Sir George Parnacott, M.D.*, "with a song" would look well in the bills.

I should not have suggested this, my dear BARRETT, but that there is a song in the piece,—an incidental song, composed by Mr. BUCK-LOSSI,—it is announced in the programme,—which is sung "without," of which the words were to me as inaudible as were the, I've no doubt, charming lyrics of which I could not hear one word in *Claudian*; and the purpose, except for an old stagy hackneyed effect,



"We are a 'Aughty Family, we are!"

not immediately evident. Now, if instead of this, the Doctor, Mr. ELLIOT, when he has that too brief scene with Mr. BANCROFT, were permitted to say something about the Countess's lungs, then to mention throat, and so lead up to voice, then Mr. PINERO, to whom nothing of this sort could possibly be a difficulty, could give him a few lines to lead up to his song—a piano-accompaniment could be easily introduced (BUCCALONSI "heard without")—and this would be, we venture to say, the hit of the piece. Then, subsequently, the Doctor unseen, at the "Prompt side," could sing the refrain of his song, in the last Act, in place of the "incidental song" now sung by nobody knows and nobody cares who. On Boxing Night, when Mr. ELLIOT enters as the Doctor, there will arise from the whole house one great cry of "Song, song!" and, if nothing has been provided, he will then and there have to give them "*Hot Codlins*"—in the chorus of which Mr. BANCROFT can join, and he can anticipate the rhymes in the good old fashion, where the singer hesitates at the end of each verse. But, my dear BARRETT, I need not recall this "business" to a man of your immense practical experience.

If Mr. PINERO wrote *Mrs. Devenish* for Mrs. BEERE, he is of course gratified; if he didn't, then he can imagine the part being better played. As it is, I confess I was utterly astonished at Lord



The Early Christmas Caryl out in the Cold; or, One of the Stage Waits.

Caryl's sudden tenderness for the sepulchral-voiced, flopping, enforcement-of-conjugal-rights sort of person which the "Child of the People" becomes in the hands of Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.

Why does Mr. BANCROFT insist upon his name, "JERVOISE," being pronounced as spelt? Those who call him "JERVIS" are perfectly right, and the quondam swell and man-about-town cannot have forgotten the

proper pronunciation of his own name. You wouldn't have a Tetrarch called a Tea-tray, at your classical establishment, would you, my dear BARRETT?

And now, having posted you up (fancy my "posting you up," as if you hadn't been posted up enough all over the town for the last year!) in what's going on at the Haymarket, I may take leave to congratulate you on the result of your first representation of *Claudian*. The prologue is one of the brightest things I've seen for some time; the remainder of the play about the dullest. But you, my dear BARRETT, or your dear HERMAN the Plottist, must have provided at least one of the Critics with a book of the words at that judicious Dress Rehearsal, or with extracts, as next day I saw the "Holy Clement's" cuss in full in the *Daily Telegraph*. How did the Holy Clement's words get *verbatim* into that journal? I met with it elsewhere also. Mind you, you're quite right; all Critics ought to have the book beforehand, so as to judge of its literary merits; but no Critics of any position should go to a Dress Rehearsal. The Eminent Hand who does the Theatrical Notices for the *Times* was for deifying you and your talented assistants; he was for writing up over the door of the Princess's, "Enter boldly, for here, too, there are Gods,"—which I see you now quote among your numerous advertisements,—only, now I come to consider it, I fancy that he must have meant this as a suitable inscription for the entrance to the Gallery. But he should have inserted "by payment or with an order" after "Enter boldly," or else the visitor would be chucked out in about two twos, whatever might be his admiration for the classics. The Eminent *Times* Hand should be aware by now that you can't "enter boldly" even into the Gallery of the House, not among "the Gods," but the Reporting Angels, without a pass. I must try and hear *Claudian* again, unless I can get a book of it, so as to judge of Mr. WILLIS's dialogue. But as to Mr. HERMAN's plot, though the Eminent Hand above-mentioned would place its compiler in the "foremost rank of dramatists," it seemed to me to be, with the exception of the strikingly dramatic prologue, a jumble of some ancient materials as *The Wandering Jew*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Flying Dutchman*, and CHARLES DICKENS's *Haunted Man*, or *the Ghost's Bargain*, and as monotonous and uninteresting as a Panorama of the Essex Marshes in the time of JULIUS CÆSAR, except for a dash of old transportive melodramatic colour, when the Tetrarch (looking rather like a shabby IRVING) amused me a little. I think that if the part of the Blind Girl could have been played by Miss MARY ANDERSON (for example), I should have liked it better. Miss EASTLAKE seemed to me, my

dear BARRETT, to be doing nothing but clutching at her drapery, and grinning horribly. If this were a first night's nervousness, I sincerely pity her, and hope that the next time I witness this performance she will have got over it, and be able to give me some idea of what the part should be beyond an hysterical imitation of Mr. GEORGE BARRETT, in *The Silver King*, staggering about sideways and plaintively calling out "Master! Master!" Capital companion-pictures for your posters, my dear BARRETT,—Miss EASTLAKE, as *Abnida*, crooning "Master! Master!"—and Mr. GEORGE BARRETT as the Old Servant in *The Silver King*, with his "Missy! Missy!" As for your Earthquake, my dear BARRETT, it is simply "no great shakes." Yours, NIBBS.

THE FAIRYLAND REVIEW.

THE Fairies haven't done their work, and Queen Titania grieves—Her faithful subjects buried are beneath the Christmas Leaves! A thousand festive fairy pens once more their course pursue, To note the Christmas Harvest for the *Fairyland Review*.

There's ALICE WEBBER's pretty tale, *The Old House in the Square*, Which M. E. EDWARDS illustrates with gracefulness and care: GRIMM's *Household Stories* you will find a fund of fairy lore. With coloured cuts by WEHNERT which you'll gladly finger o'er. And *School Girls*, every girl at school undoubtedly will please, With tales of girls of every clime—French, Grecian, Japanese. While KINGSTON's, whose *Adventures in India* compels Each boy to listen eagerly to everything he tells!

The *Marvels of the Polar World*, its snow and ice and cold, And all its charms and horrors, are by ROBERT ROUTLEDGE told. All children will be pleased enough, we venture to assume, With FRANCES PEARD's bright story of the *Ashledon School-room*. But *Every Boy's*, it is a book that every youth enjoys—E. ROUTLEDGE is *par excellence* the editor for boys!

The *Minstrels* is a merry book, and so is *Pantomime*, With countless pretty pictures and bright melodious rhyme. *Two Little Friends*, *Young Coasters* too, likewise *The Old Farm Gate*, With *Little Birds* and *Snowflakes* are, by youngsters, thought first-rate.

In lively *Lavinella* and other *Drawing-room Plays*, We've naught for E. L. BLANCHARD but the heartiest of praise! And budding drawing-room actors the cunning hands will bless Of YARDLEY, and of BARKER too, and Mrs. MACKARNES. *Poultry Keeping* is a handy book, its pages will reveal Some valuable wrinkles by the author, SAMUEL BEALE; He tells you from experience—his facts you can't gainsay—Both how to keep your cocks and hens, and how to make 'em pay!

With KINGSTON's *Powder Monkey* how delighted boys will be, With STABLES' *Wild Adventures*, and with ADAMS' *Shore and Sea*. They'll pore o'er THAYER's *Washington*, and LIEFDE's *Beggars*, too; And likewise read his *Brave Resolve*, with close attention, through. Let's gaze on LETTS's *Diaries*, let's cordially own, They're better now than ever, for he ne'er lets well alone!

In *True Tales for my Grandsons*, Sir SAMUEL BAKER writes, And HENNESSEY well illustrates some thrilling scenes and sights! But ANDERSEN's brave *Stories for the Household*, there's no doubt, Each youngster who can read and rave will read and rave about. Miss MAYO's *Thoughts and Stories* girls undoubtedly will choose, And Mrs. BARKER's *Coward*, boys will eagerly peruse; While FRITH's smart tale of *Unac*, they'll devour it with zest, And *Tempest-tossed* they'll find to be of striking interest.

A truce to all this studying: we'd fain sing Tra-la-la! And find out what is "on the Cards," and do the Card-i-da!

The treasures HILDESHEIMER sends we cannot half disclose, In calendars, and floral wreaths, and brave portfolios; In etchings of the *Isis*, and in photos of the *Lakes*, Variety is wonderful in all he undertakes! And NATHAN sends us snowy scenes, and robin-redbreasts too, With babies and with butterflies in pink, in white, and blue; With studies by the summer sea, and views upon the Thames; And WALLIS sends with MEISSNER some rare artistic gems. While LUKS has figure subjects fit for albums and for books, With wondrous coloured photographs—in fact, *objets de luxe*!

Now if perchance you're captious, we are very sure that you Will never rue the gorgeous cards you get from DE LA RUE! The classic and the sporting scenes, æsthetic and Chinese, And those palatable palettes are ever sure to please; With diaries and calendars, compact and picturesque, Designed to suit the mantelpiece, the pocket, or the desk.

But stay, the fairy ink is dry, split is the fairy quill, The fairy fingers inky and the fairy song is still! The fairy spirit weary and the fairy brain perplex, So further revelations are—"continued in our next!"



A TIMELY CAUTION.

Jack. "YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO PROUD OF YOUR HAIR, EFFIE! REMEMBER THAT AT ANY MOMENT IT MIGHT ALL BE TAKEN OFF THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD, AND STUCK ALL OVER YOUR FACE, LIKE POOR MAJOR PRENDERGAST! MIGHTN'T IT, AUNT MATILDA?"

THE ANGLO-INDIAN MUTINY.

LOYAL quand même! A motto noble, needful,
For banded Britons all our wide world over.
Who to its claim so dutifully heedful
As the old Island's true, devoted lover?
Whether he roves in wild and lonely ranges
Far from her drum-beat and her church-bells' chimes,
Or smiles, at ease, beside the flowing Ganges,
O'er the fierce fulminations of the *Times*,
He feels calm warder
And champion just of English law and order.
But Mutiny! A word of evil-sounding,
Needing indeed supreme justification,
There where the dusky millions swarm, surrounding
The seat of him who represents our nation,
Its sceptre symbolising to the hordes
Of subtle aliens. Foolish as disloyal
Self-wounding insults, wild and whirling words!
Unworthy of a race self-deemed so royal,
This vocal fury,
Fit but to shake the rafters of Old Drury!
You the best judges? Shouters, *no*, not wholly;
Race pride and prejudice, and heat sectarian
Perturb your poise. The sight is melancholy.
Will racial hatred ne'er seem antiquarian?
Will Bogies ten times banished still return
To make fools pull long faces, hasty triggers?
How long will blind and bumptious hatred burn
Against the hotly-classified "dashed niggers"?
Preposterous schism
Perpetuate be in guise of Patriotism?
At least self-interest ought to be *astute*.
The Indian Elephant obeys his driver,
But if its riders squabble, the sage brute
Of wisdom (taught by folly) may be hiver.

Not wholly disinclined to throw and trample
Mahout and howdah-load he still may be;
And if *they* quarrel, 'tis a bad example
That he will hardly be the *last* to see.

Gentlemen, shame!

Keep courage, peace, cool heads, *loyal quand même!*

THE LATEST CRAZE.

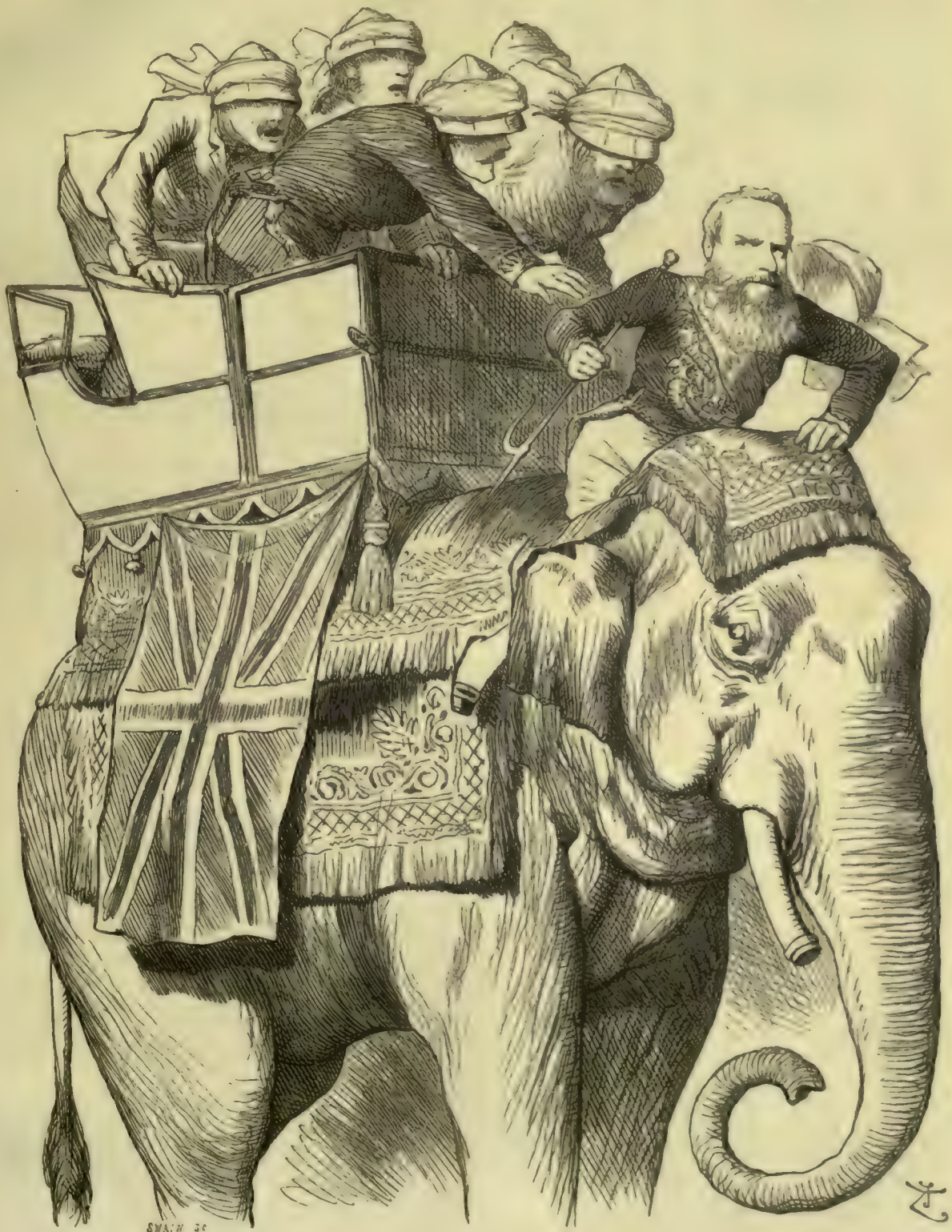
(*Letters from a Young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as a Profession."*)

28, Shrimp Street, Shellford, Sunday Evening.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,

I AM so much obliged for your letter. The game was just a "*leetle*"—but there, I know you wanted to try the Parcels Post. I sent most of it as a present to the Company. *What* a week I've had! Dinner to-night at Lady AWEBERRY's has been my first glimpse of "orderly comfort." The excellent Miss POSTER, my indefatigable Manageress, transformed again, like *Cinderella* at the Prince's Ball, and wreathed in smiles, as if she never *could* lose her temper. I've really no time to send you my "reflections," as you so kindly ask me. The twenty-four hours are fully occupied with learning by heart, rehearsing, thinking of one's clothes, eating, and sleeping. The notice-board at our Theatre is more like a Kaleidoscope than anything else—it changes about every day, and I am "cast" for this, that, and the other, like a conjuring trick. I don't think that the Stage as a profession is quite up to what I had imagined it to be,—but then, of course, I'm working my way up, and hope to emerge somewhere satisfactorily.

I was very nervous the first night, but I was quite determined to say my lines on the Stage after having said them so often to GEORGE. Mr. DERWENTWATER didn't seem to think my dying confessions, as the Earl, necessary to the piece, and so he skipped over them, and went on with a speech of his that ought to come afterwards,—but I thought I *would* confess all the same. I'm afraid I rather interrupted his solicitations for pardon and expressions of sorrow for his



THE ANGLO-INDIAN MUTINY.

(A BAD EXAMPLE TO THE ELEPHANT !)



Old Sportsman. "BURNING SCENT!" Mr. Verdant (out for the first time, and delighted at being spoken to). "EH! ARE THEY! WHERE!"

ill-spent life, by beginning my confession in the middle of it. The audience didn't seem averse to a duet, although Mr. DERWENTWATER was much huffed after the performance.

When I got back to our little dressing-room, tired and hot with my exertions, I found Messrs. GARRICK and DERWENTWATER evidently upset. Now I was quite satisfied with my first night's work before an impartial audience; many a shrill whistle and other signs of encouragement had I received from the Gallery. I had done my best. However, Mr. DERWENTWATER didn't like me at all as the Coachman, or the General; he thought my rendering of the Earl "cruel"; the Arab Guide (who only has to say two words in Arabic and then gets stabbed), and Sea Captain (who only dances a quadrille) he thought might just pass muster. As for my Prison Warder, he expressed himself strongly and said, "Bad, Sir; d—d bad." He then very kindly entered into a lot of advice, which, he told me, was for my own good. "It will be better for yourself," he kept saying; and as far as I could make out, it would be "better for myself" if I never turned my face to the audience, kept well at the back of the Stage with him in front of me, and left out half my lines.

Now, Mr. GARRICK (who had been very busy making a free use of my vaseline all this time to get my wig-paste off his face) gave it as his opinion that I'd no business on the Stage at all. His idea seemed to be that no one with any private resources, however small, ought to be on the Stage, and that the Profession should be entirely filled by men with wives and large families to support on their salaries, quite irrespective as to whether they had any natural ability or not. Education and love of the Art he called very bad names. "You'll never do any good," said he. "Why, look at me! I've been twenty-three years in the Profession, and that's the only way to make an Actor, Sir. I've been married twelve years."

Now, I wonder if I shall have got on as well as Mr. GARRICK in twenty-three years' time! I can't help thinking, although it is most kind of these Gentlemen to take so much interest in me, that being able to afford a few ordinary comforts *must* be a help if one wants to study Art. If one is obliged to work so hard with a hammer and nails, and be most of the day in one's shirt-sleeves, like the Stage Manager, one can't devote so much time to quiet study, or pay sufficient attention to refining one's mind and style of acting; perhaps I'm wrong, though.

Mr. GARRICK and Mr. DERWENTWATER went on talking at me (for my good) till they were Ulstered-up again ready for the street. They both

agreed I'd better "chuck it up," and I said "thank you;" but I shan't chuck it up, and I settled in my mind to do just the same next night as I had done that. I don't learn lines to have them cut out.

Miss POSTER said that as my friends were coming on Wednesday, she would give me parts that stood well out in the plays that night, and not so many of 'em. I was to be *Robert Ffolliott* and *Sir Leicester Deadlock*. The following night I was to be *Bernardo*, *Guildenstern*, the Second Actor, and *Osric*, in *Hamlet*, and a villain in *Kathleen Mavourneen*; Saturday, the British Consul in *Demerara*, in *British Born*; and Miss POSTER hoped I wouldn't mind blacking my face to play a nigger in *Dred*. I thought my week seemed pretty well cut out, but perhaps I was lucky not to be cast for any of the manual work.

Miss POSTER tells me I am a great anxiety to her, and that some people would be glad to pay a premium for the opportunities she gives me; but I think as long as I am able to fulfil the parts she gives me to the apparent satisfaction of the audience, and work for her all day and most of the night, besides paying for my clothes, I oughtn't to give much premium! But you know, my dear Duchess, I've no business to tell you all this, because we're supposed to be always bright and gay and jolly, and ready to entertain *anybody*, instead of being overworked, underpaid, or not-paid-at-all drudges! Perhaps I am not very well to-day, for I don't seem to be taking a very lively view of my profession.

I suppose I shall find out where the Art comes in, but at present, I confess it is seldom mentioned, and if it is, certainly not "reverentially," as I used to hear of it from the superior persons at your evenings. As to making up, it's more knack than art. In haste,

Yours,

HUGO DE B***.

"HOW THE POOR LIVE."—It is to be hoped that the Poor will be enabled to live better, but there is so much tall writing and sensationalism on the subject, that the sensible Public is beginning to ask How the Journalists and the Publishers and Pamphleteers live? If the answer is "By the Poor," it is not so pleasant.

"MY Uncle the Admiral," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is very old-fashioned, and always goes to sleep every day after dinner with his Banana on his head."

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

"WHY, cert'nly!" But we are inclined to think that if one resides in the same house with a muchly-spanked grand piano the charms disappear and the savage breast asserts itself. Other people, however, do not always think so. Witness the following advertisement which recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:-

AN African Lady is desirous to RESIDE and BOARD with a Widow Lady, with free use of piano and drawing-room, and within easy access to London Bridge or Victoria Station. Terms for self and child £7 per month inclusive.

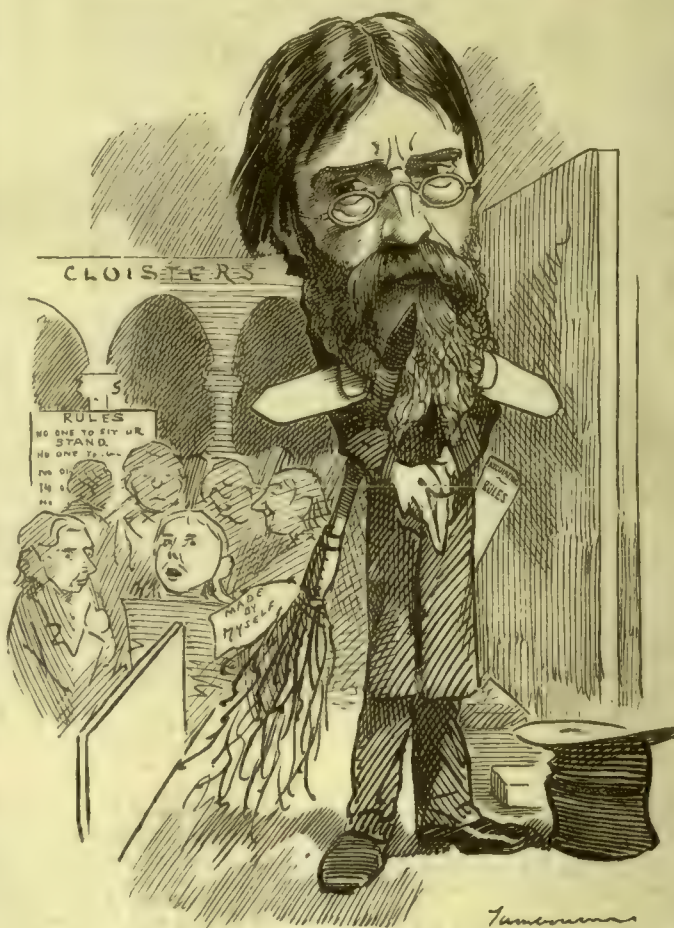
Seven pounds a month scarcely seems what one would call extravagant remuneration, and "free use of piano and drawing-room," appears to require defining more accurately. If the African Lady desired to warble "*Listen to the Mocking Bird*" before breakfast, or her child wished to dance a breakdown in the drawing-room and sing "*Put me in my Little Bed*" before retiring to rest, the other occupants of the house might possibly object. We are very glad to see there is no allusion to bones, banjo, or tambourine.

A Jew d'Esprit.

"LOOK here," said Mr. DE MONTMORENCY (*né* ISAACS), "I want an example of someone who changed his name for money."

Then Rabbi BEN SOLOMON, after thinking for a few seconds, raised his venerable head, and replied, "It would be done, my son, by anyone of the name of 'COHEN' who changed his name for 'COYNE.'"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 166.



HERBERT HERKÖMER, R.A.

THE ARTISTIC MR. BARLOW TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO DRAW.

SIGURD THE SOCIALIST!

[Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS having publicly advocated Socialism, and the division of capital among the labourers, declines an invitation to put his revolutionary theories into practice.]

'Twas MORRIS that spoke out of Kelmscott, that's hard by the Hammersmith Mall, "A Socialist I, and the workmen the profits of things that you sell

Should share, and employers of labour should act on a different plan, And give up their capital freely to help on the bold artisan."

Then uprose a pestilent stranger, and wrote to the *Standard* also,

Said he, "When you make your wall-papers, my MORRIS, I'd much like to know If you share all the wonderful profits you make, my æsthetical boy,

With your brothers in Art and in labour—in short, with the men you employ?"

Then MORRIS he dodged and he ducked, as in angular flight does the snipe, And said that he thought on the whole that the time for such deeds wasn't ripe;

Quoth he, "I'm a Socialist true, but, on further reflection, the fact is, The theory's all we should hold, and I won't put the plan into practice."

WESTMINSTER.—"Shut the Abbey, by all means, to our great men for the next hundred years," observed Mr. HENRY IRVING. "Why, I've got an Abbey all to myself,—in America."

DEAD LEAVES.

WE are true lovers of old books. We do love to bury ourselves amongst their leaves, in company with great ones of the past, now silent except in the quiet eloquence of type; and though our lot be cast amongst the ink-spillers, affect the wisdom of others, as we wax older, far more than our own. It is pleasant to escape into the nooks and corners of the Past out of the Present's full and noisy thoroughfares, where the burning questions of the day jostle in paragraphs against the latest gathering at Lord JONES's country-house, and the gloomy metaphysician, who says he embodies the Age, but looks as if it brought him in but little, stumbles against the portly Editor of a Society journal, who winks sagaciously, as who would say that he has his own ideas of what the Age likes best. He has, in fact, an air much as if life were well worth living; while the metaphysician, though with his literary teeth scarce cut, is a distinct warning that there are circumstances under which it is not. When he grows older, may he see the error of his ways, and edit a Society journal. For the generation which would fain be thought clever for pretending to read him for an hour of a morning, makes amends by a deep draught of personal paragraph afterwards, and winds up in the evening with the subtle wit of *Humpty-Dumpty*, the famous Messrs. GAMMER and GURTON's last new Comic Opera. Meantime, O Metaphysician, mark this, and perpend! We that are frivolous, yet humbly of the old faiths, have two worlds to make the brightest of, or hope so. You have but one, and pay attention to its glooms. If you are right, and we wrong, when the end comes we have had the best of that one world of yours; but if you be wrong, and we right, might it not be said, as with the Clown, "Where are we then?" You are well-informed, and we,

thank Heaven! are not. But what of that? It is better to live in a fool's paradise, than in a wise man's purgatory.

But our pen wanders from our purpose (being a pen essentially so prone), which was this. To wonder if the world and the ages ever really change at all, among those our excursions into old books. The corners which we love the best, perhaps, are the lesser and least remembered writings of great men. Among them, as is but natural, we find embedded strange bright pearls of thought and of expression—for such men never care to be niggardly, and can afford to throw their pearls away—which, lacking the brilliant settings of the men's more famous gems, are apt to shrink quietly away into their modest shells, to reward only at times the search of a casual explorer. If he be of the modern advertising order, he can parade it for his own, and perhaps live long on the price of it.

It is but a week or two since that we dug for Mr. *Punch*, out of the Goldsmith mine, some strange passages that moved us to rub our eyes, and ask in what century we were living. Why, they are all in those autumn-stained pages:—Critics and Metaphysicians, Sophists and Fashionables, burning questions and all! Have not the Marquis of SQUALLSBURY and the terrible Mr. RISINGSUN, Sir GRAVE EYES, and my Lord GREYHAIRS, all suddenly discovered, within the last few weeks (though certainly with no view to votes—oh, dear no!), what is the pressing national need of the hour?—of course, a new one? We had been pondering with the rest of the world upon the novel problem of the poor's housing,—with which ground-rents and empty palaces, and huge untenanted estates covering so insignificant a proportion of this enormous island, have of course nothing to do—(and again we say, oh, dear no!)—when in turning for relief to those old-world readings of ours, and trying to forget for a time the miseries proper to our period, we read in the off-pages of one who is



ETIQUETTE.

Rector (to Exemplary Young Person from his Parish, and formerly in his Bible-Class, now in service in Belgavia). "WELL, JANE, I TOLD YOUR MOTHER, AS I WAS GOING TO LONDON, I SHOULD CALL AND SEE HOW YOU WERE GETTING ON, AND I HOPE YOU—"

Jane. "OH DEAR ME, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR, I'M VERY—ONLY I—I BEG PARDING, SIR, BUT MY VISITORS IS EXPECTED TO GO DOWN THE AIRY, SIR!" [Tableau!]

now a past-master in the great world's Masonic system, even the following words, and rubbed our eyes again:—

"What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London; he goes among labouring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like to it; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted, exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did . . . Of the workmen we know nothing, how pitilessly they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us at the back of our houses, until some Poet like Hood wakes and sings that dreadful '*Song of the Shirt*'; some prophet like CARLYLE rises up and denounces woe, some clear-sighted energetic man like the

writer of the *Chronicle* travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder. Awful, awful poor man's country!"

We rubbed our eyes, and wondered. Was this real? Were we not reading of the question of this day? Was not the *Chronicle* a misprint for a later sheet? Was the clever and earnest-minded writer one Mr. BITTER CRY in the *P. M. G.*? And the prophet, could he be, perchance, the Marquis of SQUALLSBURY? No. For we were reading of the question of another day, in lines which appeared many years ago in these very pages—the pages of *Mr. Punch*; and were written by a great man with a very great heart, of which the lesser knew not. And the name of that man was THACKERAY.

Alas! is not the problem this—that the Poor we have always with us, Lord SQUALLSBURY is very seldom with us, but, as a rule, rather against us, or we are against him. But, be that as it may, might not Lord SQUALLSBURY himself, after stirring the question in political reviews, think of a new solution? We have heard, though we can ill believe it, that the great house of Capfield stands sometimes empty, with its miles of unembarrassed air about it. Might not a detachment of these same Poor, in one of those seigniorial absences, be "housed" there, with good supervision, once, just by way of experiment? The idea sounds shocking. But, after all, why not? You have raised the ever-walking ghost again, my Lord. Might you not try that much to lay it?

MARIUS.

A REFLECTIVE ODE.

So thus it ends,—a poet Peer!—

And as I drop my lyre and gaze
On this my largest, latest blaze,
I wonder what my work is here!

Will this grave bench on which I sit
Prove harder than my poet's chair?—
This gaudy head-gear that I wear
But fret me with a faulty fit?

Will too, when breaks the opening throng
Of crushing Commons' 'gainst the bar,
Some cynic sight me from afar,
And shameless shout, "A song! a song!"

And shall I, swept by force of years,
Uprise and drown the Speaking Throne
With matchless music,—till I'm shown
The door amidst derisive jeers!

Or shall I find no lyric vent,
But leaving mute my muzzled Muse,
Her sweetest, saddest measures fuse
In mere *Content* or *Non-Content*?

But, there—I trust that somehow good
Will come of timely honour yet,
And genius prove for coronet
As good a mate as Norman blood.

For why should I not take my seat?
Not first am I to reach the void
Where tinsel has great souls decayed,
And made their rounded lives complete.

A Peerage! If it be but vain
To hand to son what earns the sire,
Then have I thrum'd no fruitful lyre,
Nor much subverted another's gain.

Yet, though I know not everything,
I somehow guess this news will fall
At last as welcome news to all,
And get to have a pleasant ring.
Thus runs my dream! So here am I,
My coronet about to don,
Half hoping, when I've got it on,
It will not sit too much awry!

• I think IRVING will be pleased if I take it.
But between the Cup, &c., &c.—A. T.



"OLD FRIENDS."

EXUBERANT RAPTURE DISPLAYED BY THE JONESES ON READING IN THE *TIMES* THAT SMITH, THEIR OLDEST AND DEAREST FRIEND, HAD AT LAST BEEN MADE A K.C.B.

THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH is delighted to hear that the arrangements for next year's Show at South Kensington are progressing famously. Here are some of the items expected to prove most attractive to visitors:—

Everybody who passes the turnstiles will be entitled to have his or her pulse felt by the President of the Royal College of Physicians, at least once a day!

A Medicine-and-Pill-Tasting Pavilion will be provided gratis; skilled Surgeons will also perform operations at a greatly reduced fee. Dealers in cheap descriptions of wine will be allowed every facility for recommending their vintages, by means of samples to be drunk on the premises, on condition that they also supply convenient mortuaries in the grounds.

Among the Exhibitors in the British Section will be:—

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.—The Great Temperance Pick-me-up.

The Dean of Bangor.—Beetroot Syrup, the Substitute for Tea.

The London Water Companies.—A few of the largest and most interesting animals to be found in ordinary drinking-water.

The Licensed Victuallers' Association.—The exact amount of hops in a gallon of beer (through a microscope).

Dr. Richardson.—Specimen of a really Healthy Room, with no carpet, a great deal of ventilation, no dust, and no furniture to harbour any.

There will be a Great International Health Competition, under the highest medical supervision. The healthiest person will receive a prize of £500, on condition that he attends daily in a special chamber, and consents to show his tongue to the visitors at least once in each quarter-of-an-hour.

No Attendants will be permitted who are not in robust health. Certificates from their Parish Doctors will be required to this effect. Any Attendant catching a cold will catch it; a cough will lead to instant dismissal.

Doctors who disagree with each other will be allowed to go into a special chamber, and fight out their differences. Admission to this apartment will be high.

There will be a Chamber of (Sanitary) Horrors! Here will be found Specimens of Houses with bad draining, Houses with no drain-

THREE CHEERS! AND VIVE LA CORPORATION!

THE Corporation somehow have the knack of always doing the right thing at the right time, and in the right way. Seeing with regret the somewhat strained relations at the present time between the two great Western Powers, England and France, in regard to China, they eagerly seize the first opportunity that offers to pour oil, as it were, upon the somewhat troubled waters, and they do it in their own peculiar, but eminently satisfactory way. Having resolved to place upon the pedestals at Blackfriars Bridge, statuary, in the highest style of Art, they have selected for the first subject, FRANCIS THE FIRST, King of France! The statue was to have been tried yesterday, but on what charge we are unable to say. We hope it was acquitted and let off. But if condemned to remain, the inscription, it is said, will be in both languages, and will run as follows:—

"England and France! France and England! root and branch, and may they continue and flourish for ever!"

["*La France et L'Angleterre, L'Angleterre et la France, racine et branches, et qu'elles continuent et fleurissent à jamais!*"]

EARL GRANVILLE is said to be so much pleased at the brilliancy of the idea, which is reported to have originated with the new LORD MAYOR, that the Baronetcy that usually follows upon distinguished services or Royal visits is considered to be already assured.

It is said that if Mr. TENNYSON is made a Peer, he will be an ornament to the House of Lords. Will he? Not in that hat and "auld cloak" of his. *Here is a chance for a Testimonial from Genuine Admirers.* Boots might be included,—latest Masher style,—and the sooner this is set on foot the better.

"The Late Sunsets!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "The sunsets have been very remarkable, but I haven't noticed their being particularly late."

NEW RULE OF THE HOUSE.—If Mr. ARTHUR PEEL's appointment as Speaker be confirmed, the first Member who says that "the House is now turned into a Court of A. PEEL," will be fined or clocktowered.

ing at all, Easy Methods of connecting the cistern with the main-drainage system, and wax models of the following:—Jerry-Builders who use bad mortar, Butchers who have been fined more than three times a month for selling "unsound" meat, People who don't consume their own smoke, Tobacconists, Writers in the *Lancet*, Medical Officers of Health, and the Man who invented Zoedone.

Each week a *Conversazione* will be held, under Distinguished Patronage, when Essays will be read, and Discussions take place on various Sanitary Matters. For instance, a Distinguished Person will state how he feels after running five miles and then eating a hearty supper; and other Distinguished Persons will then state how *they* feel, and very Distinguished Doctors will then say *why* everybody feels as they do feel, and so on. Among the papers already promised are some on the following topics:—

On the kinds of filters which are actually deadly, and those which are only extremely dangerous to life.

Does boiling diluted sewage render it a safe drink for invalids?

Whether a course of temperance beverages, adulterated sherry, or a leap from the Monument, is most likely to end in sudden death.

The Twopenny Dinner, of Soup, Fish, Two Entrées, Joint, and a Choice of Sweets or Cheese, with Beer or Wine, all included, is expected to be one of the "hits" of the Exhibition.

Pugilistic Encounters will take place three times a day between individuals brought up respectively on—(a) Water and Beer; (b) Beef and Lentils; and between (c) Early Risers and Late Risers.

Fountains of Apollinaris Water will play in the grounds, but Visitors will be expected to bring their own brandy-flasks. At stated intervals the leading London Doctors will give exhibitions of their skill in Diagnosis, on selected patients from Infirmarys, to the music of a Special Band supplied from the Hospital for Incurables.

[N.B.—To prevent disappointment, Mr. Punch begs to say at once that at the close of the Exhibition no Baronetries or honours of any sort will be given away to anybody connected with the arrangements.]

NOTICE TO THE ENTIRE WORLD.—Our Christmas Story commences next week, it is entitled

THE SECRET OF DEADMAN'S TERRACE.

THE SECRET will not be let out even at Lending Libraries.

RICHARD DOYLE. (IN MEMORIAM.)

DROPT the wizard pencil, resting
That unchilled, untiring hand!
Should some sorrowing Fay come
questing
From the Court of Fairyland,
Come inquiring among mortals
For another fit to pass
Through those dim sequestered portals,
Fit that realm to type and glass,
Of its wealth to be possessor,
Humour's harvest, Fancy's spoil,
Where should she find right successor
To unrivalled RICHARD DOYLE?

Why must so fine necromancy
Know the arresting touch of death?
Why must world-delighting fancy
Bide at last the icy breath?
So love asks with noble folly,
Running o'er his mimic world,
Creatures winsome, quaint, and jolly,
Arabesquely blown and twirled
From his pencil point profusely,
Scattered like the flowers of Spring,
Lightly, lavishly and loosely,
When DOYLE's wit is on the wing.

On the wing! 'Tis ever on it,
All unlike the little bard
Who excoigates a sonnet
After labour long and hard.

He is no pedestrian plodder,
Double-handed he deals out;
Whimsies wilder, brighter, odder
Never swarmed in Fancy's rout.
DRAYTON's old *Nymphidia* never
Was more populous of whims
Than the limbo opened ever
When this wizard dreams and limns.

"Wood-notes wild" the analogues are
Of his quaint and elfish crew.
Who makes question if the rogues are
Anatomically true?
They're alive and love-inspiring,
Which some fresco-frights are not;
Age with childhood comes admiring,
Cold correctness counts "great rot."
Living fun and fancy spoil us
For the coldly critic strain;
'Gainst them Academic Zoilus
Blows his counterblasts in vain.

Not the imps of Elf-land merely
Populate his pictured page;
Who drew bow more keenly, queerly,
At the follies of his age?
Winged with whim, and tipped with wild-
ness,
Straight withal his arrows flew;
Satire sharp with genial mildness
Mingled in the world he drew.

THACKERAY's Colonel fits his pencil,
But his sharper skill can shape,
Sans long nose or tail prehensile,
Cad, or snob, or human ape.

Turning o'er his own past pages,
Punch, with tearful smile, can
trace

That fine talent's various stages,
Caustic satire, gentle grace,
Feats and freaks of Cockney funny—
BROWN, and JONES, and ROBINSON;
And, huge hive of Humour's honey,
Quaint quintessence of rich fun,
Coming fresh as June-breeze briary
With old memories of our youth—
Thrice immortal *Pips's Diary*!
Masterpiece of Mirth and Truth!

Olden ties unknit too quickly
Take new charm as we review
Fancy's wit-world thronged so thickly.
Mors, who has so much to do,
Might, one dreams, give longer tether
Unto lives that keep so young.
Heads of wood and hearts of leather
Freely in his way are flung.
No! He will not long be cheated
Of the choicest of his spoil,
To the further shore has fled
Fancy's favourite—"DICKY DOYLE."

THE SENTRY OF THE CENTURY.



"SLIPPERS FOR SOLDIERS.
—As one of the results of recent committee work on equipment, it has been decided, says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, that a pair of light canvas waterproof slippers will be carried by the soldier in his valise on active service, instead of a second pair of boots, which will be carried in the first line of transport. A small supply of spare boots will accompany each battalion, to replace the few that may be prematurely worn out. It has been found that troops can keep the field, in a rough country, on one pair of boots for two months, and it is believed that the addition of light canvas shoes, to put on when the boots have been removed, to ease the feet, will answer all requirements."—*Globe*.

SOME SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

Now, do wealthy and careful men and women seize hold of some habit displayed by their poorer relations, habits of which they have said nothing during the year, as an excuse for never seeing or speaking to those impoverished relations again.

Postmen who have lingered and loitered with your letters for eleven months, now not only deliver them at the appointed time, but, in their kindly zeal, are anxious to open, read, and answer them for you.

Dyspeptics look forward to their waking condition on the 26th with feelings of agony and apprehension.

Norfolk poultry-farmers drink success and long continuance to good old English customs.

Descriptive Writers arm themselves with Maps of London, and evolve articles headed, "Roast Beef in Bermondsey," "Turkey and Sausages in Wapping," and "Mince Pies in Spitalfields."

The lesser feminine lights of the Stage invest in five shillings'

worth of illuminated cards, and sit anxiously down awaiting a crop of bangles, bracelets, diamond butterflies, boxes of bonbons, and eighteen-button gloves.

Railway Porters become suddenly intelligent, and convinced that every traveller by every train desires a compartment to himself.

Heroic sacrificers of the truth avow openly that they have ghosts in their families capable of putting all the annuals in the shade, and that they themselves have seen them.

Tradesmen order in several reams of note-paper and a few gross of blue envelopes.

Cabmen salute their fares with cheery remarks as to the seasonableness of the weather.

Schoolmasters are praying that Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, History, and Geography could all be classed as extras.

Fond lovers buy and give to each other the very last things in the world that each other wants.

Fashionable preachers drink much strong tea, in the hope of eliciting something fresh from their brains.

Men in possession are sure that everything can be settled comfortably, and that nobody wants to do any harm to anybody else.

Pictures representing bright, crisp, exhilarating, frosty weather, are in large demand.

Umbrellas, Waterproofs, and Respirators, to protect the human frame from rain, slush, mud, and fog, are in enormous request.

Daring young Journalists, early in the morning, wildly wonder what effect on Society would an article, commencing "This, the most loathsome season of the year" have, and conclude not to write it, but to go to bed.

Publicans arrange that the most generous and lavish of their regular customers shall win the goose in their Annual Club.

Elderly people raise highly successful blue devils for themselves by recalling the friends they have lost.

Blue-Ribbonites swear off on account of the season of the year.

Anti-Blue-Ribbonites swear on harder and harder on account of the season of the year.

Starving street Arabs and ordinary paupers are all at once discovered to be hungry.

Several nervous imaginative invalids become chronic imbeciles, through being waked up at dead of night by the strains of the "*Mistletoe Bough*."

Hypochondriacal subjects trust that they will be in their coffins before the New Year's festivities set in.

Mr. *Punch* comes out as usual, and without the cynicism with which it is now fashionable to regard this kindly genial season, wishes all his Readers as Merry a Christmas—as they deserve.

REALLY!

At the ensuing Balls at the Mansion House a new dance will be introduced, which it is expected will achieve great popularity. It will be called the "Conger Reel."



THE EXCEPTION THAT CONFIRMS THE RULE.

Sir Peter (who is of a moralising turn of mind). "IT IS A SINGULAR FACT IN HUMAN NATURE THAT THE VERY VICES WE MOST OBJECT TO IN OUR ACQUAINTANCES ARE PRECISELY THOSE WE HAVE OURSELVES!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "NOT ALWAYS, DEAR SIR PETER! FOR INSTANCE, IF THERE IS ONE VICE I LOATHE ABOVE ALL OTHERS, IT IS WORLDLINESS!"

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(Newest Style.)

OXFORD, DECEMBER 23.

THE next examination for the Tooleian Provincial Company's Travelling Fellowship will be held on the 13th of January next. Intending candidates are requested to send their photographs, list of parts, press notices, and other certificates, together with a stamped envelope, under cover, to "The Rev. the Acting Manager, All Souls," on or before the 1st prox.

At a Convocation held yesterday it was decided to grant the prayer of the Provost of Oriel, the Master of Pembroke, and the Warden of Wadham, that they might be allowed to renew their present engagement at an East End London Theatre, and continue their successful impersonation of the Three Witches in *Macbeth* for a still further run of six nights.

Two carpet and bolster exercises for the Degree of Doctor of Lofty Tumbling were performed on Tuesday afternoon at the Sheldonian Theatre with some success in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor and a small but friendly assemblage.

The subject selected for the forthcoming Newdigate Prize Poem in English Verse on 1885 is "AUGUSTUS HARRIS."

CAMBRIDGE, DECEMBER 23.

THE Examiners for the Special Examination in Vampire and other Trap-Shooting have issued the following Class List:—CLASS I. None. —CLASS II. None. —CLASS III. None. —CLASS IV. The Professor of Applied Mechanics (*honoris causa*).

At a Congregation to be held at noon to-morrow, it will be pro-

Mario!

DIED DECEMBER 11, 1883.

VOICE of the golden past! The Stage grows dark,
The End has come, and slow the curtain falls.

MARIO is dead! It cannot be, for hark!

His name is echoed in repeated calls.

Long we have lost him, but fond memory slips

Back to the days his song so glorified;

His magic fame falls from a thousand lips—

Music grew dumb the day that MARIO died!

Knight of the silver song! Who can forget

Your *Almariva*?—for his beauty glows

In recollection—ah! the grand duet

With glorious GRISI in *The Huguenots*!

"Ah! mio *Fernando*!" that was song sublime,

And *Favorita's* ecstasy complete,

When, with a passion that has conquered time,

The tyrant sword fell at your noble feet!

King of the hearts of all! With folded arms,

As white-robed priest, by *Leonora's* cell

You stand in fancy, whilst the myriad charms

Come with love-music and your magic spell!

"*Angiol' d'Amor*!" that was the song you sung

In tragic torture of accented pain.

MARIO, my Master, would that we were young,

To see enchanted women weep again!

Man of the deathless voice! How they will greet

The lost companion who returns to them—

RUBINI and GIUGLINI, honey-sweet,

Will swell the chorus for your requiem.

When the last portals to be passed by men

Are fired with melody—amidst the glow

Song's immortality will triumph, then

GRISI at last will meet her MARIO!

Beware of the Mole.

THE Metropolitan Mole, which burrows through every part of London, is likely to receive a check. Subterranean London is now so pierced, tunnelled, and honey-combed, that the respectable householder may wake up some fine morning and find he is in his own coal-cellar, with the chance of going further. The Mole, however, made a mistake when he turned his attention towards the Parks. The Metropolis has so few lungs remaining, that these must be jealously protected; and London is thoroughly aroused to the necessity of making a vigorous stand against permitting the Mole to even look at the Parks. The war-cry is, "No Larks with the Parks!"

posed "that half the travelling expenses incidental to the Vice-Chancellor's recent unsuccessful appearance at Worthing as *Romeo*, be defrayed from the University Chest." Some opposition is expected.

The Examination for the Chancellor's Medals for Pantomime business will commence on Monday next. Attention is specially directed to the fact that the Examiners will, in adjudging the order of merit, attach much importance to the quality of the *Viva Voce*, and expect the answers delivered from the large pasteboard heads of the Candidates to be full, round, clear, and of a character to be distinctly audible at the back of a crowded Boxing-Night Gallery.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT has been offered, and has accepted, the Professorial Chair of *Poeses Plastiques*, vacated by the Master of Peterhouse on account of chronic rheumatism.

BARON HONOUR.

ONE SIDE OF IT.

"A PEERAGE"? Well, and wherefore should you frown
If titled I elect my name shall live?

Thus is the Judge's, Banker's, handed down.

Why not the Poet's? Cease,—nor flout the Crown,

That offers the one honour Crowns can give?

THE OTHER.

THE passing echo of their dual cheers

Lends lustre to your life! Conceit sublime!

Go to!—nor marvel at our rising jeers,

Since the great spirits you should count your peers

Sit on the splendid benches of all time!



"GLAD, MY LORD, YOU HAVE BEEN TEMPTED TO CHANGE YOUR HAT!"

NOTES OF INTERROGATION.

READING the various and conflicting accounts of Mr. HENRY IRVING's first appearance in Boston, U.S., Mr. Punch feels himself placed in the position of HERODOTUS. The historian heard eight or ten different descriptions of an occurrence that took place under his window, and as none of them agreed with his own observation, he asked himself how he could possibly write history. When Mr. Punch has nothing better to do than writing the history of IRVING's American tour, he will want to know how he is to reconcile the following statements:—

London Times, December 12, 1883:—

"Mr. HENRY IRVING made a very successful appearance at Boston yesterday in *Louis the Eleventh* before a large audience, which included the leading citizens. The chief Boston newspapers publish long criticisms upon the performance, describing the warm and enthusiastic reception of the great actor, and the profound impression made by him."

London Daily Telegraph, same date:—

"Mr. HENRY IRVING made his first appearance in Boston last night, in the character of *Louis the Eleventh*. The theatre, which is the largest in America, was crowded, and the performance was altogether a magnificent success."

The London Standard, same date:—

"Mr. IRVING has appeared in Boston as *Louis the Eleventh*. The audience was of a high character and large, but the house was not full. The actor met with a kind reception, but the audience only became enthusiastic after the Fourth Act, when Mr. IRVING was recalled several times. The newspaper critics in Boston deny that he has genius, but they praise his industry."

Critics may and do differ as to their opinions, but reporters ought not to differ as to their facts. Which is right? But—after all—who cares?

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business. (1) To S. B. Bancroft, Esq. (2) To J. L. Toole, Esq. (3) To W. Kendal, Esq.

MY DEAR BANCROFT,

You are engaged in playing *Tom Jervois*, pronounced "Jervis," as you are probably aware by this time, and so will have been unable to visit the Princess's (unless you can spare time to patronise a benefit, as I see you kindly did on the occasion of Miss SOLDENE's *Matinée*), to see the new play *Claudian*, with plot by Mr. HERMAN, dialogue by Mr. WILLS, and Acting by Mr. WILSON BARRETT, so that *Claudian* may be described as a "WILLS-AN' BARRETT" Drama.

Well, my dear BANCROFT, *Claudian* is not much in your line, and when I have told you that there is a dramatic prologue capitally stage-managed, a beautiful scene, and a striking *dénoûment*, and when I have added that after this the audience is doomed to disappointment, as there is nothing much to follow, that the scenery, though good, is not such as nowadays calls for extravagant laudation, not being within measurable distance of the great Temple Scene in *The Cup*, at the Lyceum, that the plot is uninteresting, and



Claudian the Wills-an' Barrett Masher (A.D. 362) and his Mashed Victims; or, Harlequin Beautiful for Ever and the Curse-ory Clement.

that Mr. BARRETT appears to have much more to do in the way of declamation and paying careful attention to himself in classic attitudes than in genuine acting, I have said all that can be said about the piece, except that the dialogue may be, and possibly is admirable; yet after hearing it twice, I could not undertake to swear whether it is written in the most classic prose, or the blankest verse. All I know, is that the Tetrarch, who is a sort of comic IRVING, is twice likened to a toad, that Mr. WILLS-AN' BARRETT's "heart goes out to" the young person who is so blindly devoted to him; that, though thoroughly aware that "when he comes amongst them their sunshine is obscured," and that he brings sorrow on all to whom he shows kindness, he yet will persist in meddling in other people's affairs, muddling them sadly, and actually stopping people, who are utter strangers to him, in the public thoroughfare, to inquire into their business, which he knows perfectly well is no sort of concern of his. In the last Act, the absurd æsthetic love-sick maiden, who has obtained Mr. WILSON BARRETT's permission to call him "Master," describes the Master's great love in terms which, being too suggestive of beautiful scriptural imagery, rather jar upon the ear of a not over-fastidious spectator.

Why did not Mr. WILSON BARRETT let Poet WILLS write the words of the incidental ballads? They were in his way, surely, more than in that of the Plottist HERMAN? Why have a Poet on the establishment and not use him, eh, my dear BANCROFT? I have no doubt that, in consequence of the gush and guggle of some of the Critics, but specially of the Eminent Hand on the *Times*, the Public will patronise this entertainment up to a certain point. But I do not think it is in for any extraordinary share of popularity, nor is it my opinion that Mr. HENRY IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY need tremble for their position. It will want a bigger Earthquake than that at the Princess's to shake the footing that HENRY and ELLEN have got with the Public. Of course, you with your light or heavy comedy, as the case may be, are "out of it," and can afford to watch the struggles of tragedians with a smile.

A propos of HENRY and ELLEN, when is the latter going to be *Marguerite*, and the former *Mephistopheles*? Don't you think that

Poet WILLS might do them a version of the French play that CHARLES KEAN made so popular? That's the best one for dramatic purposes. If, my dear BANCROFT, you happen to be writing to either HENRY or ELLEN, suggest this query—unless you're thinking of doing *Mephistopheles* yourself—and if so, with Mrs. BEERE as *Marguerite*, eh! But this is to inquire, as WILLS-AN' BARRETT does, as *Claudian*, into other people's business, which does not concern your old friend, NIBBS.

To J. L. Toole, Esq.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR OF RESERVED FORCE,

You asked me on your return to town and settling down in London for Christmas—(most of us in London for Christmas have to "settle up")—to give you some account of *The Rocket*—your friend

PINERO's new piece at the Gaiety—where once you begged the audience to excuse your glove, and executed your inimitable step, which I should have thought was patented and duly protected had I not seen it actually performed by a young lady dancer in Mr. WILLS-AN' BARRETT's Byzantine Palace at the Princess's. "By permission of J. L. TOOLE" was not expressly stated in the programmes, but no doubt you have some private arrangement. I will tell you about *The Rocket* perhaps next week, but won't detain you now [except to say that TERRY is very funny in it], as I know you are busy in getting up several classic dramas and arranging your lectures for the ensuing term at Oxford.

Yours truly, NIBBS.

To W. Kendal, Esq.

MY DEAR KENDAL,

I HAVE so much to tell you about *Pygmalion and Galatea* that I must leave the description till I have more time at disposal.

Oh, you would enjoy it, I'm sure. Mr. BARNES does your part, you know; and I rather fancy Mr. W. S. GILBERT—(he wrote this piece, you may recollect)—took him in hand at rehearsal, and toned him down a bit. Excellent Mr. BARNES!—ordinarily rather more of the Barnes Common than you or I could wish,—but this time it's all Greek to him,—I mean he's a thorough Greek, and there's not even a touch of Putney about him. The effect is excellent when an Author knows how to rehearse his own pieces, and can get intelligent Artists to act upon his hints. But of this, as SHAKESPEARE says, "Anon." I mustn't forget to tell you all about the Young Folks' Ways, Missy ANDERSON, and the rest of the Company. You will be enchanted to hear that the House was crammed, and that I could only get a seat right up in the corner—or, rather, wrong up in the corner. All theatres must be doing uncommonly well, as yours will be the only one, I hear, where within a few days there will even be *A Scrap of "Paper"* visible.

Your attached NIBBS.



LYCEUM.—"Pygmalion and Galatea"; or, The Bounding Barnes and the "Statue at Large."

The Plain English of It.

SAYS LIDDON, "O JOWETT, since that chair you've sat in, We've never yet heard such decided dog Latin!"
SAYS JOWETT, "Why, LIDDON, that merely infers That I used their own language to meddling curs!"

"EXCELSIOR" AT THE ROYAL COURTS.

(A Forensic Tragedy in Three Parts.)

PART I.—IN THE CORRIDOR!

"I WILL take to the Law," cried the Young Enthusiast, glowing with excitement. "It is my ambition to scale the Woolstack itself!" "Stay!" replied the Sage, with a shudder. "You do not know what a trial lies before you."

"You mean hard reading—cramming—examinations."

The Old Man smiled derisively.

"You do not understand the situation," he murmured, after a pause. "Anyone with average ability and severe study can master enough law to be called. But I fear for your body—it will have to endure the many severe tests awaiting it in the Law Courts."

"I am hardy. My muscles are of iron."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Sage, "But are you a member of the Alpine Club? Have you ascended the loftiest peaks of the Himalayas? Can you climb? Can you see in the dark?"

The Young Enthusiast assured the Sage that he was most anxious to qualify. Then for years he ascended the loftiest peaks of the Himalayas, and for years dwelt in a prison in total darkness.

The Sage, pleased at the lad's earnestness, told him, on his return, that he might now pay his first visit to the Law Courts.

Nothing loth, the would-be Judge hurried to the Strand, and plunged wildly into a corridor. It was as dark as Tartarus. He crawled along, now tumbling down a staircase, now ascending unexpected steps. Anon he passed a dimly-lighted room, in which shivering Jurymen were vainly attempting to read documents. Now he came to a gloomy dungeon, barred and vaulted, in which he supposed, from the fragrance of cooked meats, that it was intended that luncheon should be discussed. Dazed, bruised, and disheartened, he returned once more, threading his way through the black passages, and travelling up and down the secret stairs until he found himself again in the entrance-hall.

"And you are still anxious to go to the Bar?" asked the Sage.

The reply was in the affirmative. Five years later the Young Enthusiast was called, and bought his wig and gown.

PART II.—AT THE BAR!!

"You intend to practise?" asked the Sage.

"I do," replied the Gentleman of the Long Robe, who was nearing middle-age. "I know what I shall have to do. I quite understand that I must read with a good Junior, perhaps even enter a Solicitor's office to learn the details of practice."

"Stop, stop!" interrupted the Sage. "Once more you are merely concerning yourself with trifles, idle details, when you should be giving the whole of your attention to the condition of your body. You must prepare your frame to endure the trying heat of the Courts. A journey in the Soudan should be undertaken at once."

The forensic Telemachus accepted the advice of his Mentor, and spent many, many years in the Desert.

At length he returned, and entered the Royal Courts once again. It was now his duty to seat himself in a kind of pew, into which hot air the reverse of fresh was continually being pumped up with fearful force. He was almost baked.

Still he persevered, and, surviving all his fellows, was made a Judge.

PART III.—ON THE BENCH!!!

"You have done right to ask for leave of absence for three years," said the Sage.

"Yes," replied the newly-elected legal dignitary, "I wish to rub up my Authorities. In my present position I shouldn't be—"

"Nay, nay," interrupted the old man, placing his hand kindly on his Lordship's shoulder, "you can leave your law to take care of itself. It must be your duty now to visit the North Pole. You will never be able to keep on the Bench unless you can brave an Arctic winter—unless you have braved several Arctic winters."

The now elderly lawyer bowed acquiescence. His Lordship immediately set sail for Greenland, and soon was the discoverer of the lowest temperature on the face of the earth.

It was a wonderful sight to see the Enthusiast on his return braving the elements in his own Division. The bitterly cold air was forced by pumps from morning until night upon the devoted head of the presiding Judge. The gusts came rushing over the seats and desks of the Bar until diverted by the Jury-Box they found a safe and well-curtained goal in his Lordship's own chair!

One day the Sage was blown on to the Bench by one of these withering blasts. He approached the Enthusiast, and spoke to him.

"You have done well. It was I who told you that the hardness of your body was of far greater importance than the storing of your mind, to succeed at the Bar and on the Bench. You have taken my advice in good part, and now I come to tell you that you are appointed Lord Chancellor of England! Let me congratulate you!"

The Sage held out his hand, but there was no response. The Enthusiast, in spite of his training, had—been frozen to death!

NOT BEFORE IT IS WANTED;

OR, A PROMISING PROSPECTUS.

THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL HOMELESS AND WANDERING VISITORS HOTEL COMPANY (LIMITED).

THE Directors of this unique and magnificently conceived enterprise, undertaken with a view to supplying that now long experienced National want, a suitable palatial residence for Princes and Potentates found wandering in search of a fitting domicile about the back streets of the Metropolis, have much pleasure in informing their intended august Patrons, that their perfectly-appointed establishment will shortly open under the direction of a well-known and experienced retired Central-European Monarch, whose distinguished services they have had the honour to secure.

The following (extracted from the Company's Abridged Prospectus) comprise a few of the leading features of the new establishment:—

The building will stand on a convenient and imposing site judiciously selected in the immediate vicinity of the Metropolitan District Railway Station, St. James's Park, and within easy access of the Aquarium, Westminster Bridge, the House of Detention, and the Foreign Office.

There will be no lettered name or title on the *façade* of the new Hotel, which will, with the object of giving rise to a pleasing illusion, be specially designed by the architect to resemble as far as possible that of a not far distant neighbouring and generally unoccupied Royal Palace.

A trained and certificated Diplomatist, who can speak several European languages fluently, will be permanently attached to the staff of the establishment, and give his services gratis.

A couple of effective Sentry Boxes will also be placed at the principal entrance, and occupied permanently by two of the Company's Private Soldiers, who, dressed in the correct uniform of HER MAJESTY'S Foot Guards, will be efficiently drilled for their duty.

Gold Sticks in Waiting will attend in the Hall for the purpose of receiving Royal and Imperial Visitors. They will also, if desired to do so, precede them to their respective apartments, walking backwards up-stairs for a small extra charge.

The general scheme of the establishment will include several public Throne and Reading Rooms, a Privy Council Chamber, Gala Banquet Hall, and a series of excellent Billiard and Abduction Tables by the best makers.

In order to meet the requirements of august personages who desire to be surrounded at a reasonable cost with such State accessories as are proper to their dignity and position, the subjoined Tariff of Prices has been carefully arranged by the Management, in the hope that it will be found not incompatible with a charge on the most moderate civil list:—

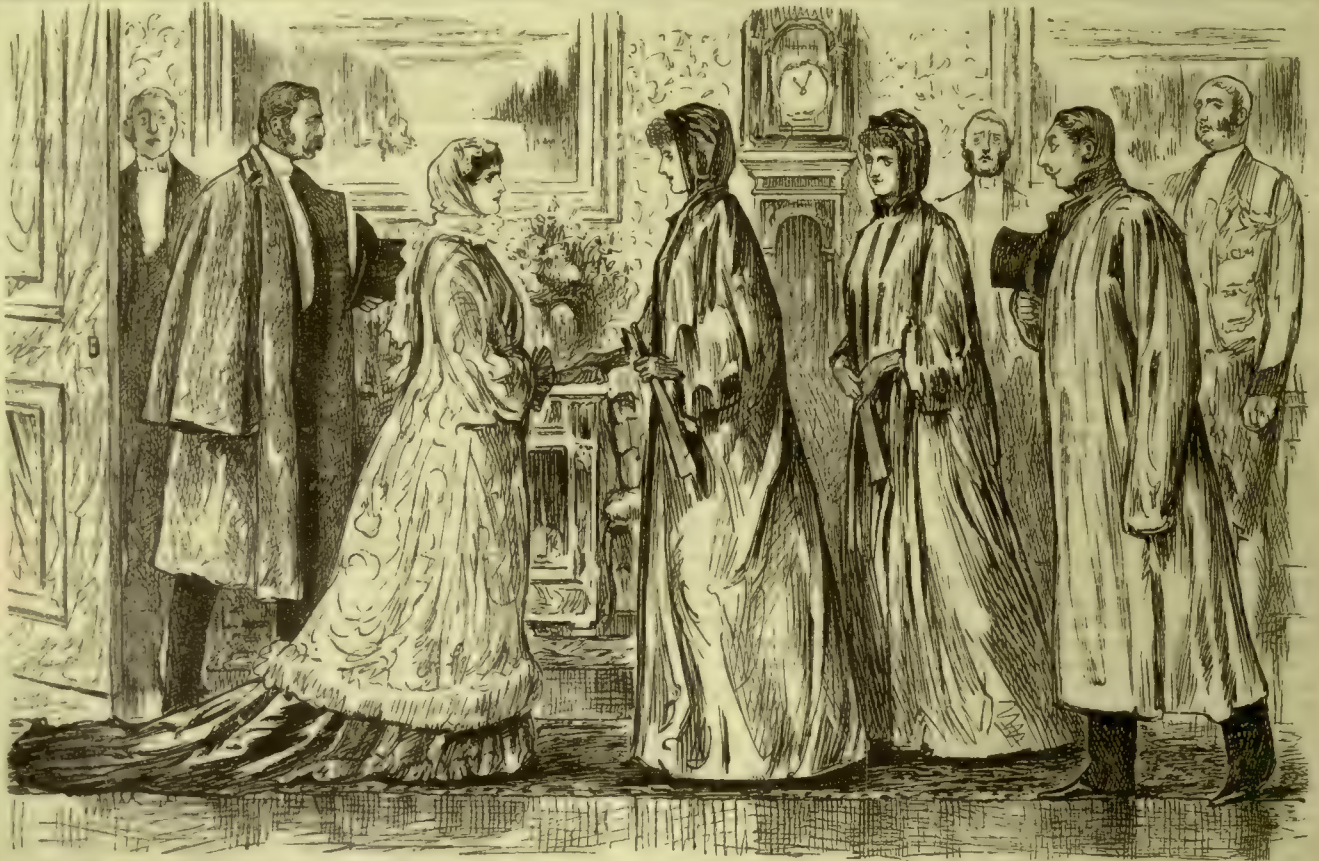
TARIFF.

Private Royal or Imperial Sitting-Room (per day)	5s. to 7s. 6d.
(Ditto, ditto, with throne, 2s. 6d. extra.)	
Ditto Bed-Room (exclusive of light)	3s. to 6s.
State Imperial ditto, with half-taster velvet canopy	8s.
Double-bedded ditto (suitable for two Emperors)	14s.
Breakfast, consisting of Tea or Coffee, with cold Meat, broiled Ham, or Eggs	2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, with full Military Band outside	3s.
Chop or Steak, with potatoes	1s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, with Salvos of Artillery at intervals	1s. 9d.
State Dinner of Soup, or Fish, <i>Entrées</i> , Joint, with Cheese and Celery	3s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, including Toast-Master and Musical Grace	5s.
Ditto, ditto, in Uniform, at High Table (if singly)	1s. extra.
Gas Illumination on Exterior of Sitting-Room, according to device (per evening)	From 2s. to 10s. 6d.
Cup of Tea	4d.
Ditto, on Throne	6d.
Two Lancers to attend Cab or Carriage to Theatre or Reception (for first hour)	1s.
For each succeeding hour	6d.

N.B.—Arrangements concluded for display of Fireworks in private sitting-room, in commemoration of Accession or Coronation Days, according to quantity, and negotiations promptly entered into with Provincial Mayors and other distinguished individuals expressing their readiness to honour the Company's Royal and Imperial Patrons by their notice. Parties also made up and personally conducted to visit State Apartments of Royal Palaces (when open to the Public), or to inspect and explain waxwork effigies of Royal Family at Madame TISSAND's Exhibition.

Daily crowd (with cheers), on entering or leaving hotel, by contract. Strictest attention paid to the slightest International prejudices.

An ultimatum always ready on the premises.



OVERDOING IT.

"WHAT! GOING ALREADY? AND IN MACKINTOSHES! SURELY YOU ARE NOT GOING TO WALK!"

"OH, DEAR NO! LORD ARCHIBALD IS GOING TO TAKE US TO A DEAR LITTLE SLUM HE'S FOUND OUT NEAR THE MINORIES—SUCH A FEARFUL PLACE! FOURTEEN POOR THINGS SLEEPING IN ONE BED, AND NO WINDOW!—AND THE MACKINTOSHES ARE TO KEEP OUT INFECTION, YOU KNOW, AND HIDE ONE'S DIAMONDS, AND ALL THAT!"

A THING OF BEAUTY.

A THING of beauty! Sophist bold and cool,
 Dream you with such preposterous landation
 Of hideous crime; to blind and to befool
 Once more a sore-distraught wrong-headed nation?
 It is so easy, needs so little art,
 Only a face of brass and lips unfaltering.
 Thus ERIN's champions play their patriot part,
 Glosing o'er murder and with treason paltering.
 Most noble, oh, *most* noble! Worth all hire
 A myriad dupes may proffer. Seems their guerdon
 Not taint with blood? Does conscience never tire
 Of patent sophistry's perpetual burden?
 A thing of beauty! Sycorax's son
 Rose-wreathed and lily-garlanded! Delightful!
 Sweet innocent, so full of gentle fun,
 Not savage, never murderous, scarcely spiteful!
 Scowling—he sometimes scowls—in pretty play,
 Maiming—when maim he must—with purest motive,
 Slaying—for sometimes he's constrained to slay—
 In sportfulness, or as an offering votive
 At Patriotism's altar. Taint of crime
 He knows not any more than touch of passion,
 A gentle ghoul of patience quite sublime,
 Blameless as beautiful, and quite the fashion!
 Crown him with wreath Arcadian, set the crook,
 Within his clutch. Great Heaven! it sounds sardonic!
 In memory of the past 'tis hard to brook
 Glosings that seem so hideously ironic.
 Go to, cold Sophister! Those murderous knives
 Gleam still before us; we hold recollection
 Of your ghoul's holocaust of blameless lives,
 Rose-wreaths hide not the awful retrospection.
 Crown *Cahban* with lilies, if you like,
 And hail the ruthless monster as a brother.

Gold for good words! That bargain you may strike,
 And truly, "one good turn deserves another."
 But think not chill effrontery will deceive
 True hearts or History. Casuist cold and sinister,
 Spite of all word-adornments you may weave.
 Your god's a Monster, you its worthy Minister!

NIGHTCAPS AND DREAMS.

DEAR MISTHER POONCH,

A' a'm hale and hearty, mon, thoo I'll see ma Eighty-first year, coom next Easter. A' a'm oop for t' Cattle Shoo wi' Yoong JOHN, Misther NICKLEBY's Godsoon. We allis ca's he Yoong JOHN, thoo he ha' yoong JOHNS o' his oon na'. I see a doethor chap ha' been a-writin' to t' papers aboot "night-caps and dreams." Let 'un tak' t' reeght soort o' neeght-cap, and he'll ha' nowt but pleasant dreams. Soom owd broon branny and hot watter, and nae t' much o' t' watter, ha' been ma' neeght-cap, fur t' last sixty year, and a' t' doethors in t' world weant bether it, I tell 'ee. Your obedient Servant,
Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden. JOHN BROWDIE.

SIX YEARS IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

"SIX ears in a House-Boat"? Rather six eyes and six hands, or sixty eyes and sixty hands, in a House-Boat, judging from the amount seen and chronicled for the benefit of lovers of the Thames. If you doubt what we say, go to the Old Bond Street Galleries, and judge for yourselves. There in the depth of winter you may take the cheapest possible trip up the Thames, and linger as long as you like amid its choicest scenery. Why, by the way, does the accomplished Artist call himself KEELEY HALSWELLE, when he avowedly spent such a long time in a boat without a Keel? This is probably his little joke. No matter. "Halswelle that ends well;" and very few Thames trips have ended so well as the one that everyone can now enjoy at their leisure in Bond Street.



CROWNING THE O'CALIBAN.

[“ Never was there a movement . . . with such odds against it, in association with which there was so much moderation, and such an utter absence of crime and the strong passions which lead to crime.”—*Mr. Parnell's Speech at the Rotunda, Dublin.*]

THE SECRET OF DEADMAN'S TERRACE.

(A Sanitary Christmas Story.)



CHAPTER I.

Y five Uncles! I shall never know what made me do it, but I determined to get rid of them.

Yes; there were five of them! They had taken respectively, but without much success, to the Army, the Navy, the Church, the Bar, and the Medical Profession, and were, Heaven bless them! so much alike, that, but for the outward garb of their respective calling, I could scarcely have distinguished one from the other.

I recall them now, as they stand before me in a row,—five dear, hale, hearty, good-tempered, and singularly confiding old bachelors as you could wish to see. They had never done me any wrong. True,—on the occasion of my christening they had, between them, given me a plated fork, knife, and spoon of an inferior quality; but, as years

had rolled on, I had forgotten,—indeed, I had almost forgiven this.

What was it then? Impulse? Perhaps. Or was it that they stood remotely between me and the enjoyment of £6 13s. per annum? Again—perhaps? But who can tell? Enough that something seemed to say to me, “Before the first of January next your Uncles must disappear.”

Christmas was near at hand, and I quickly decided on my course. I had recently been reading in a penny illustrated paper an admirably written life of one of the elder Borgias. It fascinated me on this gloomy December evening, and I resolved on action. Scarcely conscious of what I did, I walked to the nearest Chemist, and asked mechanically for a pound-and-a-half of the best arsenic.

There was a faint glimmer in the shop, and the proprietor eyed me curiously. Then he got out a large pair of scales.

“You require this for rats, I presume?” he asked, smiling by mere force of habit, as he shovelled about the deadly drug.

I started for an instant, but I soon collected myself.

“Yes—for rats,” I rejoined quietly; “I have five coming to dine with me on Christmas Day.”

I was thinking of my Uncles, and spoke absently,—but my inter-

rogator paused. Something I had said had evidently interested him. He stole softly round the counter, and led me to the door.

We were standing in the thickening fog now, and he had taken me kindly by the hand.

“There be land rats and family rats,” he said, quoting SHAKESPEARE, in a sweet husky voice, “and you doubtless would get rid of them. But you are young, ah! too, too young for a Coroner’s inquest; and arsenic is but poor stuff nowadays. Take the advice of an old man who, in his time, has not been unfamiliar with the working of the local Burial Club. Try something surer.”

“But what?” I gasped, my bright little Christmas fancy seeming to fade, as I spoke, in the stifling winter gloom.

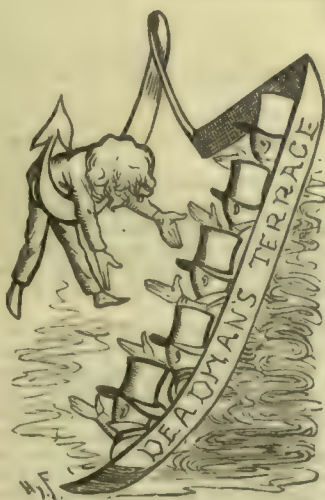
He laughed bitterly. “You ask *what*,” he echoed, “when the water company, the milkman, the tinned provision merchant, and, deadiest of all, the modern builder, conspire to defraud the poor old toiling but honest dispenser of simple poisons of his hard-earned pittance? Ha! ha! ha! you are indeed young!” Then the door closed,—but not till three hoarsely-whispered words had reached my ear.

The words were these:—“Try Deadman’s Terrace.”

CHAPTER II.

I lost no time. At nine o’clock the next morning I had seen the Agent. At ten I had taken No. 13, Deadman’s Terrace, on a three years’ agreement. My furniture went in the same afternoon, and by the evening’s country post I despatched the five letters of invitation to my five Uncles.

Was I mad? No. Was I sanguine? Yes. For everything promised success. I noticed that there was straw laid down the road as far as the eye could reach either way,—that there was a hatchment, too, on every other house. My spirits rose.





A PRACTICAL VIEW.

First Parishioner (to recently-appointed Minister). "VERRA GLED TO FALL IN WI' YE, SIR, AN' MAK' YER ACQUA'NTANCE! I HINNA BEEN AT THE KIRK SYNE YE CAM', AS I WIS IN ROSS-SHIRE."

Parson. "WELL, I AM VERY PLEASSED TO MEET YOU. YOU MAY HAVE HEARD WHETHER MY SERM——"

Parishioner. "OH, A' THE FOWK ARE GREATLY TAKEN WI' YER MENNERS AN' APPEARANCE, YER ATTENTION TO THE PAIR BODIES O' THE PARISH, YER VISITIN' THE SICK, AN'——WHA CARES FOR PREACHIN'!"

But let me recall the situation. First, the house—my house, the one I had taken. It comes back to me now as in the first moment I entered it. I can almost feel the icy chill that struck into my very marrow from the dripping dampness of the walls; the staggering faintness with which I mounted to the drawing-room floor, overcome

by the appalling odour that pervaded every nook and corner of the premises. My Solicitor was with me at the time. I can see him, in that far past distinctly, reeling backwards in a fit, and borne away delirious, never to recover, to the nearest hospital.

Other pleasing recollections flit through my brain. There is the caretaker, pallid, but supported against the death-dealing miasma of the basement by gin and habit. I can hear her voice as she gives me grim details of my own and the surrounding property.

"Where all this here terrace stands, they do say, Sir, was a fever-swamp as had all the rubbish of the neighbourhood thrown into it for years, and there wasn't a house of the whole seventy-two of 'em that use'n't to have three funerals a quarter when



they first started. Some says there's something wrong with the 'ouses still, but, bless you, I don't believe it; for they was, the whole lot of 'em, run up in three months—nice green wood put into 'em, too,—and it can't be drains,—as, for matter o' that, none of them, to my certain knowledge, 'as got any at all."

It was New Year's Eve, and I was moved by the generous spirit of the hour. I remember giving the good soul half-a-crown, and going to my study in a state of pleasant, feverish, but hopeful excitement. The hour was near. I had not long to wait. Presently came a loud ring at

the bell, then another, quickly followed by three more. My Uncles were here at last! In a few minutes the whole five of them had arrived.

"Well, JACK, my boy," they all said, in turn, in their honest, cheery manner as I showed them to their respective rooms, "you seem to have a rare snug berth of a house here. I mean to enjoy myself, for I never felt so well in my life!"

As I shut them into their various mephitic but cosily furnished cells, with their cans of hot water to dress for dinner, I smiled quietly. Then taking a dose of fever mixture myself, as a mere precaution, I awaited them on the drawing-room rug. They came down at length, and I saw at a glance that the advice of my good kind old friend, the criminal chemist, had been sound. As they entered the room, I noticed the marvellous effect that even this short stay under my roof had already produced on them. Their hale look was gone. On the announcement of dinner they staggered rather than walked to the door. I had taken the arm of my military Uncle.

"You are not well?" I said, carelessly.

"Nothing, my boy," was his prompt, soldierlike reply; "but the



room seems whirling, and—hang it!—I've not felt this sort of sensation in my head since I was blown up in the magazine at Fuzzypore."

It was clear that Deadman's Terrace had begun its work!

(To be continued.)

A TOYDY LOT.

Truth's Exhibition of Christmas Toys for the Children in the various London Hospitals and Workhouses is open on the 19th and 20th. How delighted Old *Caleb Plummer* would have been to have assisted in turning out some of these, and to have sung with the Peri, adapted to the peri-od, "Toy! Toy! my task is done!" Only Dollies with wooden heads and sawdust hearts could refuse to assist this excellent Christmas Christian's work which brings joy to so many a "little one in."

We trust that there will not be one such uncanny puppet among them as would have pleased that old grim-guffin, TACKLETON. Of course, being started by *Truth*, it is no secret that the show was originated by Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., and this distich might be placed over the entrance—

"The work is LARRY'S
To please the babbies."

And "*Truth* to tell," Mr. *Punch* wishes it the greatest possible success.

"LAVVY," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "I like our menu, which means bill of fare, you know, to be in English; but there's one exception: 'Larks' seems to me such a vulgar word, and so I always put them in as 'allumettes.'"

FROM AN INTELLIGENT CORRESPONDENT.—Sir, Is the Ban of Croatia in any way connected with the "Curse of Kehama?"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 167.



NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.,

ILLUMINATING THE SUN.

AN ANSWER PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

"Last week in your Fancy Portrait," write several Artistic Correspondents, "you called Mr. HERKÖMER, HERBERT HERKÖMER, R.A. First, he isn't 'HERBERT' but 'HUBERT'; and, secondly, he is not 'R.A.' but 'A.R.A.'" Gentlemen! Gentlemen! wasn't it a *Fancy Portrait*? And if Mr. HERBERT (we like "HERBERT" better than "HUBERT," and so did the Printer) HERKÖMER is not all our fancy painted him, why grumble? If he doesn't "fancy himself"—rather—as R.A., well, we did, and we wish he may get it,—as no doubt he will. What's the good of a fancy portrait if it is to be a plain matter-of-fact resemblance? Why, it might as well be like its original at once, and we all know from the sworn evidence of the Royal Academical Experts that the merit of mere likeness does not give a portrait its artistic value. "Go to! Go to!"—SHAKESPEARE.

FOR THE NEW CITY DIRECTORY.

ACCOUNTANT.—One who never accounts.

Cotton Broker.—One who breaks.

THE Poet-Laureate to be a Peer. He should be something more than a Baron. His own wishes are expressed in one of his best-known poems, "If you're waking—call me Early."

ON THE NEW UNDERGROUND.

GIVE me a ticket, please, which will enable me to get out at the Reformers' Oak in Hyde Park.

Do we really travel underneath the Serpentine? How fortunate that I provided myself with a waterproof before starting.

I suppose that it is because the line passes somewhere near Buckingham Palace that the explosion occurred last evening which knocked out all my front teeth and spoilt a new pair of trousers.

Is it true that all the omnibus conductors between Westminster, Charing Cross, and Regent Circus, have joined the Invincible Organisation, owing to being thrown out of employment by the competition of the new line?

As no ventilators of any kind whatever are allowed on this railway, perhaps the Company will provide suitable mortuaries at Edgware Road and Westminster Stations for the reception of asphyxiated passengers.

Did you say that the sound of Ministers, engaged in heated argument, could be distinctly heard when the train comes to a standstill under Downing Street?

No, because since the cask of dynamite was discovered hidden in the funnel of an engine worked by a Fenian driver, all traffic has been suspended on the days when Cabinet Councils are held.

Dear me! Who was it—Mr. HOWARD VINCENT, I fancy—who said that London was the safest capital in Europe?

How pleasant, after all, it is to know that all the little ragamuffins from Chapel Street, Edgware Road, are now able to take tickets to Birdcage Walk Station, and play about the Mall all day, after assisting at the Trooping of the Colours in the morning!

Oh, Guard! I am afraid I must really have taken the wrong train, as I have booked for Hammersmith, and yet here I am at midnight landed, in a dense fog, on a damp grass-plot, in the very middle of the Green Park!

"WHEN FOUND," &c.—The *Times Reviewer*, in his second notice of the *Life of Lord Lytton*, says of him in his early working days, when making £500 a-year and spending £3000, "Almost an unknown man, and generally detested by the Critics, he had to meet the deficit by indefatigable toil." We draw attention to the words which we have placed in italics for the information of those who follow without inquiry the opinions of self-constituted professional leaders of public taste. "*Pelham* brought him into fame, though the manuscript had been rejected by the publisher's reader." An old story; but on the other hand, to how many would-be Authors has rejection by the publisher's reader been a boon? The Reader—the one solitary reader whom these mute inglorious Thackerays and Dickenss, these nipped-in-the-bud novelists, have had—is a public benefactor. We doubt if we should have heard of Mr. ANSTEY GUTHRIE's, or GUTHRIE ANSTEY's, *Vice Versa*, but for a very judicious and discriminating Reader. But that any Author, once started, should have to fight against the "general detestation of critics," says much for the successful Author, and much against the Critics.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM tells us her youngest Nephew has just become a Midshipman in the Royal Navy, and she has given him one of the best Aromatic Telescopes that could be bought for money.

THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By *Punchius Naso*.)

CANTO V.—DRESS.

DRESS! Spheric word with cyclic meaning fraught!
Whole universe of fancy, passion, thought,



Closed in five letters! What, of all that moves
The female breast, from teas to tragic loves,
Moves it so solely, with such conquering stress,
As to crowd out emotions born of Dress?
PUNCHIUS, his task the course of love to trace,
Perchance should have apportioned the first place—
Not the Fifth Canto—and his freshest fire,
To the soul-searching subject of Attire!
Woman's infirmity, alone supreme
And self-sufficing, boundary of all dream,
And all desire, circuit beyond whose scope
Flies fancy never, never flutters hope.
Love seems its mere dependent. Yet the tie
'Twixt them is close and strong. To lure Love's eye
Vestureless Venus vaunts a lesser charm
Than she whom "Form" and Fashion jointly arm
For wider conquest. Young VANESSA knows
The power of "Form" as well as she who rose
Fair from the Paphian foam-wreaths, "Form" displayed
Not less bewitchingly because arrayed
By Fashion, not by Neptune. It were odd
If deftest skill of the old briny god,
With snowy spray and sea-wrack only aided,
Revealed so deftly, so discreetly shaded,
As the joint wisdom and united skill
Of *Modistes* and *Mammas*, equipped at will
With all that Mode and Mammon furnish forth,
The wealth of Babylon, the wit of WORTH,
The typic fig-leaf aptly to adjust
To varying exigence of zone and bust.
VANESSA, matron-coached, has an idea
That she could give long odds to Cytherea
In roseate revealings, and romp in
An easy winner. How to best begin,
How most adroitly finish—problem this
Young jockeys and coy *ingénues* may miss,
Not ARCHER or VANESSA.

But a pout
Wreathes with the shadow of a wistful doubt
Those soft, uncalculating, free-arched lips,
Not yet in love with scorn or cynic quips.
Well, willow-waisted GRACE, your dainty guise
Is innocently aimed at manly eyes!
Aha! You blush, bending the briar-spray down
O'er the white forehead which affects to frown.
Why not? 'Tis seldom men sincerely scorn
The Art whose aim is Nature to adorn
In Nature's highest shape. Though Satire gird
With pen or pencil at a mode absurd,
Satire would feel the funniest of shocks
Should Satire's wife abjure the mode he mocks,
And earn the dreaded name of Dowdy! Clime
Compels convention. Ours no golden prime
Of life Arcadian. To the critic eye
All human vesture seems absurdity,
Most comic of necessities. But men
Are not all TEUFELSDRÖCKHS. Attack them then
With arms *Le Follet* fashions to your use.
Culture the code of Fashion may abuse

But not abolish. Dress is the supreme
Philistinism of our sphere; no dream
Of rational revolution or revolt,
No wit-winged flight of *Radicule's* swift bolt,
Can move our soft assailants. Dullard man
Abides the siege, but fathoms not the plan.
The witchery of fine folds and artful dyes
He'll credit, clever CLELIA, to your eyes;
The tasteful cincture of the trim-laced zone,
Lithe LUCY, is a charm he'll deem your own;
The swell and sweep of drapery ordered well
He'll blend with you, majestic ISABEL;
The snowy girth of taper wrist and throat,
The lace that flutters, and the plumes that float,
O dainty GRACE, he'll think seraphic things,
Inseparable from you as gowns and wings
From the ideal angels of our songs.
"Form's" fitting vesture to the soul belongs,
In common apprehension. Who so keen
As to appraise the spell of glow and sheen
Apart from silk-clad sorceress, siren trim,
Whose every contour soft and slender limb
Radiates robe-charmed brightness? Cupid knows
The witchery of tense glove and tasteful hose.
Hear what the genial god confides to *Punch*,
O'er "Boy" and bivalves, at a Fleet Street lunch!

CUPID.

"Beauty when unadorned adorned the most!"
Oh, prettiest of Parnassian commonplaces!
The tri-forked Mount, for all its valiant boast
Of free ideals and unfettered graces,
Is as convention-bound—in most things—still,
As Primrose Hill.

Pygmalion to-day might compromise
With vesture ere he vitalised his statue.
Picture pure *Galatea's* gentle eyes
Arch o'er a Mayfair fan-arch beaming at you!
No Cyprian studio yours for sculpture Phidian,
Or song Ovidian!

Is 'Art a grey Tithonus lagging slow
After the flying footsteps of the Morning?
So twitterers tell us. But the roseate glow
Of clouds, the pomp of flowers make sweet "adorning,"
Which scarcely mars the beauty of Aurora,
The charm of Flora.

Beauty in beauty robed, though less divine
Than in pure self-sufficingness, best fitteth
Our less than Golden Age. The hyaline,
O'er which storm-wrack or snow-cloud never fitteth,
May canopy the robe-unaided Charis
The free-limbed Paris;

But could the charm-appraising shepherd-boy
Judge at a modern Beauty-Show, he'd grapple
With the idea of "Dress as a Decoy,"
And, I will wager, not withhold the apple
Because *La Mode* arrays your Mayfair goddesses
In ball-room bodices!

So Cupid, sweetings, on the mighty theme.
What subtler sense through his soft praise may gleam
'Tis yours to measure. That the Paphian fire
Is quickened and not quenched by deft attire
He owneth.

Yet be wise; cross not the gods
By inharmonious freaks with Taste at odds.
A tint *flamboyant*, or a dowdy turn
Of skirt or scarf, may dim the lights that burn
In eyes late worshipping; a tender twist
Of tendril hair, a curve of slender wrist,
Lace-girt or golden-circled, may avail
To re-illumine flames that faint or fail.
Fitness, not fashion, is the conquering lure,
Eros to win and suitors to secure,
But there's a subtler art—oh, study this!—
'Tis blending both in one fine synthesis!
Fitness on fashion moulds, and fashion bends
To the behests of fitness to such ends
As sublimates *Le Follet* into charm,
Making of Beauty's bonds a keener arm,
And half redeem us from the stern *dureesse*
Of that opprobrium of the Human—Dress!

CRACKER DOOM.—To be pulled at Christmas.

THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

PART IX.—LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

In the days gone by, at the fag-end of a toast-list at a Farmer's Dinner, "the Gentlemen of the Press" used to be given with a brevity attributable to the Chairman's exhaustion. That exhaustion had been caused by numberless "healths" of far greater importance than the welfare of those claiming to be Members of the Fourth Estate. The acknowledgment was usually entrusted to a lad of eighteen or thereabouts, who addressed, in impassioned accents, an audience of wine-weary sleepers. But nowadays all this is changed, and "The Press," when it figures either in a proposal or a response, nearly invariably is provocative of the highest flights of eloquence. And until recently, this special recognition of Journalism was the only acknowledgment, from a toast-master's point of view, that such a thing as Literature was in existence. Again nowadays this is changed, and "the Pen" is nearly as popular after dinner as "the Sword."

However, when all is said and done, the toast is new, and consequently it may be as well to jot down a few suggestions calculated to assist the proposer of "Literature" in acquitting himself creditably. Here follows then—

FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED BY THE CHAMPIONS OF THE PEN.

1. That the QUEEN has published *Stray Leaves from a Diary*.
2. That Lord WOLSELEY wrote *The Soldier's Pocket-book*.
3. That Lords MACAULAY and LYTTON both scribbled a little.
4. That the Earl of BEACONSFIELD got £1,000 (more or less) for *Endymion*.
5. That the Author of *Locksley Hall, and other Poems*, is about to be made a Peer.
6. And, lastly, above all and before all, that Literature pays, nowadays, nearly as well as cheesemongering.

This, of course, is taking a very material view of the subject. There is an alternative tone that can be adopted, the more especially that recently the tone in question has become very fashionable. The prevailing idea by those who accept this last view of the subject is that there is a hidden meaning in everything, which is either beneath or above comprehension. Thus there is something grandly suggestive about a gridiron. The fact that the homely article is used for cooking mutton-chops or beef-steaks is a mere uninteresting detail—it must be regarded as a peer to a sunset or a snow-covered mountain. Again, if a Theatrical Manager produces a successful play, and in consequence is able to announce on placards that "the Stalls are full," and that there is "only standing-room in the Pit," the mere commercial value of the venture must be ignored the while the enterprising entrepreneur is lauded to the skies for his "love of the beautiful," and his "deep earnest feeling for the welfare of Art." To make this plainer, it will be as well to give an illustration. And, as the subject is very often connected with the Drama, a dramatic form is the most convenient in which that illustration can be presented. To work, then:—

SCENE—A Banquet. TIME—When the sweets of the confectioner have given place to the sugar of the after-dinner orator. The tenth toast on the list has been proposed, honoured, and received a response. A young old man, with an effeminate air and a silk shirt-front, rises to introduce "No. 11" to the garrulous revellers. He wears a pince-nez, and speaks with the soupçon of a hiss. He is received with considerable applause on being recognised as MR. ROSETTI TWADDLE, the eminent Critic.

Mr. Rosetti Twaddle (deferentially). Your Royal Highness—(graciously)—my Lords and—(abruptly)—Gentlemen. I have undertaken a somewhat difficult task this evening. But I do not dread the responsibility, as every task must be difficult if performed in an entirely earnest spirit. ("Hear, hear!") I wish to be entirely and wholly in earnest, for I take it that the highest aims of the man of culture are as the half-forgotten whispering of the Autumn leaves, unless approached with all the rugged force of an equatorial whirlpool. (Applause.) All things that are wholly true must be of necessity completely lovable. ("Hear, hear!") And as this is indeed the case, pens, ink, and paper, when the means of suggesting noble thoughts at once assume the exquisite grandeur of all that is most true, and consequently most admirable, in Nature, which is another name for Art. (Loud cheers.) The soldier of the pen should be inspired by a subtle influence, and it is this subtle influence—so strange in its ramifications, so wholly comforting in its suggestions—that I ask you to toast even as our ancestors crushed cups in their armour to the fairest ladies of their knightly choice. ("Hear, hear!") For, indeed, this subtle influence is a beautiful mistress—pure as a lily, as grand as an earthquake. (Cheers.) It was this gentle mistress that inspired HOMER, CHAUCER, or, to come to modern times, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. ("Hear, hear!") And it is this subtle influence, this gentle, this beautiful mistress,

who has inspired our dear friend TOMPKINS BROWN, the lessee of the Theatre Royal Parthenon. (Prolonged cheering.) I am glad you agree with me, for I take this consent as a sign of your entirely perfect intelligence. (Renewed applause.) It happened that I was at the theatre of our respected friend—respected, because he is the High Priest of Art—(cheers)—only a few nights ago. I had been in his private room, and had been discussing a poor play of my own. ("No, no!") Yes, poor, because it contained but a few thousand lines of indifferent verse. ("No, no!") You are completely kind! (Cheers.) And when we had come to the only right, the only possible conclusion, that mere Money was not to be weighed for an instant in the scales with Art—("hear, hear!")—and the consideration of the date for the production of my little fancy had been temporarily postponed, TOMPKINS BROWN invited me to "come in front" to see his latest contribution to the civilisation of the nineteenth century. (Cheers.) I obeyed, and never shall I forget what I then saw. I was in fairyland. There were scores of beautiful figures draped in gold and silver tissue floating through an atmosphere of the most delicately tinted gems. But I did not look at the scene. My attention was riveted on the chief Actor, who, wearing a white tunic with red spots, and a peculiar head-dress (handed down to us from mediæval times) with three thin upright plumes, was gazing at the wholly beautiful beings revolving around him, with intense earnestness. The face of the chief Actor was an epic. (Cheers.) His soul shone through the white paint on his nose, the red triangular spots on his cheeks and forehead. (Cheers.) His look of mingled wonder and admiration brought the tears to my eyes. ("Hear, hear!") A smile of marvellous simplicity spread over his prominent eyes, his artificially-widened mouth, like the shadow of a summer-cloud sailing over a corn-field. There was an exquisite pathos in his wonder, an infinite tenderness in his admiration. (Cheers.) That smile recalled Swiss cataracts, Italian ruins, the glories of Rome, the broken marbles of ancient Greece. (Renewed applause.) I murmured, "Enter boldly, for here, too, there are Gods!" (Frantic cheering.) I felt that I was watching a great Actor. ("Hear, hear!") Then he turned round, and, with admirable earnestness, knocked down the scoffing figure of his companion, an ancient Pantaloon. (Cheers.) That blow was a revelation. In it I traced a career wholly devoted to Art. (Renewed applause.) And what caused me to see so much? I will tell you. It was that subtle influence to which I have alluded—that subtle influence which guides the pen of the wholly honest critic, which opens the eyes of culture, and is yet as nought to the yokel and the Philistine. This subtle influence is the life of literature, the soul of criticism. And this subtle influence is what I ask you to toast. It is the life-blood of the pen and the bone, tissues and nerves of the pencil. ("Hear, hear!") I give you, then, from the very bottom of my heart, and with entire confidence in its reception, the revelation of to-day and the great master of to-morrow. In a word, I give you—Gush!

[Enormous enthusiasm, during which the speaker resumes his seat.

So much for the proposal. As for the reply, it is useless to give it. If inspired by the proper spirit, it would be wholly and entirely—unintelligible.

HAIK-ZACTLY So!—In the very useless dispute between Mr. CHARLES HAIG, wine-merchant, and the Rev. DAWSON BURNS, D.D., as to Liquor Trade and Christianity, it certainly seems to us that the wine-merchant has six-to-four the best of it in argument. Among other things, he said that the "sobriety of the Jews was not due to their religious regulations nor to their exclusiveness;" and he stated that at Passover-time, publicans in the East-end of London "put up a Hebrew word in their windows signifying that they have on tap a particular puncheon of rum which has been passed by the Rabbi." Now this is a bit indefinite. Had the worthy Rabbi "passed the puncheon" as he would among convives have "passed the bottle," or had he neglected it and passed over it, or passed by it, or examined it and then, because it "answered," given it a pass? The last, we suppose, is the correct version. We were not aware that there were Jew publicans; but, being reminded of the ancient riddle which might have had its origin in Palestine, it is evidently quite in the fitness of things that the publicans should be one of the He-brews. The idea of anyone of the name of Burns going in for total abstinence! Well, well, Time brings its revenges. But, assuredly, the Rev. Dr. Dawson Burns would have been disavowed by the "rantin' roarin' boy" of that ilk were he still in the "land of cakes" and ale, while as to Mr. HAIG, the sound of his name recalls the one place where to drink water is an impossibility, and the absorption of Hollands a necessity. See *Murray's Guide* as to the *Hague* and the quality of the water in the Low Countries. When we went there we followed the guide-book's advice, which was similar to *Bailey's*, at Mrs. Todgers's—"Don't touch none of it;" and, as may be imagined, we had a very Murray time of it. Hoop! Mynheer Boompjes!



WHAT NEXT?

Viscount Fozzle (tenth transmitter of a foolish face) to Earl Boozle (fifteenth ditto).
 "I HEAR THAT POET FELLAH—MR. WHATSHISNAME—IS GOING TO BECOME ONE OF US!"

AN EXAMPLE AND A PUZZLE.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is an ornament, and a very beautiful ornament, to her Profession. An eminent Financialist (says *Truth*) asked her, through Mr. MITCHELL, what her terms would be to come to his house, dine, and amuse his guests afterwards. To which she replied, that she was not on hire for dining or evening party purposes. We hear, also, that she did something better even than this, of which it is not our *métier* to speak more plainly.

But what a contrast between the conduct of *La belle Américaine* and that of the French *artistes* who honour us with their presence during the Season! Of course our English Actresses never do the drawing-room show business with dinner included, refreshments and supper thrown in. Fancy the snubbing that an invitation of this sort sent through Mr. MITCHELL, or any leading Librarian) would receive from Mrs. KENDAL if requested to recite *Galatea*, for example, or from Miss ELLEN TERRY if invited to come out as *Beta* (or *Gamma*, which was it?) in *The Cup*! or from Miss ELLEN FARREN if asked for *La Bouteille* in costume, or from Miss KATE VAUGHAN if invited to do three of her inimitable dances after dessert! What a Snob must the host be! and what a host of Snobs at the party! Yet it used to be done once upon a time, when, as "the Profession" didn't think quite so much of itself as it does now, it certainly was not thought so much of by "Society."

Tempora mutantur—but not to any very great extent. Lady THEODORE MARTIN or Mrs. CHARLES KEAN in their time would have sent the same answer to the snobbish Financialist as Miss MARY ANDERSON has done. But how about the Operatic Artistes who are both Actors and Singers? Why should they take pay for an evening's drawing-room show and not be considered as doing anything derogatory to their artistic position? Why should an Entertainer, who is in every respect on an equal footing with the Actor or Operatic

THE FAMILY GHOST.

(A Christmas Carol. AIR—"The Mistletoe Bough.")

At the Old Manor House and ancestral Hall,
 Where the ivy climbs over the gable-end wall,
 A Rookery lends the domain a charm,
 And the rats and the mice within-door swarm;
 And, time out of mind, as the talk hath been,
 There's a spectral Thing to be heard and seen.
 O, the Family Ghost!
 O, the Family Ghost!

A sound, as it were, of a rustling train,
 That sweeps into the chambers, and out again,
 And anon there appeareth an ancient Dame,
 Like a figure steeped out of a picture-frame,
 In a stomacher, frill, and farthingale,
 And her eyes glimmer through an antique lace-veil.
 O, the Family Ghost!
 O, the Family Ghost!

There's a room where the Ghost is given to keep
 So in that one apartment that none dare sleep.
 No man-servant, maid-servant, girl, or groom,
 Will adventure a night in the Haunted Room.
 Should the Host any Stranger away there stow,
 The Ghost of the Family lets him know.
 O, the Family Ghost!
 O, the Family Ghost!

A something in sooth it may be to boast,
 That a fellow hath gotten a Family Ghost,
 For a Family Ghost to a Family Name
 Is a sort of appurtenance much the same
 As a coat-of-arms, or a Family Tree;
 No such Ghost but for persons of pedigree.
 O, the Family Ghost!
 O, the Family Ghost!

In your stuccoed Villas it scorns to dwell;
 Stands only the hold of your high-born Swell.
 It disdains to appear—having too much pride—
 To the family circle at Christmastide,
 Where, if ghost-stories then be but truly told,
 It could, an it listed, a tale unfold.
 O, the Family Ghost!
 O, the Family Ghost!

THERE is no truth in the report that, in view of his exalted lineage, Baron TENNYSON will adopt as his new motto, "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." These trifles are left for the consideration of Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE.

A NEW PART FOR A BART.

THE blithesome Bart. has in his time tried most things. But till reading the following advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, we were not aware that he had turned his attention to letting lodgings:—

A BARONET and his Wife will be glad to meet with a Lady (who may desire a quiet, comfortable HOME in the Country) to reside with them. An invalid or elderly Lady would receive every kindness and attention.—Address, &c.

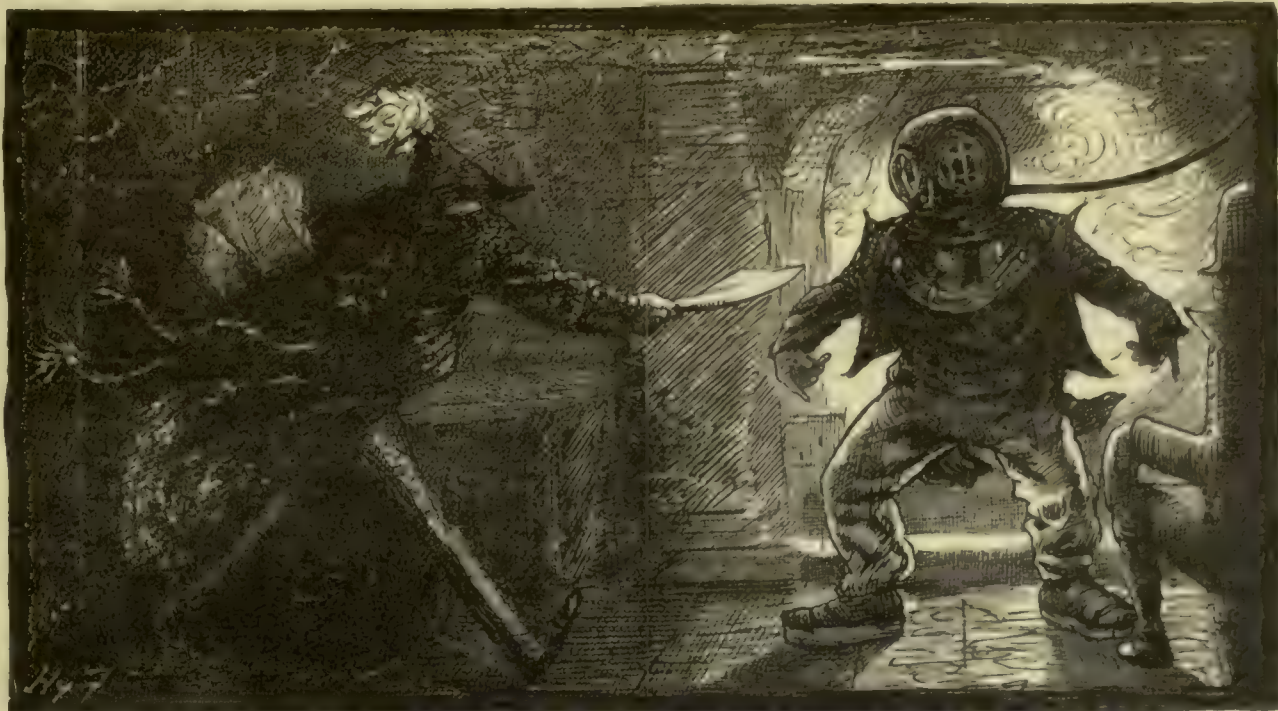
Here is an opportunity for elderly Ladies to have a real good time. Fancy the pleasure of being supported by the bart-ly arm to dinner, having tea handed by a real red bart-ly hand, and in listening to words of wisdom that fall from the bart-ly lips. This utilisation of title is a capital hint, and doubtless Dukes in difficulties, moneyless Marquises, and the impecunious aristocracy generally, might make a fortune by letting lodgings in this fashion.

MR. BELT takes the £500, a slice instead of the whole hog for our pig-malion. Tisn't much gain, but he is content to put up with a certain lawes. "*Non ultima laus est*"—is this the last of LAWES?

THE Aldermen have named Mr. CORRIE GRANT, Mr. IN-CORRI-GIBLE GRANT.

THE SECRET OF DEADMAN'S TERRACE.

(Our Sanitary Christmas Story—Concluded.)



CHAPTER III.

HE dinner was over now, and my five Uncles were writhing with great difficulty towards their five respective rooms.

Yes,—there was no doubt of it, the dinner had been a great success! Had I deserved my good fortune? I think I had.

I had determined, as far as it were possible with the means placed at my disposal by the accommodating condition of the existing law, that my little inaugural banquet should materially assist and supplement, by a few swift and deadly strokes, the surer if slower work that was to be accomplished when it was over by my reeking walls and defective drainage. It was a modest resolve, and I was not destined to be disappointed.

I had arranged the menu with great care, and had selected my provisions with considerable tact. The fish, a fine full-sized cod, was one of the three hundred and seventy-five that only a few minutes after my purchase were seized by the Authorities and ordered to be instantly destroyed as a nuisance dangerous alike to health and life in the immediate vicinity of the consignment. With my meat I was even more happy!

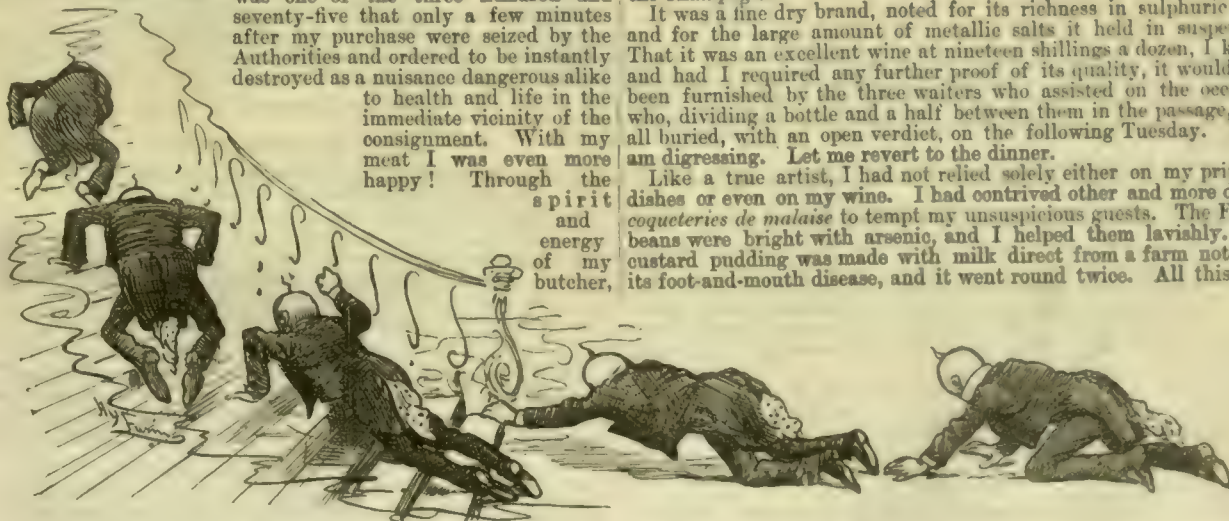
Through the spirit and energy of my butcher,

whose enterprise was great in supplying the neighbourhood with prime but diseased joints that were quite unfit for human food, I

was enabled to secure a portion of a condemned carcass well suited to my simple purpose. I was not surprised, therefore, to notice that my five Uncles all became a little silent and thoughtful after the soup. But the incident merely encouraged me. With a careless toss of the head, I ordered the waiter to open the Champagne.

It was a fine dry brand, noted for its richness in sulphuric acid, and for the large amount of metallic salts it held in suspension. That it was an excellent wine at nineteen shillings a dozen, I knew; and had I required any further proof of its quality, it would have been furnished by the three waiters who assisted on the occasion, who, dividing a bottle and a half between them in the passage, were all buried, with an open verdict, on the following Tuesday. But I am digressing. Let me revert to the dinner.

Like a true artist, I had not relied solely either on my principal dishes or even on my wine. I had contrived other and more dainty *coqueteries de malaise* to tempt my unsuspecting guests. The French beans were bright with arsenic, and I helped them lavishly. The custard pudding was made with milk direct from a farm noted for its foot-and-mouth disease, and it went round twice. All this filled



me with quiet hope. But my chief *pièce de résistance* was a dish of tinned rabbit.

As a plate of this deadly *entrées* was placed before each of my five Uncles, and they began to pronounce it "excellent," my heart positively beat with excitement. For a moment I was almost scientifically interested, like one assisting at some pleasing and novel experiment.

For I recalled the celebrated luncheon of the poisoned tarts given by BENEVENUTO MARAFFI, Fourth Duke of Milan, to HILDEBRAND THE NINTH and the Doge of Venice, and remembered how, when the latter had taken seventeen in succession, he turned, much to the astonishment and amusement of the Venerable Pontiff, a pale orange colour. So I watched my Uncles narrowly.

I had not long to wait. The cheap tinned poison of the American firm soon showed itself more searching and potent than the price-*less* preparations of Tofana.

Yes; there was no mistaking it! *One by one my five Uncles turned slowly to a deep rich emerald green!*

My first impulse was to jump on my chair and cheer; but they had risen to their feet, and were asking for a little water, and by a great effort I restrained myself. There was a huge tankard on the sideboard, drawn fresh that very afternoon. It contained fifty-seven per cent. of organic matter, and was supplied through a freely-furred leaden pipe from a cistern I had carefully concealed from the Sanitary Inspector. I could answer for the quality of that water.

With a cheery "You'll be all right, presently!" I forced a good quart of it laughingly on each of them. As I suspected, it did not refresh them; but its effect was marvellous.

At first they seemed stunned. Then the other four reeled blindly in the direction of my Uncle the Doctor. He had only taken twice of the rabbit, and appeared to understand them. He broke silence.

"I am afraid, my boy," he said, sobbing hysterically, "that you have treated us too—too handsomely."

The others nodded assent, and leaned against each other, for support.

"We are not feeling very well," he continued, "and I think, on the whole, we would rather go to bed."

"The heat of the room?" I asked, in a playful offhand manner, as I rang for their five candles.

"The heat of the room! that is all!" was the muffled and wheezing reply.

I out an involuntary caper, for I knew the End was near at last.

In another minute they were creeping slowly and laboriously up the stairs, to their respective rooms, on all-fours!

CHAPTER IV.

It was eleven minutes to eleven. So far things had gone well beyond my wildest hopes. How did matters stand?

I had said to myself, "before the beginning of the new year!" True, there were but seventy-one minutes left, yet I felt perfectly sanguine as to the result. The last state of debility had been reached with an ease that even at this grim hour pleased and interested me.

But the time had come for the house to do its work! As I thought of this, again my spirits rose, and I made my arrangements for the night.

As a simple precaution against the stifling miasma of the premises, I had provided myself with a complete diver's costume. In this I now arrayed myself. Fitting on tightly the glass-eyed helmet, that had a moveable india-rubber pipe communicating with the outer air, for purposes of ventilation, attached to it, I sat down in an easy chair before the flickering fire, and waited the issue of events.

How well I can recall that little interval of expectant repose! I remember smiling to myself inside my diver's helmet. I was thinking of my five aged relatives upstairs, for, with a spontaneous Christmastide irony, I had arranged the nomenclature of their five rooms according to the insanitary peculiarities they respectively possessed.

The titles flitted fancifully through my brain. "The Deadly Damp Room," "The Open Sink Room," "The Poisoned Dado Room," "The Gas Escape Room," "The Frozen Chill Room." What a merry sound they all had in this, the last night of the good old year!

So I smiled, for I was wondering which of the five would be the first to do its work.

Yet, beyond the occasional upsetting of a wardrobe and a distant oath or two now and then, there was no sound from upstairs. Sometimes I thought I heard violent footsteps, as if someone were dancing. But they died away. Why was there no movement? Half-past eleven struck. I grew anxious.

I could not well leave the room, on account of the limited length of my protecting india-rubber pipe. To have taken off my helmet now would have been to have risked much. I hesitated. Yet the bells were already beginning to ring in the New Year. I rose from my chair, when, to my great relief, I noticed that a figure was standing in the doorway.

It had on a Military headgear, some Naval trappings, a dressing-gown, and bore, under its right arm, five duly executed wills. I saw,

at a glance, it was my Legal Uncle, in a state of temporary intermittent delirium.

"Ha! my boy!" he said, stumbling towards the table, and manifesting no sign of astonishment at my unusual costume. "We have had a rough time of it upstairs—a very rough time—but had—thank goodness—time to sign *these*. We have not forgotten you!"

"Thanks!" I said, with some feeling, as I took the promising testamentary parcel from his shaking hand. "Are they really bad?"

The bells were ringing merrily on the midnight air. The sound seemed to soothe him.

"It's all over!" he said, feebly shaking his head. "And I have only about two minutes left myself. I'll tell you what it is, my boy"—his voice sank to a whisper now. "I'm afraid *you've got into rather an unhealthy house!*"

After the five funerals, the five wills were duly opened, with all formality, in my presence, by my new Solicitor.

"Dear me!" he said, rubbing his eyeglasses. "Your Uncles appear to have left all their property to an Advertising Company, who are to expend the whole of it in the Sanitary Improvement of Deadman's Terrace."

I had been listening attentively. I slipped off my chair. "And the annuity of £6 13s.?" I asked, anxiously, as he kindly helped me up from the floor.

"Has been thrown into Chancery by a maternal Second Cousin," he replied, gently. Then he led me to a cab.

Years have sped now, and I often pass through the old neighbourhood. Bright children issue from the doors, buxom housewives smile on the balconies, and vigorous and hearty fathers of large families return every evening from the City. Yet there is nothing to indicate a change—beyond a forest of ventilating shafts that now



tower and twist along the whole line of the familiar stucco façade. "The healthiest block of houses in all London," say all the Agents. "Strange, too!" they add, rubbing their heads, and recalling faintly certain insanitary rumours of vanished years.

Yes; "strange" indeed—but not to him who, like me, recalls, as he gazes up at No. 13, the weird explanatory light it could throw on *The Secret of Deadman's Terrace*.

Punch on Potations.

THE Hot-Water Cure is our latest of fads,

To cut out all tipples from Champagne to Whiskey.

Well stick, if you like, to the kettle, my lads,

Whose wits are *too* bright, and whose souls are *too* frisky.

But *Punch* has his own common-sense recipe,

A road to right happiness simpler and shorter;

He'd counsel you, cutting prigs' fiddlededee,

To keep in good spirits and out of hot water!

"IS HANGING PAINFUL?"—Under this title some letters have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is a difficult question to answer, as of course, it depends on what is hung. Some sky-high Artists say hanging is very painful to them at the Royal Academy.

WE have just received our copy of our Annual Invaluable Guide, Philosopher and Friend, yclept *Kelly's Post-Office Directory*. It is a charming pocket companion, and delightful handy book.

THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

CANTO VI.—MAMMA.

PUNCHIUS sat pondering o'er his mighty theme,
When suddenly a keen electric gleam



Seemed to transpire his sanctum's roseate shade,
And lo! a Presence! gorgeously arrayed
In glistening satin of soft Tyrian sheen,
"Invested with purpureal gleams," its mien
Gravely majestic; ample-shouldered, large,
Of such fair swell as CLEOPATRA's barge
Breasted the Cydnus with. Ere she stood,
The British Matron; in no genial mood,
If aspect augured aught. Her greeting fair,
The courteous Sage his most capacious chair
Filled with her portly amplitude. Thence she
In round sonorous periods uttered free
Maternal thoughts, and, as in eclogues old,
By rushy brook or by close-wattled fold,
Virgilian Swains discourse, PUNCHIUS, well suited
To Mantuan grace with her interlocuted.

MATERFAMILIAS.

Punch, I presume?

PUNCHIUS.

Presumption is a word

Which to connect with you—

MATERFAMILIAS.

Don't be absurd!

What do you mean by "Love and laughter"?—I
Quote from your "Proem"—What's your aim, Sir? Why,
Love is no laughing matter,—or, any rate,
Marriage is not! You as a comic zany rate
The modern Cupid, make him talk that stuff
Which men call "satire." Pooh! We're quite too tough
For all that sort of thing to trouble much.
A mother's heart made mockery cannot touch,
We've far too much at stake. But Punch, you know,
This *Ars Amandi* is not *comme il faut*.—
JOHN just explained it,—and I really think
As British Girlhood's pet, you ought to shrink
From—

PUNCHIUS.

Veiling satire with a genial laugh,
And teaching wisdom 'neath the cloak of chaff?

MATERFAMILIAS.

Oh, bother! That's what JOHN calls "Big Bow-Wow."
But—girls are quite sufficient trouble now.
They do not want more "wisdom," I am sure,
But more docility. If you cannot cure
Their sentimental fads, at least don't turn
Their heads with—well, I've really yet to learn
What you quite mean—but all this curious mixture
Of rhymes, and gods, and things. There's one great fixture—
Get married! Now, your Cantos seem to sap
Its firm foundation.

PUNCHIUS.

How?

MATERFAMILIAS.

Well, dear Old Chap—

You are a dear, when you are nice, you know—
I really can't tell *how*, you fog me so.
I'm not sure when you're serious. But indeed
I must remonstrate.

PUNCHIUS.

Madam, pray proceed!

(To be continued.)

ROBERT'S CRISMAS STORY.

(As append last Summer.)

I WAS a staying at swellish Surbiton and had been engaged at Appy Ampton a waitin on won of my favrit Companies, the Jiners. Ah them's good fellers, them Jiners is, and nose a glass of '47 Port as quick as any Company in Lunden, aye and enjoys it two, and never refuses a second.

Well, as I was returnin home, I had sitch a singler adventur as mite be common enuff in new Amerikay or even in old Ireland, but in that nice quiet plaice it did seem just a leetle staggerin.

Sornterin along quietly "by the margin of Tems's fare waters," as the Poet says, I took a seat, about harf way home, on a nice ard wooden form with not no back to it, kindly purwided by the lokal orthoritys for tired trawellers of which I was jest a little one, wen I was akorsted by a gentleman of not werry engagin apierience who was so obligin as to inform me that he was quite down upon his luck, and was gettin jest a bit desprit, and wood I kindly assist him with the lone of five shillinx!

In course I told him as I hadn't no five shillinx to spare, as I was only a pore Waiter, wen he sed as that story wouldn't wash, as any-boddy who'd bin akustomed to igh life could see at once by my wite choker as well as by my manners as I was a Parson! and posserbly a Bishop! Of course I was a good deal flattered at his little natral mistake, and said that as far as 6d. would go he mite have it and welcom, wen he suddnly quite haltered his manner, and said, as money he wanted and money he must have, and putting his and in his pocket he pulled out a rewolwing Pistol, and sed I should have it for a pound.

I think I was never so fritened in all my life, and without stoppin for to think wot was best to be done, I aushally gave him all I had in my pocket, which was about 9s. 6d., which he took with a cuss, and putting the awful lookin weppen into my hand, and sayin "Full to the muzzel," he ran along to the Park railings, jumped over, and was off like a shot!

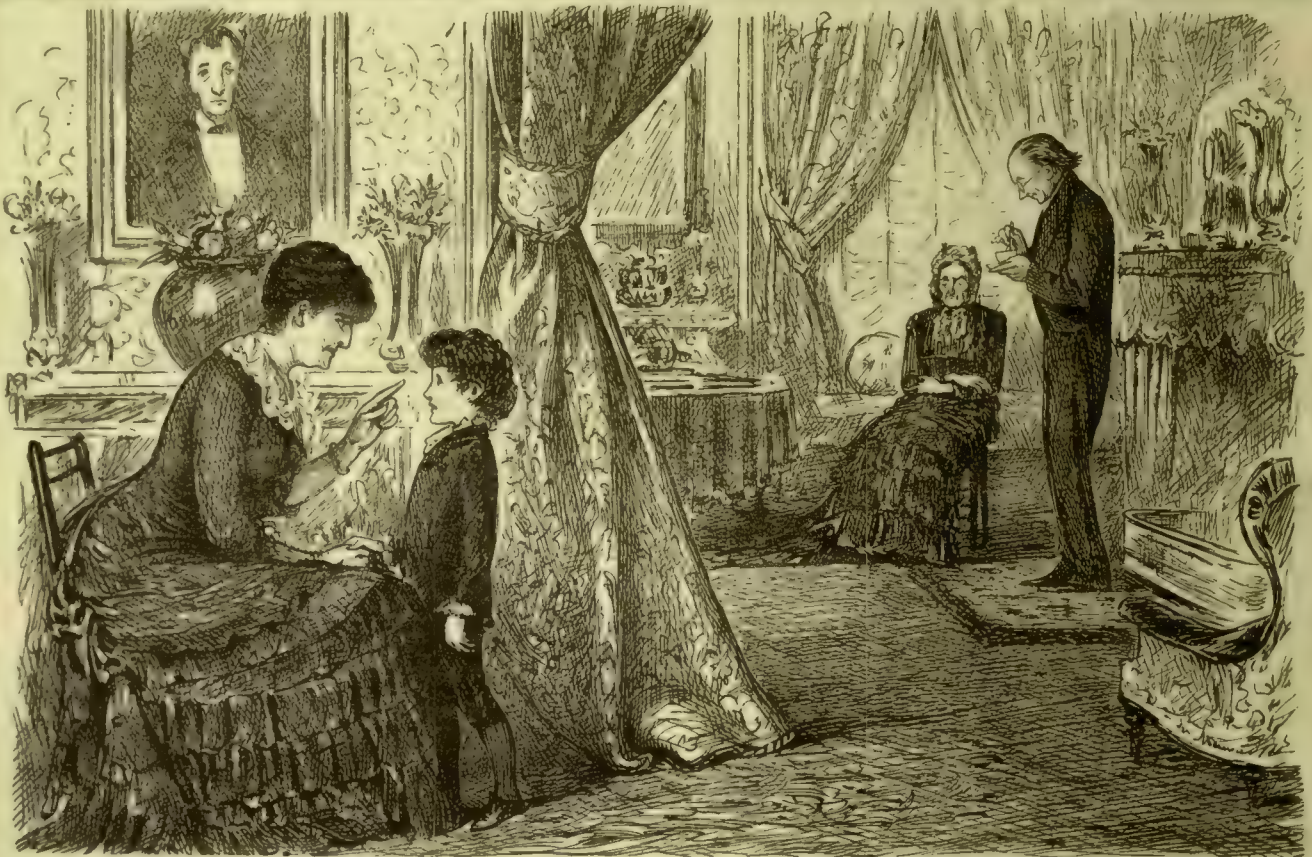
I set there, on that ard seat, with that dedly weppen in my grasp, for I should think quite a quarter of a our, wundring what on erth I should do with it.

Suppose, I thort to myself, a Pleaceman was to cum and see me thus, armed to the teeth, how could I conwince him as I was only a umbel Waiter who had jest made a purchase, and not, wot I looked exactly like, a sangwinery Bugler or Highway Man! I dared not put the cold fire-arm in my pocket, for fear it mite be, as he had said, loaded to the muzzel, and mite go off of itself. I had sumtimes herd of these deadly weppens being loaded with aluga, and the meer thort of such disgusting Reptiles a crawlin about in my pocket, gave me a fit of the shudders.

Presently I herd carriage wheels a comin nearer in the distance, so in my hagony I rushed from my ard seat, ran along about 200 yards, and throwd it madly into the middle of the River, and then took to my eels, like a guilty thing, and never stopt till I come to the Ferry, when my frite was so great and my breth so short that I couldn't call out "hover" lowd enuff for the Ferryman to hear me for a matter praps of 10 minnets, and ewenshally retched home so much more ded than alive oh! that my kind land lord insisted on my sendin out for harf a pint of brandy, which he mixed with some skill, and of which he most kindly partook of, share and share alike.

Of coarse I esily misled my land lord by denounsing the Sammon, although, trowth to tell, it was remarkabel good, and so, after a lite supper of pork chops and stout, to bed, to bed, where I slept the sleep of the hinnocent Waiter and not of the gilty assassassin.

I have for sum time left the shores of the silwer Tems, unless indee I may call it by that fond name at Londen Bridge, witch mite be thort jest a leetle sorcaustic, so I may safely reveal the fac, that, if any one, includin the galliant Admiral of the Tems Conserva-tives, wants what I've no dout is a butiful specimen of the hintrest-ing article commonly called a rewolwer, all he has to do is to go to the place atween Long Ditton and Ampton where the ard seat is, and exady 200 steps nearer Surbeton he will cum to 3 grate Trees, ether Helms or Hoax, I don't know witch, but I thinks the former, and nex to them is a werry big Tree with a broken bow, and exady opsarit that, just 4 across the River, let him dredge and dredge, and he's sure to find the Burgler's companion, and watever he may think my dew, I will leave hintirely to his Honner to send me. ROBERT.



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE!

Mamma (a Widow of considerable personal attractions). "I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, TOMMY. YOU SAW THAT GENTLEMAN TALKING TO GRANDMAMMA IN THE OTHER ROOM. WELL, HE IS GOING TO BE YOUR NEW PAPA. MAMMA'S GOING TO MARRY HIM!"

Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old Papa used to lead). "D-D-DOES HE KNOW IT YET, MAMMA?"

STRANGERS YET.

(A Suggestion for the Season.)

IN many a dreary and desolate place has our Annual Guest in his travellings found him,
In Tartar steppes, and in Lapland wilds, in fenny flats where the wild-fowl cluster;
In snowy wastes where the frozen watch from the "Crow's Nest" gloomily gazes round him,
And where on the edge of the Arctic pack the ice-bound wanderers mutely muster,
But where and when and in what chill clime has he ever chanced on a scene so cheerless
As this of the opulent City's alums, from our pallid sun by the brick-bulks hidden?
A scene to soften the cynic soul, to moisten eyes that are mostly tearless,
And bring the cry of a bitter shame to laughter-loving red lips unbidden.

Good Cheer? Old friend with the jovial front, you may take your shibboleth old and pleasant
To warm-housed wealth and to humble ease, to labour brisk and to age lone-stranded;
To prince and pauper, to Cit and clown, to lolling lady and toiling peasant,
But here are those it is strange to, strange as your bounty royal and open-handed.
These know you not, oh, snow-lock'd Sire! save perchance in pictures that tell them little,
E'en less than the show of the glittering shops, with their piled good fare and their gilt and greenery,
In which they have neither part nor lot, of which they may share no jot or tittle.
Say, genial Greybeard, what think you of our London waste and its winter scenery?

Good cheer? The dwellers in these dim courts are the Troglodytes of our Civilisation.

Tell them of sunny Italian skies, of Lakeland's verdure, of Cashmere's roses!

They'll understand you as well as when you prattle of Yuletide jollification.

Among them semi-starvation stalks, around them vice-curst poverty closes

A cordon stern as the lazar's ban against the coming of cheer and gladness,

Or if there's aught that shall waken mirth in their palsied souls, 'tis the liquid devil

That draws their lips with resistless lure, and wakes their spirits to dreadful madness;

And breaks as with hideous scoriac fire their life's monotonous low dead level.

A Slum Child, Father! What do you think of *this* childish shape?

On your rounds this morning

You'll meet with many a lad and a lass, their well-known visitor gleefully greeting,

What of *this* one though, who knows you not! Is there anything, think you, of woeeful warning

In this poor, pallid and pitiful waif, your jolly old self with astonishment meeting!

Eh? Must be altered? Why, verily yes. *Punch* holds that same opinion—precisely.

"Peace and goodwill" has some meaning still, but here, FATHER CHRISTMAS, we seem to have missed it.

How to expound it to outcasts like this were good work for the Season if set about wisely.

Come, carol-invoked "Merry Gentlemen" all! *Mr. Punch* starts that work! *Gentles, will you assist it?*

MR. CHARLEY says that when he in future addresses an assembly, it will be in some place where "the people most do conger-regate."



STRANGERS.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. "WHAT! NOT KNOW *ME*!—OH, THIS MUST BE ALTERED!"

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business. To Augustus Harris, Esq.

MY DEAR HARRIS,

You're very busy with your Pantomime, of course, and therefore can't spare any time to go and see pieces, least of all Melodramas, of which, no doubt, you are tired. Of course you are. But why be a Manager and play yourself? I know what you'll of course retort, "If you want a thing well done, NIBBS, do it yourself." Precisely: "A thing"—but not several things; you can't do 'em all, and even now, do you know, I am afraid that our dear BARRETT will beat you hand over hand in sixteen-sheet posters and pictures on the walls of our artistically decorated Metropolis. You're not easily vanquished in that line, but look to your laurels—count them, see they're the right number, as I really think our dear BARRETT has taken more than one leaf out of your laurel book.



ADELPHI.—Final Tableau from "In the Ranks" and Among the Army Files; or, Harlequin Gideon the Fleecer.

However, be that as it may, you are busy night and day, trying on Big Heads, and showing the Harlequin how to do his jump through the shop-front and so forth, and you can't go and see "In the Ranks" at the Adelphi, which is the most stirring Melodrama I've witnessed for some considerable time. Why, even CLAUDIAN HERMAN might take a lesson from the construction of this Drama, and benefit by it. It is just the sort of thing I like, and, mind you, it is just the sort of thing the Public likes. Of course, you will be delighted to hear that the Adelphi was crowded. The audience was remarkably intelligent; not the hypercritical, cynical, falsely-enthusiastic audience which comes out for one night only, and that "the first night," but an ordinary any-night-you-like's audience, settling down to the story from the moment it began, becoming so deeply interested in the movements of the personages in the Drama that they wept with Miss ISABEL BATEMAN, the heroine,—they might have wept more if she had only let them,—cheered the unhappy but excellent Mr. WARNER in all his troubles, so that the more he was persecuted the more they cheered and applauded him, just to show that he still had some friends in front, and hissed and hooted both the villains, but especially the darker-dyed of the pair, in so savage a manner, that it seemed to me the Conductor of the Orchestra occupied a post of danger, as, if that mighty Pit had only been tried a little more, they'd have risen in their thousands, swept away the occupants of the Stalls, or carried them with them, and, overwhelming the Musicians, would have wreaked their vengeance on that thorough-paced scoundrel (no words can be too strong for his heartless and unprincipled conduct), Mr. Gideon Blake,—who, as represented by Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, has night after night to bow his grateful acknowledgments with a smiling face for this public testimony to his artistic merit. To be hissed heartily for two or three hundred nights must be worth something when it has to be considered in a salary.

The Scenery! Mind you, you managed capitally in your last piece, and so did our WILSON B. in *The Lights of London* and *The Silver King*, but the effects, as a whole, were not a patch on the mechanical changes of *In the Ranks* at the Adelphi. They are wonderful in their succession and variety. My dear HARRIS, if your Pantomime arrangements are not at this late date all complete, you go in for something like this. Outdo it; as with fairies at work on a Drury Lane stage, it must be outdone, or it is not worth doing at all. But very soon Pantomime must devise something new, as it will have been beaten out of the field by the mechanical Stage arrangements for every new melodrama. But, dear me, when this letter appears, crowds will be already besieging your Box-Office, and *Miss Cinderella* will be just "coming out."

The dialogue of *In the Ranks* is thoroughly good. There are no long maundering soliloquies, no sermonising, and just such bits of local colouring as you might expect from your old friends PETTIT-cum-SIMS.

If you can get a spare moment, just go and see *In the Ranks*. I haven't time to mention the Actors: they're all good, specially Mr. JOHN RYDER, who gets shot in the back for being out in Dingley Wood (near Dingley Dell, you know, where the Immortal Pickwickians went out shooting) when he ought to have been in bed, but he turns up again all right in the last Act, and is hailed with cheers,—like the ship which came to the relief of the wreck in the Bay of Biscay,—by his friends the audience. Mr. GARDEN is capital, and so is Mrs. LEIGH. Wishing you success with your Drury Lane Annual,

I am your devoted

NIBBS.

FLUTTERING A COLOMBIER.

MADAME (or Mademoiselle?) SARAH BERNHARDT has not been much before the public lately. To remedy this, "une ancienne actrice," one Mlle. MARIE COLOMBIER, wrote and published about her what *Le Figaro* calls "un abominable livre." Its preface led to a duel between two gentlemen, and the book itself so riled SARAH, that, unable to suppress the publication or to repress her rage, she visited the ex-actress's rooms, and proved herself a considerable ex-actress by exacting payment in full for what seems to have been a most scurrilous attack.

The unhappy Dove-cottager, Mlle. COLOMBIER, flew from room to room, pursued by the infuriated SARAH, who had commenced the interview by walking up to her, addressing her with "quelques épithètes dépourvues d'aménité," and following these up with a "violent coup de cravache" full in the face. Then chairs, tables, stools, and fauteuils were sent flying, visitors being present joined in the row, until the ancienne Actrice was thoroughly "en retraite," and had succeeded in retiring altogether, by the back-stairs, from the scene of so many striking situations. Then SARAH "épuisée, mais vengée," quitted the house, leaving the cravache as a trifling memento of her visit for Mlle. COLOMBIER. Thus ended the new dramatic adaptation of *The Ladies' Battle*, and in an hour afterwards SARAH was playing at the Porte St. Martin in the new Drama (apparently of the old Astleyan type), called *Nana Sahib*, in which two historical English characters, "Lord WISLEY" and "Lord EDWARDS," seem to have distinguished themselves greatly.

LITERÆ HUMANIORES!

FIRE by the remarkable success that has attended his latest epistolary triumph,—a letter addressed to an August and Royal Personage,—the Great Philosopher of Humanity has just posted the following:—

The Emperor of GERMANY has often manifested symptoms of light-headedness. The Emperor of GERMANY will restore Alsace and Lorraine, and the head of BISMARCK in a hamper, to the Republic, and return the indemnity in a cheque, payable to bearer (addressed, under cover, to VICTOR HUGO), and, without making further inquiries, deserve all the profound thanks he can get from the civilised world.

The Emperor of CHINA is an infinitely bigger fool than he looks. The Emperor of CHINA will give and bequeath Tonquin, Dublin, Baohnin, Mongolia, California, Sugar Candy, the two Tasmanias, and the Gulf of Brechin to France (in trust for VICTOR HUGO), and defray the entire costs of the transaction as charged by his (VICTOR HUGO's) civilised Solicitor.

A MOST generous subscriber to *Truth's* fund for the children in Hospitals and Workhouses sent Mr. LABOUCHERE five thousand sixpences for distribution on Christmas Day. He simply signed himself "A FRIEND." May he never be "A Friend in need!" Happening to mention this fact to a real Friend in need, he at once said, "If the same Gentleman will send me a similar amount, or double, I will invest it for the dear little ones in—Turkish, until they've grown up." We don't think this generous offer will be jumped at; but if it is, 85, Fleet Street, is the address.

SEASONABLE ACTING CHARADE.—(Entered at Stationer's Hall.)—What simple flowers suggest the idea of a diary? And the Respondent will answer in action thus: first he will, as if pondering, utter,—"Ty";—then, as if he had suddenly hit upon the solution, he will exclaim "O!"—and lastly, he will name the diary "Letts."

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.—The Question whether Mr. HORTON should or should not be appointed Examiner in Theology may be stated by another rendering of "To be or not to be"—i.e., "Hort'un or H'oughtn't'un!"

ALL HANDS TO THE—
CLOCK!

WE read the following paragraph in the *Daily News* the other morning, as we were taking our breakfast:—

"This morning the new Clock at the Law Courts (opposite Temple Bar) will be formally handed over to the Commissioners of the Office of Works and Public Buildings by Messrs. GILLETT & Co., of Croydon, who have erected it. The Clock will be started at 11:30 by Messrs. BLOOMFIELD AND STREET, the Architects to the Royal Courts of Justice."

We were particularly careful not to "take a walk down Fleet Street" that morning. We trust the Commissioners were strong enough to hold the Clock when it was "handed over," and we are anxious to know where it got to after it was started by Messrs. BLOOMFIELD AND STREET. Did they start it with a flag, after the manner of the great MAC-GEORGE of Epsom Downs? Did they sing a merry little ditty—

Dickory, dickory dock!

We've started the Law Courts' Clock!

'Tis bound to go, say GILLETT & Co.

Dickory, dickory, dock!

We trust there were no serious accidents in consequence of these horological sports.

BARNUMEROUS RUMOUR.—It is said the great PHINEAS THE FIRST, Emperor of Showmen, is coming to London in the Spring with a White Elephant. Is it possible that it may turn out to be our old friend *Jumbo* whitewashed? The great mind that conceived the sublime idea of "WASHINGTON'S NURSE" forty years ago, is equal to any little practical jokes in the present day.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 168.



THE 'AMERICAN EVENING STAR.

MISS ANDERSON, BY JOVE! JAUN-
-DISED CRITICS MAY FROWN AT YOU,
BUT YOU'RE THE LOVELY STATUE,
MISS ANDERSON, BY JOVE!

TRAVELLING MADE
EASY.

FROM London to Nice an easy way of going, *via* Chatham and Dover line, which we see advertises arrangements with sleeping-cars and through Express from Calais, which is delightful travelling; but the best of it all, specially at this season of the year, is the fact that the starting-hour from Victoria Station is 10 A.M. None of your getting up by gaslight shivery-shakery and anathematising everybody, L. C. and D. included; no wretched going-to-be-hung sort of breakfast; no forgetting everything at the last moment because you're half asleep; no up-all-last-night kind of feeling; and, in fact, misery generally; also, no certainty of indigestion and discomfort on board the steamer in the cold, damp, dark night, when the horrors of the situation are trebled consequent upon travelling by an after-dinner train in the evening, but a quiet, comfortable breakfast at a reasonable hour, and a fair start with all your wits about you, a cigar and the morning papers to occupy you for an hour or so *en route*, a fresh morning on the coast, perhaps calm, but most probably sunny, and then arriving at Calais in the very nick of time for the excellent luncheon that that first-rate buffet invariably provides. "Easy come, easy go," sounds like the motto for this Christmas Service, which takes place every Wednesday and Saturday. Brayvo, L. C. and D.!

"My Aunt, Lady GORGERANT," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is a believer in ghosts. Indeed she is the most supposititious old lady I ever knew."

A PLEA FOR CHRISTMAS.

The cynics have sneered at all Christmas tradition,
And told us the time for festivity's fled,
With pitiless pens they explain our position,
In eager agreement that Christmas is dead.
They say that a person of culture it sickens,
To hear of the season in prose or in rhymes,
That Christmas was simply invented by DICKENS,
And went out of fashion with tales like *The Chimes*.

They'd banish all talk of the festival season,
And rather remind us of duns and of bills,
They hold that the Yuletide should offer no reason,
For pleasant oblivion of sorrows and ills.
They write in fine scorn of all social enjoyment,
And vow that big dinners we ought to forsake,
In short every year many pens find employment,
In proving that Christmas is quite a mistake.

But is it? Go ask of the children who measure
The time till the day when they're set free from school,
They'll tell you be sure that they still can take pleasure,
In all the delights and amusements of Yule.
For them let the bright tree with presents be laden,
For them let the holly adorn all the house,

While every small man and each miniature maiden,
Will hang out a stocking for kind Santa Claus.

And as for the old folks, why pile on the splinter
Of beechwood, and gather your friends one and all,
Time was we wot well when this feast day of winter,
Made rich and poor mingle in cottage and hall.
So bring in the Yule log and fill up the flagon,
Though storms roar without, we will feast on this night,
And yonder the young ones shall play at snapdragon,
Or blush 'neath the mistletoe berries so bright.

Away then with sneers, be it ours to endeavour,
To keep the dear season as folks did of old;
The fame of the Yuletide shall live on for ever,
With warm hearts within, though the winter be cold.
'Tis well in a wearisome world to remember,
That holiday time may be ours now and then,
And one day must come in each dreary December,
Of peace upon earth and good will towards men!

THAT'S a quaint-looking Christmas collection of verse and prose brought out by Mr. AUGUSTUS MOORE, and called *Walnuts and Wine*. The contents are as attractive as the originals in the title, and, thank goodness, far easier of digestion.



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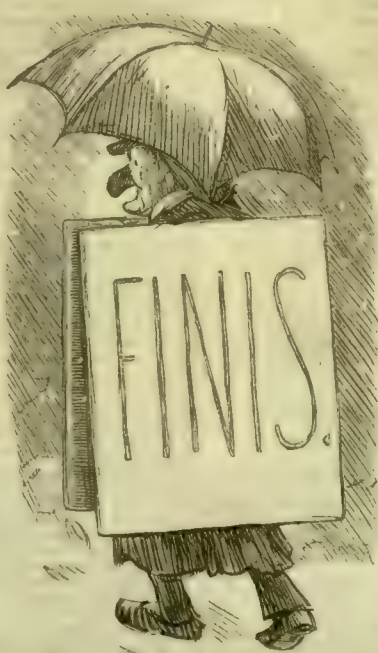
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